

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



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THE NATION AND THE ARMY

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL CITIZEN

I.

In endeavouring to arouse the public to a sense of its responsibility with regard to the defence of the country, many opposing forces have to be contended with. Vested interests, obsolete prejudices, a desire to be patriotic at some one else's expense, and a determination on the part of the individual citizen not to put himself out or to have his comfort interfered with, all tend to render the task somewhat hopeless; and when we add the absolute indifference with which the average Briton regards his individual duty to the State, it makes one despair of ever bringing him to a sense of his own responsibility with regard to the military needs of the Empire.

It is well-nigh impossible to make him take more than a passing interest in matters which vitally concern the safety of the country, though he is at all times ready to abuse the shortcomings of the War Office, for which he is himself primarily responsible.

There is a saying that 'a country has as good a Government as it deserves,' and it seems to me that this remark applies equally to its Army and its War Office.

If these are not up to date, the country has itself to blame and has no sort of right to grumble. Personally I have no sympathy for people who are always putting the blame on others, and it is for this reason that I venture to approach the subject of our military shortcomings from a slightly different, and perhaps somewhat unusual, point of view. As an instance of what I mean, let us take the example of the South African War.

In the first place we must remember that the establishment of the Army is voted annually by the House of Commons, and that it is not within the power of the War Office to exceed the numbers voted. Now, in 1899 the country through its representatives decided on an establishment capable of sending two army corps and a cavalry division abroad, say about 80,000 men, and when it was found that 350,000—*i.e.* over four times as many—were wanted, surprise was expressed that there was difficulty in providing them.

Now, whose fault was this? Clearly not the fault of the War Office.

On the contrary, it has always seemed to me a marvel how these men were not only raised, but equipped and fed, with the totally inadequate machinery which the country had provided; and far from the military authorities being to blame, I think the greatest credit was due to them for the way in which they rose to the occasion.

I maintain that the present state of the Army is not the fault of this Government or that, nor of this Minister or that.

It is the fault of a system acquiesced in by successive Governments, and supported by the people and their representatives in Parliament. The secret of failure lies deeper down below the surface. It is not the War Office but the citizen who is to blame, because he will not make the necessary sacrifices to maintain an Army adequate to the needs of the Empire; and it is to him we must look to provide the necessary driving power for that object.

In the present state of public opinion the condition of the Army cannot be satisfactory, and I do not believe it can ever be made efficient till the whole trend of public opinion is altered.

There was a moment just after the South African War when I believe the country would have accepted, and gladly accepted, some radical scheme for putting its military house in order.

It was a moment when the nation was recovering, with a sigh of relief, from the heavy strain that had been put upon it by undertaking a task for which it was totally unprepared, and which at one moment had threatened its position as a first-class Power.

It was a moment when those citizen soldiers who had come forward in the time of trial were returning in thousands to civil

life, imbued with a knowledge of the shortcomings of our system and a sense of our weakness as a military Power. It was then, before the cold fit had supplanted the hot, before the inevitable reaction had set in and the pursuit of dollars and the chase after pleasure had once more assumed their sway, that the psychological moment was reached.

I verily believe that at that moment the country would have accepted a well-thought-out scheme of universal service had a courageous Minister taken it into his confidence and told the public the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. The enthusiasm was there, but the man to take advantage of it was not.

That moment has passed, and is unlikely to recur until another crisis arises like that of the early days of December 1899.

God grant that we may have time to rectify our shortcomings as we had then, and may not have to face an up-to-date and enterprising enemy at an hour's notice! It makes one shudder to think what would have happened if, instead of the Boers, we had had to face the Japanese in 1899.

What would have happened at Mafeking, at Kimberley, at Ladysmith? Is it to be supposed that Japanese soldiers would have quietly sat down till these places were relieved, or have waited till reinforcements came from England before overrunning the colony? Is it likely that thousands of Japanese would have wasted their time outside Mafeking for seven months? and is it likely we could have met their highly-trained and experienced warriors with our half-trained auxiliaries?

Now, why should the Japanese have a better army than we have? Our respective populations are about equal, and our resources are infinitely greater. The reason is that the Japanese accept the necessary sacrifices to provide an army adapted to their needs, and we do not. This is the situation in a nutshell. The fact is, the country only takes a spasmodic and ephemeral interest in the Army. An occasional scare stirs it for a time, but it soon sinks back again into apathy and the discussion of the Fiscal Question or the Australian cricketers, apparently oblivious of the fact that the loss of India would raise the price of bread far beyond a two-shilling duty on corn, and that the question of its defence is of more vital importance than the building of a palace for the London County Council at a cost of 2,000,000*l*.

We are told the country is not ripe for any system of universal service. I believe this is so, but it does not prove the wisdom of the feeling. The politicians are no doubt bound to take it into consideration, or their calling would be gone; but deep down in their hearts they must know that something of the sort is bound to come sooner or later, and that the only question is, will it come before or after a disaster?

It is difficult to understand the feeling which prevents the country facing the situation fairly and squarely instead of muddling on in the old grooves which have been long ago abandoned by every progressive and civilised State. The sacrifice which a country should make in return for its security and immunity from attack, so that its business, its commerce, and its daily life may be carried on in safety and without risk, cannot be measured in mere money. To strike a fair balance, the loss that would accrue did this security not exist (and it can only be guaranteed by a strong Navy and Army) must be put on the credit side, and should be deducted from the Army Estimates. Who can assess the amount, from a money point of view, which the fact of our Navy having been strong at the time of the Fashoda incident saved this country, which would otherwise assuredly have found itself involved in a war with France. The saving effected by *not* going to war would have paid for half-a-dozen fleets such as we had at the time. The sacrifices which we are called upon to make, and to which the Japanese cheerfully submit, are merely the premium which we must pay for the insurance of our Empire. The average citizen has got so into the habit of taking all these things as a matter of course that it never seems to enter his head that he has any responsibility in the matter. Then, too, there is nothing he likes so much as being lulled into security by a succession of nostrums, each of which, I am bound to say, he generally hails with delight until it breaks down, when he calmly says, 'I told you so.' At one moment army corps are dangled before his eyes, only to be brushed on one side a little later in favour of divisions, which differ from them in little but in name. Anon it is the reform of the War Office which fills his breast with patriotic fervour, and which resolves itself into the same man doing the same work in the same room, only under a different name. Anon he is soothed with rifle clubs, which promise an easy and comfortable way of relieving his conscience of the duty of making himself really efficient.

All these changes amuse the public, and I sometimes think they have no other object. The public says, 'What a wonderful reform! Now at last we are going to have a real Army!'

This is not the opinion of Lord Roberts, who, in a truly courageous and patriotic speech in the House of Lords on the 10th of July, said, 'I have no hesitation in stating that our armed forces as a body are as absolutely unfitted and unprepared for war as they were in 1899-1900.' He goes on to say, 'What we have to aim at is to get the people of this country to identify themselves with the Army, and to take an intelligent interest in what the Army may have to do.' In a later passage he adds, 'It is to the people of the country I appeal to take up the question of the Army in a sensible, practical manner. For the sake of all they hold dear let them bring home to

themselves what would be the position of Great Britain if it were to lose its wealth, its power, its position. I would ask them not 'to allow the Army to be the shuttlecock of party politics; or its organisation to be dependent on fanciful theories.' Such words coming from so great an authority cannot fail to make a deep impression on all thinking men, whatever their politics or their prejudices may be.

Then, again, there is another school of thought which it is impossible to ignore when dealing with this subject, which sees, or fancies it sees, dangers from what is called Militarism. Now, I venture to submit that there is no greater mistake than the idea that liability to universal service has a tendency to foster an aggressive spirit in the country. Nothing can be further from the fact. There is nothing which provides so strong a guarantee of peace as the liability of every man to serve.

There is nothing so antagonistic to a spirit of Jingoism as the feeling that those who make the wars will be the first to take part in them. The light-hearted maslicker and music-hall hero will think twice before supporting a policy which will put his own precious carcase in the firing line. A professional army and a more or less irresponsible electorate are far more likely to drift into war than a nation in arms, every man of which will be called on to serve the moment hostilities commence. Personally, I should like to see every man capable of bearing arms serve either in the Regulars, the Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteers, and thus liquidate a debt he owes to the State.

It is useless discussing details until the country has made up its mind what sacrifices it is prepared to make for the protection of the Empire, and it is for this reason that I venture to think our military weakness cannot be too strongly insisted on, or, if I may use the expression, 'rubbed in.' It is at the risk, perhaps even in the hope, of becoming a bore that I venture therefore to call attention to facts which most people allow to exist, but which few ascribe to the right cause—viz. the apathy and indifference of the people themselves, and to a disinclination on the part of the public to face the situation fairly. What we have to contend against is not so much a want of patriotism as a sort of passive indifference of the average Briton to his individual duty as a citizen of a great Empire, and a wish to shift his responsibility on to some one else's shoulders.

ERROLL.

THE NATION AND THE ARMY

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL CITIZEN

II

MANY people are deterred from supporting universal military training because they hold that it is morally indefensible. This is surely a most mistaken judgment, and those who are desirous of seeing the Empire's sons at their best not only in body but in character would do well to consider the assistance which the suggested power of universal service would afford to this end.

Some good results in this direction seem evident, and can hardly be gainsaid.

The general well-being must depend largely upon the healthy condition of the body of the individual citizen. England is awakening slowly to the fact that the physical state of the people is unsatisfactory. Notwithstanding the improved sanitary conditions, the regulations as to dwellings, the honest endeavours of local authorities to improve the surroundings of the less favoured classes, we find from statistics, and we note with our own eyes, that the male population is deteriorating in physique and, most people would add, in ideal. We hear a great deal about the Japanese methods of physical training, but we must not forget that there is the inspiration to service of the country as the great origin of all the exercises in which the young Eastern is glad to excel. It is not too much to suggest that the two things must be combined, and who will say that the average Englishman is as active in ready, self-sacrificing, intelligent patriotism as he should be? How often do we have the responsibility of the citizen of such an Empire as ours put before our youth? The idea that, as regards duty to the State, no man can live to himself or for himself alone, has not reached the centre, the heart of young Englishmen of to-day. A weakly, narrow-chested, stunted physique is not good soil for high ideals. If anyone suggests that the power to defend one's country in time of stress is only a part of citizenship, the reply would be that the same training which makes a man ready and able to be self-sacrificing in that respect equips him also for service in 'the piping times of peace.' Conditions now happily disappearing have forced some classes in our country to dwell almost exclusively upon

their own rights, and a selfishness, very pardonable but not desirable, has been engendered. 'What does he know of England, who only England knows?' is the expression of a great truth, but some would emphasise this and say, 'What does he know of empire, who only slum-life knows?' We shall find readiness to serve country grow, with a better realisation of the benefits of belonging to our land. The feeling that he is under discipline for England will make a man love her better, and he will by service understand his share in the Empire's rights and responsibilities. All this is helped by systematic physical training, and if the future generation of husbands and fathers are in every sense more manly, their children will reap the benefit and a grander outlook will be that of the days to come. Patriotism is to be gauged not by shouting blatant songs in London music-halls whilst our brothers die in some distant land, nor by mafficking in the streets on great occasions, but by response to the call for disciplined service. The Volunteer giving up his holiday to be of use to his country is an example of the spirit which should belong to every citizen. His well-set-up body is an index of a generally wholesome condition. It should be the delight of all to bear their part in this kind of citizenship, and they will reap a rich reward in their own nature for the effort they make. The dwindling of patriotic feeling is the germ of many social diseases. Morality dies if the lower self is the first consideration.

Another matter which is of some importance is that this universal training of the young will provide them with a game which has a useful object. Even if it be apocryphal that the Duke of Wellington said the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, there is nevertheless an important truth in such a statement. Games make disciplined characters; they teach obedience; they develop commanders. But when in addition you have the fact that the game is one which is a constant reminder of the classic statement, 'Thou wast not begotten for thine own, but for thy country's good,' it does encourage the players. There is additional zest in making the body fit, the eye accurate, the general development as perfect as possible. As regards the statement that this compulsory training will breed a warlike spirit in the young men of England, there is absolutely no warrant from experience for such a suggestion. Those who saw something of the German soldiers in 1870 on their way to the great struggle with France were struck with their simplicity and disciplined obedience. There was no boasting, no eagerness. Nor is it different in the East. No one would accuse the Japanese of war fever. The attitude of the man trained in military methods is generally summed up in acceptance of the advice of Polonius:

'Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,

Bear't that the opposer may beware of thee.'

It might, perhaps, more fairly be argued that the tendency of training is to make for Peace. The sense of responsibility grows; the knowledge of war's awfulness is greater; it is only the ignorant, the undisciplined who cry out for strife. Conscious strength is rarely quarrelsome. The moral position is weaker of those who deny the duty of the citizen to take part in supplying ALL the needs of the State than that even of those who lay too much stress on some one part of that which may be required by the commonwealth.

The passage from the last consideration to the suggestion that universal service cultivates certain good habits of life is easy. Self-denial is the necessity of our day. Preachers are telling us that love of luxury is the curse of the times in which we are living. Ease leads to laziness. There is a desire to get quickly, and then to spend what has been acquired on the latest labour-saving and pleasure-procuring inventions. Loafers are numerous, not in one, but in every class. An amount of wasted life is lying around in all directions, only because there has been no guidance afforded by the State. The young fellow, be he rich or poor, who has been trained in habits of discipline will rarely revert to a useless existence. He understands that time must not be wasted, and he exerts himself to a right use of the life he has learnt to value. He looks about for avenues of service, and he is an ever-active worker for his country's good. Not only does he do better than which is his ordinary occupation in life, but he brings a trained mind to the hobbies of existence. In the West End clubs of London there are young men of generous impulses, of infinite possibilities, who want only opportunity and discipline. Had they been taken in hand early; had they been taught to realise what manhood means, they would be inspiring other lives, and their own would be fully occupied. The fact that the headmasters of our great public schools are so many of them keen for the general training of the young is a proof that those who are most responsible for England's leaders of tomorrow understand the usefulness of such a disciplined start in life. There are those who say that too much attention is paid to cricket and football out of school, and to classics and mathematics in school. The accusation is made, with very doubtful fairness, that by such means boys are not properly equipped for the time that lies before. No one will be prepared, however, to deny that anything which widens the imagination, stirs the heart, disciplines the body, and rouses the holy passion of the love of country can fail to make for the good of the student. Cultivate such feelings, and the effect will be seen in the daily life. There will be more reading of the records of the best of the past; a wider view will be taken, and the drill which is carried out for the fitting of the body to meet all that may be demanded of it will have its moral effect. We have been told

over and over again that the god of the day is gain, that the verse of Omar applies at the present time :

Some for the Glories of This World ; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come ;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum !

If there be some truth in this statement, and if the early insistence upon training will effect improvement, there seems no objection of sentimentalists which can outweigh the benefit to be thereby procured. The universality of the teaching will cause the bonds of union between Englishmen to be better realised and more highly valued. The fact that the whole of our male population is one in its ability to be of use to the Empire may do much to draw together those separated by many circumstances which cannot be got rid of, while a truer conception of duty as citizens, exemplified by bodies well trained for service, will be an object-lesson to other lands, valuable as proving not only England's strength but also her high moral conception of national responsibility.

II. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD.

THE LIBERAL UNIONIST PARTY

THE Liberal Unionist party is dead, if not buried; it has been strangled by its own parent. But Mr. Chamberlain, when he sacrificed the party at the altar of tariff reform, only anticipated its impending dissolution by a very short period. The Liberal Unionist party, for all practical purposes, had ceased to exist—its race was run, its work was accomplished, its *raison d'être* had ceased.

The history of the party is a splendid record of unselfishness of purpose. Its object was to save the Union, and it achieved that object and thus earned the gratitude of all who believe the maintenance of the Union to be essential to the existence of the Empire. Never has our parliamentary history recorded more unselfish patriotism. It must have been distasteful to a man of Lord Hartington's loyal character to separate himself from his leader and his colleagues, and to plunge into a strenuous and bitter struggle which at one time threatened the disruption of even social ties. Mr. Chamberlain believed, as everyone else believed, that by separating himself from his party he was sacrificing a brilliant career. Sir Henry James refused the Woolsack, the natural object of his ambition, rather than traffic with a vital question. And so with even the rank and file of the party. For in those days, when separation took place, the concordat with the Conservative party had not been concluded, and it is certain that if a generous policy had not been adopted by the Conservatives at the general election of 1886 the Liberal Unionists, with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain and one or two others, would have been swept out of parliamentary existence.

Wise and sagacious men prophesied that the Liberal Unionist party could not lead the independent existence which it sketched for itself, and that sooner or later it must gravitate towards and become absorbed in the system of one or other of the larger bodies whose orbit it crossed. These prophets prophesied truly, but the catastrophe did not come to pass so soon as they expected. Many believed that no Liberal Unionist would survive the general election of 1886, but the Liberal Unionists reappeared, although in reduced numbers, in the House of Commons of 1887, and indeed, such was the distribution of parties, they held the balance of power, and at any moment could

have ejected the Conservative Government from office. Thus, fortunately for the country and for the Conservative party itself, they were able to impose their own policy upon the Government. That policy was defined by Mr. Chamberlain to be 'to continue on the lines of Liberalism, and, while steadily maintaining the Empire in all its fulness and completeness, at the same time to seek out and remedy any proved grievances on the part of the Irish people.' Repeatedly and emphatically was it protested that the Liberal Unionists remained faithful to the creed of the Liberal party, and that they separated themselves on the question of Ireland only, and that as regards Ireland the policy they advocated was a generous and conciliatory policy.

During 1886-1892 the Liberal Unionists were cruelly tried, for in spite of themselves they became identified with coercion. Coercion was hateful to them, not merely for the reasons which make it distasteful to every wise and generous statesman even when it is a necessity, but because they had always contended that coercion was not the only alternative to Home Rule, and consequently they were stultified by its adoption. It was the policy of the Nationalist party to place the Liberal Unionists on the horns of this dilemma. Their avowed object was to make the government of Ireland from Westminster an impossibility, and accordingly they waged war *à outrance* upon the Unionist Government, and had recourse to every device which ingenuity could invent to discredit the Government and to make coercion stink in the nostrils of the British public. It was the fashion to sneer at and ridicule some of the ways and means employed, but the Nationalist leaders knew what they were about, and they fully appreciated and played upon the emotional nature of the 'man in the street.' They fought the battle with skill and courage, if not with temper, and they found—as the enemies of the Union at this day find—valuable allies in some of the landlords of Ireland. Indeed, the great tactical mistake they made was that, with more courage than discretion, they assailed good and powerful landlords like Mr. Smith-Barry and Lord Lansdowne, instead of confining their operations, at any rate in the first instance, to the estates of those landlords whose treatment of their tenants could not be defended by any sane Unionist.

In these circumstances the Liberal Unionist party was compelled silently to endure and grudgingly to acquiesce in Mr. Balfour's stern and unflinching enforcement of the law. Fortunate it was for the Unionist party that in this hour of storm and stress the man was at hand. For so skilful and daring were the attempts of the Nationalists to make the government of Ireland, with or without coercion, an impossibility that only an administrator so courageous and imperturbable, so indifferent to abuse and misrepresentation, and so fully convinced of the justice of his cause, could have emerged victorious

from the relentless struggle. Almost alone Mr. Balfour fought the battle, and there were many in the political party at his back who entertained grave doubts and misgivings, if not as to the justice, at least as to the probable success of his policy. Let the reader turn over the pages of *Hansard* of those days, and he will realise how often Mr. Balfour had to fight single-handed in those bitter encounters.

Few Unionists remember, if they ever realised, how nearly the battle was lost. ' Gradually, but certainly, the British people tired of coercion, and were sickened by the squalid incidents which attended its course. By-election after by-election told the same story, and the majority of the Government sank from 118 in 1886 to 70 four years later. It was evident beyond doubt that when the question was again referred to the collective electorate their decision would be that Home Rule, or anything, was preferable to this everlasting coercion. For us who believed that the maintenance of the Union was essential to the prosperity of Ireland, and to the safety of the Empire, the prospect was indeed most gloomy. But when everything looked darkest the Union was saved by an accident—swift, dramatic, and pathetic. There were few who did not sympathise with that remarkable man—much as they might deplore his errors—who dauntlessly stood at bay in Committee Room No. 15, fighting with his back to the wall for the leadership of the party which he had created and which owed to him its life and being. We in Ireland held our breath as we watched the progress of that struggle, for we fully realised that if a compromise were effected, and if, for instance, Mr. Parnell were induced only nominally to retire, even for a few months, the Union would be again in danger.

But in the meantime Mr. Balfour, who was too far-sighted and ambitious a statesman to be content with the policy of coercion as the end of all things, so soon as he found that the ground was clear of disorder, and that the foundation of law was again firmly laid, put his hand to the more congenial duty of redressing the grievances and remedying the evils which were responsible for the dangers which he had so courageously combated and so skilfully overcome. * Right glad must have been the Liberal Unionists when at last there dawned the day of that remedial legislation which they had so long and at times so despairingly advocated.

It was not until 1890 that Mr. Balfour found that he could safely open the door of conciliation, and then only very gradually and cautiously. The landlord party, or rather the party of ascendancy, were, as now, bitterly opposed to any concession. Obstinate devoted to the policy of coercion, they exulted over the courage and determination of the Chief Secretary so long as his policy and administration coincided with their hallowed creed and belief. But when Mr. Balfour, having successfully finished his distasteful task, turned his attention to the 'wretched, rotten, sickening policy of

conciliation,'¹ the plaudits which had never failed loudly to greet each drastic step in coercion were hushed into murmurs of surprise and dismay, and the party of ascendancy began to fear that the god whom they had worshipped so fervently possessed, after all, mere feet of clay. Fortunately for Mr. Balfour's popularity, party exigencies necessitated his transfer from Ireland, where he had won his spurs— for it was in Ireland that he first displayed the rare quality of pluck and imperturbability which the British public admire more than any other virtue, intellectual or physical. The events of 1886–1893 have, however, passed out of mind, and I do not think that the British public appreciate Mr. Balfour as well as they did in those stirring days. They have forgotten that under that superficial appearance of apathy and indifference there lurks an intrepid spirit which, when galvanised into life by some national crisis, would spring into prompt and dauntless action. This change of opinion no doubt is due to the evasive tactics which Mr. Balfour has been recently obliged to employ in order to save his party from disruption—tactics which his most infatuated disciple cannot claim to be frank or bold.

The promotion of Mr. Balfour did not take place until he had given evidence that he was a sympathetic statesman and not merely a stern and able administrator. This evidence is to be found in the Light Railways Act of 1889, which had for its object the development of the congested districts of the west of Ireland by placing the fisheries of those remote districts in railway communication with possible markets and opening out a beautiful country to the tourist traffic. His chief work, however, was the Land Purchase Act of 1890. Sufficient justice is not done to this legislation because the difficulties which had to be overcome are forgotten, if, indeed, they were ever fully appreciated. When I compare Mr. Wyndham's feat, performed with so much eloquence, tact, and skill, in 1902 with the task accomplished by Mr. Balfour in 1893, the contrast is as remarkable as it is encouraging. Comparatively speaking, the passage of Mr. Wyndham's Bill was that of a knife through butter. There was practically no opposition, and the third reading of the Bill was a chorus of admiration and congratulation. All sides, Liberal and Nationalist and Unionist, were agreed that the question should be settled at any price, and the British taxpayer was ignored, if not forgotten. How different was the reception of Mr. Balfour's Bill! Bitterly opposed both by Liberals and Nationalists, it was practically dropped after the first reading. But the feeling in Ireland was too strong for the Irish parliamentary party. The tenant farmers of Ireland realised the advantages of the Bill, and refused to be sacrificed to the exigencies of political warfare. Accordingly the Bill was again introduced, under more propitious auspices, and eventually, in spite of the opposition of the Liberal party and the passive resistance of the Nationalists, it passed into

¹ See Mr. Moore's speech in the House of Commons on the 20th of February, 1905.

law, bristling with safeguards and precautions imposed in the interests of the British taxpayer—all of which were swept away as so much rubbish a few years later by Mr. Gerald Balfour's Land Purchase Act.

The creation and endowment of the Congested Districts Board which was provided for in this Act was the great feat of Mr. Balfour's Administration. It was, as he stated, 'the first organised legislative attempt to deal with the most difficult and anxious problem.' One of its principal merits, and the chief cause of the conspicuous success which has attended its operation, was the association of Unionists and Nationalists in a great national work. The humanity of Mr. Balfour's administration was also justified by the wise and vigorous measures adopted for the relief of distress in the famine of 1890-91. Never before had relief been given so effectually and scientifically, and the principles adopted and the organisation framed remain a model to be followed in any similar disaster which may threaten Ireland.

The Local Government Bill, introduced in 1892 by Mr. Balfour after he had relinquished the office of Chief Secretary, was the least statesmanlike of his constructive legislation. It was framed on the lines laid down by Lord Randolph Churchill, 'similarity and simultaneity' in Irish and English legislation. The spirit in which it was conceived was excellent, but the measure itself was marred and spoilt, as every measure must be marred and spoilt which is pervaded by the fatal delusion that what is suited to Great Britain must also be suited to Ireland. So long as English statesmen are wedded to that Procrustean policy, so long as they ignore the radical difference of conditions in the two countries, so long will Ireland be badly administered and consequently discontented. Again, in the supposed interests of the landlords almost ridiculous safeguards were imposed. The Bill was read the first time by a large majority, but it was immediately dropped, to the regret of no one, Nationalist or Unionist. As the *Times* remarked, 'To attempt legislation' on this subject 'was to court danger.'

Before resigning his office as Chief Secretary Mr. Balfour had the privilege of withdrawing the proclamations under the Crimes Act from nearly all the proclaimed counties. His successor, Mr. W. L. Jackson, was only a few months in office, for the storm which had been so long gathering at last burst, and the Unionist Government were expelled from office by the general election of 1892, and consequently that genial administrator, who would have rejoiced in any opportunity of developing the resources and industries of Ireland, had to content himself with maintaining order and generally administering the country on the lines laid down by his predecessor.

I need not review the history of the Gladstonian Government which followed, but the elector ought to note for future guidance that, being dependent on the Irish vote, it was obliged to 'go the whole hog' in Irish legislation, and consequently session after session

found the Government laboriously but fruitlessly ploughing the sands of Home Rule, and eventually the case against the House of Lords, when submitted to the electorate, had mainly to rest upon the opposition to Home Rule, and not on the fact that the House of Lords—that nest of privilege—had ceased to represent any but the Conservative party, and consequently was an insurmountable barrier to real reform and progress.

Then followed the coalition Government of 1895, and with it the disappearance of the Liberal Unionist party. The flag, indeed, continued to fly and the organisation was maintained, but when the Liberal Unionist leaders, who had formerly indignantly repudiated any such intention, at last crossed the Rubicon—that is to say, the floor of the House—and coalesced with the Conservatives its *raison d'être* as an independent party ceased to exist. It is true that the Liberal Unionist leaders renewed their oaths of fidelity to the Liberal creed and continued to advocate a generous and conciliatory policy towards Ireland. Notwithstanding the resistance and bitter protest of the Extremists, English and Irish, they succeeded for a certain time in forcing their policy on their allies, whom, if they did not educate and convert, they at least coerced into acquiescence.

Mr. Gerald Balfour became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and his declaration on assuming office of a conciliatory and generous policy gave general satisfaction. It was, he said, the policy of the Government, 'to remedy every grievance from which any section of the Irish people can legitimately be said to suffer.' The conditions for such a policy were most favourable. Ireland, for once, was quiet and comparatively free from agrarian and political crime, and the ground was clear and ready for ameliorative measures. Mr. Gerald Balfour held in his hand a clean slate.

His proposed policy was thoroughly congenial to Liberal Unionists, or at least to those Liberal Unionists who had not been converted by the Extremists, and earnestly and honestly did the new Chief Secretary try to translate his words into deeds. The Statute Book records the results of his labours. His Land Act, his Local Government Act, his Agricultural and Technical Education Act, all passed within three short years, are sufficient evidence of his industry, energy, and courage as a statesman. Of course they were vehemently opposed. The Land Act, which now seems so mild a measure, was declared by the Duke of Abercorn, who spoke on behalf of the landlords of Ireland, to be 'revolutionary.' So bitter was the opposition of the Extremists, led by Sir Edward Carson, in the House of Commons that Mr. Balfour, on the third reading, said, 'You would suppose the Government to be revolutionists, verging on socialism. . . . I ask myself whether they are mad, or I am mad. I am quite sure one of us must be mad.'

The Local Government Bill which gave the County Councils control over roads and lunatics was assailed with equal hostility. Lord

Londonderry declared that 'the Loyalists view it with apprehension and dismay.' As usual, terrible consequences were predicted, but, needless to say, none of these prophecies have been realised, and the County Councils have worked with efficiency and intelligence within the very limited sphere marked out for them. But the most heinous of Mr. Gerald Balfour's crimes was his deference to Irish ideas in framing the Agricultural and Technical Education Act. This Act was the outcome of the deliberations of the Recess Committee, a round-table conference of Irish politicians, Unionist and Nationalist, convened by Sir Horace Plunkett, and it undoubtedly contains the germs of great industrial progress and development.

In all this legislation Mr. Balfour gave effect to the true and original policy of the Unionist party, and consequently he incurred, as Mr. Wyndham subsequently incurred, the bitter hostility—and there is no hostility more relentless—of the Unionist Extremists. The policy of 'Balfourian amelioration,' as it was contemptuously called, was widely denounced, and an opportunity was taken at the general election of 1900 to bring the Government to its senses. The *Times*, accepting a noisy and intolerant section as representative of the great mass of Unionists in Ireland, expressed the opinion that the Chief Secretary, by his policy, 'had driven the loyal portion of the Irish people to revolt.' The scapegoat was found in Sir Horace Plunkett, whose chief offence is that, although he never forgets that he is a Unionist, he always remembers that he is an Irishman, and it was determined to oust him from his seat in South Dublin and to hand over that important constituency to the Nationalists *pour encourager* the Government. The head and front of Sir Horace Plunkett's offence was that he had consorted with Nationalists when engaged in his scheme of developing the industries of Ireland, and that he had actually given office to a Nationalist in his new department. Englishmen must always bear in mind that the policy of the Extremists of both parties is to keep open an impassable gulf between Nationalists and Unionists. There must be no contact, no interchange of ideas, no attempts at persuasion; internecine quarrels are essential. There is method in this madness, for the Extremists on both sides realise that if there were friendly meetings and discussions between members of the two parties a moderate policy would arise triumphant out of the ashes of the sterile quarrels of the past.

The Government were frightened by this revolt. The ascendancy party were well represented in and out of the Cabinet, and consequently it was decided, after the general election of 1900, to satisfy the wolves by throwing to them Mr. Gerald Balfour. That able administrator—who has been so unjustly attacked and so unduly depreciated—was transferred to the Board of Trade, and Mr. George Wyndham, who had been Mr. Balfour's private secretary in the good old days of coercion, succeeded to the Irish office, while the principal assailants

of their Irish policy were taken into the Government—Lord Londonderry, of whom the *Times* wrote that his hostility to his Government 'had grown into something like revolt,' and Sir Edward Carson, who had been Mr. Gerald Balfour's most strenuous critic. Both were known to be honourable and straightforward men, and consequently their appointment was generally accepted as evidence of repentance and as a pledge of amendment on the part of the Government. High were the hopes of the extreme Unionists, and their expectations seemed to be justified. For a time all went merry as a marriage bell. Outrages—and the reader must remember that in the technical language of Dublin Castle an intimidatory letter is an outrage—opportunistically multiplied, and Mr. Wyndham seemed to throw himself into the game of Coercion with zest and courage. Evidently the mantle of Elijah had fallen upon worthy shoulders. *O jallacem hominum spem!* At the very moment when the sun shone brightest in an unclouded sky there shot a bolt from the blue. Mr. Wyndham fell into apostasy, abruptly, unexpectedly! How or why has never been explained, but suddenly the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw that salvation was not to be found in Coercion only. Even in these days of quick change the transition was remarkable in its rapidity and thoroughness. Members of Parliament were released from prison, proclamations were withdrawn, and the Millennium—an Irish Millennium—was ushered in. The policy of 'Balfourian amelioration' was revived, to the great satisfaction of all moderate men. The truth is that Mr. Wyndham was too wise, too sympathetic to be content with a coercive rôle—to remain a mere policeman. His ambition was to live in history as the statesman who had conciliated Ireland, maintained order, held the scales evenly, and who by impartial and sympathetic administration had evolved order out of chaos and transformed sedition into loyalty. Mr. Wyndham was too sanguine. He did not realise the difficulties and the dangers of the task which he had undertaken, and with characteristic impetuosity he rushed a delicate situation, rendered all the more delicate by his previous departure from the wise ways and methods of his predecessor. It was at this juncture that Sir David Harrel was obliged by ill-health to retire from the Under-Secretaryship, and Mr. Wyndham selected as his successor an Anglo-Indian officer of the highest distinction who had been strongly recommended to him by his colleague, Lord Lansdowne, a former Viceroy of India. To appoint a man who had been Governor of a large province to the comparatively subordinate office of Under-Secretary was a new departure, and it was not unnatural that Mr. Wyndham should smooth the way and reconcile Sir Antony MacDonnell to the descent in the official hierarchy by assuring him that he would be more a colleague than a subordinate—a simple courtesy which amorous critics have distorted into a mistaken policy.

Mr. Wyndham's policy was directed to the settlement of the Land and Education questions, Private Bill legislation, the reform of Dublin Castle by the co-ordination of detached or semi-detached boards, and generally 'conciliatory administration.' To give effect to this policy, negotiations in a friendly spirit with both parties were necessary. Mr. Wyndham—relying no doubt on his personal popularity with the extreme Unionists, and failing to realise that this popularity depended entirely on his reputation as a Coercionist—naturally thought that he would be able to induce them to listen to reason. But how about the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the Nationalist leaders? Was it not a great advantage to have as Under-Secretary a man of great ability and experience who, while perfectly loyal to the Unionist Government, was a Roman Catholic in religion, an Irishman by birth and education, and in sympathy with Irish ideas and aspirations? There was no articulate objection to Sir Antony MacDonnell's appointment, for it was generally supposed that he was merely temporarily employed to assist in the settlement of the Land question; but when that question had been disposed of and Sir Antony MacDonnell still remained in office the suspicions of the extreme Unionists were aroused. It was all very well to utilise a man of Sir Antony's views and sympathies in the settlement of a question which would be beneficial to the landlord as well as the tenant, to the Protestant as well as the Roman Catholic, to the Unionist as well as the Nationalist; but to keep him in office in order to remove the grievances from which Ulster did *not* suffer was madness. Then began the persecution of Sir Antony MacDonnell. It did not originate in devolution; it long preceded the revival of that policy. Sir Antony MacDonnell began badly. He refused to be guided, except in legal matters, by the law officers. 'These two officers of the King's Government,' pathetically, and of course unselfishly, complained Mr. W. Moore, K.C., 'were shut up in their Law Rooms in a position very little better than that of law clerks'—just as if they were mere law officers, like the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General for England! The hostility of the Law Room was, I believe, the *fons et origo* of the agitation against Sir Antony MacDonnell, and yet, in my opinion, it is very desirable to go still further than Sir Antony MacDonnell when an opportunity occurs. Instead of being shut up in their rooms at the Castle, the law officers in question should be domiciled in their Law Rooms at the Law Courts. Castle lawyers are able and honourable men, but they are saturated with the traditions and steeped in all the prejudices of the *ancien régime*, and the influence which they exercise in political matters upon the Chief Secretary or Under-Secretary fresh from England is not always elevating. But, whatever the reason, an agitation was engineered against Sir Antony MacDonnell which was discreditable and indefensible. Nothing can prove the weakness of the case against the Under-Secretary better than the flimsy and artificial charges by

which it was supported, and the rhetorical rags with which his assailants tried to conceal the nakedness of their arguments. The attack failed, and the extremists were in a sorry plight, when suddenly a new phase appeared in the kaleidoscope of Irish politics. Hitherto only the voice of the extremist had been heard, but happily there has long existed between the ultra-Nationalist and the ultra-Unionist a large and increasing body of moderate men who believe that it is not beyond the wit of man to find a means whereby Irishmen of conflicting political views can live together in peace and concord. As a rule these men are not great landlords whose principal abodes and interests are out of Ireland, but they are men who live all their life in Ireland, and who long to be at peace with their neighbours and to take their share in the administration of local affairs. It is their very love of peace and quiet which has kept these people silent, for they realise that if they dare to express their opinion they will be abused and vilified, if not boycotted. No one who has watched the reception given to the proposals so inoffensively submitted by the Reform Association can say that these fears are exaggerated, and consequently these men have been lost to sight and their very existence has been ignored, if not unknown. Unexpectedly there arose a leader in the person of Lord Dunraven, an Irishman, a great landlord, with a personality that could not be cowed. Lord Dunraven realised, to quote the words of Mr. Balfour, that 'while there is a strong body of organised opinion in the North of Ireland, belonging to the loyalist section of the community, there is, scattered over the West of Ireland, a great unorganised body of loyalist opinion, which might, if organised, do great service to the State,' and he proceeded to consolidate and give voice to those scattered and silent Unionists. He quickly realised that the settlement of the Land question was the necessary preliminary to peace, and, in defiance of the protests of the Landlords Convention, he and Lord Mayo and others arranged a conference of Unionist landlords and Nationalist leaders at the Mansion House in Dublin. That conference, contrary to the expectation and hope of the extreme Unionists, succeeded in coming to an agreement regarding the principles of the great measure so skilfully drafted and piloted through the House of Commons by Mr. George Wyndham. When a few necessary amendments have been made, the Land question which for centuries has been at the root of Irish discontent will be finally settled, outside of Ulster at least, and for that feat Mr. George Wyndham will live in history.

At this moment Lord Dunraven was a very popular man. Congratulations poured in upon him from all sides; but when he and his friends, having settled the Land question, turned their attention to the other subjects of controversy which tear Ireland to pieces the vials of wrath and abuse were showered upon their heads. For animated discussion, and indeed indignant protest, I for one was

prepared ; but I was amazed to find the law officers of the Government plunge into a warfare in which abuse took the place of argument, and the most unworthy motives were imputed to Lord Dunraven and his friends. After all, these gentlemen had an undoubted right to discuss a question of public interest, and they exercised this right in a courteous and inoffensive spirit. There was nothing to justify the bitter attacks made upon them.

The keynote—nay, the whole substance, the reiteration of which became so tedious—of all these wild attacks was the question : ‘ Who were the true parents of the scheme ? ’ ‘ What is the inception,’ cried the Attorney-General again and again, ‘ of the Reform movement regarding which there are so many sinister rumours ? ’ The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General for Ireland knew—as everyone in official Irish circles knew—that Sir Antony MacDonnell had assisted in the preparation of the scheme. Unconsciously they exaggerated the part he had taken and the extent of his co-operation, and, the wish being father to the thought, they jumped to the conclusion that he had acted secretly and disloyally to his chief. Their object was not to prove the dangers of the scheme, but to expose the disloyalty of their colleague. As has been aptly said, they fired at their colleague, the Under-Secretary, but brought down their chief, the Chief Secretary. The first, and not the least, mistake made by Mr. Wyndham in this unhappy business was that he did not promptly silence his law officers when they lost their heads.

No wonder that in these circumstances I broke silence in favour of the views which I had so long held, and it was natural that, in order to prove that I had consistently held these views ever since I was qualified to form an opinion on Irish questions, I referred to and quoted from a memorandum which I had unofficially written in 1889. During my tenure of office as Under-Secretary I was fully in accord with the policy of my chief, but the vigour of the war which we waged on behalf of law and order did not prevent my reflecting upon the questions which lay at the bottom of Irish discontent. A Liberal Unionist, I bore in mind Mr. Chamberlain’s declaration, ‘ There may be times when it is the highest duty of the Liberal to assert the law ; but, on the other hand, there is another duty which I regard at least as urgent, as even more sacred, and that is to search out the cause of disorder and where possible to remove it.’ I did search. I had gone to Dublin with an open mind free from bias, and there were soon impressed upon it certain facts. I quickly realised that the extreme Unionists were as dangerous to the Union as the Nationalists ; that although the charges of incapacity, ineptitude, and dishonesty so often thrown at the permanent officials were absolutely without foundation, yet the system itself was defective and cumbersome ; and that the gulf which yawned between the people and the Government could only be bridged by gradually associating the people, so

far as was safe and possible, with the Government in the administration of their affairs.

The approval which I expressed of Lord Dunraven's scheme was confined to the programme published on the 31st of March, in which, after emphatically protesting their fidelity to the cause of the Union, the Reform Association advocated 'the devolution to Ireland of a larger measure of local government than she now possessed,' the decentralisation of Irish finance, the extension to Ireland of the system of Private Bill legislation so successfully working in Scotland, the settlement of the question of higher education, the better housing of the labouring classes, and the development of the material resources of the country. I was not in equal accord with the subsequent and more detailed proposals published in the manifesto of the Association in the following September. The proposed financial scheme I do not consider practicable, for, apart from its inevitable conflict with the control of the House of Commons, the complete divorce of financial from administrative responsibilities would lead to embarrassment, complication, and probably a dead-lock. There is not a department of the Government which would not be under the control of the Financial Council, for it would be in the power of that Council to refuse the necessary funds—for instance, for the maintenance of an adequate police force—and accordingly the Executive would be at its mercy. Nor do I advocate a central legislative body in Dublin. I prefer the evolution of Provincial Councils on the lines proposed by Mr. Chamberlain, with an inter-provincial Council to discuss matters of common interest. But the general principles advanced by the Association are excellent, and in my opinion can be gradually and safely adopted.

It has been asserted that the programme of the 31st of August is practically Home Rule, and that consequently it is dangerous to the Union. Even Mr. Wyndham tardily subscribed to this view. But in truth the programme of the 31st of August does not materially differ from his own programme, and it is practically the same as that which has been always advocated by Mr. Chamberlain and other leaders of the Liberal Unionist party.

The hospitality of this Review and the patience of the reader would be hopelessly exhausted were I to attempt to quote the many pronouncements made by the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, and other leaders of the Liberal Unionist party in favour of the principles advocated by the Reform Association. Every item in their programme of the 31st of August 1904 has been emphatically enjoined as a necessary reform by the Liberal Unionist leaders. Mr. Chamberlain, not Lord Dunraven, is the parent of devolution. The object of the Liberal Unionist policy, as he explained in his manifesto of the 12th of June 1886, was 'to relieve the Imperial Parliament by devolution of Irish local business,' and he earnestly advocated

the sweeping away of the semi-independent Boards which now drag their slow length along.

After the great victory of 1886 Mr. Chamberlain declared

that any one who has read and read carefully the speeches of Lord Salisbury, of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, of Lord Carnarvon, and, above all, of Lord Randolph Churchill, all of them Conservative leaders, will see that they are not averse to large and drastic changes in the government of Ireland. They are prepared for a reform in the system of local government. They are prepared for a good deal more. They are prepared to consider and review the whole of that irritating centralising system of administration which is known as Dublin Castle.

Mr. Chamberlain is as practical as he is bold. He did not content himself with abstract proposals. His views took a more concrete form. In 1885 he had proposed that a National Council with legislative powers should sit in Dublin, and perhaps another in Belfast. This Council was to have executive powers, for it was to take over the administration work of all the Boards then sitting in Dublin, and it was to deal with such matters as land and education, the most burning of all Irish questions. This proposal was repeated at the famous Round Table Conference after the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, and if it had not been rejected by Mr. Parnell there would be now a National Council in Dublin in the place of that 'absurd and irritating anachronism which is known as Dublin Castle.' Subsequently Mr. Chamberlain substituted for this National Council the scheme of Provincial Councils on the basis of the provincial legislatures of Canada. So far as I know, this wise proposal has never been modified or withdrawn by Mr. Chamberlain.

This policy was not denounced in Ireland. On the contrary, the Ulster Liberal Association, in an address published after Mr. Chamberlain's manifesto quoted above, declared that 'the Land question once settled, the way will be opened for the development of local government, and Ulster Liberals are prepared to take their full share in working out such powers as regards local and domestic matters as may be delegated to local bodies by the Imperial Parliament.'

This, then, was the Irish policy of the Liberal Unionist party. Has it been carried into effect? Certainly not. Some progress was made during the days of 'Balfourian amelioration,' but, not only has that progress ceased, but retrogression has begun. The concessions then granted as regards local government have merely touched the fringe of the reforms proposed by Mr. Chamberlain and other leaders of the party, for the affairs delegated to the County Councils are purely parochial, and do not extend to those more important matters at present dealt with by the Imperial Parliament, of which Mr. Chamberlain proposed the devolution. Mr. Chamberlain's policy was accepted by all Liberal Unionists as a reasonable

compromise. Why is it now denounced by Mr. Balfour—why does he declare that if the organisation of moderate opinion in Ireland is 'to terminate in the eccentricities of devolution, the less we have of it the better'?

We may be told that the Unionist leaders have changed their minds. That is quite possible, but we who are accused of treachery to the Union, or, to quote the words of the Attorney-General for Ireland, of 'mean and cruel desertion'—we are entitled to ask why they have changed their minds and when they changed their minds. Why is the policy which was wise and safe in 1886 dangerous and perfidious in 1905? For let it be remembered that the policy of devolution was proposed only three years after the Phoenix Park murders, and at a time when Ireland was seething with crime and on the brink of revolution, when that unhappy country was honey-combed with secret societies, when outrage and assassination were rife, and salvation was sought in dynamite. That was the condition of things in 1886. Now, in 1905, Ireland is quiet, although not contented. Even Mr. Long admits that she is practically free from crime. Secret societies are extinct, assassination is unknown, and dynamite has been thrown aside. Constitutional agitation has, except in a few instances, taken the place of seditious conspiracy. And may not the reception—generally enthusiastic and always courteous—so recently given to their Majesties be accepted as evidence that even the Irish Nationalists are loyal to the person of their sovereign?

The condition of Ireland is beyond question improved. Why, then, are the concessions which could have been safely made in the dark and turbulent days of 1886 declared to be impossibly dangerous in the comparatively bright and peaceful days of 1905?

Can it be a fact that concessions are refused because the danger is over, and that we deny to peaceful agitation that which we freely offered to crime and outrage? This is the inference which undoubtedly will be drawn by those hostile to the Union. It cannot be true, but yet what other explanation or justification can be offered? Again I ask, and the question cannot be repeated too often and too emphatically: How does the programme of the Reform Association—I refer to the programme of the 31st of August 1904—differ from the programme solemnly proclaimed from time to time by the Liberal Unionist leaders? What item is there in the former which was not adopted and blessed by the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, and others? None. The programme of the Reform Association—that is to say, extension of local government, the decentralisation of finance, Private Bill legislation, the settlement of the question of higher education—does not contain a single item which was not included in the authorised programme of the Liberal Unionist party. Why, then, is all this sound and fury? Why are we who are faithful to the principles

and the policy of the party denounced as renegades and traitors ? Why does Mr. Balfour, of all men, join in this hue and cry ?

What is the Irish policy of the Government ? It is a policy of negation—a policy fraught with danger to the Union. The Government have abandoned every item of Mr. Wyndham's programme except one—the stern enforcement of the order which already prevails. Nothing is to be done for higher education. The Prime Minister most sorrowfully admits his impotence. The co-ordination of the various Boards—or, in other words, the reorganisation of Dublin Castle—is abandoned, for to touch it would be to stir up the hornet's nest. Even material improvements, Mr. Long tells us, must wait until the Irish have learnt self-help ; and ' administrative conciliation ' is to give way to Coercion.

The fact is that the Government have surrendered and gone over, bag and baggage, to the extremists. The leader of that party, in his speech of the 20th of February, appealed to the Government ' to get rid of this wretched, rotten, sickening policy of conciliation ' ; and they have obeyed without a murmur. Mr. Wyndham, the advocate of conciliation, has been thrown overboard, and the command of the ship has been given to Mr. Long, a *persona grata* to the party of ascendancy. Every possible concession has been made to the extremists. When Mr. Moore threatened and blustered, when, to the great dismay of the gentlemen concerned, he threatened on the eve of a critical division to draw on his reserves—that is to say, to call upon the Attorney and Solicitor Generals of Ireland and other office-holders to resign their places—not even the humour of the situation tempted the Prime Minister from the path of surrender.

Indeed Mr. Balfour, more papal than the Pope, has gone so far as to say that devolution—or, in other words, the extension of local government—is worse than Home Rule itself. Surely this is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the case against devolution. Is a part greater than the whole ? In those days when he dared to defy the extremists Mr. Balfour gave the Irish control over their roads and their lunatics. Does he really pretend that the proposal to extend the jurisdiction of these councils to other matters is, to quote his mildest invective an ' eccentricity to be deplored ' ? The reason given for the Prime Minister's strange theory is that devolution would satisfy neither of the extreme parties ; but this is its merit. A policy which would satisfy either must necessarily be a bad policy, because only an extreme policy would be acceptable to either. Is a policy impossible because it is not bad ?

Is the only aim and object of a statesman to be the conciliation of this or that body of men which has the power to make itself troublesome ? Is he never to be actuated by the consideration of what is right and proper, or is expediency to be his only guide ? Thus thinks the hardened opportunist. When these arguments were advanced

in 1886 against the same policy, Mr. Chamberlain rebuked the opportunist and declared that it is our duty 'to do what is right and proper because it is right and proper.' Thus speaks the true statesman.

The great majority of the Liberal Unionists have become Conservatives. Take the list of the Unionist party and try to distinguish between the two. What is the difference between Liberal Unionists and Tories? Are they at issue on any important question? The coalition has been a great success—the fusion has been complete beyond all calculation. But how has it been effected? Have the Liberals become Conservatives or have the Conservatives become Liberals? The truth is that the Liberal Unionists during the last twenty years have marked time, while the Conservatives have gradually come up into line with them. Meantime the Liberals have been advancing and have left the amalgamated party far behind. This was inevitable. In the world of politics, as in the world of Nature, there is no standing still; there must be progress or retrogression. On all sides there is evidence that the Liberal Unionist who has not become a Tory and who is not absorbed in Tariff Reform is 'dished,' and that the reactionary is in future to be the predominant partner. Two policies—poles asunder—hold the field; the policy of Negation, which means retrogression, and the policy of Home Rule. The Liberal Unionist policy—'to remedy every grievance from which any section of the Irish people can legitimately be said to suffer'—has been abandoned. The Liberal Unionist party has ceased to exist—it is broken up and dispersed. The Liberal Unionist free traders are the only faithful survivors of the party which saved the Union. They alone remain true to its creed and policy; they alone keep the torch burning. But they wander in the wilderness, without any hope of the Promised Land. What are they to do? How can they make their voice heard? Too few in number, they cannot exist as an independent unit; and therefore, if they do not retire altogether from active political life, they must enrol themselves in either the Conservative or Liberal party. Which are we to join? On what platform are those of us who may be parliamentary candidates to take our stand?

But I must reserve for another occasion the consideration of this question, as also the discussion of the manner in which the admitted grievances of Ireland can be redressed, especially the burning grievance in connection with higher education. For I altogether refuse to allow that it is beyond the wit of man to devise a solution of even that difficult problem which will be acceptable both to the Roman Catholics of Ireland and the Nonconformists of England.

THE WHITE PERIL IN AUSTRALASIA

THE development of the native power of Eastern Asia during the last few years is a matter of serious moment to the British Colonies of Australasia. This possibility was scarcely weighed at its full appreciation when the Commonwealth Parliament three years ago set out to ratify in statute the popular platform clamour for a 'White Australia,' and that doctrine in its working now assumes a new and precarious aspect. The 'white' doctrine is *un fait accompli* throughout Australasia, for both the Commonwealth and the colony of New Zealand have set up barriers against the race alien, with the object of keeping their country to themselves. Regarded from an economic standpoint, there is considerable difference of opinion as to the morality of such a step *per se*, and I have no intention of discussing it here. The chief concern at present is the operation and tendency of the restrictions, and the conditions that have resulted therefrom.

The New Zealand Immigration Restriction Act was passed in 1899. It prohibits the admission to the colony of 'any person of other than British (including Irish) parentage who, when asked to do so by an officer appointed under the Act, fails to himself write out and sign in the presence of such officer in any European language an application in such form as the Colonial Secretary from time to time directs.' Any applicant dissatisfied with this test has right of final appeal to a stipendiary magistrate. Other sections prohibit idiots, or insane persons, persons suffering from contagious diseases of a loathsome or dangerous nature, and persons who within two years past have been convicted in any country of an offence involving moral turpitude which, if committed in New Zealand, would be punished by two years' imprisonment or upwards. This Act does not apply to shipwrecked persons. There is an exemption clause, also, which provides that any person disqualified only by the language test may enter the country on payment of a deposit of 100*l*. Chinese are dealt with under the Chinese Immigration Act of 1881, with amendments, the effect of which is that any Chinaman can enter the country on payment of a poll-tax of 100*l*. Chinese women who are the wives of Chinese so admitted are exempted from paying the tax. The position thus is that in New Zealand and Australia the

Chinaman and the European who cannot write are placed under exactly the same restrictions. The Federal Immigration Restriction Act was passed in 1901, following closely on the lines of the New Zealand statute. The language test is somewhat different. It prohibits 'any person who fails to write to dictation a passage of forty words in length in an European language directed by the officer,' but there is the same reservation with regard to the admission of persons failing in this test on payment of a deposit of 100*l*. The Federal Act also prohibits 'any person who is likely to become a charge upon the public or upon any public or charitable institution,' and 'any persons under contract or agreement to perform manual labour within the Commonwealth.' To the latter restriction there is a reservation for 'specially skilled' workmen required in the Commonwealth. Pacific Islanders are dealt with by a special Act, which provides for the deportation of every Kanaka at the end of December 1906.

The barriers being thus defined, we shall proceed to consider the conditions obtaining throughout the East. Australia is at the threshold of the East. Port Darwin and the ports of Queensland and West Australia are within a few days' steam of the great seaports of China and Japan, from which there is a continuous overflow of surplus population to the waste parts of the earth. Japan, a country of 162,655 square miles, of which not more than one-sixth is available for cultivation, has a population of 43,750,000, to which the expanding requirements of sustenance under Western conditions are already causing congestion. The density of the population in Japan is greater than that of any other considerable nation in the world, with the exception of Great Britain; but, on the other hand, the United Kingdom is part of a world-wide empire of over twelve million square miles, over which the average density is only thirty-three persons to the mile. Japan has no waste places into which to disgorge its surplus population. If all the political difficulties of the East were dispelled, and the population of China, Japan, and Siberia were distributed over the whole of those countries, there would still be an average density of nearly forty to the square mile. The reality of the menace to Australia is readily apparent.

The conditions under which Australasia is held by people of British race are shown by the following table: -

	Area in Square Miles	Population	Density per Square Mile
Australia	2,972,906	3,782,943	1.27
New Zealand	104,471	772,719	7.39
Australasia	3,077,377	4,555,662	1.48

So far as New Zealand is concerned the position need not cause any great alarm, for the population is well scattered, the agricultural class has a good grip of the country, and the waste places are few and small. In Australia, on the other hand, the white population is contained in a narrow fringe along the eastern and southern sea-boards, with a sparser scattering extending inland here and there, particularly in Victoria and New South Wales. The mining fields of Central and West Australia cannot, of course, be regarded as permanent settlements, and the population engaged thereon scarcely ranks in the same class as an agricultural population.

The immorality of the present situation is that four millions of people in Australasia jealously regard three million square miles of territory as their own, and impose a drastic restriction upon applicants for admission; while just across the water—almost as close as New Zealand is to Australia—there are countries teeming with a virile population just awakening to the first expanding wants of civilisation forced upon them by the white races. The danger is evident. The final solution must be the arbitrament of numbers, and then Australia will be sadly lacking. Even if the Russians are hurled back upon Europe, and the whole of North and Eastern Asia is thrown open to the development and cultivation of China and Japan, the time will only be delayed by a few decades when the independent Mongol races, impelled by their increasing numbers and requirements, and released from the repressive influence of plague, famine, and internal war, will turn their eyes to the Pacific and seek fresh fields in the line of least resistance. The Japanese nation is young, unanimous, and irresistible. To-morrow it will be reinforced by three hundred millions of Chinese, whom Australia recognises—if England does not—as the smartest traders and most intelligent industrial men in the world. The efforts of a few millions of people to withhold the vast virgin continent of Australia from the clutch of the Eastern invaders will be futile. Diplomacy will be of no avail, for argument never yet dammed back the flood of nationality sweeping along behind the bayonets of a young and vigorous people. The rural population is any nation's bulwark. If Australia can cut up her Crown lands and get yeomen settled on the remotest back blocks the fear of the Yellow Peril will be mitigated. Her claim to the great Australian continent will then be a moral one, and, moreover, if the time unhappily comes, it can be defended.

But, instead of tending in this direction, the carefully-devised immigration legislation is having an unexpected result. White immigration to Australia has practically ceased. The European emigrants are all going to New Zealand; the Asiatics and other race aliens to Australia. From 1892 to 1903 Australia lost 1,875 souls by excess of departures over arrivals. In the same period New Zealand gained 54,343. Papers presented to the Federal Parliament last year show

how peculiarly the Restriction Act works. During 1902, the first year of the operation of the new Act, 653 persons, including Algerians, Arabs, Chilians, Chinese, Egyptians, Filipinos, Hindus, Kurds, Tonkinese, and many Europeans, were refused admission to the Commonwealth. Of these thirty-two were regarded as likely to become a charge upon the public; 618 failed in the language test; two were idiots or insane; and one was a recently-convicted criminal. During the same period thirty-three persons passed the education test, including West Indians, Syrians, Burmese, Filipinos, Japanese, Mauritians, South Sea Islanders, and St. Helena blacks. But the most remarkable return of all is that showing the number of persons admitted without being asked to undergo the language test. They numbered 45,468, including 35,330 of British nationality, 1,181 Italians, 1,162 Germans, 1,011 French, 647 Austrians, and 471 North Americans. The great majority of these were commercial men and tourists, who left perhaps the same year, for the whole gain to Australia by immigration in 1902 was only 2,091. Coming to the nationalities that are antagonistic to the White Australia policy, we find the remarkable paradox that 2,410 Asiatics and 1,302 of other races were admitted without being asked to pass the education test. Out of 2,952 Asiatics who applied for admission to Australia, 2,410 were admitted without question, twenty-two passed the test, and only 529 were refused admission, probably to be admitted at another port of the Commonwealth. The 3,734 persons of Asiatic and other alien races who were admitted to the Commonwealth in 1902 may almost all be regarded as permanent settlers; and this in a year in which the total gain to Australia by immigration was only 2,091. The grounds of admission without test were as follows: Ninety-one were deserters; 1,079 were Chinese who had State permits on payment of poll-tax; 246 were Japanese who entered under agreement between Queensland and Japan; and 1,139 were Pacific Islanders with statutory authority. The pearling industry of the north, which requires the special skill exempted by the Act, was the excuse for the admission of 717 persons, of whom 321 were Malays, 188 were Japanese, ninety-five Filipinos, and eighty-five Papuans. The position of New Zealand at the same time was much more satisfactory. The gain by excess of immigration in 1902 was 7,990, and of these only 102 were race aliens (including sixty-nine Chinese).

An analysis of the population of Australia shows that out of 3,782,943 souls returned at the census of 1901, 54,441 were coloured aliens, including 30,542 full-blood Chinese and 3,554 Japanese. There were also about 10,000 Kanakas on the Queensland plantations, a number that has been increased by some thousands since, but will be quite wiped out at the end of next year.

It is very evident from these figures that if the Australians desire to secure their country against the menace of the East they must

commence at once to attract a stream of white immigration. At present nothing is being done. Canada and the United States are nearer to the congested population of Europe, and they are offering liberal terms to immigrants, whose passage-money across the Atlantic is only a small matter compared with that to Australia. The only movement of population in Australia at present is inter-State. Quite recently an internal campaign has been inaugurated, one State taking settlers from another. Westralia is trying to coax Victorian farmers to go west; Queensland is endeavouring to entice them away to the Darling Downs. The figures for West Australia last year show clearly what is happening. While that State gained 11,954 persons last year by quasi-immigration, the other States lost in the aggregate, for the net increase of the Australian population by immigration was only 1,630. Out of the 11,954 that West Australia gained, 11,014 were of European nationality (including 11,582 British). Yet only 487 people were added to the West Australian population by excess of arrivals from Europe. More than 11,000 came from the other States of the Commonwealth. Such a redistribution of population may, of course, lead to some increase of production, but it can never fulfil the function of legitimate immigration. Moreover, the West Australian immigrants were chiefly of the nomad mining class, the grants of agricultural land to immigrants amounting to only 400 acres for the year.

Australia must establish herself in possession of the Australian continent by attracting white settlers to open up the back country. The insular and suicidal idea of admitting only English-speaking people must go by the board. We should fall into the American way of thinking, and, if White Australia is a cry worth encouraging, attract healthy men of any European nation to come over and help us fell our bush, till our land, build our dams and water-races, and transport produce to the seaboard. If England cannot send us healthy young men of the right stamp—and it almost seems that under present conditions she cannot—we must turn our eyes towards Poland, Scandinavia, and Hungary, that have done so much already in building up the British Colonies. It is health and youthful vigour that the Colonies require, not academic knowledge of any particular language. The Australian nationality can be protected by a short period franchise qualification, and at the end of that time our pride will be conserved by the ability of the newcomers to speak fair English. What we particularly want is to prevent failures and disappointed persons returning to England with discouraging tales. I have seen families step ashore from an immigrant ship—fathers burdened with six or eight children, who cannot be kept in the Colonies under a pound or two a week. A few months later they have sorrowfully embarked for home, their earnings gone, their families 13,000 miles from friends. Workers are wanted, unencumbered to be efficient, young

to be adaptable; and they should be selected at the ports of embarkation by agents who know the fluctuating conditions and the class of land available in the colonies they represent. One disappointed immigrant is worse than no immigrant at all to everyone except the shipping company. When the selected immigrants land they should find unimproved land set apart for them, and money advances available for initial outlay in their holdings.

It is only by getting settlers quickly and opening up the back country that Australia can restore that confidence in financial centres that will place money at her disposal for development; and this is the *sine qua non* of her existence. Unless Australia, from an empty shard, quickly becomes a hive of industry, the Yellow Peril will maintain its reality, and be a lasting menace to the development of the remarkable economic and social evolution that is gradually unfolding in the interdependent countries of Australia and New Zealand.

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IMPRESSIONAL DRAMA

IT has been said that the true artist recognises in the amateur one who has the 'amor,' or love of art; in the dilettante one who feels 'diletto,' or pleasure in art. On a general recognition of this truth the rebirth of drama in a measure depends. From the artist's standpoint the word 'amateur' has proved misleading; especially misleading to the general public as used in criticism. We read of the shortcomings of the 'obvious amateur,' the 'tyranny' of the amateur.

In contrasting the drawbacks of the amateur with the value of professionalism the President at a dramatic banquet the other day deplored that 'this was an age when the amateur flourished'; he did not add how obviously the paid servant of the public sometimes 'flourishes' who is without love of art, while the unpaid, as obviously a lover of art, lives for it alone. The former the stage could do well without, while on the latter its very existence depends. In this sense it has been well said, 'Better a skilled "amateur" than an ignorant professional.' Were it not for the progress of the amateur-student and his recognised status in the world of art there would be a deadlock in the progress of interpreting refined drama. For the enthusiastic dilettante, given the opportunity for regular study, can afford to live for it, die for it without remuneration, which unfortunately the poor professional cannot do.

It is no exaggeration to say that only one in a thousand has the faculty of discovering the subtle quality in a rare and perfect work of art. Still fewer can feel or analyse the subtle qualities of the artist-impulse. If called forth, it is at a moment when the creative and interpretative are meeting and clasp hands. It may be on the stage that some slight form of gesture in actor or actress, whose acting for the most part may perhaps be indifferent, remains for ever impressed on the spectator's imagination. Or it may be called forth by some exquisite stroke of genius in stage-craft. It is a creation if it has left its impress on the susceptible human organism—the mind of the artist always being more or less in a state of receptivity.

In Mr. Tree's representation of the *Tempest* that person must be unreceptive indeed who could witness without emotion the floating farewell of Ariel, ethereal blue against the blue of sea, sky, and mist,

and the last sight of Caliban, as through the fog, which has settled on his island, he watches the distant ship pass out and away with outstretched, desolate arms, then bows his poor, hideous, hopeless head, and for the first time knows loneliness. That stroke in stage-craft was a creation, and concerns the rig of the onward sail in the art of expressing impressional drama. Such flashes of genius cannot escape the unbiassed artist-critic, and must reveal to him the true histrionic artist, be that artist professional or unprofessional. To the artist-critic we must appeal in these days of advertisement as a promoter of the unstagey in acting. For the actor who is endowed with the faculty of calling up at will momentary emotions in his own soul, so that the vibrations of his own voice provoke him to tears or laughter—that one is a dramatic artist, paid or unpaid. But, as a distinguished *chef d'orchestre* discovered to his sorrow during the production of a recent masterpiece, this supersensibility, unless under stern control, is not devoid of danger. In the middle of the marvellous orchestration of a great masterpiece a sudden silence fell upon the concert hall. The orchestra had become mute. The leader looked up in dismay. The musicians were in tears.

Self-control of sensibility, the absolute subordination of the emotionary organism to the will, combined with study of technique, produces the actor-artist. The very actor who knows this has it at his fingers' ends, forbye—this as the Scottish say—there is humour. The functional force of genius is the life in the organism, therefore functional force is the actor's power. It is the *feu sacré*—the fire that flames but never consumes. The man or woman on the stage who lacks this functional force develops (*pace* Diderot ¹) into the ranter, the grimacer. If either of them attain to fame it is as character actors, through the mimetic faculty alone. A player becomes creative from the moment when he has well studied and rehearsed a character in a play. When he presents it to an audience for the first time he is, in fact, an experimentalist. If successful, he afterwards imitates the effects he has invented and practised. He is then a creator. In this sense the art of acting developed is mechanical and mimetic, the actor fixes in his mind the appropriate gesture, the intonation, the expression, the action seized at a moment of inspiration; he puts them by and treasures them, ready and obedient servants to be rung up at his will. He founds every great part on a former experience in characterisation and interpretation. Every successful type is as a stone towards the bulwark of his art bridge. He is great in his art according to the imaginative power he possesses of sinking his individuality, merging his identity in those images of his own creation.

If in proportion to the actor's intellectual balance is his emotional and projective power, he will by study attain the secret of proportion, the art of moderation, strengthening and effacing. His intellect

¹ *The Paradox of Acting.*

rationalises the expression of his feeling, holds his emotions within the hands of a sane imagination. All great art is sane, nor can there be a greater tribute paid to histrionic art than to say of it that of all the arts it is the most sane, the most exalted, and the most rare. Because the actor or actress worthy of the name is exponent of all the arts in a greater or less degree. They thrill to the touch of all the Muses. The ripples of drapery which have their source in action is a language which appeals to their soul as to the sculptor. They equally value the scientific study of drapery as a powerful exponent of emotion, most eloquent in the mute poetry of sculpture and painting—not less eloquent on the stage to mark and emphasise the passion of a moment. Therefore the great actor should live in our memory for ever, who is master of this most complex and wonderful of all the arts.

The reformers' cry of 'Organise the theatre,' said the President of the Playgoers' Club,² while deploring the general condition of our drama, is of no avail until the first want has been supplied, viz. 'good plays.' It meant 'the necessity of beating up new recruits for the drama among the men outside the present theatrical preserve, and unaffected by the paralysing theatrical tradition.' He thought that 'it would die if it did not at times escape from its close atmosphere of drawing-room intrigue, club scandal, and belated suppers, into the open air, into places of country featured truth and honesty.' He affirmed that all sides of man, noble and ignoble, should be treated on the stage, and that there is no subject unfit for presentation, but that it all depended on treatment and diversity of theme—and, we dare to add, the elimination of the ugly! The triumph of the ugly in this commonplace, passionless generation, is nowhere more conspicuous than on the stage. The ugly names of theatres, the ugly names of plays, their subject and their subject-treatment. Surely this is all that Eleonora Duse meant when she said, 'To save the theatre, the theatre must be destroyed, the actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make art impossible. It is not drama that they play, but pieces for the theatre. We should return to the Greeks, play in the open air. The drama dies of stalls and boxes and evening dress, and people who come to digest their dinner.'

But romantic drama may be made impossible even in the open air—I mean on Nature's stages. The unrealistic representations of the Attic theatre are, of course, out of the question. To stalk on stilts, shrouded in robes, and drone harrowing emotions through a mask in our generation is not convincing, and on a natural stage would appear the more false, exaggerated, theatrical, and ludicrous. I remember, when inaugurating pastoral plays for the first time on a natural stage in 1884, one realised that, although the conditions of

² Mr. Barrie.

dramatic art are imitative, as those of all the other arts, to those conditions it is not always in Nature's power to conform. One also realised that drama strictly speaking is not imitative of Nature, but representative, but, that for those plays in which the chief elements and surroundings are eminently natural, open-air treatment appealed as a revelation. The advantage gained by a pastoral setting is on the side of the romantic drama. We would realise the ideal. Open-air acting means this or nothing.

Psychologically and dramatically, if we are to live and move with our heroes and heroines in a pastoral story, joy with their joys and weep with their sorrows, our sympathies must be the more awakened and intensified through Nature's own operation; for, as spectators, we are wrought upon from without as well as from within, subjected to the same psychological influences which are felt unconsciously by the players themselves (*pace* Diderot), and which must also have been felt by the people whose lives and characters they represent. Players and spectators alike cannot but be carried into a realisation of actual pastoral life while Nature's vibrating accompaniment speaks to them in the lisp of leaves and 'the murmur that springs from the growing of grass,' in the song of birds, and in all the many outward symbols of her ceaselessly pulsating life. In effect, it is through the feelings she inspires, under certain conditions of harmony, that the sensitive spectator is moved to a delight which finds its expression in tears. Breathing above all else of the woods, of song-birds, and wild flowers are the beautiful forest scenes in *As You Like It*. If any realisation is possible of such beauty, surely it can only be found by endeavouring to make it one with that Nature from which it descended, and in which alone it could find its counterpart? Whether any such realisation was suggested in the pastorals played at Coombe it is for others to say.³ Art demands a special treatment when brought into contact with Nature, and Nature a special treatment when confronted with art. Take, for instance, Fletcher's unique pastoral *The Faithfull Shepherdess*: it must surely stand or fall in effect, according to whether we see in it a mere theatric play or a parable—a parable where thoughts and moods take visible form, put on comely attire, and appear before us; a pageant in which we should endeavour to make the gracious old Arcadian life move again, and, while retaining the Grecian outline, strive that it should gain by mediæval magic of colour, and by the Northern temper of romance.

We have seen pastorals lately, that is to say, plays, played in the open air. No doubt beauty led to the inception. Allowing for the manifold difficulties for art-director and for players who challenge

³ *As You Like It*, July 1884. *As You Like It*, May 1885. *The Faithfull Shepherdess* (pastoral by Fletcher), June and July 1885. *Fair Rosamund*, adapted from Lord Tennyson's *Becket* by E. W. Godwin, July 1886. *Le Baiser* (by Theodore de Banville), 9th of August, 1889.

comparison with Nature herself, spectators have observed that in many attempts the challenge was unsuccessful. Why? Presuming that the aim of open-air plays is to promote a union between Nature and Art, why should it not always be successful? We primarily demand absence of aggressive artificiality. Where the environment of the actor is artificial, artificial acting may pass current. But Nature is the test, the touchstone. She must be the ever-present standard. We must consult Nature and humour her, because her suggestions of method are not less varied and infinite than are her changes of mood. Nature, jealous of line, of hue, and even of sound, insists that wherever Art is confronted with her, it shall partake of her own essence. Therefore those artificial lines and dyes, those sounds which are in accord with a certain given condition of Nature, are alone admissible; she exacts of them that they shall enhance her own beauty by contrast or by harmony.

No discordant note of colour may be struck unless it harmonise with Nature's key in which we play. No tone of colour dare we introduce that we have not borrowed from Nature's own stage. Only those notes of colour must be struck in the different impersonations that shall resolve into perfect concord. Thus only can we attain to a system of colour-grouping by scheme—a scheme I ventured once to call 'Rainbow-music.' In the setting of plays, indoors or out of doors, as in every branch of decorative art, without scientific method in colour-grouping there is no form. We must have line and colour-motive. We must have our pictures of moving sound and colour *framed*.

The director of the natural stage to be successful must avoid customary stage conventions, and yet strictly adhere to the exigencies of Drama. To run in and out like rabbits in a warren is to set at defiance every condition of dramatic art. In the choice of the pictorial setting there is art. The axis of the auditorium and natural stage are all important. The sides technically known as wings have to be manœuvred, exits and entrances made to emphasise the dramatic action, and yet to appear an integral portion of the picture, and the illusion of time and place must be kept up, or respected, to say the least of it, by the appropriate rise and fall of a decorous and harmonious curtain. For the rest, we ought to be infused with Nature's external thoughts and ideas. Not on the boards can this be possible, not in any theatre of rustling programmes. Among fresh leaves, to song of birds. If not here, then in some divine order of things in the Great Hereafter. Meanwhile, seeing the whole fabric here is based on a fabric of human lies, social in its grain and in its appearance, we must look up. Drama has a Soul.

The poetical playwright, trammelled by the conventions of idealised speech, has, of course, immeasurably greater difficulties to encounter to-day than in the days of Elizabethan drama. As a well-known

writer said : ' So entirely has drama lost that flexibility which enabled Shakespeare and his contemporaries to get into the form what is called literature, that the writer of dramatic dialogue now merely furnishes a thin verbal gauze through which the actor has to blow in order to produce the required artistic illusion.' ⁴

Too much complexity of plot is no longer tolerated, and craft in dovetailing is not enough. We demand literary qualities of the highest order, choicest language, euphony in idealised speech, whether in prose or verse, above all directness and brevity. The day for rant and spouting, the day for 'tearing passion to rags and tatters,' is soon to be of the past. If we sometimes see reserve force overdone, and grieve over the self-conscious posing which is too often substituted for spontaneity and breadth of diction, these are faults in the right direction, inherent in a state of transition ; for restraint is chief factor by which the modern exponent of poetic drama captures the understanding and the sympathy of the audience. We realise more and more since the birth of Shakespearean drama that rage and rhetoric do not carry conviction. The rage that begets clamour being true to Nature, we realise that clamour or a gasping silence is more eloquent on the stage than grandiloquent speech. We know the play that cannot endure literary criticism is not worthy of the name of drama, and at the same time we realise how little as drama the merits of a play can be gauged by a mere perusal in print ; how the playwright's instructions can but inadequately supply to the majority of readers the externalisation of the life, the situations and characters the author has woven into his verbal gauze. Imaginative drama is either the expression of the soul's passions or nothing—true dramatic genius being of the Soul. It has been truly said of Eleonora Duse, her art 'is to do over again unconsciously the sculpture of the Soul upon the body.' Moods and thoughts too subtle and profound to be spoken, which find clear and forcible expression in pantomime, are the test of the inborn actor and playwright. The eloquence of silence in the interpretation of the Soul's identity cannot be over-estimated. And again, if imaginative drama, be it comedy or tragedy, in prose or in verse, is to have an immediate future, the surviving plays will surely be those wherein due regard has been paid by the author to concealment of purpose, if he has any—and to brevity ? Was it not Malpighi who cried out, of 'The Epic'—'It were better cut short' ?

Is not the play of the future the short play ? Will there not be a protest soon against the length of plays ? It is an age of hurry ; an impatient age in which we live. In the wear and tear and hustle of modern life we lose the capacity for responding to any prolonged impression. The modern lover of drama, who goes to the theatre to be harrowed, thrilled, entranced, or amused, is physically incapable of bearing a long strain on the emotions. Indeed, the limitations of

⁴ Mr. Theodore Watts Dutton.

our human organism correspond with the limitations of our mental receptivity; consequently our emotions fall flat, our senses for artistic enjoyment flag long before the end of a long play. To the weary the curtain falls on an anti-climax. It seems probable only those poetical plays will have a fair hearing in which undecorated dialogue is substituted for rhetoric and silence for speech, where the author has left philosophy and moral to take care of itself. Such an interpretation of the life poetic, simple and direct, is surely what we are longing for—praying for; expressed in a form we might define as Impressional.

Supporters of the contemporary English stage have naturally been scared by the alarming demand for 'serious British dramatic art.' But a play with 'beauty for beauty's sake' for its 'motif' should appeal to more than the cultivated few; the sense of beauty lying dormant as often in ignorant peasant as educated peer. It is a sad reflection how many unexpressed geniuses in this wide world are never unearthed until they win the Beyond. Here clutching like the mole their fingers have grown out, and weighed with their own earth-heaps are doomed to lie. The super-sensitive artist, who is alone constituted to expound the ideal in drama, is bound to succumb in the struggle for daily existence. As long as this is so, time and opportunity are with the amateur dramatist, exempt from professional cares, among highly educated men and women. Will they not come to the rescue of dramatic art?

From the school of acting we certainly have the promise of reform in interpretation. 'Up to the present we have seldom heard in dramatic verse the intonation or felt the vibration of the spirit. We look for the day when sense in poetry will no longer be sacrificed in delivery, when the supposed trammels of blank verse will be discarded as a delusion, when monotonous intonation—the despair of the dramatic poet—will be as out of date as Sunday school sing-song in the delivery of rhyme.

The essential in criticism is freedom of mood. Every dramatic work suggests its own form of presentation, just as every work suggests its own form of criticism. We believe on this point all artistic minds are at one. Given that an author shall stage his play, were it not well that he himself should act the chief *rôle*, or an all-important part? Less liable to delusion he must be regarding his own work than either actor, or the playwright, pure and simple, when confronted with the awful odds of his own structure. If language or action is lacking in one essential, then is the actor condemned by the playwright, the playwright criticised by the actor. No criticism can be so condemning, so staggering, so final. The meaningless gap, the meandering thread, a thread knotted too tight, or an end left loose in the wings, the missing word, the too many words, the word too long, the word too short, the slightest neglect of the complex changes

in verbal movement, that euphonious jugglery in dramatic art by which we distinguish and interpret the varying passions, not only of the human individual, but of Nature and her passing moods, from the amorous lyrical measure to the fiery sentences, which must, as has been well said, 'strike like sparks from a horse's hoofs at gallop.' The acting-author's shortcomings stare him in the face—want of cohesion, continuation, concentration. His own ghost, his 'second self, as it were, confronts him over the footlights. He is the puzzled man in the pit. I believe we must all have gone through this ordeal who have acted and staged our own inventions.

Playwrights have spoils in this country if they only knew it! Although the city with its babbling tongues is hardly yet ripe for it, they will find them in the Drama of Impressions. For there is a tendency of thought towards a psychical interpretation of Life. A cult by which author, actor, and manager can bring those ineffable things that seem far away close to us on the stage of our understanding. A play is not unworthy of interest because it neither stirs nor moves an average audience to laughter or tears. It will entrance the senses and be dramatic and convincing if constructed in accordance with the admonitions of the master of dramatists. 'Tis the changing and shifting movement that doth catch the eye, and pleases the imagination, and plays of all kinds seeme manie times to give delight in th' action, which have lesse attracted us in our study.' Although King Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet, are all distinct types of masterly creation, some critics affirm that they are characters no more than indicated in spite of their voluminosity of speech. The truth of the assertion is exemplified in that the great actor of modern days is enabled to project and individualise such indications of character by the light of latter-day intelligence in a realistic manner undreamt of in Shakespeare's time. This points also to a likely development in the modern playwright's craft for masterly character-individualisation and new methods for presenting Shakespearean types on the stage of to-day with far less literary detail.

To quote the words written by Victor Hugo in his latter days, 'There are those things which can only be enacted on the stage of a man's mind.' Now, M. Maeterlinck demands a theatre of moods rather than of action, where nothing material happens and where everything immaterial is felt. The mystic meditations of the Belgian dramatist are those of a true literary artist and symbolist. He has not written for the stage that is in every man's mind, nor does his dramatic work always bear the test of study, but his method is wholly theatric in the legitimate sense. Such interpretation as he gives us of Life's unanswerable enigma, he projects as it were through a veil. While his predecessors have portrayed for us the complete human being, mind, body, and soul, this dramatist but gives the mortal shape. M. Maeterlinck's characters do not appear to us as souls, but

abstractions. Souls do not exist that plays may be—but plays exist because souls *are*. And some of us may feel that, although a drama well acted should contain and convey the mystic depths of a mood, the province of the dramatist lies quite away from mystic philosophy. It would almost seem that the process of the soul's alchemy can only be touched by the dramatist effectively, in so far as the problem or problems of the soul tend and belong directly or indirectly to the development of characterisation and story, that is to say—in the constant appeal to our human understanding through the sensuous capacities of our human soul, as we conceive it from the transcendentalist's point of view, our body but the shadow of our real self 'on the journey of truth' walking the highways of eternity.

A triumph within the Belgian master's limitations is most aptly shown in *Pelleas and Melisande*; he shows us types of humanity as shadows thrown on a wall, unsubstantial yet sharply defined. Pelléas, rash lover, whom we have met as Paris and Paolo, to say nothing of his earlier appearance as the serpent in the household of our first forefathers; Golaud, Beauty's Beast, unreformed by transformation, is Vulcan, Othello, any jealous husband, of any time; Mélisande, favourite aspect of the Eternal Feminine, at once man's victim and beguiler; Arkel, the Eternal Bore, in whom we fail to recognise either august Old Age, whom we love with awe, or Childlike Old Age, whom we love with pity. We do not see The Old Age expressed so beautifully by the author in his chapter on 'The Tragedy of Daily Life.' The one 'giving unconscious ear to all the eternal laws that reign about his home, interpreting without comprehending the silence of doors and windows—and the quivering voice of the Light, submitting with bent head to the presence of the Soul and his destiny.'⁵ For King Arkel is a doddering pedant who cannot kiss without a peroration. The shadow on M. Maeterlinck's wall is either more elusive than he intended, or King Arkel is a survivor of the unfittest. *Pelleas and Melisande* is the first step in an achievement with which this article is concerned. It is not the last. Drama as an exposition of Life, human and spiritual, must be presented from the ideal standpoint. We cannot view Heaven from the gutter. Given that we have playwrights as well as actors and actresses within or without the profession whose imagination is too exalted, too flame-like to be held down or extinguished in the struggle to live, and that the long looked for School of Acting continues to prosper, a 'Conservatoire' for training actors be completed, Impressional Drama must have an immediate future in the wide, many-sided, playgoing world of London. If the outcry is for realism, we should be given Reality, not the fictitious reality we witness in 'the drama of the dust-bin,' but the reality which unites earth with heaven. If a good play, as I have tried to show, depends not merely on smart epigram, not only on great

⁵ *Le Trésor des Humbles.*

mise-en-scène, nor on study of character alone, then the highest goal the dramatist as well as the art director can make for, is the endeavour to express to and impress an audience with the realisation of the ideal.

Among creative productions made memorable by their appeal to the sense of beauty through originality in dramatic treatment we may instance *Helena in Troas*,⁶ produced under the directorship of one who has been called poet of architects and architect of all the arts.⁷ Here, by the living picture in exquisite harmony of line, sound, colour, and rhythmical movement, the ideal was made manifest. From the first moment of entering the white theatre as he had fashioned it, a sense of beauty, hushed and serene, stole over the spectator, such as one might fancy had never been felt since Greeks listened to the plays of Euripides. As the tragedy unfolded itself (dawn growing into noonday, and noon waning into night) the hush continued, grew more intense; the rhythmical movements of the chorus made the story come and go like a shadow of fate, seen in clear water or in a crystal sphere; the reverie of a god, or of a soul that dreams of a god's ways. With the death of Paris, and Helen's last sad words, the play was not over. When like figures on a marble frieze, the band of white-robed maidens wound through the twilight, past the altar of Dionysus, and one by one in slow procession climbed the steps and passed away, the audience was absolutely stilled in excitement. All minds were held in strong emotion as by a voice which, 'when ceased, men still stood fixed to hear.' The pure keynote of beauty was again struck. Line and colour taking the place of language, the play ultimately reverted to that plastic ideal which lies at the basis of all Greek art.

JANEY SEVILLA CAMPBELL.

Helena in Troas. By Professor Todhunter.
E. A. Godwin, F.R.A.

*VANISHING VIENNA**A RETROSPECT*

THESE notes, made some ten years ago, have hardly more than a historical interest now, for Viennese society has since then undergone great changes. The ensnaring old-world aroma, elusive and intangible though it was, is now barely more than a memory, and I daresay the generation which has replaced the one I knew will declare that my account in many ways is incorrect. This, however, is not the case, as those who knew Vienna in the eighties can aver, and these notes were made soon after my departure from that city, when my impressions were quite vivid, and the sorrow at the parting from so many loved friends still fresh. I will, therefore, give them as they were made, without any changes, as I fear to trust the correctness of my memory after a lapse of fifteen years.

It is not possible, I think, to give a just and adequate idea of Viennese society without showing out of what roots it sprung, and this I propose to do in a few words. When Francis the First renounced in 1806 the title of Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, and assumed the one of Emperor of Austria, he severed himself completely from German interests, and many of the highest German aristocracy who had hitherto flocked to Vienna withdrew to their respective countries, leaving only a small nucleus of society, formed of the richest and most powerful families belonging to the different parts of the Austrian Empire. The diaries of Frederic Gentz, the well-known and celebrated diplomatic agent, give a very good idea of this transformation. This society was composed of some families belonging to Austria proper, a fair proportion of great Bohemian names, a few Hungarians, and a sprinkling of Poles. They all had splendid palaces in Vienna, and some of these families live in them unto this day. The principal and ever-recurring names in Gentz's diaries are Liechtenstein, Auersperg, Dietrichstein, Harrach, Metternich, Esterhazy, Schönborn, Rasomoffsky, Pallavicini, Palffy, &c. Such was the composition of society at the time of the Congress in 1815, and it is not very much changed now. Vienna had through the best part of the nineteenth century the reputation of being the gayest capital of Europe. Relieved

from the strain and agitation of Napoleonic days, the Austrian aristocracy gave itself up with its natural *insouciance* to its love of sport, pleasure, and display, living a life of continual social intercourse, whiling time away in its own 'gemüthlich' fashion, and never caring what the future might have in store of good or evil. Vienna was always pre-eminent for the facilities it affords of spending money, and together with Paris it set for the Continent the fashions in dress, furniture, and carriages. Many foreigners of high degree came there, and were always received with cordial hospitality whatever the season of the year might be ; for, until the existence of railways, many of the great families lived in their villas and country-houses close to the town, or even in the suburbs or in summer resorts on the green and smiling slopes of the 'Wiener Wald,' a chain of wooded hills which encircles Vienna on the south and west. The waters of Carlsbad, so fashionable up to the beginning of the sixties, were a favourite meeting-place for aristocratic Europe. Princes, statesmen, and diplomats went there, and many members of great Austrian families, also some of the bankers and rich merchants came from the capital ; but these latter formed a completely different society, for then, as now, the line was clearly and firmly drawn, and when Viennese society is spoken of, it must be understood that it means the score or two of noble families, some of which have been mentioned, and that no exception is made to this rule.

A second society does exist ; it is wealthy and very fashionable, and said to be amusing, and some of the young men belonging to the first society frequent it. It consists of bankers, artists, merchants, architects, engineers, actors, employés, and officers, with their families. The only occasions on which the two societies meet are the great public charity balls ; but even then they have hardly any intercourse.

The predecessor of the Emperor Francis Joseph was the Emperor Ferdinand—a prince of weak intellect, during whose reign a regular and unvaried routine had been maintained at Court. The year was portioned out between Vienna, Schönbrunn, and Laxenburg, the three imperial palaces, all of them only a few miles distant from each other. All the Archdukes followed this example, spending their winters in old-fashioned stateliness in Vienna, and the summers in the extremest simplicity in their country-houses. This curious combination is very distinctive of Austrian life, even to this day. When the young Emperor at the age of eighteen came to the throne through an understanding between his mother and his aunt the Empress, his eyes opened on troubled waters, for it was in the midst of the Hungarian revolution ; but he was full of hope and courage, and to youth everything seems possible. His chivalrous manners, his kindness and great charm won every heart, and under his impulse the troubles were soon forgotten, and Vienna became gayer than ever. The Emperor loved dancing, and acquitted himself of it with supreme

grace and elegance. Through many cold winter nights the windows of the old 'Burg' shone with a thousand candles, and the strains of the graceful *trois-temps* and *mazurkas* filtered out into the frozen air, and the faithful Viennese rejoiced at the thought that their young Emperor was enjoying himself.

In 1854, six years after his accession, the Emperor married the Duchèss Elizabeth in Bavaria, his first cousin. The slight pale girl, barely seventeen, with the marvellous crown of chestnut hair, did not then give the promise of the incomparable loveliness which dazzled Europe for so many years. She had been brought up with Spartan simplicity amongst the mountains and the woods of her native country, and she came with diffidence to take the place of the first lady of a society which was known to be the proudest and the most exclusive of the whole world. It has been said that the great ladies of that day discovered a flaw in the pedigree of the young Princess, and, conceiving themselves to be better born than her, made her feel it. This circumstance, many think, accounts for the dislike the Empress has always shown for Vienna and its society. The political events of the Emperor Francis Joseph's reign are too well known to require repetition; but it is not to be wondered at that a Sovereign who ascended his throne during the terrible Hungarian episode—who, ten years later, was compelled to sign the disastrous Peace of Villafranca; who, in 1866, ended a seven days' war with Sadowa and the cession of Venice, and the year after was doomed to see his brother Maximilian perish in the most tragic and humiliating way, and for whom the utmost limits of grief and shame were reached in the mysterious, incomprehensible, and shocking death of his only son—should bear upon his brow the impress of these storms. (When these lines were written, the cruel, wanton assassination of the Empress had not yet been committed, nor could in these pages allusion be made to the many minor family misfortunes which have at times befallen one of the best of men and most conscientious of monarchs.) The lines about the Emperor's forehead and mouth are very sad, but courage and above all resignation look out of his blue eyes, and now and then, when talking to his children and grandchildren, flashes of gaiety light them up. The highest and the most rigorous sense of duty is the mainspring of the Emperor's character. At his writing-table every morning by five o'clock, he despatches all his business himself, and when the press of work is very great his meals are brought in to him on a tray, and eaten in a perfunctory fashion. I have heard it said that at times the food is not very good; but the Emperor, instead of scolding, simple remarks to his A.D.C.: 'You are a lucky man; you can go to the club and get another dinner.'

After the Crown Prince Rudolph's death, the Empress, who until then had made short appearances at the Court balls, and also assisted at a few dinners given at the 'Burg,' retired altogether from the world,

and the Emperor had alone to bear the brunt of these receptions. He did so from the first with unflinching courage, his slight, straight figure as erect as ever, and addressing all those present with his usual courtesy and *bonhomie*. The Empress, whose transcendent beauty and great love of solitude have made her such an object of romantic curiosity to all strangers who visit Vienna, used for many years to give herself up entirely to riding and hunting. So fond was she of this latter pastime, that it was reported that a visit to Ireland was the promise held out to her if she would consent to assist at the Court festivities given in honour of some foreign Sovereign. Later on, when she lost her nerve, she carried on fencing with the same keenness, and at last it was mountaineering which claimed her energies. She could walk from sunrise to sundown over the Styrian Alps, refreshing herself only with a glass of milk and sleeping on the fragrant hay in the loft of a mountain hut. The Hungarians were always the preferred of the Empress, she learnt to speak their language, and resided much at Budapest, where, after Count Beust had created the dual system, nearly all the rich and brilliant Magyars had withdrawn. This naturally dealt a great blow to Viennese society, for many of the Bohemian nobles followed suit and went to live at Prague, loudly declaring that their country also ought to be recognised as a separate monarchy.

Viennese society therefore now consists mainly of families belonging to the German provinces and a very few from the other parts of the Empire who have remained attached to the old order. Its numbers fluctuate from two to three hundred. This does not include the diplomatic corps or many high officials, civil and military, who, though bidden to Court festivities, never appear at the smaller social réunions at private houses.

Every winter during the carnival two Court balls are given. The first one, which is styled 'ball by Hof,' includes from 1,500 to 2,000 persons. No invitations are issued for it; a simple announcement that the ball will take place is sent to all those who are entitled to go to Court. The second ball is called 'Hofball,' and to it only the *élite* of society and the corps diplomatique are convened by a formal invitation. It ends with a supper at small tables, at each of which a member of the imperial family presides, the ladies of highest rank being told off to the Emperor's table, the corresponding gentlemen to that of the Empress or the Archduchess who represented her. These small Court balls were very brilliant indeed, but quite informal, and no 'cercle' preceded them. The young ladies (Contessen) were generally there in good time, standing in a compact phalanx in front of their mothers, seated on the benches to the right of the throne. 'Contess' is the term by which any young lady of rank is designated at Vienna, be she a princess or a countess. On these occasions they were all dressed more or less alike, in very fresh and well-fitting tulle

dresses, with little plush capes identical in shape, but differing in colour. Around them, walking or standing, were the dancing men all of them officers, with a card and pencil in hand making up their books. Involuntarily one was reminded of a saddling paddock. When the 'fanfare' announced the approach of the Court, the capes all flew off like a flash of lightning, and were stuffed away under the sofas, on the knees of the mammas—anywhere in fact, all the Contessen faced round in a row and stood ready for the race, which began at once with a spirited waltz.

These balls were given in the large room added on to the Burg for the Congress of 1815. The walls are of white stucco, and a row of fine yellow scagliola columns runs right around the room. The space between the walls and the columns is filled with hundreds of blossoming shrubs, and though the room is not beautiful, it looked very brilliant with its many crystal chandeliers, studded with hundreds of wax candles, and the assemblage I saw before me justified its reputation of being the most aristocratic society in Europe. They certainly all looked gentlemen and ladies, with a great air and good manners, and they moved and stood naturally and with grace. The ladies were covered with fine family jewels in old settings, to which the well-developed expanse of their persons afforded ample room. The men were in uniform, and those in Hungarian costume looked particularly well, and outvied their wives in the gorgeousness and size of the precious stones they wore. The Empress took her seat on a raised sofa, the Austrian ladies sitting on the benches on one side of her, and on the other side were the Archduchesses, Ambassadors, and any foreign Princess who might happen to be at Vienna. About ten o'clock tea was taken by the Empress at a large round table to which a dozen ladies were convened, and on the return from this we found the cotillon had already begun. It is danced standing, and lasts two hours. The Contessen never show the slightest sign of fatigue. The figures of the cotillon were the prettiest and the best executed I have ever seen, and they were danced with the precision of a military manoeuvre. A score of Contessen tear to the other end of the room like a charge of cavalry, and then get back to their places through the most intricate mazes in the nick of time, without ever making a mistake. Strauss's band played with the greatest spirit and *entrain*, whilst the patient and exemplary mothers on the benches never took their eyes off their sprightly daughters. These balls begin precisely at eight o'clock and end at midnight.

• Viennese society is almost one vast family, and there are few belonging to it who are not related to nearly all the others. Putting official rank on one side, their respective positions would come in this order:—The Liechtensteins, being a still reigning family, come first. After them the mediatised princes, *i.e.* those who at one time exercised sovereign rights directly under the Holy Roman Empire.

These have the privilege of intermarrying with royal houses on an equal footing. Thus the daughter of the Duke of Croy has become an Archduchess. The next in rank are the Austrian princes created after 1806. Then there are mediatised counts and also counts of the Holy Roman Empire. The title of baron is almost unknown in this society; it is reserved for the *haute finance*, and is considered specially Semitic.

In order to be received at Court it does not suffice to belong to a noble family, it is absolutely necessary to have irreproachable quarters. The most curious complications sometimes ensue. A young lady who had always gone to Court, as she belonged to one of the best families, married Count R——, who, though belonging to the aristocracy, was not 'hoffähig': that is, he could not go to Court, his mother not having been of noble birth, and his wife had to share his fate. A few years after their marriage, Count R—— accepted some official position, and received from the Emperor what is termed a 'Handbillet,' a letter making him 'hoffähig,' allowing him to go to Court. His wife, who had the right by her birth was not, however, permitted to accompany him. These Imperial 'Handbillets,' called so because they are written by the Emperor himself, sometimes grant the right to go to Court for life, but often only during official tenure. Many of the ministers and high functionaries spring from the middle class, and though they go to Court they never mix otherwise in society. The one brilliant exception to this rule is that of the late Count Hübner, once ambassador in Paris during the second Empire, and later on to the Vatican, who, though being of humble birth, managed, with the protection of Prince Metternich and infinite patience, tact, and good fortune, to penetrate into the inmost circles.

It is natural that, in a society thus composed, mere wealth counts for nothing, and that the introduction of new elements on this basis would be quite impossible. Daughters of great houses, however numerous, plain, or poor they may be, never dream of marrying outside their order to secure a rich husband. Even if they had the wish to do so, the opportunity would be lacking, as they only meet the men belonging to their set. In some very rare cases the younger sons of impoverished families have been constrained by debt and extravagance to seek salvation in a money marriage; but then they retire into the country or live abroad, as their wives would not be received. Nearly all the great families who compose Viennese society have large means to keep up a good style of living. Those who cannot keep pace with the others retire to the country. Thus a few years ago the head of one princely house was completely ruined by racing, betting, and gambling, and he, together with his wife and children, left their fine town palace and retired to their château in the country, never to be heard of or seen again. Gambling and betting are a great scourge in Viennese society, and nearly all the young men get hit

hard at one time or another. The Emperor has been most desirous of stopping it ; but in vain, for this passion is deeply ingrained in the blood of the Teutonic race. I am told the gambling in Austria and Germany is much higher than in any other country. It is, however, only fair to say that, whenever the crash comes, all the friends and relations rush to the rescue to help to the best of their ability. The feeling of solidarity is very great.

Vienna is probably the most expensive capital in Europe for people of high rank, as you pay there according to position. Nobody belonging to society, however badly off, could think of going in anything but a two-horse *fiacre*, the shortest fare being a florin. Most men, whether married or single, keep a *fiacre* (a matter of three or four hundred a year), irrespective of their own stables. Many ladies use *fiacres* in the evening to save their horses from standing in the bitter cold winds and blinding sleet of a Viennese winter's night. Most newcomers who enter a Viennese drawing-room would probably be struck by the extreme simplicity in the dress of the ladies, and it would not occur to them that to secure these garments, prices are paid in excess of anything in Paris or London. These clothes are remarkable for their extraordinary good fit and their exceeding freshness. The girls especially always look as if they had come out of band-boxes, and as if their dresses had grown upon them.

Large dinner-parties are confined to the diplomatic and official circles, but the Austrians dine out a good deal amongst themselves in a quiet, unostentatious way. At some houses a large circle of relations flocks in almost daily, without any particular invitation. The way of living is eminently patriarchal ; the large retinue of servants, badly paid, but well cared for, generally all comes from their masters' estates.

After all dinner-parties, even the great official ones, everybody, ladies included, retires to the smoking-room. One's æsthetic sense is rather shocked, by seeing a beautiful young woman, with bare shoulders and blazing tiara, lighting a big cigar over a lamp. The first thing a man does when he gets engaged is to request leave from his future mother-in-law for his *fiancée* to smoke. Many girls, however, do not wait for this moment, and anticipate, and there are evening parties of nothing but 'Contessen' where the fumes of h. v. n. a. s. have been seen hovering in the air. Until quite lately the usual dinner hours were from four to six o'clock, this latter being quite the latest and most fashionable time, for everybody had boxes at the Burg and the Opera, and these begin at seven and have to be over by ten, as that is the charmed moment at which all who do not live in a house of their own have to be back, unless they wish to be mulcted of the sum of ten kreutzers. Every porter closes his door punctually at ten, and the ten kreutzers are his perquisite. When, some years ago, the question was mooted of putting back the closing time to eleven o'clock,

there was a revolt amongst the porters, and the authorities had to give in.

In spite of the pleasure-loving reputation of the Viennese, there are few theatres, and it is only the large subsidies the Emperor gives to the Burg Theatre and the Opera which makes it possible for them to exist. A new ballet or an opera of Wagner's always commands a full attendance, but at a classical play or an opera of Gluck's or Mozart's the house is nearly empty, though the acting and singing are first-rate. The most prominent actors of the Burg are Messrs. Levinsky and Sonnenthal, who to their own individual talent unite a thorough knowledge of the stage. At the opera such representations as Massenet's *Manon* with Vandyke and Mlle. Rénard in the principal parts can hardly be rivalled anywhere. The younger sporting generation do, however, not care for the theatre. They like dining late, and then meet in small sets and play bézique or less innocent games. The men go a good deal to the club, where their conversation is entirely of racing and shooting. The Austrian shoots nearly all the year round, and all his faculties are devoted to this pursuit. He does not mind how much he roughs it or what weather he is exposed to. He is nearly always a good shot, and so are some of the ladies, who often accompany their husbands on their expeditions. Princess Pauline Metternich is a great proficient in this line. The chamois shooting begins in August, and is succeeded by stag and roe-deer, partridge and pheasant, with ground game, all through the autumn and early winter. Then comes the bear and wild boar season, and in February, amongst mountains of snow, the arduous shooting of the hinds. When this is barely over the stalking of the capercaillies begins. In order to secure this wily bird at the moment at which he sings his lovesong to his mate at the break of day, whilst she is sitting on her nest, it is necessary to get up between one and two A.M., and to scramble for hours up-hill in the dark. Many men do this for the six weeks during which the 'Balzing' season lasts. They live in the most elementary log-huts, existing on the coarsest food, and return to their homes perfectly attenuated.

The only time during which it is possible to count with any certainty on the presence of young men in Vienna is at the time of the races, which begin in April and go on with short intervals all through May till the end of June. This is the really brilliant time of the Vienna season, when the young sporting world come to the capital for a short spell of amusement. Sport of every kind is what really hypnotises the Austrians, and they are also fond of games, but they are not nearly so adroit or athletic as the English. They are devoted to horses and dogs, and are good and judicious riders; but the hunting which had been started at the Empress's instigation came to an end when the Emperor withdrew his support, and there is only one private pack of harriers in the monarchy, and this belongs to Count Larisch Moennich.

If an Austrian travels, which is a very rare occurrence, it is sure to be in order to shoot lions or tigers, but otherwise they are the most stay-at-home people of the whole world. The Austrian loves to be in the open air. The first thing that strikes the foreigner are the numbers of *cafés* in the Prater. They are crowded all the summer through. There the Viennese shopkeepers breakfast, dine, and sup, imbibing the most fabulous quantities of beer and *café au lait*, and smoking all the time whilst a band plays a waltz, a czardash, or a march.

There is one aristocratic restaurant in the Prater which goes under the name of 'Constantin Huegel,' and as long as anybody in society is left it is much frequented in spite of the plague of mosquitoes that infests it. There is no other capital which becomes as thoroughly empty and deserted as Vienna does in the summer. Even the smallest tradesman goes with his family to the country, and the aspect of the broad two-mile-long Prater Avenue under a sweltering August sun, with the accompanying clouds of huge mosquitoes, is the most desolate thing one can imagine. The climate of Vienna is neither healthy nor agreeable and, for those who live there always, rather exhausting. Whether it be owing to this or the too frequent intermarriages amongst the Austrian aristocracy or the very small circle of interests bred by the extreme exclusiveness in which they live, it must be conceded that charming, amiable, and kind though they be, Viennese society is pervaded by a great moral indolence and a want of energy and initiative.

Politics, religion, literature, art, and science are hardly ever alluded to in general talk. The Viennese 'Salon' (annual exhibition) is far below that of Munich, both in number of pictures and excellence of merit. There are exquisite concerts, but none but the middle-class frequent them. Most Austrians are musical, but they do not cultivate their talent. Occasionally you hear a young man, after a small and *intime* dinner, strumming, among clouds of smoke, a waltz or galop on the piano. The ladies hardly ever play or sing, and seem to care less for music than the men.

Referring to the constant intermarriages, there is no doubt that they often have most injurious effects, and they ought to be prohibited, especially those of uncles to their nieces, of which there are some examples. Somehow these marriages seem to be less deteriorating to the mind than to the physique, as some of the most intelligent, agreeable, and gifted couples of the Austrian nobility belong to historical families which have constantly intermarried for more than two hundred years. Love marriages are the only unions known at Vienna and admitted. The daughters of great families have small fortunes, for everything is entailed on the eldest son. Beauty, charm, and goodness are the only dower these young ladies bring their husbands. It sometimes happens that a young Austrian chooses a bride in the German Empire or even a foreigner. If the young lady is

well-born, well-bred, and simple, she is at once received with open arms. The one thing Viennese society most heartily detests are airs of affectation, and if anybody is suspected of indulging in them it is hopeless for that person to think of getting on. In this peculiarity lies the whole secret of the popularity of some people. Diplomats often do not like Vienna. They have a difficult part to play, and, especially those who represent Republican Governments are looked upon with coldness and distrust.

Exceptions to this rule are, however, every now and then made in favour of those endowed with good manners, distinguished appearance and a modest, retiring behaviour. In a society so closely united by the bonds of relationship, where rank is so clearly defined, every member knows its own place, and there can be no unseemly struggling or pushing, as takes place too often in more mixed communities. Snobbishness is also a thing unknown, for the reverence which Austrians have for good birth can hardly be designated as such. To them it is a law, nay, almost a religion, which if taken from them would make them feel as if they were landed on a quicksand.

Another thing which makes it sometimes difficult for foreigners to get into Viennese society is the language, as German is now almost universally spoken, and the younger generation is not at all proficient in French. The ladies as a rule acquire a smattering of English from their *promeneuses*, a kind of daily governess, only engaged to take the 'Contessen' out walking. Things were very different fifty years ago, when Princess Lory Schwarzenberg was the queen of society. All conversation was then carried on in French. The ladies who do so now belong to a former generation, and the type was mainly represented by three sisters, daughters of a princely house who were a power in Vienna. The youngest of them, Countess Clam Gallas, held for many years, by dint of her grace, intelligence and kindness, the sceptre laid down by Princess Lory. The *salon* of her elder sister is accounted the most exclusive one of the capital. A score of habitués resort there every other evening, and this illustrious conclave has been nicknamed the 'Olympus.' To be one of the elect implies that you are at least a demigod. Another clique goes by the name of the 'Cousinage,' and is formed mainly by the members and relations of the powerful Liechtenstein family. If one of them dies the whole of society is paralysed for the time being, and to obviate this all mournings are shortened considerably. It does not, however, prevent their tears from flowing, for kindness of heart is the fundamental virtue of this society. It is quite enough for anybody to be in trouble that all their faults and shortcomings should be forgotten, and everybody flock around them with proffered help and sympathy.

The one form of amusement dear to every Viennese heart is dancing. The young ladies think and talk of nothing else during the season,

and everything is sacrificed to the amusement and wishes of the 'Contessen.' They are quite the dominant party, though of late a few of the young married women have shown signs of revolt, for they not only come to town, but they actually have the 'hardihood to dance!

At every ball and party the 'Contessen' have a room set apart for them, into which no married man or woman may penetrate. They go to this room the moment they arrive, and if it be a party they are not seen again until they leave. At balls the 'Contessen' always move about in bands of six or seven, linking arms. They never sit about with men as other girls do, but the moment the music begins they stand up in rows, three or four deep, for the dancers to choose from. As the 'Contessen' are very numerous, their partners are not allowed to take more than one turn with them, so as to give the less popular girls a chance. After every dance there is a stampede for refreshments, which stand about on different tables in nearly every room. At supper the young ladies develop appetites only to be compared to their endurance in the dance. Quite different is the fate of the devoted mother. If once she succeeds in capturing a chair in the ballroom, no blandishments of any kind, no hopes of whist or pangs of hunger, will ever move her again. She would rather die than miss seeing how many turns her Finny takes with Sepperl T—, and how many more bouquets Fannerl S— gets than Mimi L—.

The 'Contessen' have an enchanting time of it before they marry. They dance, they ride, they smoke, they shoot, they go to races, they have expensive hats and frocks, they eat as many sweetmeats as they like every afternoon at Demmel's shop; in fact, there is nothing that they wish for which is refused to them. They sometimes have the appearance of being very fast, but the moment they marry they become the best and the most devoted wives. Without a regret they follow their husbands into the country, and often only reappear again when they have a daughter to bring out.

It strikes strangers as very curious that girls brought up in severely religious and strictly moral households should be allowed to go to every race for weeks together. Such, however, is the case. In freshest dresses of latest fashion the 'Contessen' crowd together in the passages and on the steps of the grand stand or walk about in bevvies in the enclosure.

Society flocks to these races in great numbers. The weather is generally fine in May, and the racecourse, which lies between the greater and the lesser Danube, is a pretty one. Most of the men and some of the ladies bet very heavily. For those who wish to be moderate the *totalisateur* is an easy solution. Many of the great bankers and merchants go to these races, accompanied by their wives, but there, as everywhere else, the separation from the society of which we treat here is absolute. The return from the races is one of the sights of Vienna. The long Prater Avenue is filled with carriages,

three or four abreast, most of them horsed with very fast Hungarian 'yukkers,' tearing and careering along as fast as they can lay legs to the ground. The coachmen hold the reins in two hands at arms' length, shouting, laughing, and splashed from head to foot, which is supposed to be the acme of *chic*. In the evening the racing set meets again at drums and dances, given at some hotel, but here young ladies are excluded.

Though nearly every great family has its palace at Vienna, few of them entertain, but picnic balls are very much the fashion. They are so popular because everybody can do as they like, and that is what suits the temper of Viennese society. The finest private balls are those of the Marquis Pallavicini, a rich Hungarian magnate, whose handsome wife, wreathed in priceless jewels, receives the Court and society in spacious and profusely gilt halls. The Harrach and Schönborn palaces are renowned for their beautiful and costly appointments, dating from the days of Maria Theresa, whose prosperous reign gave a great impulse to architecture, and there is little that is good in Vienna left of an earlier date. People who do not possess houses of their own live in flats. As they never receive, it is difficult to penetrate into these apartments, unless you are a relation or an intimate friend. No casual visitor is ever admitted, which, I imagine, accounts a good deal for the strict morality of society. The excuse always given by the servant who opens the door, no matter at what hour of the day, is that the lady is at her toilet. The Ambassadors, the Mistress of the Robes, and the wives of one or two high officials have days, but if anybody else presumes to take one they are considered forward. Amongst themselves the Viennese are in and out of each other's houses all day long. However occupied a married daughter may be, she is supposed to find time to visit her mother during the day. Whenever they meet, even at a dinner-party or a ball, the daughter respectfully kisses her mother's hand. This holds good in the case of aunts and nieces, and indeed nearly all the girls would kiss the hand of the lady to whose house they go, if she were a relation or an intimate friend of their mothers.

All the women, of all ages, address each other with 'thou,' and for the men the rule is the same. In the army it is even made obligatory. A girl writing to an older woman would begin her letter thus:—'Honoured Princess,—Mamma hopes thou wilt,' &c. If there is a shadow of relationship, men and women always use the 'thou' in speaking to each other as well as Christian names. If a lady of a certain age and rank shakes hands with a man, he always kisses it as a sign of respect. Everybody is called and addressed by a diminutive or nickname which is utterly bewildering to a stranger, and the general topics of conversation being family affairs and purely local gossip, carried on in Viennese jargon, it is utterly incomprehensible to the uninitiated.

The Austrians bring up their children at home. The sons have tutors till they go to the University or into the army. This latter profession, diplomacy, and internal administration are the only careers open to young men of good family. Abbés are not, as in France, tutors in families, and the clergy play no part in social life. Except occasionally some cardinal of high degree at a dinner-party, no Church dignitary ever appears in society. The Austrian ladies are strictly religious and severe in the observance of Church rites. It would be impossible to give dinners on Fridays, as is done in Italy, for all the women fast. The men, though less bound by forms, are extremely respectful in their attitude towards religion. This example is set by the Emperor, who at Easter, before the assembled Court, washes on his knees the feet of twelve old men, and at Corpus Domini walks bareheaded through the streets of Vienna accompanied by all the great dignitaries of the realm, and devoutly kneels before the many altars erected on the way. In former days the Empress and all her ladies joined in the procession, in full Court dress, with their diamonds glittering on their hair, and bare shoulders and arms, and those who remember this say it was a sight worth seeing.

A great deal is done in Vienna for the poor. There are many practical and widespread organisations, headed by all the great ladies. The number of charity balls during the carnival is something appalling. At these festivities the lady patronesses sit on a raised dais, and one or two of the Archdukes grace the entertainment. The dancing public consists entirely of the middle class. The prettiest ball of this kind is the artists' ball, which is always in fancy dress. The walls of the spacious rooms are every year decorated in a new way with great talent and skill. Sometimes they represent Alpine scenery, at others the bottom of the sea, a tropical region or a mediæval town. Painters, sculptors, musicians, poets, actors, architects, and engineers are to be seen there with their families in picturesque or comic disguises. The week after this ball has taken place a public sale of all the decorations, ornaments, furniture, &c., takes place, and often the things go for fabulous prices. They are all clever imitations of real objects, and are called in Viennese dialect 'gehnaas.'

Princess Metternich, a lady of extraordinary wit, prodigious energy and resource, sets every year some charitable scheme on foot when the spring approaches. Sometimes it is a *fête* in the Prater, sometimes an exhibition or *tableaux vivants*. The proceeds go to the hospitals and the poor.

The inclination to remain at their country seats gains ground very much with the Austrian nobility. In spite of this, few of them are good administrators, as their native indolence and easy-going disposition prevent them looking into their affairs. Sport fills up all their time. They are not great readers, nor do they take the slightest interest in what happens in the world at large. Even the affairs of the Empire

sit very lightly on their consciousness. They live contentedly in the midst of their large family circle, in comfortable but unpretending affluence. Intimate friends are always welcome, but invitations are seldom extended to mere acquaintances, an exception being, however, made for those English who come to Austria in search of sport which their own country does not offer. They are always most hospitably received. It is difficult for anybody who has not lived in it to imagine a society of this stamp, and those who only see the outside of it are apt to form a wrong estimate. The extraordinary exclusiveness of the Austrian aristocracy is not a matter of pride: it is one of habit. The people who compose the second society would not wish to enter the first, as they would not feel at home in it, and the rare artists and literary men who sometimes are asked to great houses are more bored than flattered by these attentions, as it obliges them to don evening clothes and tears them away from their beloved pipes and Pilsen beer.

Prejudiced as many may be in these go-ahead times against a society so narrowly restricted, there is nobody who, once having passed the charmed boundary, does not appreciate the lovable qualities of those that form it; and whatever changes years may have wrought in its outward forms, the intrinsic qualities must remain, and they are most attaching, for they consist of kindness of heart, purity of life, frankness, and extreme simplicity.

WALBERGA PAGET.

MADAME TALLIEN

‘C’EST demain qu’on me tue ! N’êtes-vous donc qu’un lâche ?’ The wild words of a distracted woman—young and singularly beautiful—written in her prison of death, and surreptitiously conveyed to her faithful lover outside : ‘To-morrow they kill me ! Are you then merely a coward ?’

The prison was La Force, in the Marais, Paris, and the note was passed out on the eve of the historic ninth Thermidor, year II. of the Republic (1794). The Reign of Terror had imperceptibly reached its culmination, and the writer of the note was merely one of a crowd of victims selected and listed for slaughter on the following day. She was Thérédia, daughter of Count Cabarros, Spanish by birth, but of French origin.

Before the Revolution she had lived at Bordeaux with her husband, the Marquis de Fontenay ; during the Revolution both were cast into prison there, on some suspicion of aristocratic leanings, and some proof of an intention to fly into Spain. There existed, apparently, no more definite charges against them, but at the time slight suspicion was enough to entail arrest, and arrest commonly meant condemnation and death.

The Communists and Jacobins, with Robespierre at their head, were in power, and twenty one thousand local Revolutionary Committees, each with its staff of mercenary or voluntary spies and informers, were scattered all over France, exercising everywhere more authority than was ever possessed by a French king, or exceeded by a Roman tyrant in the worst days of the ancient city. Acknowledging no responsibility to the nominal government and National Convention in Paris, they carried on their inquisitorial and murderous work without check, and regardless of every principle of justice, and every rule of law and evidence. Their efficiency and patriotism were manifested by more and more arrests and more and more executions, and when more open and outspoken opponents became scarce they filled their prisons with those whom they chose—often on the slightest or most absurd grounds—to consider ‘suspects.’

But Madame de Fontenay was a woman of exceptional grace and beauty, and her personal charms saved the lives of herself and

her husband. She fascinated the young and terrible proconsul, Tallien, who had been sent from Paris to Bordeaux in order to purge that region of any leaven of royalism which might have survived the wholesale slaughter of the Girondist deputies. Four years previously he had casually seen and admired Madame de Fontenay, when she was already a marquise and he a white-bloused workman in a Paris printing-office. In the new order of things, the all-powerful Tallien was the only man strong enough to save her and her husband from death.

He saved them, but she had to pay the price—a price which many an unfortunate poor woman, similarly situated, in those days, was obliged to pay, or, in the alternative, die in her pride or piety.

Lowness of origin and vileness of soul were characteristics of the majority of the revolutionary extremists, and that majority might well have claimed Tallien. His parents were domestic servants, he had been reared in the gutters of the Marais quarter of Paris, and, in after-years, was often referred to (scornfully but not untruly) as ‘Ce gamin de Paris.’ That was his origin; his texture of soul may be judged by his traffic with the helpless and distressed Marquise de Fontenay. At Bordeaux she became his loathing mistress; later on in Paris, in 1794, his reluctant wife, according to Republican forms of marriage.

His tyrant mission at Bordeaux ended, he took Madame de Fontenay with him to Paris. There Robespierre, and his other friends and colleagues, contemplated with a suspicious eye his relations with and interest in this woman of the aristocracy. To rescue him from contamination they caused her to be again arrested, thrown into La Force, and condemned to die. It was then that she sent out that last despairing cry to her protector: ‘N’êtes-vous donc qu’un lâche?’

Tallien was no coward, and was far from indifferent to the fate of his beloved mistress. But what could he do? What could she expect him to do? Already he had deeply compromised himself with his friends for her sake, and it had only been by an exaggerated display of revolutionary faith and sentiments that he had been able to some extent to recover the ground he had lost on her account. He dared not renew efforts on her behalf—they would have been worse than useless to her, and probably fatal to himself.

But he did not abandon all hope, though it was only the vague hope of possibly discovering some means by which she might yet be saved. Through the instrumentality of his mother, *concierge* in the Rue de la Perle, another *concierge* of a house close to the prison walls had been induced to allow him secret access to a garret from the window of which he could daily see and salute the woman in whose fate he took an agonised interest, and could communicate

with her by signs and occasional brief notes. Innumerable ideas and schemes of rescue were mooted, but nothing practical was decided upon before all hopes of prison evasion were crushed by the terrible news conveyed to him in her brief note of the eighth Thermidor: 'To-morrow they kill me!'

The critical moment had arrived; only counsels of despair were possible; all the savage within the man was aroused, to the exclusion of every other emotion or consideration.

Tallicn, whatever his faults or vices might be, was not wanting in boldness and resolution. He was capable, under provocation, of manifesting the dauntless and desperate courage of an enraged bull. Here was, for him, provocation the most extreme and irresistible. He saw plainly—for there was nothing else to see—that the only chance for the woman was a complete and immediate revolution in the actual condition of state affairs—in the violent and prompt overthrow of Robespierre and the Jacobin domination. Undaunted, he contemplated the gigantic and almost hopeless task, and unhesitatingly resolved to attempt it. He would make a revolution to save a woman's life, or, failing, accompany her to the scaffold.

The morning of the 9th Thermidor—'le jour de flamme'—arrived; the tumbrils were being made ready to carry to the guillotine the thirty-six victims who were to constitute that day's holocaust. In the Place de la Révolution the executioner and his assistants were arranging the dreadful machinery of slaughter. The National Convention was to be in session to listen to its master Robespierre propounding some fresh measure for more repression and more bloodshed.

Theretofore the Convention had been the humble and trembling servants of the Jacobins. In it there were two hundred members who, with the recent fate of the Girondist deputies in mind, had never dared to give expression to an independent thought or opinion likely to offend—who, in both a figurative and a literal sense, had never dared to call their souls their own, even when required to join in the new and fantastic religious worship invented by the philosophical fanatics.

But to-day there was a strange coolness and reserve in the assembly, as St. Just, Robespierre, and others of that faction addressed it. The bearing of the members seemed to suggest the prevalence of a sentiment that the Terrorists had gone far enough—perhaps that they had gone too far, and should go no further. It even looked as if a storm of revolt was brewing in that placid and silent assembly, and might well burst forth if only there was a man present bold and desperate enough to excite and direct it.

The man was there, and—of all others!—a man who had been deeply compromised in the worst and foulest work of the Communists and Jacobins—in the massacres of September and the slaughter

of the prisoners of Orleans—the butcher ‘qui faisait trembler Bordeaux.’

Tallien vaulted into the arena with the air and gestures of a madman. In the thundering accents of a Mirabeau or a Danton he called upon the Convention to rise up and assert itself against the veiled tyrants and conspirators who had usurped its functions, reduced it to a state of ignominy and slavery, and were drowning the Republic in torrents of innocent blood.

With eyes on fire, boiling over with enfevered rage, amazing and inciting the stupefied and trembling auditors, carrying all before him in the torrent of his impassioned eloquence, he succeeded in imparting fresh courage and resolution, and new bone and nerve to the hitherto jelly-like assembly. And when as a ripe and fitting climax, he seized Robespierre by the throat and hurled him from the tribune, no hand was stretched out to stay his maniacal career, and no voice raised in protest. Perhaps without intending it—possibly without knowing it at the moment—he had saved the Republic, France, the world. He had accomplished his purpose—he had made a revolution to snatch from death the woman he loved.—(Lenôtre.)

Later on it will be shown how he was rewarded.

The Reign of Terror was at an end; the two-line note from the trembling woman in La Force was its death-warrant. And it was also the key which opened the prison doors of France to multitudes who had expected nothing but death.

The tumbrils did not go out on that day of the 9th Thermidor, and the services of the executioners waiting in the Place de la Révolution were not required. The tumbrils and the guillotine were, however, once again in requisition a few days later when, as a seal of blood to the Reign of Terror, Robespierre and twenty of his familiars were sent to the doom to which they had consigned so many of their fellow-creatures and fellow-citizens.

Tallien, ‘the saviour of his country,’ became for a time its master and leader, and did it good service too both in civil and military affairs. He discovered, patronised and protected the young Bonaparte, and lived long enough and sank low enough to need the patronage—sparingly and grudgingly given—of his former *protégé*. But his rise and decline are not here in question, except in so far as they were associated with the story of his wife.

That association, brilliant and glorious at the outset, was not destined to last very long. Tallien himself was happy and content enough in the possession of the most elegant and beautiful woman in Paris, and, having nothing more to desire, formed and carried out the design of abandoning public employment and returning to his private life with his great prize and modest fortune. For it is to be counted to his credit that he did not make use of or abuse his opportunities to acquire riches. His colleagues of the Revolution—those of them who had survived its convulsions—had known how to profit by it, according to their chances or tastes. Of the whole

original gang, the sanguinary and implacable Robespierre was perhaps the only one who can safely be said to have deserved the title of 'the Incorruptible.'

The estate of Brunnoy had gone to Boursault. Fouché had Ferrières, Barras was like a king in the wide domains of Gros-Bois, Merlin got the rich monastery of Mount Valérien, Overard was all-powerful by virtue of the millions he had amassed—and so on with many others. But Tallien had Thérédia, and esteemed himself, and was esteemed by others, the most fortunate of all.

But the *ci-devant* Marquise de Fontenay did not take kindly to the idea of 'love in a cottage,' though that cottage was the charming bower of the Chaumière, buried amidst the bloom and greenery of the then rural suburban region where now stands the Show Palace of the Trocadéro. It was well enough at first, when Tallien could afford grand fetes and when all fashionable Paris thronged to worship at the shrine of the glorious Thérédia. It was good enough to have been the wife of the hero of Thermidor and master of France. It was not quite the same thing to be the wife of Tallien the extinct Terrorist, the man without power or position, and whose fortune was diminishing. The birth of a daughter—commemoratively named Thermidor—did not reconcile her to the new situation, or consolidate her attachment to the father of her child. The memory of the circumstances of her earliest association with him may account in part for her growing distaste for the man who had twice saved her life; the debt of gratitude (where it is not forgotten) is not always payable in love. Then there was always the fundamental difference of caste between the high-born lady and the lower-born 'gamin de Paris.' She aspired to re-enter her proper social sphere, he was gradually sinking back into his.

Be it as it may, the fact remains that one fine morning Thérédia was missing from the Chaumière and never reappeared there.

One of Tallien's millionaire friends had put up a fairy-like palace in the not very far-away Faubourg Saint-Germain. Madame Tallien was invited to visit it, and was enchanted: 'Que c'est beau!' she exclaimed; 'le bonheur doit être ici!'

'Madame, here is the key,' was the ready response of the gallant donor, who might have been a courtier of the day of Louis the Fourteenth instead of an ex-revolutionist.

Then commenced a third chapter in the strange life of this woman who had been Marquise de Fontenay, then Madame Tallien, and now took back her maiden name of Thérédia Cabarros. Such a life leaves upon one the impression of a long lapse of years, and it is somewhat of a surprise to find, on chronological reference, that at this time she was barely thirty years of age.

A foreign visitor to Paris, in 1802, who was introduced to her, describes her as having a fine and imposing presence, and a small

well-shaped head, giving her an air of being taller than she really was.

Her magnificent black hair slightly concealed her white forehead and hung in rich tresses over the back of her neck, where it was interlaced with ropes of fine pearls. Her robe was of white satin covered with costly lace. She flitted gracefully from table to table, now and then laughingly risking five or six louis on a card. When she posed on her knees before a shy young girl, begging her to sing—her little hands joined in supplication, her large eyes widely open—she was an admirable model for a painter.

No doubt she was beautiful and graceful to a pre-eminent degree, but the story of her life does not disclose any of those high intellectual and moral qualities which distinguished other conspicuous women of the French Revolution.

She troubled no more about the deserted and broken-hearted Tallien, unless to procure a divorce from him as soon as possible.

The fourth, and last and least eventful, chapter of her life opened in 1805, when she married Prince de Caraman. Before this she had become the mother of several children, besides Thermidor. A daughter was born to her in 1800, a son in 1801, another daughter in 1802, and still another in 1803. Her life, from 1805 onwards, appears to have been quiet and happy. If its turbulent past was ever recalled, she would say, with a sad smile: '*Quel roman ma vie ! Je n'y crois plus !*' She did her best to forget it, and only once more had she occasion to confront it and come into contact with Tallien.

Their daughter Thermidor was about to be married to Count de Narbonne-Pelet, and the official presence of her father at the ceremony was necessary. As this was very objectionable to all the great personages interested in the event, the proceedings were simplified and made as private as possible. The degraded and despised revolutionist went through the part assigned him with becoming meekness and humility. When, with trembling hand and abashed mien, he put his signature to the marriage register, did the poor man, or that proud company, think of the similar occasion, not so very many years before, when, as the leader of a gay and distinguished company, he testified to the marriage of the couple who but for him might never have been Emperor and Empress of France ?

The ceremony over, the grand princess who had once been his wife—and something else—condescendingly offered him a seat in her gala carriage as far as the Champs Élysées, in the vicinity of his poverty-stricken dwelling. He accepted, and for the last time found himself alone with her, driving in the streets through which, in the old days, they had rolled in triumph amidst the plaudits of a populace acclaiming the couple who had made Thermidor a landmark in history, and put an end to the Reign of Terror.

On the 17th of November, 1820, the Paris journals briefly announced

the death of Monsieur Tallien, the ex-Conventionalist, noting that he had died in extreme poverty and in the midst of wretched surroundings, and that in his last days he was only saved from absolute starvation by an almost too-late grant of a small annuity from the privy purse of the king whose brother he had helped to dethrone and murder.

DOMINICK DALY.

AN AUTUMN WANDERING IN MOROCCO

OVERLOOKING the Atlantic Ocean not far from Cape Spartel a cluster of mud-and-thatch cottages makes up the *dawwar* or village of Seedei Sulciman. Here, one evening towards the end of September, when the sun had dipped into the waves and the brief twilight was nearly over, the present writer arrived, accompanied by two Moors. We had left Tangier in the morning with no more definite aim than to 'see the wonders of the world abroad,' to admire the scenery, and to view the famous Roman remains at Volubilis, and the wonderful mosque of the Karaweeyeen in Fez, should we get so far.

As to the personnel of the expedition, first there was Kasim, son of Abderrahman Shatt. Kasim might have been anything between thirty and sixty years of age, and his complexion was nearly black, partly, no doubt,

The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
To whom he was a neighbour and near bred,

but partly, also, dirt. He was, like the Arabian Prophet, neither of those who write nor of those who count, and had never learned to read. Abdallah, his companion, was somewhat better educated, for although *now* unable to read, write or figure, he had, like nearly all Muslims, learned to read the Korān at school, but the art had since slipped from his memory. Moreover his two boys were learning to read and recite as their father had done, and would no doubt in time, like their father, forget. Abdallah's humour was to Kasim's what an Englishman's is to a Scotsman's, and he was more chivalrous towards women whom we passed on the road, addressing them as *kheiti*, 'my little sister,' and sometimes giving them a lift by the way at his own expense; whereas the milk of human kindness in Kasim would show itself in his carrying little children over rocky parts of the track.

The objective of our first day's journey had been Ascela, on the coast, some nine hours or thirty miles distant from Tangier, but as we were, of course, late in starting, we were still two hours from that town when night overtook us, besides being separated from it by the estuary of the River M'harhar, which the tide had for the moment rendered impassable. For there is only one bridge on all

the north-west coast of Africa : it spans a river which flows, not with water, but with mud. We therefore pitched the tent in the hamlet of Seedelee Suleiman and settled down for the night. The two muleteers and one or two of the villagers sat gossiping outside the tent until one by one they dropped off to sleep, lying scattered over the ground like corpses on a field of battle. The people in the village were used to Europeans, who frequently visited these parts when hunting the wild boar. Indeed, a party of Russians was camped not far off at the time of our visit for that purpose. Russia bulks larger in the eyes of the Moors than the other European countries, as they know less about it—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*. They have a curious notion that the women in that country bear two children in each year, and so account for its immense population. It is lamentable to observe how quickly the gentle Moor loses his native simplicity when brought into contact with Europeans. How debased the metal of our villagers had become appeared next morning in their attempting to charge us *6d.* a dozen for new-laid eggs. Kasim could not find words to express his wrath at a small hamlet daring to vie in price with the mighty Tangier.

We were up and away next morning before sunrise, forded the estuary, and entered Aseela in two hours. Aseela is a walled town not unlike Chester. It is, however, in a ruinous condition, and its people, some thousand Moors and Jews, move about its streets and lanes like birds of the night. It has of late been raided by the neighbouring hill-tribes. It has no trade, no ships call there : its glory has departed. Its half-ruined castle and ramparts present an ideal of hoary antiquity. They seem to bend under their weight of years.

We were making for Laraiche, some seven hours' distance down the coast. When the tide is ebbing or 'fleeing,' it is possible to perform the journey along the shore, between the cliffs and the sea. The inland route through the treeless 'forest,' after winding from one hill-top to another—for the villages are perched as high as possible in order to guard the more easily against surprise—leads down to the beach at a point where stands a half-way house in the shape of the whitewashed shrine of Saint Mubgheit of the Plain, the only sign of human habitation visible to ships passing up this lonely coast between Laraiche and Cape Spartel. Attached to the shrine is a café for the refreshment of wayfarers.

The Atlantic coast between Cape Spartel and Laraiche consists of sand-cliffs from fifty to a hundred feet in height, which the sea is constantly undermining. The soil thus brought down is washed out to sea by the return of the waves and forms a bar all along the coast. On this bar the waves break and, flowing over, form a lagoon, which empties itself again into the sea, through occasional breaks in the bar. The current in the lagoon increases in swiftness as it approaches one of the outlets, when it becomes extremely rapid. Nothing could

surpass the majesty of these waves as they slowly draw nearer to this sandbank, rising higher as they approach, and then burst into one long wall of foam. On the day before, when lunching under some fig-trees not far from Tangier, we thought we heard peals of thunder, and it was only when we arrived at sunset at the village where we spent the night that we found that the thunder was that of the Atlantic swell breaking on the coast. One could not help wondering how those villagers felt towards that Ocean whose voice is the first and last sound which strikes upon their ears. Other seas have their periods of calm and storm, but the Atlantic is like the Prophet's sea which cannot be still.

It was three o'clock when we arrived at the river Koos, but both man and beast had to endure two hours of the blazing sun before the deliberate bargeman put off from the other side to take us over.

The town of Laraiche crowns the headland on the southern bank of the river. Unlike Asceia, it is a place of call for steamers, though they cannot enter the river, owing to the bar. It is chiefly famous for its beautiful cloistered market-place, and for two remarkable bastions built to resemble frigates, but, like all Moorish towns, it is in a filthy condition. We put up in the typical Eastern inn, which is merely a square formed by four rows of cells with a colonnade in front of them and a well in the centre. It was indeed an Augean stable, and a dreadful contrast to the open country in which we had spent the night before under the stars.

In the inn we found a caravan of camels with their drivers, who were taking sugar-loaves from Laraiche to Fez. They were not to call at any of the towns which we had proposed visiting, but were going to make a straight cut across country, and would reach Fez in three days. Kasim wished to accompany them, and expatiated in persuasive terms on the great comfort derivable from travelling along with camels. The pace at which they march is slow and pleasant. They start at half-past four and travel till ten, then rest till two, when they set off again, and camp for the night at sunset, about six. The objection that the tribes on this route to Fez were wild, and, if they happened to be short of provisions, might even eat a Christian, Kasim solemnly repelled, and appealed to the innkeeper for support. In the end it was agreed that we should join the caravan, and the camel-drivers said they would be pleased to have our company.

Night let down her veil. The stars began to appear over the east wall of the inn, and pass silently across the sky to the west; and they were still shining when the camel-drivers rose and loaded their train, and the camels marched out of the inn with as much stateliness as a ship leaving port, swinging their necks from side to side in time with their step, as if they were always noticing someone whom they thought they knew, and then finding it was a stranger; but apparently as indifferent as to where they were going, or what or how much they were carrying,

as a locomotive. Meantime Kasim was sleeping peacefully on the rough cobble-stones. When he awoke it was near sunrise, and the camels were far away.

On leaving Laraiche we said good-bye to the sea. Our next objective was the town of Al Ksar, some five hours up the river Koos. The country is flat and bare, save for one ancient willow-tree on whose stem generations of passers-by have engraved their names and pious ejaculations to the honour of God and His Prophet.

Al Ksar is built of brick, and a feature of the town is the number of its ruined mosques. Several of these, encircled by barren palms, present a picturesque effect. The town is noteworthy as possessing a Moorish inn reserved for the use of human beings. The building is quadrangular in form, and three stories in height, with galleries running all round, on which the doors open. The little cubical rooms have no windows, much less furniture, even to the extent of a nail on which to hang anything. The landlord supplies tea to order. For the rest, the guests cook their own meals with their own charcoal and brasier, on the balcony outside the door of their room.

In leaving Al Ksar for Wezzan we quitted the most frequented and civilised province of Morocco for what Kasim called 'the country of lies.' The route runs along the base of Mount Sarsar, a hill not two thousand feet in height, but standing in a plain, and so visible from distances of one or two days. About midday we halted under the village of Cherchera. A mountain stream flowed down the hill-side, on the banks of which orange-gardens were planted, a delightful patch of dark green on the sunburnt landscape. The animals drank eagerly, and so did Kasim and Abdallah, indifferent to the fact that at a waterfall a little way above, the village maidens were washing clothes, Moorish fashion, by throwing water upon them and beating them with clubs.

We had left the dreary plain, and were threading our way amidst low hills. It was Friday, and from the top of an opposing height the melancholy tones of the call to midday prayer and weekly sermon rang out. Kasim sighed because he was not able to attend. Perhaps the country, lovelier than anything he had ever seen before, the fresh warm air, so unlike the sultry heat of Tangier, and the wailing music of the sad *azân*, had stirred the dead leaves of poetry at the bottom of Kasim's soul, for, certainly, at home that poor creature never darkened a mosque door, and had possibly never heard a sermon in his life.

By three o'clock we were amongst the vineyards and fig-orchards in which the town of Wezzan lies embowered, at the foot of the olive-flanked Mount Buhlal. Wezzan is to Morocco what Mecca is to the Muslim world, or Lhassa to Tibet. It is the residence of the Shereef—or descendant of the Prophet—Muhammad el Arbi. Abdallah carried our letter of introduction, kindly supplied by the English vice-consul in Al Ksar, to the Shereef's house, whilst Kasim waited in the market-

place with the animals and baggage. A crowd of children, both Jews and Moors, stared with great round eyes, until, some other attraction occurring in another quarter, they stampeded like a herd of deer.

At length Abdallah returned with welcome news. The Shereef was going to place at our disposal a summer-house in one of his own gardens. We were met at the gate by the head-gardener, who showed us where to dispose our animals and ourselves. We were scarcely inside when a slave appeared bearing a present from the Shereef, consisting of tea, sugar, and candles, and he continued to send us our meals as long as we remained. The summer-house consisted of one long room with a glass front, which ran along the end of an artificial pond, stocked with goldfish, which made a delightful swimming-bath after dark. The ground, except the flower-beds, was laid out in cement. Two soldiers or 'assasseen' were told off to watch us and our animals. They would come in one hour after sunset, marching with a step like the German goose-step, striking their shoes heavily on the ground, chanting prayers the while in a low melancholy sing-song, and would pass out in the same manner at the first streak of dawn. The gardener was a fine, genial old man. He wore a white turban and was addressed as 'Hajji,' which meant that he had once gone down to Tangier, taken the steamer over the Straits to Gibraltar, and thence found his way to Mecca. Muslim as he was, he had apparently been more impressed with Gibraltar than with all the sacred places of Arabia. He was both well-read and well-informed. He could repeat the names of all the dynasties which have reigned in Morocco, in their proper order, and could speak intelligently on present-day European politics. He could, of course, repeat most of his Koran by heart, besides being acquainted with some of the doctrines of Christianity.

We did not mean to have trespassed more than one day upon the hospitality of the Shereef, but were asked to remain a second night, partly because the weather had broken, and partly in order that we might pay our respects to the Shereef. The real Shereef, indeed, we could not see, since he was ill, but we visited his nephew Mulei Alee, who was in fact our host. Descending a steep and narrow lane, between high crumbling walls, we came to a huge gate. It was opened by half a dozen porters, partly for the glory of the thing, but also to keep it from collapsing, so rickety it was. It opened into a court paved with round stones, and surrounded by high walls in a perilous state of dilapidation. In the midst of all this ruin and dirt stood (with one exception) the most sacred person in all Morocco, Mulei Alee. He was a very slightly-built personage, of sallow complexion, with straight black hair and brown eyes. Kasim and Abdallah advanced and kissed him on the shoulder.

These ceremonial interviews of visitors with the Shereef are conducted according to a fixed routine. Beside the Shereef stands an

official who by a gesture introduces the stranger to the Shereef. The visitor first inquires for the Shereef's health, to whom the other replies, 'I am well, praise to Allah.'

'May Allah increase your good, and may He requite your kindness,' the visitor says.

'When are you going away?' the Shereef next demands, giving an abrupt turn to the conversation.

'To-morrow morning early, please Allah,' is the prompt response, after which farewells are said and the interview is at an end.

The journey from Wezzan to Fez occupies two and a half days, and the district traversed has a bad reputation for thieves, for the Bence Eesa will strip the unlucky traveller even of his clothes. Fortunately we fell in with a party who were travelling in our direction, and so we all stuck together. With some alteration we might have passed for the famous Canterbury pilgrims. There was an old merchant who was going into the country on business. Another old man, clothed in rags, had just been released from prison and was being taken home by his wife. The day's journey was a twelve hours' scramble to get through the unsettled country before nightfall. At midday we stopped for half an hour under some fig-trees to rest the animals and to eat some grapes and bread. At half-past two we came in sight of the river Wargha, winding like a broad silvery ribbon down the baking valley. We were about a thousand feet above sea-level, but a scorching wind was blowing. In fording the Wargha Kasim fell off the little horse into the water, an event which caused much merriment. We sat for a little on the shore, watching a huge Persian wheel which irrigated a melon-garden on the bank, before resuming our scramble. Abdallah walked nearly the whole day in order to give a poor woman a lift upon his donkey.

The sun had already set when we arrived at a black palmetto tent standing in the boundless, undulating plain. There were two fig-trees and a thatched hut or two close by. This was Ruseeyeen, the seat of a small tribe of only about eight families, led by a chief called Muhammad. After hobbling the animals and pitching the tent we sat down to rest, whilst a boy and girl pursued the fowls round the chief's tent, with a view to supper. Abdallah made tea, to which we invited the chief and the old merchant. After 't was quite dark and Abdallah had brought out the lantern, these tall and venerable-looking Moors lay round it, in their long snowy garments and glistening turbans, talking over the events of the day. It must have been about nine o'clock when the chief's servant brought the supper from his cottage. This consisted of the usual dish or tray of 'kooskoos,' in which we all joined. The host and his guests usually ate all the meat, leaving only a little of the wheat-meal for the women and servants. The first dish was succeeded by a second, cooked somewhat differently, after which the chief asked the servant, in an offhand way,

if that were all. The servant replied that there was one course more, and shortly reappeared with a third dish of kooskoos surmounted by one of the unhappy fowls which had been racing unsuccessfully for life and liberty round the tent an hour or two before.

After supper we fell to tea-drinking again, which continued as long as the Shereef of Wezzan's sugar held out. When that failed refuge was taken in general conversation. In England the unfailing topic of conversation is the weather, in Morocco it is theology. Kasim and Abdallah had during the day used all means, legitimate and illegitimate, to magnify the importance of our party in the eyes of the others, and Abdallah had, amongst other things, boasted that we were carrying books with us, 'good books, the *Injeel* and others.'

'The *Injeel*,' the old merchant had exclaimed, 'why that is not a good book at all. It is the Christians' book.'

Accordingly, at night the chief suggested that we should look at these books, of which Abdallah in his simplicity had been boasting. The chief opened one at random and began to read most impressively, whilst the rest listened reverentially, yet without the slightest comprehension. He might have been reading Greek, for the books had been printed in Syria, and the type was strange. Yet, read correctly or not, was it not the *Tawrah* which the Lord delivered to Moses, and to be listened to with awe and reverence?

Tired of reading, the chief betook him to conversation on the unfailing subject of theology. There is one point on which Muslims never weary of debating when they fall in with a Christian: namely, the question whether Jesus was really put to death or not. The chief asserted the Muslim doctrine that Jesus did not die, and contrasted Him with a prophet like Moses who died like ordinary men, until the old merchant closed the whole discussion by quoting the *locus classicus* on the subject from the Korán: 'Of course He is alive,' he said, 'for does it not say "And they slew him not, and they crucified him not, but another was put in his place"?'?

The chief then produced his library for our admiration. It consisted of three or four royal letters, one from the late Sultan Abu'l Hasan, who died in 1894, and another from the Sultan Suleiman, who died in 1822. They were encased in red silk, and on opening them each person kissed the seal and touched his forehead with it. The chief then declared that it was time to sleep—'and so to bed.'

Next morning, before leaving, we were regaled with a breakfast of bread, newly-baked on a 'girdle,' and tea. The country people have a second meal of bread at noon, and, again before sunset, and finally the supper of kooskoos. This fare and the open-air life produce a race of men of great stature. The mountaineers are, of course, strict tea-totallers, and even non-smokers. They are more religious and better educated than the people of the plain. Even their girls receive some education. Our chief was a *tahib*: that is, he could at one time

have repeated the Korán by heart. It was pleasant to see how kind they were to the old merchant. One would help him to rise, the others remarking to one another in whispers that he was growing frail; and they waited for him at meals, and helped him first.

The chief and two of his clan walked a short distance with us, and then said good-bye. Kasim slipped into the chief's hand a dollar, and that he thought it an adequate acknowledgment of his hospitality he showed by shortly after reappearing mounted on his mare. He gave an exhibition of his horsemanship, riding full gallop for a hundred yards and pulling up on the instant. He accompanied us for about half an hour, until we had reached the Seboo River, and then returned to his tents.

We followed the slow, winding Seboo for half a day. Its water is, as Abdallah said, 'mere mud,' hardly fit to bathe in, much less to drink, and its banks are soft mud also. In order to drink it one had to filter it through a cloth. At one point where the bank was firmer than usual we found some Moors bathing, but one would almost have required a second bath to remove the effects of the first.

Night found us looking about for some place in which to camp, and we settled down at a poverty-stricken hamlet, called the *daw-war* of the Caid El Jilince. There was no water for man or beast. Only a woman sold us half a pint of milk. Elsewhere the Arabs give milk away for nothing. We were glad to leave these inhospitable people about six o'clock the next morning, and it was not until after three hours' riding through glaring limestone that we reached the gate of Fez, and could water the poor beasts at the fountain.

There is much to see in Fez, but the glory of the town rests upon its mosques. The view obtained of the interior through the open doors is charming. The tiled floors are spotlessly bright, fountains play in the courts, around which pious Muslims recite their devotions in white robes and snowy turbans. The finest of all is the mosque of the Karaweeyeen. It resembles the great mosque of Cordova. Abdallah mentioned the resemblance several times, and wished to know which was really the larger of the two. The lane in which these beautiful buildings stand is as narrow and dark and ill-paved as any in Fez. It is lined with diseased beggars, who wait upon the charity of those who attend the mosques.

From Fez to Meknes the distance is nine hours, or thirty miles. The track runs straight across a beautiful plain of red soil. It is intersected by numerous streams, and is much the most delightful bit of North Morocco. Towards sunset we passed two little huts surrounded by a zareba or thorn hedge. The *mukaddim*, or headman, was sitting outside with a newly-arrived guest, and bade us stop and pitch our tent with him, as there was not time to reach the next hamlet before dark. We accepted his hospitable advice, and were soon comfortably settled down for the night. In a little time the goatherd came

in with his flock, and the opening in the hedge was closed up by means of a huge wooden pitchfork, so that we were completely surrounded by a thorn hedge six or seven feet high, and as many thick, and practically impenetrable. As soon as the goats were milked the mother of the hamlet brought a dish of warm milk, with many expressions of good will and wishes of health. It was soon pitch-dark, and the dogs began to bark furiously. Visions of bloody conflicts at once rose before Kasim's mind's eye, and he lay for a long time on his face with only his head outside the tent, ready to fire on the first night prowler who should betray his whereabouts. Being asked what was the matter, his only reply was, 'I don't know: this is night.' If we did not shake in our shoes, that was only because we had taken them off. Meantime Abdallah was lying on his back among the things, snoring peacefully. Abdallah, however, had been this way before, and would have known that he was safer there than in 'Londres,' if he had known anything about that city, except that it is the country from which the English come, and where everyone has plenty of money, and where misery and poverty are unknown.

We arrived in Meknes about noon next day. The other guest who had spent the night in the zareba accompanied us, running or walking the whole distance of six hours without betraying the slightest sign of fatigue. We saw the present Sultan's ostrich farm, and the hideous erections of the Sultan Ismail (d. 1727), and the 'long walls' with which he sought to connect his various capitals, which run out from Meknes on different sides. A more impressive object was a house which was being built for the late Sultan Abu'l Hasan when he died in 1894. When news of his death reached them, the builders picked up their tools and went away; and from that day to this the house has stood with the scaffolding still round it, but not a stone has been added or removed.

We remained over Friday in Meknes partly to give Kasim a chance of hearing the sermon in the mosque, and he said he went, but his eye betrayed his tongue. We left next day. The transformation which had passed over the ghetto was extraordinary. On Friday its streets were packed so that a pedestrian had some difficulty in pushing his way through. On Saturday not a man or a boy was to be seen, save one grisly Moor who kept the gate, that the Jews might celebrate their worship in peace.

We made first for Pharaoh's Castle, the native name for Volubilis. Since the time of Ismail these famous ruins have formed a quarry for the neighbouring city of Meknes. It is three hours between the two places, and the whole distance is strewn with large blocks of stone. As we rode along, the muleteers told one another how these stones came there. It appears that since the world began there have been only two persons who could force the *jinn* to work for them. These were Solomon the son of David, Emperor of Morocco (and King of

Israel), and Sultan Ismail. Ismail forced the *jinn* to carry the stones of Volubilis to Meknes when he was building it, but when he died the charm was broken. The *jinn* at once dropped the stones, which lie there to this day to prove the truth of the tale. Half an hour above the ruins is the sacred town named after Mulei Idrees (d. 788 A.D.). It was the illiterate Abdallah who found for us the inscription which fixes the date of Volubilis in the third century at latest.

We pushed on and encamped for the night in the village of the Benec Amar. Their chief gave us a mixed reception.

'I welcome you and your fellow believer,' he said to Kasim, 'you are men like us. You will sleep when we sleep and rise when necessity calls upon you to rise, and you will bear your weapons and defend us and yourselves. But why do you bring this Christian companion of yours? Do you not know that the tribe has risen against me, and that they have this day wounded my brother's son, and cut off two of his fingers and broken his head? And I fear that they will fall upon us in the night, and will kill your companion, in order that they may deliver me into the hands of the Sultan, and take me in fetters and chains to the prisons of Mogador.'

The result was that, instead of pitching the tent, we were accommodated for the night in a cottage, and the animals were driven away to a stable. As soon as it was dark the chief came in and joined us at tea, along with his little four-year-old son, who talked much and upset his cup. He then went away for his supper and sent us ours also. It consisted of kooskoos and water-melon. After supper he returned and we drank more tea, at which he sat like 'Brunswick's fated chieftain,' suddenly raising his head every now and then and listening intently. He seemed chiefly interested in our spoons and forks and other European devices, which he pronounced 'wonderful.' A friend whom he called in, assuring him that the 'Christian wasn't bad,' warned Kasim against Christian ways, such as eating blood and pigs, and drinking wine.

We started next morning in rain, and the black loam of the district made walking very heavy. The route lay through a curious cleft in the hills called the Gate of Tewka. In the afternoon we passed a man lying by the wayside, overcome by the heat. After having had a drink of water he continued on his way. At night we reached the village of the Benec Ahsan, where the dogs gave us a hearty reception.

The chief, who had visited Mecca, and several others, joined us at tea, and later on they brought their supper to the tent and we all ate it together. The chief left most of the talking to one of his elders, who wished to know whether 'Londres' or Morocco were the better country. Being assured that Morocco was much the finer of the two, 'Of course it is,' he replied; 'here are camels and sheep, and wheat and barley;' and he began to amuse himself by pricing our various belongings.

The next day's route lay through pleasant undulating country, and included the rare luxury of a midday bath in a pellucid stream, which, it must be confessed, supplied the drinking water to a village below. At night we stopped at a little village called Fawwárat. The people here asked us not to stay with them because they were too poor to feed us, official travellers being supplied at the cost of the country-side. Kasim, however, set their minds at rest by telling them we would pay for all they gave us. On arriving at such a village the stranger says, 'I am the guest of God'; to which the villager replies, 'The guest of God is welcome.' The chief, who was called See Boo Silsim the Azeezee, came up to us carrying a hen by its claws.

'Will the Christian eat?' he asked Kasim.

'Of course he will,' was the prompt reply, and the chief, swinging round with his face towards Mecca, laid the unfortunate fowl on the ground, and hacked its head nearly off with a knife. After holding it for a moment to allow the blood to escape, he handed it to a boy to give to the cook. On the following morning the chief took us to visit the supposed Roman ruins of Bosrah, but they were not at all remarkable, and we hastened to cover the five miles which still separated us from the town of Al Ksar, through which we had passed twelve days before, and so to bid good-bye to Kasim's 'country of lies,' and enter once more the home-land of truth and safety.

When, therefore, we had put out our candle that night and lay on our blankets, endeavouring to fit our bones into the ups and downs of the cement floor of our room in the inn, it seemed to be an appropriate time and a proper occasion to call Kasim to account, and to demand of him an explanation of the stories which he had invented and the false reports which he had disseminated, with a view of throwing dust in the eyes of his co-religionists, and of facilitating our progress through the country. On a later occasion Kasim defended his conduct on the ground that one can only travel in Morocco by means of two things—'craft' and 'manliness.' On this journey, he said, he had only required to use craft, but if manliness had been requisite, he would have employed it also, and would either have killed or have been killed. On the present occasion, however, he was too sleepy to argue his case, and merely muttered in childlike accents, 'Allah forgive me,' and was soon fast asleep. Abdallah, who was endeavouring to collect a small English vocabulary, demanded to know what the English for two Arabic words was; and being told 'truth' and 'falsehood', he proceeded to memorise these vocables, and continued to repeat them in a low voice until he too dropped off to sleep.

T. H. WEIR.

SOME FRENCH AND ENGLISH PAINTING

AFTER I had seen the Royal Academy this year, with the usual interest, I saw the Salon with the usual delight. Esteeming the one institution, and having no violent prepossession in regard to the other, how was it possible to avoid asking the question, 'Why does the one give interest and the other keen enjoyment?'

I am speaking now of the Painting. I leave aside altogether that great companion Art, the Art of Sculpture—finding, I confess, no such essential difference in the view one takes of that in the two places; and this, too, notwithstanding it is granted that in France the traditions of Sculpture have been more unbroken than in England—the succession of great artists more constant and more unimpaired. Only a few quite foolish people would contest that proposition. And strange to say, and entertaining to remember, these few would be found chiefly in England. In France Rodin was neglected; in France he has been reasonably appreciated; only in England did it occur to hot-headed sectaries and befuddled partisans that Sculpture had not existed until Rodin came. The sane French critic recognises in this so fertile and inventive, in this sometimes so moving master, a development; not a beginning—an incident; not a Deity. Great men were before him; great men will follow him; at his side are great men. The level of the Sculpture of France, in idea and performance, has been habitually—at no one moment only—above the level of Sculpture in England. The Art in France has been more encouraged, and better understood. One generation had Jean Goujon, another Pigalle, another Clodion and Falconnet, another Carpeaux. Yet, coming to the hour that is, we do not find that the comparison in quality between the French and English Sculpture would be so disastrous to our own. We are in a good period of Sculpture, here in England. Though Onslow Ford has gone, though Alfred Gilbert shows but little, excellent Academicians—Brock, Thornycroft, Frampton, Colton, Goscombe John—produce excellent work; and, outside the Academy in point of membership, yet wisely exhibiting within its walls, are Roscoe Mullins, Gilbert Bayes, Derwent Wood, the people of the future. No; it is not in the Art of Sculpture that the difference between France and England is just now most apparent.

In both lands there is high accomplishment ; in both, a reasonable freedom from conventionality.

I do find it otherwise with the Painting. And, in so far as it is otherwise, the gulf is most perceptible when we take English Painting as represented by the Academy, French Painting as represented by the Salon. There are points where the gulf narrows. This narrowing is perceptible chiefly when we take into account much English work that is outside the Academy altogether ; pictorial work done, it may be, in mediums the Academy does not much recognise ; done, too, in methods of which it has not officially taken cognisance. More of this hereafter.

But, first, of French contemporary Art.

The conditions under which Pictorial Art is produced in France are more elastic than with us. Fonder than we are of red tape, for the most part—submitting to rule, even to fussy rule, in little things : submitting to it as they might to a Divine dispensation—the French have yet achieved in Art a greater freedom than we have ; there is greater freedom in idea ; there is greater freedom in practice. No one organisation, but most of our organisations and most of our views and our long-cherished beliefs tend to restriction in artistic things : I am no foolish, prejudiced decrrier of the Royal Academy and all its ways ; I do not accuse it of sectarianism—an official body's worst fault—I think only that it shares the want of elasticity common in artistic things to the ways of our race. To nothing, therefore, in its constitution, to nothing peculiar to its practice, am I inclined to assign the responsibility of the comparative absence of charm and vividness, of impulse and variety, in its Shows.

Take only one consideration in our Painting—something like an enforced, an obligatory scale of work. The quite small picture is ruled out, by painters themselves very often, as insignificant. It does not make reputations. It does not produce incomes. By that in Painting which is akin to the Sonnet, to the Lyric, to the Short Story, in Literature, success and recognition come to but a few. And if that is so with the small picture, material conditions, material conditions only, rule out the very large. Is there official encouragement, is there State patronage, for the labour that expends itself on huge decoration, on long stretched wall or stately ceiling ? Work done by Mr. Herbert Draper for the Hall of the Drapers' Company is exceptional altogether. It is done 'in a blue moon' ; but how rare ! I am thankful to chronicle its existence. A lucky chance ! But in Paris it is not in a blue moon only that we come upon such a noble flight of Fancy in colour as is afforded by that ' Fragment of a ceiling '—if a ' fragment ' what will be the whole ?—contributed by M. Besnard to this year's New Salons, and destined for the Théâtre Français. The very opportunity for work like that, the very possibility of it, suggests new ideas, sets imagination on the march, involves new

effects. Besnard is himself, indeed, a shining instance of the elasticity I claim as the privileged possession of the art of his land. For compare that ceiling—with its range of radiant colour, its orange, gold, and lemon, its vastness of effect as well as of mere size—with the work done by the same painter, with faultless appropriateness, two or three years ago, for a hospital at Berck. And think of Paul Baudry at the Opéra, of Puvis de Chavannes at the Hôtel de Ville, at the Sorbonne, at the Panthéon, at Rouen, Lyons, Marseilles, and most of all at Amiens. (Puvis would never do ceilings at all—all his great work is wall-decoration—and that is worth remembering.) And think then of our conditions in regard to work that would be honoured by being named, however humbly, by those things of restful beauty with which Puvis has endowed France—endowed in two senses, for I know he got but very little money by them; leave to do them was *all* he got on one or two occasions at least. Think of this, however—the rough of it with the smooth of it if we will—and ask if with us there is anything to bestow any measure or show of reasonableness upon a like ambition. That question answered, the want of elasticity in the conditions under which Painting is practised will—in one direction at all events—have been made apparent.

Then, I have referred to mediums which the Academy—and not the Academy alone—does not much recognise, and to methods of which it scarcely takes cognisance. Here, rather than in actual choice of subjects presented, is the interest of its Exhibitions handicapped. In regard to subjects presented there is not really much difference. Very little Genre in either place—Salon or Academy—rather too many portraits in the Academy, rather too few nudes. But then in the Salon rather too many nudes as a rule—I mean nude studies merely—rather too few portraits. In both places what was called ‘Historical Painting’—that Painting which was the least historic of all, because it was that which dealt least with the known and seen, and most with the idly fancied or the artificially restored—what was called Historical Painting is dead as a door-nail.

I do find some difference of subject, however, when we come to Landscape; and, to speak frankly, that difference is all in favour of France. The French idea of Landscape is more comprehensive than ours. They accept all we choose in the wide world before us, and accept much we reject. We accept, broadly speaking, the sea and shore, the region of great hills and streams—Romantic Landscape—the region of unspoilt agricultural country and agrarian life—Pastoral Landscape. Cazin, amongst others, taught his fellow countrymen to accept something else—something associated more closely, to most men, with ‘the daily round, the common task.’ The Dutchman, James Maris—as Whistler with us—was one of the first to insist upon the attractiveness of the town. René Billotte went further—he proved the ‘paintability’ of the *terrain vague* and the suburb. And this

year there is Meslé's delicate landscape, with everyday things seen beautifully, as part of the whole. Thus it is that there is brought within the scope of Art in France that which, for practical purposes—in most important oil pictures, at least—is yet outside of it in England; though an artist like Mr. Livens, who has had the courage and originality to make of the domestic fowl (like I forget what brilliant Spaniard in this year's Salon) the instrument for exhibiting his high command of colour, movement, light, has likewise, in a group of 'water colours' (not pure water colours by any means, but extraordinarily effective, and justified absolutely), shown, this very year amongst us, a series of pieces in which nothing less than great Design is put at the service of a record and rendering of modern bridges, riverside coal wharves, suburban trams, Banstead golf links, flooded chalk pits topped by a vision of Victorian houses. Art may redeem and exalt. Art may qualify or suppress. Art may give unity. Art is the great reconciler. But we do not know that enough—we are still conventional. And in France they do know that.

In England—I have made the point clear already—a picture has no chance of being vast, rightly. It can hardly be a noble decoration. On the other hand, the dull conviction of the Public exacts a certain size, if work is to be 'important,' if work is to count. It exacts likewise—practically it exacts—a certain medium—oil paint. The Public would be astonished to hear—though Royal Academy Catalogues are proof of it—that, a hundred years ago, Turner made his reputation by Water Colour. That Maurice Quentin La Tour could work only in Pastel, and yet be a great master of Portraiture, would astonish the Public. That Rembrandt, had he wrought his Etchings only, must have been accounted scarcely indeed less great than we account him to-day, with the *Syndics* in the Reichsmuseum and the *Burgomaster Six* in the house of that worthy's descendant at Amsterdam—that, too, would astonish the Public. And it is with the knowledge of the Public's vast capacity for stupid surprise, that the artist wish us does his work.

Is it not also with some knowledge of the limitations of the Public—of the shortness of its tether, artistic and intellectual—that our Royal Academy make its elections and distributes its favours of place? That the Academy itself is unrepresentative is much more than I should say, when most of its elections register the approval bestowed already, by not incompetent people, and often upon the younger men. But it is approval that the elections register—it is not wholly merit; and very little is it merit displayed in unwonted fields and in unusual ways.

A first-rate Water Colour painter might have been elected before now, on his achievements in that Art alone. And although the Royal Society of Painter Etchers exists to assemble all that there is of meritorious or distinguished in English Engraving, there stand just now,

by their own will, foolish or wise, outside of it, at least two etchers, D. Y. Cameron and Muirhead Bone—as there stand within it nearly half a dozen etchers and mezzotint engravers, of whom Seymour Haden and Frank Short are the chief—worthy, as far as that goes, of Academic rank.

And if I do not urge that half a dozen elections should be made straightway to the Academy from the Royal British Artists or the New English Art Club, I do say that the first named of these two institutions holds, in Mr. Cayley Robinson, Mr. Foottet, and Mr. Wynford Dewhurst—not to speak of its President—painters the best of-whose efforts arrest and retain the attention of alert, unprejudiced observers; and I say that at the New English Art Club Mr. Brabazon, Mr. Francis James, Mr. Alfred Rich, Mr. Wilson Steer—and that does not finish the list—are artists who count in English Painting—they are artists of accomplishment and individuality: important, attractive. And one of the several reasons why we enjoy the modern Salon so keenly, while the Academy, as a whole, gives us but moderate and measured satisfaction, is that at the Salon the like of these men are to be found: the men who initiate, the men who are quite themselves—the men ‘in the latest boat,’ as the Paris slang has it.

So it is that, whilst in London indeed, works noble, tender, refined, audacious—works of Orchardson, Alma-Tadema, Poynter, Waterhouse, Sargent—may be set more or less against those in Paris of ‘Carolus’; Besnard; Aman-Jean, with his blend of Parisienne and Primitive; Carrière, with his pathos in monochrome, his dignity, gravity, his ‘intimacy,’ and his atmosphere; Jean Béraud, with *Le Défilé*, and its novelist’s observation of gesture and character of folk as beheld at a funeral; Caro Delvaille, with *Septembre—a déjeuner sur l’herbe*, with a cool jar and figs and pears, and brown and white nudities—and Tournès again, with a still life of peaches Chardin would not have disdained; or La Gandara, with his svelte young greyish *brune*, Mlle. Polaire, in silvery pink, with hands to flattened breast. There is in London, in our official Exhibition, lamentably little that displays the newer vision, the widening range; lamentably little that I set against, for instance, Anglada-Camarasa (that is, the artist of the *Marché aux coqs*, whose name escaped me for the moment a couple of pages ago, when I was speaking of Livens), or Gaston La Touche, with his *L’heure dorée*, waters in a park; or Le Sidaner, or Le Camus, with his stately and decorative, large, restful visions of the Pont du Gard (Alfred East’s *Château Gaillard*, of a year or so since, has a certain affinity with these), or Morrice’s *Cours de Taureaux*, or Truchet’s astoundingly actual *Femmes dans un Bar*, or Veber’s brilliant little *Pesage*, two plump and meretricious persons whom a small jockey interests; or Zuloaga, with his *Cousines*—splendid subjects for painting, but relatives whom the average man would not burst with pride to acknowledge.

All this, and not a word about the Department of 'Engraving'—etchings by Cottet, to whom is known the tragedy of Breton coasts—by Chahine and Legrand, studies of marked, eccentric character; by Armand Berton, whose note is grace; by Béjot, whose prints give so unflinchingly the modern aspect of the Seine coursing through Paris. If I may hold myself excused for not insisting on these things, it is because I must, in any case, regretfully acknowledge that good and vivid as they are, too much of the French Etching by the side of them is Etching only in name. Too much in France just now is Etching diverted from its proper purposes, and asked to compass effects for which it is not the appropriate medium. Its advocates discourse of 'freedom of method.' The truth is, only, that the work they eulogise is gaudy and immediate in its appeal—its life short, and its end certain.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE INFLUENCE OF BERKELEY

I

It sounds morbid, that one should be influenced, and even dominated, by Berkeley's disbelief in 'material substance'; but the fact of itself may be worthy of note. A single case, as all doctors know, is of no great value in pathology. Still, they may be glad that I should record my symptoms, which seem to me to indicate a definite disease. Briefly, my case is an example of what I would call chronic Berkeleitis, of many years' duration, not yielding to treatment, variable in its severity, never in abeyance for any long period, and not accompanied by any general failure of the mental faculties. I am possessed and obsessed by the knowledge that my five senses are not so simple as they seem. Berkeley's estimate of the 'external world' has become a sort of trick or habit of my mind, and has grown on me, and I cannot get his system out of my system.

That I may describe my case with accuracy, and that there may be no doubt as to the origin of the infection, I have been looking at my copy of Berkeley's works, and I find that I read the Dialogues between Philonous and Hylas in July 1875, which must be the date of the onset of the disease. The wonder is that so many undergraduates escape. They must have great natural powers of resistance—what the Germans call *widerumsfähigkeit*; for the insidious force of the argument renders it highly infectious among the non-immune. That heat and cold, as heat and cold, cannot exist in any unperceiving substance or body, any more than pain, as pain, can exist in the point of a pin; that sweetness, as sweetness, cannot exist in sugar; nor bitterness, as bitterness, in wormwood. That what is true of tastes is true of smells; that what is true of smells is true of sounds. And I hope, says Philonous, that you will make no difficulty to acknowledge the same of colours. I made none; I did not find any to be made; and, before I knew what was happening, I was down with an acute attack of Berkeleitis, which afterward developed into a chronic trouble.

I have not been able to find any remedy against this complaint, and am disposed to think that it is aggravated by all empirical methods of treatment. The periods of remission have become shorter than

they were. I am seldom free, for more than a day or two, from some reminder of my old enemy. The least thing will bring on an attack; indeed, I have long ceased from all attempts to prevent them, and am wholly unable to advise what should be done in any case like my own. The attacks are sudden, and without premonitory symptoms; they might almost be called spasmodic; they last but a few moments, and are not attended by pain. And, though I have suffered so many years, off and on, from chronic Berkeleitis, I cannot find that it has exercised any deteriorating effect on my higher nerve-centres.

Let me describe one attack, of moderate severity; for they are all very much alike. I was writing at my table, a night or two ago, smoking a cigarette, and in my usual health. The colour, shape, and feel of the penholder between my fingers, the lamplight shining over my paper, the taste of the tobacco, and the sounds through the open window—all suddenly became so many instances out of the dialogues between Philonous and Hylas. Light, and shadow, and colour, and touch, and sound, and taste remained; but, for the moment, there was no 'material substance' in or behind them. The fit, if I may so call it, lasted only a few seconds. My sensations again asserted themselves as my writing things and my neighbour's cat. But this sort of seizure is of constant occurrence. Sometimes it is precipitated by a sudden experience of the dignity and beauty of the world—by a sunset, a landscape, or a cathedral. More often it is excited by the very triviality or insignificance of something in daily use, such as tables and chairs. Objects exceptionally large or small have a specially irritating action, and I can always bring on an attack by looking up at the stars or down through a microscope.

I have written out my case as though I were really ill, because I have observed that those nearest and dearest to me tend to regard me, during these attacks, with some slight anxiety or disfavour; but I am beginning at last to reconsider my opinion; and for three reasons. First, because I am none the worse for my many years of this mental state; next, because I do not believe that any harm or evil imagining can ever come out of Berkeley; lastly, because I am absolutely convinced that his premises are true. For these reasons I am inclined to think that his influence, in a mild form, does not constitute a disease; that it should be considered not as a process of degeneration, but as a mere over-activity of function, like the compensatory action of the heart when one is going uphill; as adjusted and adapted to some useful purpose.

He does compensate us for the uphill work of our lives, for he brings into the day's affairs that sense of wonder which Aristotle called the beginning of philosophy; he proves it to us, how we live and move in a mystery. No technical phrases of logic obscure his argument, no ranting or insincere talk, no extravagance of style.

He has something to say to the average man, and says it with perfect straightness and simplicity. He takes us as we are, walks arm-in-arm with us in the garden, joins us over a dish of tea in the arbour. *Just tell me*, says he, *what you see*. And we answer, in the words of Sister Anne, *I see the sun, which shines, and the grass, which looks green*. From that day forth his voice is in our ears. The green of the grass—what is it but colour? And what is colour but light? And what is light but motion? And how can we see motion? It is no use to ‘answer with a grin,’ or to bluster after the fashion of Dr. Johnson, or to say that the primary qualities of matter are more real than the secondary. What are extension, and weight, and resistance, that we should assign to them that independent existence which we do not assign to colours or sounds? Dr. Johnson, when Boswell spoke to him of Berkeley, was content to kick a stone, crying: *Sir, I refute him thus!* But who would now give that answer, or try to restore that old distinction between primary and secondary qualities which has no hold either in logic or in science? Berkeley compels us to go a mile with him, and we go with him twain. We never get right away from him, never doubt again that there is more in vision than meets the eye.

And it is all so simple; his instances are of the level, not of the schools, but of the schoolroom: which is the reason why children hate hearing about him. Not that he is associated in their minds with the administration of tar-water, his favourite panacea—it was a generation long vanished, who were dosed with tar-water till they went about, as Dickens says, smelling like a newly-painted fence—but because he is too childish for them. Try the experiment; play Philonous to some little Hylas of your own. He will soon turn restive. All young people are Hylades, which, being interpreted, is materialists. His general attitude toward the whole subject is that of a puppy compelled to see itself in a looking-glass; and he prefers to move about in worlds not realised.

Of course the children are wrong; and some slight acquaintance with Berkeley would be good for them. If only they would make fair trial of that first dialogue—it begins so prettily, the very way that children love:

Philonous. Good-morrow, Hylas: I did not expect to find you abroad so early. Can there be a pleasanter time of the day, or a more delightful season of the year? That purple sky, those wild but sweet notes of birds, the fragrant bloom upon the trees and flowers, the gentle influence of the rising sun, these and a thousand nameless beauties of nature inspire the soul with secret transports. . . .

No well-taught child would find fault with this sentence, which sounds like the music of *Acis and Galatea*; nor would he refuse to be led, once started, some way along the main argument. He would admit the analogy between heat or cold, and pain; for he would

have distinct notions, founded on experience, of pains and pins. He might even allow that sweetness, as sweetness, is not in sugar; nor bitterness, as bitterness, in the modern equivalent for wormwood. But when it came to colour he would draw the line, and declare that Berkeley was a silly old man. The children are quite sure that the colours of the world are laid on, somehow, all over a globe that is slightly flattened at the poles, like paints out of a paint-box. They know that paint-box; they have a thousand times transferred its contents to paper. Colour, to children, is paint; they have seen it come and go, like the colour on the cheeks of Lady Teazle's rival, which was paint indeed, and went at night, and came back in a box next morning. There, at colour, they stop short, and will hear no more of Philonous and Hylas.

II .

But we, by what device of logic can we get away from Berkeley, and at what stage of the argument shall we refuse to go further? We are bound to take the road with him, and may as well do it with a good grace. At the least, we cannot deny the validity of his premises. He gets us thus far—that there is not, and never will be, evidence of the independent existence of ‘material substance.’ Shall we stop at the acceptance of that much of his argument, and not advance to his conclusions? That all Nature is a ‘divine language’; that eternal thought speaks to all of us, with things for words, in a direct and immediate code, having its signs and abbreviations in all that we call matter; that there are books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, in a sense not meant by Shakespeare, and every gooseberry bush is a burning bush; that things really exist, apart from us, but as they are in themselves, in thought, in eternity, the real things—alas! how far am I out of my depth! But I am out of my depth, no less, whenever I remember that the colour of my own eyes is in the eyes of my friend, and that the smell of my food is in me, and not in the food.

It is strange that one should find profit and pleasure in Berkeley's premises, taking them by themselves. Why does his *Non Credo* thus stir and urge thought, even before one comes to the recital of his *Credo*? His premises, the articles of his *Non Credo*, are no more than what is in every text-book of physics; but the text-books have not his power to excite the sense of wonder and of mystery. There must be some good reason for his dominant influence.

Partly, it is the pleasantness of his style, his use of the Platonic dialogue, and the level excellence of his sentences. He loves a fair setting for his argument—the garden in the early morning, the woods and hills, the brooding sunshine. It is always a fine day, and the country is always looking its best, when Philonous and Hylas enter,

right and left of the scene ; and, when they are tired of talking, they go to chapel, or drink tea. The quiet, old-fashioned wholesomeness of the open-air life, the freshness of turf and trees, add grace to their talk. These happy disputants live out of doors, far from lecture-halls and reading-rooms ; they have no troubles and no vice. But, for all this Arcadian simplicity, this lightness of touch, there is nothing second-rate or conventional in Berkeley's love of Nature, and he rises, without effort, to the highest dignity and splendour of word and phrase.

Partly, the secret of his influence is in his temperament. It is not for nothing that he was a bishop, a traveller, a philanthropist, and somewhat of a crank ; a lover of music, a man altogether hospitable, unselfish, and good. To him, the non-existence of material substance was a principle of faith ; the logical barrier between his premises and his conclusion was not a brick wall, but the thinnest film of a veil ; his *Non Credo* and his *Credo* were as inseparable as the convexity and the concavity of a curve. He cannot regard it with indifference, as something outside conscience, whether men receive or reject his philosophy. He longs passionately to make converts ; and his dismal apprehensions over the free-thinker are of absolute sincerity. This eager temperament does influence men. It is one thing to stand opposite a brick wall, and another to stand opposite a veil, even though they should be both of them impenetrable. Before a veil men will wait, and will say to themselves, not without truth, that if they look a little longer they may see a little more.

But the influence of Berkeley is not in his style and temperament alone, but in his singular aptness for everyday life. He wears well, and will outlast many generations of minute philosophers, and will not be laid low either by popular materialism or by natural science. Against popular materialism, and the doctrine of a 'succession of states of consciousness,' he sets the permanent self, imposing its categories on phenomena which would otherwise be neither in consciousness nor in succession ; he takes for granted and puts in words of one syllable what is now put in words of greater length. Toward the physical sciences he turns gladly. He would have loved to read that lecture by Helmholtz describing the waves of sound, and comparing them to the waves of the sea—'an instructive spectacle,' Helmholtz calls the sea, 'which I have never been able to view without a certain degree of physico-scientific delight.' Then comes the description of the waves of sound :

In the same way, you must conceive the air of a concert-hall or ball-room traversed in every direction, and not merely on the surface, by a crowd of intersecting wave-systems. From the mouths of the male singers proceed waves of six to twelve feet in length ; from the lips of the songstresses dart shorter waves, from eighteen to thirty-six inches long. The rustling of silken skirts excites little ripples in the air ; each instrument in the orchestra emits its own

special waves: and all these systems expand spherically from their respective centres, dart through each other, are reflected from the walls of the room, and thus rush backwards and forwards, until they succumb to the greater force of newly generated tones. •

He would have loved to try to understand that latest triumph of natural science—the electric theory of matter. He would perhaps have wrought it into the dialogues, somewhat after this fashion:

Philonous. These atoms, Hylas, which you say are combined into a material substance, are they not material? Or shall we say that a material substance is formed by the consolidation of that which is not of itself material?

Hylas. I will not deny to you, Philonous, that these atoms, as I call them, are of the nature of a material substance.

Philonous. And what then are we to think of these electrons, or constituent parts of each atom? Are they also of the nature of a material substance, or what would you say of them? •

Hylas. I say that they are of the nature of electricity.

Philonous. These electrons can pass through substances such as we call solid, and can be deflected from their course by a magnet?

Hylas. They can.

Philonous. They are able, also, to cause ripples in the all-surrounding envelope of the ether, and to exercise in their flight such action on material objects as you compare to the bombardment of the enemy's ships with cannon-balls?

Hylas. That is so.

Philonous. But these ripples, Hylas, and this strange bombardment, do they not betoken the nature of a material substance, such as we seem to recognise everywhere in the trees and flowers, the rocks and soil of the earth?

Hylas. I tell you, Philonous, that these electrons are not matter, in any gross or vulgar meaning of that word; but they are charges of that which our philosophers call electricity, and of so great subtlety that many millions of them would lie within the measure of one inch.

Philonous. I pray you, therefore, are they the less material? Is it not certain, that they do indeed produce in us, by their co-ordinated powers, those sensations of light and of colour, those perceptions of form and of resistance, to which we assign the name of matter? I am not ignorant how one of your teachers is of the opinion that matter shall perhaps be made, by a new process of the sciences, out of a stuff which is not matter. What, then, is this stuff—for so he names it—which can thus come to be matter, if it be not indeed material? I confess to you, for my part, that I find no fault with Holy Writ, where it says, That which is born of the flesh is flesh; nor with the worthy Kant, who condemns 'those metaphysical quacks who are for ever cogitating at matter, till it becomes so fine and superfine that they at length fancy it subtilised into spirit.'

Hylas. You may say what you will, but you will never persuade me that electricity is matter. I will grant to you that we are not well acquainted with the nature of that form of electricity which is called positive, but we are not ignorant that the negative electricity exists in masses, compressed within each atom, and issuing thence, as it were, by an explosion.

Philonous. Oh, Hylas, it is not for me to understand these fine and intricate questions, or to recognise aught but a material substance in these electrons, which you thus describe as though they were indeed of a material nature. For me, this pleasant world is not changed; it is still a world of trees and flowers, of buildings and monuments in our cities, of ocean with its changing moods of storm and calm. . . .

III

So we come back, arm-in-arm with Berkeley, to common sense and plain fact. There is nothing he hates more than to be called dreamy and imaginative. The reality of the world is as true to him as it is to the children. It is none the less real, but all the more real, because it is the 'divine language.' That is the last word of his philosophy—that we should never for a moment be fooled into any loss of our common sense; and the last word of the Dialogues is common sense:

You see the water of yonder fountain, how it is forced upwards in a round column to a certain height, at which it breaks and falls back into the basin from whence it rose, its ascent as well as descent proceeding from the same uniform law or principle of gravitation? Just so the same principles which, at first view, lead to scepticism, pursued to a certain point, bring men back to common sense.

* There is the secret of Berkeley's influence, in his love of common sense. Of all philosophers he is the most apt for everyday life. He takes the world as it is, and us as we are. If we do not accept his conclusions, he asks us at least to admit his premises, and leaves his conclusions on the front doorstep. Now and again some reminder comes, at random, from him:

Just when we are safest there's a sunset-touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides –
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears,
As old and new at once as nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there . . .

Berkeley died at Oxford—they were reading a volume of sermons to him, and he suddenly collapsed—and is buried in the cathedral. What an opportunity was missed, therefore, at the recent meeting in Oxford of the British Medical Association. It is the custom at these annual meetings that a special service should be held for members of the Association. But the preacher never mentioned Berkeley, though his monument is but a few feet from the pulpit. Berkeley, who propounded a theory of vision, and wrote that amazing essay on tar-water, and was in close touch with such physiology as there was in the days of Queen Anne; who ought, indeed, to have been a doctor, and is a better guide for medical students than all the unprincipled 'experimental psychology' of our own time—he was left without a word of commendation. It cannot be helped now; but a discourse might have been made to the doctors on the text: *Something there is of divine and admirable in this language, addressed to our eyes, that may well awaken the mind and deserve its utmost attention.*

STEPHEN PAGET.

THE HEBREW AND THE BABYLONIAN COSMOLOGIES

Is the Hebrew account of the creation of the world derived from the Babylonian cosmogony? It has so often and so positively been asserted recently, both in England and on the Continent, that such is undoubtedly the case that it may seem rash for us to ask such a question. But our age is an age of inquiry, quite as much as one of theories and hypotheses. Hence we claim the right to examine the subject for ourselves, though by doing so we venture to indicate our hesitation about yielding assent to the most emphatically reiterated *dicta* of not a few leaders of modern thought. It will be granted that this matter cannot be settled by assertions. We must have indubitable evidence laid before us, so that we may be able to come to a satisfactory conclusion one way or the other.

Those who hold that the Biblical account of Creation is derived from the Babylonian contend that this conclusion is self-evident from a mere comparison between the two. If so, no very great amount of learning is required to enable us all to appreciate the argument. All we have to do is to read the two accounts, or rather the four, for there are at least two totally distinct Babylonian myths on the subject, and critics tell us that they have found exactly the same number of separate narratives of the Creation in the first two chapters of Genesis. The question is, Are these Hebrew accounts so strikingly similar to the Babylonian ones that we are compelled to believe that the former are derived from the latter? In spite of the loudness of the assertions that such is the case, we find on inquiry that some men of considerable learning confess themselves as yet unconvinced.

It is a remarkable fact that assertions very similar to that which we have mentioned have been made in the past in connection with other cosmogonies. When the existence of the marvellously copious Sanskrit literature, for example, was first made known in Europe, we were assured that no man of learning and sober judgment could doubt that the writer of the Hebrew narrative had borrowed from India the main features of his account. To prove this the following

passage was quoted from Manu's *Dharmaśāstra* (book i., ślokaś 5-13) :

This (universe) was dark, unrecognisable, undistinguished, unimaginable, unknowable, as if asleep, in all directions. Then the Self-Existent, the Worshipful, not manifest, making manifest this (universe) beginning with the grosser elements, appeared, mighty, darkness-dispelling. He who is this transcendently perceptible, subtle, not manifest, eternal (Being), containing all beings, incomprehensible, He indeed came into existence of Himself. Having meditated, He, desirous of creating various descendants from His own body, first created just the waters. In them He placed a seed. That became a golden egg, resplendent as the thousand-rayed (sun). In it was born Brahmanā Himself, the grandfather of all the world. . . . In that egg that Worshipful (being) having shone a full year, He Himself indeed through His own meditation split that egg in twain. From those two pieces He constructed both sky and earth, heaven in the midst, and the eight cardinal points, and the permanent station of the waters.

We are now able to quote a far earlier passage to strengthen the argument. In the *Rig-Veda* (Maṇḍala x., hymn 129) we read :

Then death was not, immortality was not, light of night, of day, there was not : that One thing breathed breathless of Itself, nothing else was there beside It, whatever was. At first there was darkness enveloped in darkness ; unilluminated was all this ocean : when emptiness was concealed in the void, then nightly was the One thing born from heat. Then first Desire arose, the seed of Mind, the first which was.

Yet is there at the present time a single scholar of any repute who would venture to assert that the Hebrew account is derived from India ? There are doubtless certain resemblances between Genesis and these Indian cosmogonies ; as, for instance, the mention of darkness preceding light ; but the differences are too great to permit us for a moment to maintain what was for a time deemed a great discovery.

So, also, when European scholars had become acquainted with Zoroastrianism and its sacred books, de Lagarde endeavoured to maintain that the author of Genesis i. had borrowed many of the leading features of his account from *ancient Persian* belief. This theory, again, though its novelty for a time attracted some attention, now finds not a single supporter.

From these two instances, and others that might be mentioned, it is evident that the theory that the author of the first two chapters of Genesis borrowed from the mythology of other nations is not by any means a new one. The 'discovery' of the 'source' of the Biblical narrative of Creation has again and again been made, only to be disproved. It does not therefore follow that the 'discovery' of its source in the Babylonian Creation Tablets is unfounded ; but such facts as those we have mentioned should make us careful to investigate the matter most thoroughly, lest the next generation should smile at our credulity, as we do at that of our predecessors.

Our knowledge of the Babylonian Creation myths is not altogether new. Bêrôssos, Nicolaus Damascenus, Alexander Polyhistor, Damascius, and Eusebius have handed down much fragmentary information about the matter;¹ and the Cuneiform Tablets, though they have enabled us to test the accuracy of this information, and have in large measure confirmed it, have nevertheless filled up the *lacunæ* in our knowledge rather than afforded us very much absolutely new instruction on the subject. It is at least very doubtful whether the discovery of the Creation Tablets has so greatly increased our knowledge that it must of necessity work any revolution in our ideas as to the connection between these early Babylonian legends and the first few chapters of Genesis. Yet it seems to be generally assumed that this is so. It should, however, be observed that the discovery of the Tell-el-Amarna Tablets has shown that, even before the conquest of Palestine by the Israelites, Babylonian literature was studied in that country and even in Egypt. Hence it cannot be doubted that the Babylonian mythology, its epic poetry, and its cosmologies were known in Canaan in those times, and probably much earlier. Whether, therefore, we assume with the Higher Critics that Genesis i.-ii. 4 (a) was composed in Babylonia¹ about 500 B.C., Genesis ii. 11-15 inclusive in Palestine about 650 B.C., and the rest of Genesis ii. about 850 B.C., or adhere to the older view of the Mosaic authorship or compilation of the book, it cannot be denied that—*especially in the latter case*—the compiler of the book was most probably acquainted with the documents which we are about to consider. But it is quite a different thing to assert that he must therefore have borrowed his account from them. We are all possibly acquainted with the Greek account of Deucalion's flood as related by Ovid; yet it would be rash to declare that all Christian writers who have referred to the Deluge have derived their teaching from the *Metamorphoses*. Among other reasons why this cannot be held as a tenable view is the fact that such writers *differ* from Ovid both in *details* and in their *theology*. Christian writers on the subject tell us nothing of Jupiter's anger being excited because of Lycaon's impious banquet; nothing of Poseidon's interference to assist Deucalion and Pyrrha; nothing of the council of the gods, and of Themis's command to throw stones, and how these were changed into men and women. Yet it will be seen that the resemblance between Ovid's account of the Flood and that which Milton gives in *Paradise Lost*,² for instance, is far greater than exists between Babylonian and Biblical cosmology. Milton undoubtedly knew the *Metamorphoses*, and the writer or compiler of Genesis very possibly knew the Babylonian Creation Tablets; but it does not therefore necessarily follow that he plagiarised

¹ *Polychrome Bible: Genesis*, ed. C. J. Ball, introductory note.

² Book xi.

or in any way borrowed from them. As Milton had quite a different source from which he drew, so it is possible had the 'compiler of Genesis.

Of the two Babylonian accounts of Creation we take first the one preserved for us on the tablets discovered by Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, at Sippara, in 1882.³ Its antiquity is shown not only by the fact that the cities mentioned in it are among the earliest ever built, but also by its being entitled 'A Charm,' and its recital being held so sacred as to have a purificatory effect. We possess the original Accadian text, together with its translation into Semitic Babylonian. It may be thus rendered :

A Charm. The Holy House, the house of the gods, had not been made in the holy place, a reed had not sprung up, a tree had not been created, a brick had not been laid, a brick-mould had not been made, a house had not been made, a city had not been built, a city had not been constructed, mankind dwelt not, Nippur had not been built, Ê-Kur had not been constructed, Ereeh had not been built, Ê-Anna had not been erected, the abyss had not been made, the city Êridu had not been constructed. As for the Holy House, the house of the gods, its site existed not, and the whole of the lands were sea. When there was a waterspring in the midst of the sea, in that day Êridu was built, Ê-Sag-gil was erected, the House of the King of the Abyss, which the god ÊA, King of the Holy Mound, founded in the midst of the Abyss. Babel was built, Ê-Sag-gil was completed. He made the gods (and) the Spirits of the earth together. They proclaimed it aloud as the holy city, the abode in which their hearts delighted. Merodach bound a net⁴ on the face of the waters: dust he made and with the sea he poured it out. He brought the gods into the abode in which his heart delighted. He made men. The goddess Aruru made the seed of men with him. He made the cattle of the wilderness, the possessor of life in the wilderness. Then he created the Tigris and the Euphrates in their places, he favourably proclaimed their name. The sprout, the clay of the marsh, reed, and forest he made. He made the grass of the wilderness, the lands, marshes, and bulrushes, the wild cow (and) her young the wild steer, the ewe (and) her offspring the lamb of the fold, plantations and forests also. The buck of the wild goat stands submissive (?) to him. The lord Merodach filled up an embankment at the edge of the sea, where he had not formerly placed a reed.

The next few lines are too much broken to translate, but they tell of the building of the temples of Ê-Kur and Ê-Anna. Another fragment mentions the creation of the cattle and the beasts of the field by the gods, and the erection of 'a small city' for men to dwell in, where 'the assembly of mankind' was ruled by the god Nin-igi-azag ('lord of the bright eye'), a name of ÊA or AE. The goddess Gula is also mentioned.

¹ It is interesting to notice in the Accadian text of this legend the words *addam* (Adam) and *édin* (Eden), which were afterwards adopted

³ Published in *Cuneiform Texts in the British Museum*, part xiii, plates 35 to 38. With my version, cf. translation by Professor Sayce in *Religions of Ancient Egypt and Babylonia*, pp. 380, 381. Vide also Dr. Pinches, *The Old Testament in the Light of the Historical Records of Assyria and Babylonia*.

⁴ Professor Sayce well renders 'a weir.'

into Hebrew. The former word is not, however, in Accadian the name of the first man, who was called *Adapa*. *Ēdin* merely means a wilderness or uncultivated plain, and afterwards became applied to the plain in which Babylon stood. In neither case is the Accadian word retained in the Semitic Babylonian version. The word rendered 'waterspring' is *rad* (it may also be read *sid*) in Accadian and *raṭum* in the Semitic version. This is, curiously enough, all but identical in form with the Sanskrit word *ratû*, which denotes 'the river of heaven, the celestial Ganges.'⁵ We are too wise now to found any argument, however, on such a coincidence, which is merely casual, but much would doubtless have been made of it a generation ago.*

This Accadian legend bears a certain resemblance to the Old Norse one in the younger Edda, where we read :

The beginning of ages was
When no one was :
There was nor shore nor sea,
Nor cool waves,
Earth was nowhere found,
Nor high heaven,
There was the Ginnung-chasm,
But grass nowhere.⁶

However, Niflheim (the 'Cloud-world') somehow came into existence, 'and in the midst of it lies the spring that is called Surging Cauldron,' from which flowed a number of rivers that fall into the Ginnung-chasm. Here, as in the Accadian legend, the 'spring' seems to be in some way a fountain of life, but we can hardly say that one is derived from the other.

If we compare this Accadian Creation-myth with the narrative in the second and third chapters of Genesis, the differences will at once become obvious. In the Accadian account we have two gods and a pair of goddesses mentioned by name, besides a reference to others. The mythical city of Eridu [*Ēri-dug-ga*, 'the good city'], supposed to be the abode of Ea, was situated beneath the waters of the Persian Gulf ('in the midst of the Abyss'), though its name was reproduced in that of the city which stood where the mounds of Abû Shahrain now mark its site. 'The Holy Mound' (*Tu-azag-ga*) arose in the midst of the mythical Eridu, and probably represented the eastern sky, since in an inscription we are told that the sun rises from it. It reminds us of the Mount Mëru of the Hindus and the Olympus of the Greeks, as the abode of the gods, while the mythical Eridu recalls the Asgardh of our Scandinavian ancestors. Nothing whatever of this kind meets us in Genesis, where the monotheism is pure and lofty, and where a garden and not a 'small city' is the abode of the first human couple, whereas the Accadian myth speaks of the

⁵ Monier Williams, *Sanskrit Dictionary*, new ed. s.v.

* ⁶ *Gylfaginning* IV. (from *Völuspá*, 6).

'assembly of mankind.' If, then, as is very probable, the writer of the second and third chapters of Genesis was acquainted with this Accadian legend, it is evident that he deliberately contradicted it in very important particulars. In order to do so he must have had some other source of information, whether Hebrew tradition or something else. Very certain it is that he did not draw his lofty conception of God from Babylonia.

The second Babylonian account of Creation consists of a narrative or poem which occupied at least five, and probably seven, tablets, each containing over 120 lines. It begins thus :

When⁷ the heavens above had not proclaimed (and) the earth beneath had not mentioned a name, then the primeval abyss was their begetter, Mummu Tiāmat was the 'mother of them all, and their waters were united into one. A field had not yet been marked out, a marsh had not yet been seen. When the gods had not appeared, not one, a name they had not mentioned, destiny they had not fixed : then the gods Ki-[šar and An-šar] were made, the god Lakhnu and the goddess Lakhamu appeared. Until they grew up . . . An-šar and Ki-šar were being made. The days and the ni[ghts] were prolonged. The god Anu his father . . . An-šar the god Anu . . . : the god Anu. . .

Here the tablet breaks off. The greater part of the remainder of the poem relates how the god Anšar sent one after another of the gods to fight with Tiāmat and her hosts, representing the Ocean, but none of them succeeded except Merodach. We are told of a council of the gods, and how they feasted together, drinking wine until they staggered, how they chose Merodach as their champion and sent him forth armed to contest with Tiāmat for the 'Tablets of Destiny.' Having overthrown her, we are told :

Then the lord (*bēlum*) trod down Tiāmat's loins, and with his unsparing battle-axe he cleft the skull. He then cut asunder the veins of her blood, which the north wind carried off to hidden places. . . . He divided the decayed flesh, he made clever works : accordingly he broke her in two like a crushed fish. He made halves of her and shaded over the heavens, he fastened the bolt (or the skin), he appointed a guardian and commanded concerning her waters that he should not let them come forth. He passed through the sky, he viewed the places, and over against the abyss he placed the abode of Nudimmud (ÊA). Then the lord of the abyss measured out creation as the foundation, he found in its likeness a palace Ê-sar-ra ('House of Plenty'). The palace Ê-sar-ra which he made is the heavens. For Anu, Bel, and ÊA he founded their city.* He formed the stations of the great gods, he set up stars in their likeness as constellations. He appointed the year, he marked out its bounds, he set up the twelve months, with three stars each, from the day when the year begins until the limits (thereof). He founded the station of Nibir (Jupiter?) for the purpose of fixing their bounds, so that they might not

⁷ *Cuneiform Texts in the British Museum*, part xiii., plates 1 to 23 inclusive.

* Hesiod has a passage which is almost a poetical version of this (*Theog.* 126-128) :—

Γαῖα δὲ τοὶ πρῶτον μὲν ἐγένετο ἴσον ἑαυτῇ
 Οὐρανὸν ἀσπερόενθ', ἵνα μιν περὶ πάντα καλύπτει,
 ὅφρ' εἴη μακάρεσσι θεοῖς ἔδος ἀσφαλὲς αἰεὶ.

commit transgression, might not wander, any one (of them). He made firm along with it the station of Bel and ÊA. Then he opened great gates at both sides, the bays of the earth, left and right: in her middle (liver) he erected ascents. He made Nannar (the moon-god) bright, to him did he intrust the night: he appointed unto him the government of the night until the dawn of day. 'Prosper thou with thy crown monthly without ceasing: at the beginning of the month rising in the land thou shalt announce the horns unto the dawn of six days: on the seventh day raise thou up (?) the crown.'

This, we are solemnly assured by many critics, is the original source from which was borrowed the first chapter of Genesis (to the middle of chapter ii. 4)!

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon (brooded over) the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

Englishmen have not yet so far forgotten their Bible as to make it necessary to quote the whole passage.

While it is clear that there are certain resemblances between the Hebrew narrative and the Babylonian (as was to be expected from the fact that both are accounts of the creation of the universe), yet it is quite enough to read them both in order to perceive that the differences between them are vital. In the Babylonian legend we have the idea of the original existence of matter, out of which heaven and earth, the deities supernal and infernal, and other things were evolved. The strange story of how the members of Tiamat were utilised by Merodach must denote something of this kind. The Hebrew narrative, in direct opposition to this, begins with the words which so profoundly impressed Longinus in days of old, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' It is worthy of remark that in this respect the Hebrew account differs *toto cælo* from almost all other descriptions of the origin of the universe, whether mythological ones, like those given by Hesiod and Ovid, Manu, the Rig-Veda, and the Eddas, or philosophical, like that of Anaxagoras and other ancient sages. The Bible tells of *creation*; the Babylonian legend might be better described as *cosmogony*, in which even the gods (as in Greek legend) are sprung from heaven and earth. Again, Genesis is absolutely opposed to the polytheism which shows itself so unreservedly in the Babylonian legend. The prominent feature in the latter is the war between Merodach and Tiamat, which reminds us of the contest between Ouranos and the Hundred-handed Giants and Titans, or of that between Zeus and Kronos. It is hardly necessary to say that in Genesis we find absolutely nothing whatever of this sort. On the other hand, the systematic division of creation into groups, and the mention of the seven 'days' of creation, both so noteworthy in the Hebrew narrative, are found there alone, and are clearly foreign to the Babylonian legend. Even in the first verse

of Genesis the conception of God is totally different from, and in a separate plane from, that of the Babylonian deities, male and female, eating and drinking, fighting with material weapons, fearing for their power, and contending for the possession of the 'Tablets of Destiny,' very much as Homer's nectar-and-ambrosia-devouring gods fought around the walls of Troy.

It is not too much to say that, purely on critical grounds, it is impossible to congratulate the Higher Critics on their 'discovery' of the 'source' of the first few chapters of Genesis in the Babylonian Creation Tablets. It would be a much more plausible theory to maintain that Greek mythology had that origin, and in support of that theory it might be stated with perfect truth that the Greek *Ὠγγήρ*, *Ὠγγήρος*, or in its later form *Ὠκεανός*, is derived from the Accadian *uḡin* used in these tablets, as is *ἄβυσσος* from the Babylonian *apsu*, in Accadian written *zu-ab*. Or, again, it would be tempting to suggest that the Indian legend of *Purusha*, the Norse tale of Ymir, and the Chinese myth of Pan-hu were all derived from that of the slaughter of *Tiāmat* and the creation of sky and earth out of her remains. These strange legends are certainly in great measure identical with one another, however we may account for the fact. Again, in the Persian *Maṣnavī* of Maulānā-yi Rūmī we find a line which bears so striking a resemblance to the style of the beginning of the second Babylonian Creation-myth that, were it not for our knowledge that such a thing is impossible, we should be driven to conclude that this Persian poet had actually read these tablets. His words are :

Man ān rūz būdam kih asmā na būd :
Nishān az vujūd musammā nabūd.

(I existed on that day that names existed not : there was not named a trace of existence.)

Such strange coincidences and resemblances should be properly allowed for in considering the question whether, on the ground of much slighter resemblances and in spite of such striking contradictions as exist between the Hebrew and the Babylonian Creation narratives, we are justified in concluding and affirming with certainty that the writer of Genesis borrowed his materials for his account of Creation from ancient Babylonian legends.

W. ST. CLAIR TISDALL.

THE CAMARGUE

NEAR Arles in Provence, and partly in its Commune, the Rhone has accumulated in its bed a vast mass of alluvial matter on which it breaks as on the apex of a triangle, and flowing east and west of it to the sea forms the delta of the Camargia, or Ile de Camargue. Hoffman, writing some 200 years ago in his *Lexicon Universale*, speaks of it as *insula amnica Gall. melius Castra Marianu et Campus Marii*, where the Roman general, Caius Marius, had his camp against the Cimbræ and the Teuton and Tigurian hordes B.C. 125, suggesting that the French title Camargue was derived from the Latin *Caii Marii ager*. The derivation, however, from the Greek κύμαξ, a reed, and ἀγρός, a field, would be sufficiently descriptive of the island to the Gauls before the days of its agricultural development.

This reclaimed land, of about 200,000 acres, is composed of sand, gravel, and mud, with a thick crust of humus, and the eye of the geologist detects the separate contributions to this formation of the rivers Durance and Isère in their course from the Alps, and the Saône from the Vosges, as well as the direct one of the Rhone, which, descending from the Swiss glaciers, collects and carries along the whole burden to its resting-place. The arm of the Rhone, which embraces the island on the east, divides it from the plain of La Crau, described by the traveller, Arthur Young, in 1787, as ‘one of the most singular districts in France for its soil, or, rather, want of soil, being apparently a region of sea flints, yet feeding great herds of sheep.’ On the island itself a stone cannot be found, it is said, even at a considerable depth. The Camargue is interesting in many respects, and deserves to be better known than it is. The average tourist halts at Arles as a matter of course to see its classic remains, its beautiful women, and its bull-fights; but of the Camargue he knows nothing. And yet, if he would shoot or fish, he would find good use for his gun and rod on the island and its lagunes; or if he would paint pictures, no lack of fine subjects of land, water, and sky for a broad brush. He would see there also in their native liberty the wild black bulls which supply the amphitheatres of Nîmes and Arles, and the modern *arènes* of Marseilles and Avignon; the small white horses of wide fame (to which we shall refer more particularly later), and, perhaps, the purest types of Arlésienne beauty.

By the people of the Alpes Maritimes the term *La Petite Afrique* is given to that portion of the French Riviera which lies between Beaulieu and Cap Roux. The title is suggested by the palms, cacti, aloes, and other semi-tropical vegetation which flourish on that sunny shore, and also, perhaps, by the association of the region with the African hordes, generically termed Saracens, who were established near Villefranche as late as the early part of the tenth century. Again, the discoveries of the palæontologist in the same district bring to mind the East, and give colour to the title, for in some of the deposits near Beaulieu and Nice have been found the bones of the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and elephant. To the imagination of the Provençal the Camargue is another little Africa; its bare and arid sands, its vast horizons, its mystic mirage, its wild herds, its mosquitoes and plagues of locusts, its strange birds, its horses, probably of Arab descent, and, we may add, its donkeys (which are an institution in the island), all suggest the great dark continent. In the Camargue, too, the Saracens established themselves until they were driven out in the eighth century by Charles Martel. There are even, perhaps, remains of Moorish architecture near by—to witness, the great square towers which dominate the Roman amphitheatre at Arles. The principal village of the island, Saintes-Maries, on the sea border, much resembles an Eastern town, with its white bare walls, its narrow alleys, and its church of the form of a citadel surrounded by ramparts. Though not the work of the Saracens—for the citadel church was not built until 400 years after their expulsion—its fortress-like character was due to the design of protecting it from the constant attacks of the Moorish pirates of Algiers and Tunis, who sought the base of the delta as a *point d'appui* for their incursions inland. The Camargue is associated in another way with the East. According to a very venerable tradition it was here that Providence landed safe and sound a number of the early Christian disciples who had been cast adrift by the Jews on a dismantled ship, without chart or food, and left to the mercy of the waves. A quaint old French song describes the event with force, if not with tenderness:

Entrez, Sara, dans la nacelle,
Lazare, Marthe et Maximin,
Cléon, Trophime, Saturain,
Les trois Maries et Marcelle,
Entrope et Martial, Sidoine avec Joseph,
Vous périrez dans cette nef.

Allez sans voile, et sans cordage,
Sans mât, sans ancre, sans triton,
Sans aliments, sans aviron,
Allez faire un triste naufrage !
Retirez-vous d'ici, laissez-nous en repos,
Aller crever parmi les flots.

Tradition is often vexing, throwing a flash of light on an obscure place, and withdrawing it just as we begin to see our way, but in this instance it pursues the wanderings of these first Apostles of Gaul long after their delivery from a watery grave. Thus, Mary Magdalene betook herself to the desert of Ste. Baume, there to do penance for her sins; Mary, the mother of James, and Mary Salome, with their servant Sara, after spreading the new faith amongst the people of the Alpines, returned to Camargue and died there, and are the patron saints of the island; Martha, having delivered Tarascon from a terrible dragon, ended her days in a small house on the banks of the Rhone; Lazarus carried the Gospel to Marseilles; Trophimus became the first bishop of Arles, and Joseph of Arimathea travelled as far as England!

Provence has well been called 'la pépinière du reste de la France.' M. Vivien de St. Martin writes: 'It is difficult to-day to find a plant in the flora of the department which is not exotic. The orange, lemon, citron, pomegranate from the shores of Africa; the olive, pistache, jujube, and plane from Syria; the white mulberry from China, the lilac from Persia, the chestnut from Asia, the aloe and cassia from America'—all these are to be seen in the luxuriant gardens of the *mas* or farmsteads of the Camargue. We learn from Humboldt (*Nouvelle Espagne*) that rice was introduced into Europe by the Arabs, probably in the first instance through Spain, and later into France by the Camargue, where it is now grown with success. Large numbers of foreign birds resort to the island, including the African and Arabian partridge, the white mew, the flamingo, the pelican, and it is even said the ibis.

Considered from an economic point of view as a source of wealth, the achievement of this corner of France has been disappointing; however, the efforts of the islanders afford an object lesson in patience and industry as applied to farming and viticulture under prodigious difficulties. Being only some ten feet above sea-level, and considerably below the high floods of the Rhone, the integrity of the Camargue was constantly threatened, and it was liable to frequent inundations, and so could hardly have been seriously cultivated in early times. The Romans in that part of Provence were occupied with other matters than the reclaiming of the Camargue—with building temples, bridges, theatres, aqueducts, triumphal arches and baths at Arles, with designs upon Massilia, for the siege of which Cæsar built twelve ships at this 'Rome of Gaul' (*De Bello Civili*). By the Saracens, whose tenure of the island was an uncertain one, it would be principally used for pasturage. Their position in France was much the same as that of the Spanish in Spain who were driven before the Moorish invaders in the eighth century, being, as Buckle says, 'subject to such incessant surprises and forays on the part of the enemy as to make it advisable that their means of subsistence

should be easily removed.' In other words, both the Spanish in Spain and the Saracens in France were obliged by force of circumstances to be shepherds rather than agriculturists. No serious attempt to cultivate the Camargue could have been made whilst Visigoths, Franks, Ostrogoths, Burgundians and Germans were contending for possession, and securing it in turn, of this part of the country.

In comparatively recent times the French Government, determined to protect the island from the incursions of the river, surrounded it with dikes. These dikes, however, by serving the purpose intended, acted prejudicially to its agricultural value. M. Lenthéric complained in 1881 that the Rhone no longer overflowed the island, no longer washed out the salt from its muddy soil, that the marshes, formerly purified by the river, had become stagnant and pestilential, and that even the climate had suffered by diverting the cool currents of the Rhone. He says, 'Si la Camargue doit devenir jamais le jardin de la Provence et la Hollande de la France, nous sommes encore bien loin du jour où il nous sera possible d'en réaliser les richesses et d'en récolter les fruits.' During the last twenty years, however, great improvements have been made. The dikes remain, and must remain, but canals have been cut in all directions for the irrigation and *dessalement* of the soil; the rich mud of the river has been carried to some portions of the island that formerly were arid and unproductive; and in particular a remarkable stimulus has been given to viticulture. The vines are submerged every winter by the Rhone, and it is alleged that by this artificial irrigation they are protected from the dread phylloxera, and their returns are prolific. In 1885 there were about 8,000 acres of vines, whilst to-day there are over 20,000 acres. M. Louis Rousselet says that 'the yield is often 200 hectolitres per hectare,' which, if correct, is a prolific return indeed! The great wine-growing departments of the Gironde and Côte-d'Or yield an average of twenty hectolitres and seventeen hectolitres of wine respectively per hectare, and according to the statistics of M. Chambrelent the Camargue produces an average of over fifty hectolitres per hectare—that is, some twenty-three hogsheads of wine from rather less than two and a half acres. Nearly two-thirds of the cultivated area of the Camargue are devoted to vines; the remainder produces corn, maize, rice, manna, madder root, &c. The kelp which grows in the marshy section of the island is abundant, and finds a market at Arles and Marseilles, where it is employed in the manufacture of soap and glass, whilst large quantities of iodine are made from the residues.

About 75,000 acres of the Camargue are pasture, and feed in the winter months a quarter of a million sheep. The small white horses of the Camargue, now in number some 2,000 only, wander about the seemingly boundless steppes at full liberty. They are captured from time to time, and used in the island to thresh the

corn. These are supposed to have been first introduced into the Camargue by the Romans, and afterwards by the Saracens. They have distinctly a foreign appearance, recalling the Arab or the Cossack. On the other hand, according to M. Huzard, their origin is much less ancient and goes back only to the *haras libre* formed by the order of Louis the Fifteenth. It is difficult to reconcile this with the fact that the Camisards, upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, early in the eighteenth century, used the horses of the Camargue in their guerilla warfare against Louis the Fourteenth. 'Whatever their origin, whether foreign or native, the horses of the Camargue to-day are the product almost exclusively of the influences of the environment in which they have propagated from time immemorial.' The bishop of Senes, writing in 1600, in his *Fleurs de la Camargue*, says that at that time there were some 4,000 mares in the island, from which it would appear that these animals must have had a considerable commercial value in his day. M. Gayot describes the horse of the Camargue as small, agile, good-tempered, spirited, courageous, and capable of abstaining for a long time from food, and of resisting great variations of temperature. 'Il se reproduit toujours le même, malgré l'état de détresse dans lequel le retiennent l'oubli et l'incurie.' These qualities should assure the race a long life. In the opinion of Professor Magne the horse of the Camargue must live in a wild state; and the first effect of the great transformation that is going on for improving the sanitation of the island will be the disappearance of its horses.

One would suppose that these hardy little animals would be admirably adapted for the farmer in South Africa, where they would not be pampered, and might be allowed a large measure of freedom.

The garden of Provence, that is to say the Riviera between Hyères and Nice, has been called 'the true paradisè of the troubadours.' It is easy to believe that the physical influences of that smiling region, the warm and impressionable temperament of its people, their love of music and romance, and, withal, their religious fervour, were favourable to the evolution of the troubadour in the days of adventure and chivalry. But these poets of the Middle Ages found, in an environment less favoured by Nature than the Riviera, a hospitality no less generous to their muse. Every part of Provence, Languedoc, and Aquitaine testifies to this. Without naming the *trouvères* speaking the *langue d'oïl* (the troubadours of the North), the verse of Raynols, Ogiers, Magrat and Folquet of the school of Vienne, Bernard de Ventadour of Limousin, Pierre Vidal of Toulouse and many others, not only found inspiration far from the fragrance of the perfumed hills of Les Maures in the Var, but perhaps acquired from the more bracing influence of their surroundings a virility lacking in the compositions of the bards in southern Provence.

The Provençal poets of the present day who have been crowned

at the *Jeux Floraux* and *Fêtes Félibres*, and whose fame has travelled beyond their own country, are natives of the district round about the Camargue. We refer to Roumanille, Aubanel, and Mistral, whose visions have come to them under the shadow of the naked slopes of the Alpines, in the deserts of St. Remy, the pestilential plains of Aigues Mortes, and amongst the ruins of Tarascon; who have found music in the winds of Avignon (*Avenio fastidiosa*), and sermons in the stones of La Crau. M. Mistral speaks of the 'sombre barren Crau, to the twelve winds open—the mute, the desolated,' and yet this same country and the neighbouring Camargue, where the aspect of Nature is often sad and sometimes severe, has had a message for him: it is hence that the poet has drawn inspiration for his *chef-d'œuvre*, *Mirïo*. We are indebted to an able translation from the Provençal of that beautiful poem, published at Avignon in 1867, for a description of the wilderness of the Camargue:

A plain immense,
Savannas that present no limit
But the horizon; marshes, bitter prairies
Where, luxuriating in the briny air,
Black oxen and white horses freely roam.
For only vegetation at rare intervals—
Some tamarisks, sodas, shuvegrass,
Golden-herb and salicornes; at times
A sea-gull; or a long-legged hermit,
Casting as he flies across the ponds
His shadow; or a red-legged chevalier,
Or horn with a fierce look, that proudly erect,
Its crest of three white plumes composed.
The sun,
Now rising to his zenith, glares
Feroceously, and like an Abyssinian lion,
Ravenous for food, devours the desert
With a look.

That the beauty of the women of the Camargue is not of French type, nor Spanish, nor Italian, nor Basque, is certain. Is it Greek? So good an authority as M. Lenthéric replies to this in the affirmative. We ask, simply, is it a pure type at all? The consideration, however, of this interesting question is beyond the scope of this paper, but we may say briefly that type is preserved only in products of simple race-compounds, and disappears altogether when they become very complex—or, that out of complex compounds new types are formed. The beauty of the Arlésienne is the product of the fusion of many types, and is a type of its own. As the soil in which it has been evolved has nurtured a larger variety of the fruits and flowers of foreign lands than any other soil, so, in no part of France has there been such a fusion of racial types as in the region of this little Africa.

THE MACARONIS

TIME, which so easily dims the remembrance even of the great facts of history, speedily smothered its minor incidents in oblivion, and the fame of the Macaronis has bowed to the inexorable law. The jingle which tells of Yankee Doodle's journey to town, if it still lingers in our nurseries, is almost the only record of them which survives; and their very title retains so little of its old significance that it has been mistaken for a pet name for Italian Rentes. But some hundred and thirty years ago they were on the top of the tide. Everything fashionable was 'à la Macaroni.' There were the Turf Macaronis, the Parade Macaronis, Macaroni Dancing Masters, and, somewhat strangely, Macaroni scholars and Grub Street Macaronis. Even the pulpit was invaded by their influence, and the clergy had their wigs combed, their hair cut, and their delivery refined 'à la Macaroni.' The epilogue to a play entitled *The Macaroni*, which appeared in 1773, contains these lines:

The world's so Macarony'd grown of late,
That common mortals now are out of date;
No single class of men their merit claim,
Or high, or low, in faith 'tis all the same.

The interest, however, which these Macaronis excited was not all admiration, and the press of the day indulged in the most venomous attacks upon them. In an 'Apostrophe to Fashion' appearing in the *Universal Magazine* of June 1772 the writer exclaims:

Man is thine, and woman too: the world is thine. . . Nor least, though last, that taper, trim, two-legged Bagatelle, that soft-fac'd, soft-hearted thing, with a great head and nothing in it, thy well-beloved Macaroni. For thee he dances, dresses, ogles, limps; for thee he straddles upon tip-toe, lisp like a sempstress, skips upon carpets, and ambles round ladies' knees; for thee he quits his manhood, and is that amphibious, despicable thing that we see him. •

The October number of the same year contains an article entitled 'A New Description of a Macaroni.' The description is not remarkable for its novelty, as it merely reiterates the current abuse; but if it lacks originality it is not wanting in bitterness.

After some physiological speculations on the Macaroni's origin,

which can hardly be reproduced, and an attack on his dress, the writer proceeds to deal with his manners, which

are still more strange than his dress. He is the sworn foe of all learning, and even sets simple orthography at defiance; for all learned fellows who can spell and write sense are either queer dogs or poor rogues, both which he hates mortally. They are even with him.

He is also a mass of affectation.

If you see him at the theatre, he will scarcely wink without his opera glass, which he will thrust into a Lady's face, and then simper, and be 'pruddigissly entertained' with her confusion. He laughs at religion, because it is too rational a pleasure for him to conceive: he hates it therefore as much as he hates fighting. . . . He hates all drinking—except tea, capillaire, and posset; and detests those rude nasty fellows, who drink the generous grape, or swallow punch, or the fumes of tobacco. In short he loves nobody but himself; and by nobody, except himself, is he beloved.

Though the animus which breathes through this otherwise rather feeble tirade detracts from its value as testimony, it probably represents fairly well the middle-class opinion of the day, which regarded the Macaroni as an unmanly and fantastic eccentricity, deficient alike in physical and mental vigour.

But, however despicable the later development of the Macaroni may have been, the original Macaroni was of a very different type. To appreciate this we must go back a few years. Most of the coffee and chocolate houses—some 2,000 in number—which flourished in London in the early part of the eighteenth century, had become, before the middle of the century, resorts for gambling. Many of them had a sort of recognised *clientèle*, professional or otherwise, but their entrance charge being cheap, usually a penny, bad characters of all kinds could easily gain admittance. White's Chocolate House in St. James's Street was at this time the recognised meeting place for the aristocracy and men of fashion, and aimed at a certain exclusiveness. Its entrance charge was sixpence, and, by an unwritten law, tobacco was only permitted within its precincts in the form of snuff. If any ignorant visitor called for a pipe he was soon made aware of his mistake by the sneers of the company and the scorn of the very waiters. But neither its higher charge nor the superior refinement of its society availed to exclude the undesirable characters who were attracted by its high play. Accordingly, after a time, the *élite* of its frequenters formed themselves into a private club which met at the Chocolate House, but in some rooms set apart for them, to which the public was not admitted. This was the earliest beginning of the club movement, which soon developed so rapidly; for after a time the public was excluded from the premises altogether, and White's Chocolate House became White's Club. The exact date of this transformation is uncertain, but it was at some time previous to

1736. All the leading men of the day joined it, and, so great was the competition for membership, that about 1740 a 'Young White's' was formed to relieve the pressure.

By this time the high play at White's had become notorious. Mrs. Delany, in her correspondence, speaks of it as 'a pit of destruction.' 'Young White's' was a chip of the old block in this respect, and about 1760 the gambling at the two clubs was tremendous. Soon after this, apparently under some indirect pressure from George the Third, the high play at both clubs came to an end. The gambling of their members, however, by no means succumbed to this reform; it merely shifted its quarters. For in 1764 a Scotchman named Macall formed a club, under the patronage of twenty-seven leading men of fashion, to supply the want. This club, which he called 'Almack's'—a sort of inversion of his own name—had premises at 5 Pall Mall, and was speedily thronged with the gamblers of society.

It also attracted some men of a very different stamp. Gibbon, Hume, and Garrick were among its members. Gibbon says of it that 'the style of living, though *somewhat* expensive, is exceedingly pleasant, and, notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertainment and rational society here than in any other club to which I belong.' This testimony to the intellectual attractions of Almack's is valuable as coming from Gibbon, who combined with literature and learning rather a pretty taste in fashionable clubs. He belonged to the Cocoa Tree, the Romans and Boodle's, as well as to Almack's, and in his younger days had himself sown an unpretentious little crop of wild oats. He was consequently able to balance its virtues and its vices from the commanding position of a man who has tried both. But indeed it is clear from other sources that, notwithstanding its high play, Almack's was not merely a gang of gamblers. It was an assemblage which presented some startling and piquant contrasts. Wealth, rank, and fashion no doubt led the revel, with all the vices and foibles of the day in their train; but intellect and culture were also represented there, and not only represented but honoured. And in the midst of it all there arose a sort of inner society in which these various elements were combined. The members of this circle, being mostly young, indulged without restraint in every fashionable extravagance and foppery which caught their fancy. They lived to the full the life which they found around them, but their ideas were not limited to mere dissipation. Foreign travel was imposed as one of the conditions of membership; many of them were active politicians; and many were also distinguished by literary tastes and attainments. These were the original Macaronis of 1764; and so prominently did they come to the front, that Almack's soon became practically identified with them, and got to be known as the 'Macaroni Club.' Walpole, writing on the 6th of

February, 1764, alludes to Almack's as 'the Macaroni Club (which is composed of all the travelled young men who wear long curls and spying glasses).' So popular did Almack's become that it threatened to drain White's of its members. Walpole writes to George Montagu on the 16th of December, 1764: 'Then for the mornings you have levees and drawing rooms without end. Not to mention the Macaroni club, which has quite absorbed Arthur's; for you know old fools will hobble after young ones.' White's is often spoken of about this time as 'Arthur's'; one Arthur having acquired the lease of the premises in 1730.

It will be seen, therefore, that the original Macaronis—whose name was due to their actual or supposed introduction of the dish into England¹—differed *toto cælo* from those depicted in the *Universal Magazine*. They were drawn from an altogether different class, and had different aims and ideals. Indeed, to take a single brilliant instance, their leading spirit was no 'soft-fac'd, soft-hearted thing,' no physical or mental weakling, no effeminate loungeur or coward, but Charles James Fox.²

But, hark! the voice of battle shouts from far,
The Jews and Macaronis are at war;
The Jews prevail, and thund'ring from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox.

Mason's Heroic Epistle.

The Jews had undoubtedly a grievance against him, for his liabilities to them were enormous, and his indifference to obligations of this kind was one of the worst features of his character. His outer room was so haunted by creditors of this nationality that he used to call it 'the Jerusalem Chamber.' He would borrow at last from the club waiters and the chairmen in St. James's Street, and his personal friends were severely victimised in the same manner. It is impossible here to do more than touch on the social career of this remarkable man. Born in 1749, he was introduced to the gaming table at the age of fourteen, and while still at Eton. This occurred—incredible as it sounds—under the direct encouragement of his father, Lord Holland, who took him in May 1763 to the tables of Spa and other places on the Continent. After four months, however, at his own

¹ This is the explanation usually given, but I am inclined to think that the nickname may have been imported from Italy. Half a century earlier, Addison, in the *Spectator* (24th April, 1711) speaks of 'those contemporaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed "Pickled Herrings"; in France, "Jean Pottages"; in Italy, "Maccaronies."'

² The following is a list of the original twenty-seven members of Almack's: the Duke of Roxburghe, the Earl of Strathmore, Lord Montagu, Mr. Robinson, Mr. (J.) Crewe, Mr. Boothby, Mr. Stewart Shawe, Mr. Crauford, Mr. Penton, the Marquis of Tavistock, Mr. Milles, Mr. Smith, Lord Torrington, the Duke of Portland, Mr. Mytton, Sir G. Macartney, Mr. James, Mr. Fox (not Charles), Mr. Codrington, Mr. Southwell, Mr. Wynne, Mr. Lockhart, the Duke of Gordon, Lord William Gordon, Mr. Pennant, Mr. Crowle, Mr. Bouverie.

desire, he went back to Eton, and shortly afterwards received a practical reminder of his return *in statum pupillarem* in the shape of a sound flogging from Dr. Barnard. In 1765 he was elected at Almack's. In 1767 he again visited the Continent, and incurred debts, it was said, to the amount of 16,000*l.* in Naples alone. He was returned for Midhurst in 1768, before he was twenty years old, and rapidly rose to political prominence. With his politics we are not here concerned, but he was equally conspicuous in social life. He became one of the leaders of the fashionable world, 'the meteor of these days,' as Walpole calls him: 'the hero in Parliament, at the gaming table, and at Newmarket.' In later years he seems to have headed a crusade against dress. Wraxall treats the subject with a solemnity that is almost pathetic. Speaking of the period between 1777 and 1792, he says: 'Mr. Fox and his friends, who might be said to dictate to the Town, affecting a style of neglect about their persons, and manifesting a contempt of all the usages hitherto established, first threw a sort of discredit on dress. From the House of Commons and the clubs in St. James's Street, the Contagion spread through the private Assemblies of London.'

This affectation of simplicity in dress, which was partly intended by Fox to be an advertisement of his Republican sympathies, he seems to have pushed to the length of personal uncleanness. We hear of informal gatherings at his rooms, when he rose (late enough) in the morning, at which he would address his followers, with 'his bristly black person, rarely purified by any ablutions, wrapped in a foul linen night gown.' Selwyn, too, writing in May 1781, says, evidently as a matter for surprise: 'I saw Charles to-day in a new hat, frock, waistcoat, shirt, and stockings; he was as clean and smug as a gentleman.' But in his Macaroni days he shared with Lord Carlisle (Frederick, fifth Earl) the reputation of being the best dressed man in London.

He's exceedingly curious in coats and in frocks.
So the tailor's a pigeon to this Mr. Fox.

He seems indeed to have been responsible for one of the most striking peculiarities of the Macaroni costume. *The Macaroni and Theatrical Magazine* for January 1773 contains a sort of Appreciation of him, under the title of 'The Senatorial Macaroni.' In this we are told that 'To him the Macaroni world are indebted for many improvements in the article of dress, particularly to the renovation of that fashion laid aside since the beginning of the present century—red-heeled shoes: C——s, appearing in these on a Birth-night about three years ago, brought them into fashion.'

As a scholar, an orator, and a linguist, he stood in the front rank; and to his 'amazing abilities,' as Walpole calls them, he added an exceptional power of concentration, having a propensity to labour

at excellence even in his amusements.' Carlisle says of him (the 12th of July, 1772): 'I believe there never was a person yet created who had the faculty of reasoning like him. His judgments are never wrong; his decision is formed quicker than any man's I ever conversed with; and he never seems to mistake but in his own affairs.' He adds later: 'I sometimes am determined never to think about Charles's affairs, or his conduct about them; for they are like religion, the more one thinks the more one is puzzled.'

He was, indeed, a puzzle to all his friends. George Selwyn writes of him, 'Son caractère, son génie, et sa conduite sont également extraordinaires et m'est incompréhensibles.' Having regard to his unpardonable neglect of his pecuniary obligations, it may seem sufficiently incomprehensible that in 1781, when this was written, he should have had any friends left to puzzle. Most of them had paid toll to his necessities, and Carlisle was for some time seriously hampered by them. Lord Holland, who died on the 1st of July, 1774, left 154,000*l.* for the payment of his debts, but even this huge sum proved only a temporary assistance. His bad luck, made conspicuous by the magnitude of his losses, was proverbial.

- At Almack's, of pigeons I'm told there are flocks,
But it's thought the completest is one Mr. Fox.
If he touches a card, if he rattles a box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.

This persistently adverse fortune seems to have given rise to a suspicion of foul play; and in 1823 Lord Egremont told Lord John Russell that he was convinced that there had been a confederacy amongst the gamblers of Fox's youth, whereby he had been actually duped and cheated. But however this may be, Fox's own reputation undoubtedly suffered from his disregard of his creditors. Walpole writes on the 13th of July, 1773, to Sir Horace Mann: 'The Macaronis are at their *ne plus ultra*; Charles Fox is already so like Julius Cæsar that he owes an hundred thousand pounds. Lord Carlisle pays fifteen hundred and Mr. Crewe twelve hundred a year for him—literally for him, being bound for him, while he, as like Brutus as Cæsar, is indifferent about such paltry matters.' And again, in a letter to Lord Nuneham of the 6th of December, 1773, 'Lord Holland has given Charles Fox a draught of an hundred thousand pounds, and it pays all his debts but a trifle of thirty thousand pounds, and those of Lord Carlisle, Crewe, and Foley, who, being only friends, not Jews, may wait.'

Selwyn grows very indignant at Fox's treatment of Carlisle, and even Carlisle's forbearance breaks down when he finds that his claims are about to be ignored in the settlement of Fox's liabilities. But, for all this, Fox was a universal favourite in society. The intemperance and invective which he imported into politics, to the disgust

even of his own followers, never entered into his private life, where the charm of his manner was irresistible. Being a great-great-grandson of Charles II., it is possible that his sunny disposition may have come to him from his royal ancestor, as well as the *damnosa hereditas* of his recklessness and profligacy. Madame du Deffand observed of him: 'Il n'a pas un mauvais cœur, mais il n'a nul espèce de principes, et il regarde avec pitié tous ceux qui en ont. . . . Je lui aurai paru une plate moraliste' (fancy Madame du Deffand crowned with this reproach), 'et lui il m'a paru un sublime extravagant.' The description, if somewhat severe, was substantially true. Women, play, and politics were, as his friend Boothby declared, the three passions of his life, and with regard to them all he was 'un sublime extravagant.' But, as his critic admitted, he had no bad heart. He 'rated friendship very highly among his goods of life,' and, in his perverse way, was devoted to his friends. Serenely indifferent to his own mishaps, he was easily affected by those of others, and he could hardly listen unmoved to any tale of woe—except from a creditor. His iron constitution carried him untouched through trials of endurance under which ordinary men would have broken down. Gibbon, writing to Lord Sheffield (8th February, 1772) in reference to the debate on a Bill for relieving clergymen from the necessity of subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles, observes: 'By the by C. F. [Charles Fox] prepared himself for that holy war by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of Hazard; his devotions cost him only about five hundred pounds an hour—in all eleven thousand pounds.'

But his dissipations did not quench some wholesome outdoor tastes, though his bulk must have interfered a good deal with his pursuit of them. He was a cricketer, though he describes himself as an indifferent player, and he used to hunt, in spite of the difficulty of getting properly mounted.

He delights much in hunting, though fat as an ox;
I pity the horses of this Mr. Fox.

They are probably most of them lame in the hocks,
Such a heavy-made fellow is this Mr. Fox.

The last years of his turbulent life were probably his happiest. In 1795 he married a beautiful Mrs. Armstead, who had been for many years his mistress, and lived with her in perfect happiness till his death in 1806. On his fiftieth birthday (24th January, 1799) he presented her with the following verses:

Of years I have now half a century past,
And none of the fifty so blest as the last.
Now it happens my troubles thus daily should cease,
And my happiness thus with my years should increase.
This defiance of Nature's more general laws
You alone can explain who alone are the cause.

Almost to the last his constitution retained its powers. Creevey writes on the 11th of May, 1803 :

I supped last night with Fox at Mrs. Bouverie's . . . There were there Grey, Whitbread, Lord Lauderdale, Fitzpatrick, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord John Townshend, and your humble servant. . . . You would be perfectly astonished at the vigour of body, the energy of mind, the innocent playfulness and happiness of Fox. The contrast between him and his old associates is the most marvellous thing I ever saw, they having all the air of shattered debauchees, of passing gaming, drinking, sleepless nights, whereas the old leader of the gang might really pass for the pattern and the effect of domestic good order.

I have dwelt at some length on Fox's characteristics in order to point the contrast between the earlier and later Macaronis. None of the former present so striking a figure as Fox, but they were mostly fashioned on the same lines. Like him, they were gamblers almost to a man. In this respect, however, they only conformed to a fashion, which though they helped to lead, had already been set them by an earlier generation, and was rapidly penetrating every rank of society. Bets were made, as the records of White's Club show, on every conceivable subject. Walpole writes to Mann (11th March, 1770) : ' I protest they are such an impious set of people [at White's] that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound they would bet Puppet-show against Judgment.'

In the seventies a special costume for play was adopted, which is described by Walpole in his *Last Journals* on the 6th of February, 1772 :

As the gaming and extravagance of the young men of quality was arrived now at a pitch never heard of, it is worth while to give some account of it. They had a club at one Almack's, in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaus of £50 each rouleau ; and generally there was £10,000 in specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid £20,000 for his two sons. Nor were the manners of the gamblers, or even their dresses for play, undeserving notice.

They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes and put on frieze great coats; or turned their coats inside outwards for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as worn by footmen when they clean the knives) to save their lace ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at Quinze. Each gambler had a small neat stand by him with a large rim, to hold his tea, or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu to hold their rouleaus.

The costume seems quaint enough, but it had its purposes. Many of them are obvious; and if the flowers and ribbons seem rather out of harmony with their environment, the high straw hat would be a necessity for the Macaroni coiffure of the day. We have already heard of the 'long curls' of the early Macaronis, but the huge hair structures of the seventies were not in vogue in 1764.

Five pounds of hair they wear behind,
The ladies to delight, O;
Their senses give unto the wind,
'To make themselves a fright, O.

This evidently refers to some period not later than 1772, when the Macaroni wore his hair, natural and otherwise, in an immense knot behind. But about 1772 the fashion was changed to a pinnacle of hair on the top of the head; and this no doubt necessitated the high straw hat. So far as can be judged from the caricatures and press of the period the dress of the later Macaronis embodied a principle of extravagant contrasts; an enormous coiffure surmounted by a diminutive cocked hat, tightly cut clothes with a large tasselled walking stick, small shoes, and a big bouquet. The bouquet was a feature of the Macaroni outfit almost from the beginning. Carlisle alludes to it about 1768. Its vast size however seems to have been a later growth. *Apropos* of this, Walpole writes on the 3rd of September, 1773: 'Lord Nuneham's garden is the quintessence of nosegays, I wonder some Macaroni does not offer ten thousand pounds for it.' And absurdities of this kind were quite in keeping with the extravagances in all directions which marked the later days, at any rate, of the Macaronis. Walpole has an amusing hit at these. Speaking of a violent thunderstorm which occurred suddenly in March 1772, he says: 'I cannot but think that it was raised in a hot house, by order of the Macaronis, who *will* have everything before the season.'

But so far as the early Macaronis are concerned, their dress, though perhaps over-elaborate, does not seem to have been fantastic or grotesque. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of March 1770 waxes enthusiastic over a fancy dress worn by Carlisle at the famous Mrs. Cornelys's, adding that it 'shows that the universal opinion of the wearer's superior taste of dress of any kind has its foundations in truth.'

Moreover there was a good deal in the original Macaronis to redeem their follies. The travel on which they insisted was a humanising influence, and was unquestionably a reality. In those days of heavy postage rates travellers were much utilised as informal postmen; and the Macaronis were in great request for this purpose. When George Selwyn was on one of his frequent visits to Paris, Gilly Williams writes (12th December, 1764) to complain of his silence: 'I find, my dear George, if neither Macaronis nor French are on the road our correspondence stops, so unwilling are you to put me to sixpence charge, when I assure you I would expend a much larger sum to hear you was well.' A few years later Carlisle, writing from Paris to George Selwyn (7th December, 1768) says: 'Mrs. Pitt and Miss Floyd left us this morning. I have charged them to puff the spring exportation of Macaronis; we shall come in with the nosegays.'

It is possible, however, that the Macaroni wanderings were not always very extensive, and that their travel was rather a social than a scientific pursuit. Carlisle, Fox, Crauford, and some others went further afield; but the goal of a good many of them seems to have been Paris. Under the conditions of the day this was natural enough.

As far back as the times of Elizabeth and James the First there was a good deal of social intercourse between the upper classes of England and France ; and though this had been interrupted, wholly or partially, till well into the eighteenth century, it was completely re-established in the reign of George the Third. The cordiality of this *entente* was rather remarkable. 'George Selwyn is returned from Paris,' writes Walpole on the 30th of November, 1772. 'He says our passion for everything French is nothing to theirs for everything English.' Selwyn himself was a *persona gratissima* in the French capital, being intimate with all the distinguished people there, and a great favourite with Louis the Fifteenth.' In 1763 'the rage of going to Paris' began to attract the attention of the newspapers, who nicknamed it 'the French disease.' Walpole was rather inclined to laugh at it. He used to tell the French they had adopted the two dullest things that England possessed—Whist and Richardson's novels. In the end, however, he followed the fashion himself, and though it took him a full year—September 1764 to September 1765—to tear himself from his beloved Strawberry for a visit to Paris, he enjoyed himself hugely when he got there. Indeed at that time Parisian society was far more brilliant than that of London, by reason of the larger opportunities which it offered to clever women. London, it is true, made some efforts in this direction, as represented by the *salons* of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Thrale, and others ; but none of these would bear comparison with the brilliant literary assemblies of Paris. To men like Walpole and Selwyn these were naturally attractive ; and though the Macaronis belonged to a younger generation,³ many of them shared the cultivated and artistic tastes of their elder associates. As the Macaronis degenerated, this pleasant intercourse died away. The majority of those who poured into Paris in the later days had no claim to be admitted into French society, and threw away any chance of winning their way into it by their open disregard of its conventions. They simply became the laughing-stocks of the *petits maîtres*, and the victims of the lively ladies of the Parisian stage, who used to call the summer months *la récolte des Jack-Roast-Bees*.

The last years of the 'sixties saw the best of the Macaronis. They were then a comparatively small and select society, whose members were, on the whole, men of more than average attainments. Carlisle was a poet and a playwright ; and though his rank no doubt contributed to his advancement, he could not have filled a succession of important political posts without decent talents to support his position. Socially he was a charming figure, handsome, witty, and polished, intelligent and self-possessed. Like many of his contemporaries, from George the Third downwards, he was in love at one time with the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox ; but after his marriage in March

³ Horace Walpole was born in 1717 and George Selwyn in 1719.

1770 with Lady Caroline Leveson-Gower, he became a devoted husband and father. The only clouds on his early married life were the pressure of his losses at play, and his struggles—finally successful—to break away from the attractions of the gaming-table.

He had also a wholesome taste for sport and exercise, and rallies Selwyn on the difference between their habits. Writing from Spa he says, 'I rise at six; am on horseback till breakfast; play at cricket till dinner; and dance in the evening till I can scarce crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you. You get up at nine; play with Raton [a dog] till twelve in your night-gown; then creep down to White's to abuse Fanshaw.'

We also hear of him shooting and hunting, and playing tennis till his hand trembles. This was after a game with Colonel Henry St. John, called 'the Baptist' by his intimates. St. John combined with the tastes of a Macaroni a prodigious appetite for reading, as is shown by the formidable list of books which he commissions from Selwyn on the 21st of November, 1766. He was Groom of the Bedchamber to George the Third, and sat as member for Wootton Bassett. He became a member of Almack's in 1764. His brother John, who was elected at Almack's in 1769, has been described as a typical Macaroni. He was rather a successful playwright, and a poet. Selwyn says of him that he 'uses Helicon as habitually as others do a cold bath.' Like many of the original Macaronis he was a busy politician, and sat for some years as member for Eye.

But the strangest tribute to Macaronidom was offered by his elder brother Frederick, second Viscount Bolingbroke, familiarly known as 'Bully,' who joined Almack's in 1764. He writes this curious letter to Selwyn in Paris :

I will tell you of one [a reformation] that has happened in private life. Lord Bolingbroke is more like a gentleman than he has latterly been, and mixes more in the polite world . . . and as Lord B. much admires the taste and elegance of Colonel St. John's Parisian clothes he wishes Mr. Selwyn would order le Duc to make him a suit of plain velvet. By plain, is meant without gold or silver; as to the colours, pattern, and design of it, he relies upon Mr. Selwyn's taste. A small pattern seems to be the reigning taste among the Macaronis at Almack's, and is therefore what Lord B. desires. Le Duc, however, must be desired to make the clothes bigger than the generality of Macaronis, as Lord B.'s shoulders have lately grown very broad. As to the smallness of the sleeves and the length of the waist, Lord B. desires them to be *outré*, that he may exceed any Macaronis now about town, and become the object of their envy.

'Bully,' however, seems to have been rather a weak vessel generally, and for some time his domestic troubles weighed upon his mind. In 1757 he had married the beautiful and talented Lady Diana Spencer. She was altogether his intellectual superior, and the marriage was not a happy one. According to Boswell he ill-treated her, but it is certain that she was unfaithful to him, and he obtained a divorce from her on the 10th of March, 1768. Two days later she married Topham

Beauclerk, a grandson of the first Duke of St. Albans, and one of the most brilliant of the early Macaronis. He became a member of Almack's in 1764. He was a universal favourite, and completely won his way even to the rugged heart of the great Johnson, to whom he was introduced by Bennet Langton. After his first surprise that Langton should associate with such a loose character, the Doctor yielded to the fascination of a man gifted 'with so ardent a care of literature, so acute an understanding, and such elegance of manners.' Well might Garrick exclaim, 'What a coalition! I shall have my old friend to bail out of the Round House.' But, notwithstanding a certain amount of friction, this strange friendship remained unbroken till Beauclerk's death in March 1780.

Among other prominent members of the original Macaroni group may be mentioned Richard Fitzpatrick (elected at Almack's in 1766), the bosom friend of Fox, and his associate in all his excesses. In 1781 the two friends tried to restore their fallen fortunes by starting a Pharo bank at Brooks's. This was conducted in such a manner as to become a public scandal; but it was very profitable to the bankers. Fitzpatrick retired from it with 100,000*l.*, and, more prudent than Fox, never played again. He sat for Tavistock in 1780, and was subsequently a successful Secretary of War. He was a handsome and gallant soldier, and in his lighter hours something of a poet. So fine were his manners that the Duke of Queensberry left him an annuity, as a substantial tribute to their charm; and he belonged to the brilliant circle which gathered round George the Fourth in his earlier years. James Hare and Anthony Morris Storer, both elected at Almack's in 1771, were Eton friends of Fox and Carlisle. Hare's nickname, 'the Hare with many friends,' speaks by itself of his popularity in society. As a boy he was considered more brilliant than Fox, even by Fox himself, and Wraxall remarks of him in later life, that 'Socially, for ingenuity, classical discrimination and sound judgment, Hare was almost unrivalled.' Storer and Carlisle were known at Eton as Orestes and Pylades, and Storer accompanied Carlisle on his mission to America in 1778. He was a very Crichton in the versatility of his accomplishments. In conversation and literary knowledge, as a musician, a gymnast, a skater, and a dancer, he was in the front rank; and the library which he bequeathed to his old school is a solid proof of his cultivated tastes. He, too, was a gambler, and we hear through Selwyn of his 'losing, like a simple boy, his money at Charles's and Richard's [Fitzpatrick] damned Pharo bank.' James Crauford, 'le petit Crauford' of Madame du Deffand, must have been rather a trying little creature. From his insatiable curiosity he was called 'the Fish,' and in spite of his cleverness seems to have been rather tolerated than liked. He was vain, jealous, and rather exacting. Selwyn writes of him (19th December, 1775): 'I think verily he grows more tiresome every day, and everybody's patience is *à bout*, except

Smith's and Sir George's.' Walpole, writing to Lady Ossory on the 11th of June, 1773, says, 'I have asked Mr. Crauford to meet you, but begged he would refuse me, that I might be sure of his coming.' He was, however, a friend of Voltaire's, and rather a favourite with Madame du Deffand. The only man expressly described as a Macaroni by Walpole does not seem to have had a particularly distinguished career. 'Lady Falkener's daughter,' he writes (27th May, 1764), 'is to be married to a young, rich Mr. Crewe, a Macarone, and one of our Loo.' This was the Crewe who joined with Carlisle in supporting Fox's pecuniary burdens; and if not otherwise a celebrity himself, he shone to some extent in the reflected glories of his wife. For Mrs. Crewe became a fashionable beauty. She and her sister, Mrs. Bouverie, also a beauty, were painted together as shepherdesses by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The notorious Duke of Queensberry, whose memory as 'Old Q.' still survives, is often associated with the Macaronis; but he was nearly a generation older than Fox and his contemporaries, and his type was rather that of the later Beaux. •

The responsibilities of a member of Parliament in the eighteenth century were, of course, less onerous than they are at the present day; but a large number of the original Macaronis seem to have gone into Parliamentary life. Gilly Williams writes to George Selwyn on the eve of an election, 'We are full at White's, but the Macaronis are all at their respective boroughs.' To a certain extent also the Macaronis gave expression to the reviving taste for things artistic, which had languished sadly under the first two Georges. The opera in those days had a severe struggle for existence in England, and had usually to be subsidised by private individuals or societies. Walpole observes in 1759 that 'politics are the only hot bed for keeping such a tender plant as Italian music alive in England.' Operatic music, moreover, was challenged by the rival art of dancing, and in 1771 dancing seems clearly to have been in the ascendent. The Macaronis followed the stream, and supported the prevailing theatrical taste in art. In 1773 a Mademoiselle Heinel appeared at the Opera House, as a dancer 'whose grace and execution were so perfect as to eclipse all other excellence.' She received a salary of 600*l.* a year from the management, 'and was complimented with a *regallo* of six hundred more from the Macaroni Club.'

Ye travelled tribe, ye Macaroni train,
Of French *friseurs* and nosegays justly vain;
Who take a trip to Paris once a year
To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here;
Lend me your hands—O fatal news to tell,
Their hands are only lent to the Heinel!

These lines appear in an intended epilogue to *She Stoops to Conquer*, which was first produced on the 15th of March, 1773.

The Macaronis, moreover, were something more than *arbitri*
Vol. LVIII—No. 342 U

elegantiarum, for they appear to have been regarded as a sort of informal tribunal which might take cognisance of gross offences against courtesy or good manners. In 1768 Temple Luttrell published some outrageous verses on Lady Isabella Stanhope; in reference to which Carlisle writes to Selwyn, 'I do not think you wanted old boars in your house, that such young pigs as Mr. Luttrell should begin to torment you. What an infamous copy of verses were in the papers upon Lady B. Stanhope. Why do not the Macaronis exert themselves upon such occasions?' The expression 'boars' recalls another claim sometimes made on behalf of the Macaronis. They are supposed to have invented the use of the word 'bore,' or 'boar,' in our modern sense. Whether this be so or not, it is evident from the letters of Gilly Williams, Lord March, Henry St. John, Carlisle, Lord Grantham, and others, that the word was a new piece of slang about 1766-7, as it is invariably italicised by the writers.

It will now be seen how widely the original Macaronis were removed from the anæmic monstrosities who figured in the Press of the 'seventies. But even in the early days there were Macaronis of the baser sort, whose lives were wholly devoted to gambling, dissipation and extravagance generally. Lord Foley and his brother may be taken as specimens of this class. One of them was obliged to cross the Channel hurriedly to escape his liabilities in England; upon which Selwyn observed that this was a Passover not much relished by the Jews. Walpole, writing to Mann about the two Foleys in 1776, says that they 'have borrowed money so extravagantly, that the interest they have contracted to pay amounts to eighteen thousand pounds a year. I write the sum at length, lest you should think I have mistaken, and set down two or three figures too much.'

But in 1776 the degeneracy of the Macaronis had distinctly set in. The name was no longer confined to a select circle, but was beginning to be applied generally to a host of imitators in the lower ranks of society, in whom the follies of the movement came chiefly to the front. At the end of 1773 we hear that the Macaronis 'are all undone,' for, as Walpole significantly puts it, 'Pactolus is run dry both in Bengal and at Almack's.' There is no more gambling for 20,000*l.* at a sitting. Almack's itself disappears by absorption into Brooks's in 1778. The magnificent extravagances of the Macaronis perish; and though their name descends, it is upon a feebler folk, without their redeeming qualities, who do but imitate or exaggerate their absurdities. In July 1777 Walpole speaks of 'Macaronesses,' showing how the term had widened since the early Almack days. Indeed, after the middle of the 'seventies, it lost all trace of any class distinction,

¹ Walpole always attributed the extravagance of the Macaronis to the sudden influx of wealth from India. 'Lord Chatham begot the East India Company; the East India Company begot Lord Clive; Lord Clive begot the Macaronis, and they begot poverty; all the race are alive.' (Walpole to Mason, 9th of April, 1772.)

and Macaronis sprang up in every social stratum. In some verses called 'The Will of a Macaroni,' which appeared in the *Universal Magazine* for September 1774, the testator is represented as leaving legacies to the 'Macs' of the Bar, the Army, Medicine, the Church, and Trade; and very soon afterwards the name Macaronis began to be applied indiscriminately to all the fast young men about town, and, indeed, to the enterprising youth of either sex. In this usage a 'Macaroni' became practically equivalent to a 'rowdy.' Vauxhall Gardens, particularly on the closing night of the season, was a favourite arena for the sportiveness of these young people. Thus we hear that on the 4th of September, 1774 'upwards of fifteen foolish Bucks, who had amused themselves by breaking the lamps at Vauxhall, were put into the cage by the proprietors to answer for the damage done.' And in *The Macaroni and Theatrical Magazine* for September 1773, p. 529, there is a picture showing 'The Macaroney Beaus and Bells in uproar, on the last evening of Vauxhall Gardens.' It is only fair to the shades of the early Macaronis to add that, judging by their appearance, these 'Beaus and Bells' were rather an ordinary lot.

But this later usage was obviously a misapplication of the name; for the Macaroni, early or late, whatever else he may have been, was essentially an exquisite; and the charge of effeminacy and cowardice, so freely levelled at the later Macaronis, is quite inconsistent with their being bullies or roysterers.

There is a humble boon, however, for which all of us, high and low, owe a debt of gratitude to the latter-day Macaronis—our umbrellas. When this deserving implement was first introduced into England by Jonas Hanway, he was mobbed for carrying it in the streets; and it might easily have succumbed to the unreasonable antipathy of the populace but for the Macaronis. These intrepid innovators kept the umbrella aloft till it had weathered the storm, and became part of the established order of things.

The differences which distinguish the early from the later Macaronis make it difficult to get a comprehensive view of them as a whole. But putting aside their follies and vices, the Macaronis, early and late, did adopt—not always wisely or too well—an attitude towards some of the tastes and habits of the age which was worthy perhaps of better champions. Society was just emerging from the low civilisation of the first two Georges. This had been a period of gross tastes and grosser morals, in which culture and the arts generally had received little recognition from the Court or the upper ranks of society. With George the Third came the beginning of a new state of things. His private morals were respectable, and in early life he showed, according to Walpole, 'a great propensity in the arts.' Yet it was not till quite the latter part of his reign that painters (Sir Joshua Reynolds alone excepted), sculptors, or architects, were received into the best society. Literature had not fared much better. Walpole

had attempted, and with some success, to make literary pursuits fashionable, but the ordinary man of letters did not count for much.⁵ When *long* Sir Thomas Robinson took possession of Rokeby he found a portrait of Richardson among the pictures, and was so shocked at the idea of a mere Mr. Richardson hanging in company with persons of quality, that he had a star and blue ribbon added to the picture, and turned it into a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole. When the original Macaronis appeared, though they inaugurated an advance, they did not in any way pose as reformers. They were perfectly content with the life of society as they found it, and made no effort to alter it. But their instincts did tend towards the quickening and broadening of it by the influences of travel, literature, and art; and they showed by living examples that these influences need not paralyse the activity of the man of the world or the politician, or even the feverish energy of the man of fashion. And as the original Macaronis thus held open the door for culture, so their successors did something to promote a greater regard for the decencies of life. When the worst has been said of their fooleries and affectations, the fact still remains that they did represent a tendency to refinement, in an age which was sorely in need of it. The bitterness of the abuse to which they were subjected betrays unmistakeable traces of the irritation which is peculiar to the sinner rebuked. The fine scorn poured by the *Universal Magazine* on the Macaroni tea-drinker smacks strongly of a critic who gloried and drank deep; and it is instructive to notice that in the play of *The Macaroni*, already referred to, the chief reproach against the hero are the mildness of his imprecations and his respect for a woman's honour.

In one sense the Macaronis merely represented an outburst of dandyism, though it was a dandyism with certain distinctive features of its own. It showed some affinity with the ideas of the Troubadours, and had just a prophetic tinge of the 'Souls.' Moreover, it possessed a vitality very uncommon in similar freaks of fashion. These, as a rule, are mere bubbles on the stream, passing efflorescences on the surface of society which have no part in its organic growth. But the marked impression which the Macaronis produced shows that they were, for good or evil, a real social force. Jowett used to say that every man ought to be 'very'—something. This is a test from which the Macaronis would not have shrunk; and herein is probably to be found an explanation of their influence. They were very extravagant, very brilliant, or very fantastic, and not infrequently all three; but in one form or another the requisite superlative was always present.

When they appeared the existing order of things was beginning to

⁵ This low esteem lasted for some time. The following is an extract from the *News and Sunday Herald* of December 10, 1835: 'Are any literary men members of White's? None except Croker. They are considered as vermin in the fashionable clubs.'

pass away ; and they may be compared with the momentary blaze which shoots up as a waning fire falls in, or the delusive rally in a dying man which sometimes precedes the end. As one of the lesser beacons of social history, they help to mark the point where the tastes and traditions of the Georgian era begin to break up, making way for the intellectual and spiritual awakening of the age which is fitly consecrated to the name of Victoria.

NORMAN PEARSON.

THE ORIGIN OF MONEY FROM ORNAMENT

IN every department of investigation science has long been busy with problems of origins. Wherever it has turned its activities it has always been certain to find some variety of the anthropomorphic explanation in possession of the field. The rocks with their fossils as we now find them were thought to have been made in an hour by a wave of the Creator's hand. Human languages were supposed to have sprung full fledged into existence at some definite date in the world's history. Civil government was believed to have been, likewise at some given date, established by a convention between king and people. These fantasies have now, of course, for the most part, been dissolved, mainly by the half-conscious change in our point of view that has accompanied advancing knowledge. In regard to one great social phenomenon, however—money—the case is different. There the conventional explanation is still usually looked upon as quite good enough. Mankind, we are told, having had experience during some generations of the inconveniences of the system of barter, fixed at last on some one substance which they should regard as their medium of exchange, and, having done so, eventually arranged that it should be impressed with the stamp of authority. This, in the fourth century B.C., was Aristotle's explanation of the phenomenon, as in the eighteenth century after Christ it was Adam Smith's, and as it still is that of our economists, with few, if any, exceptions. It is to this day to be found, either expressly set forth or tacitly taken for granted, practically in every treatise that deals with the subject.

To the trained ethnologist, one would think that merely to put such a theory into words would be to refute it. Ethnology knows nothing of institutions that spring into existence all of a sudden, or without a long previous history of silent and hidden underground development, and rarely or never does it know anything of institutions whose origin has been in any sense the work of conscious intention. The ethnologists, however, in this country at any rate, for some reason that is not altogether obvious, have given little attention to the origin of money, and even in our books of travel, where the customs of primitive peoples are dealt with, references to its early developments are few and far between.

Besides ethnology and economics, the origin of money has been the concern of yet another science—numismatics. It is from the point of view of the numismatist, for example, that Professor Ridgeway, in his *Origin of Metallic Currency* has approached the question, and his inquiries have, at any rate, been more fruitful than the conjectural history of the economists. A still more important book of the same class as Professor Ridgeway's is *Les origines de la Monnaie*, by M. Babelon, the leading numismatist of France and of the world. Both these books are storehouses of interesting and suggestive facts in reference to the almost infinitely varied objects and substances that have, at one period or another, and in one country or another, assumed functions more or less analogous to those of our circulating medium.

In Germany, again, it is the ethnologists rather than the economists or numismatists who have dealt with the subject in an enlightening manner. A section in Richard Andree's *Parallelen*, a book which deals with a great variety of ethnological questions, helped to lay the foundation for future advance by attempting a formal classification of the various kinds into which incipient money has to be divided. His classification is based mainly on the nature of the material used, the division being into such groups as stone money, shell money, salt money, &c. No answer was thought of or attempted to the one question which goes to the heart of the discussion—the question, How did it come about that while almost everything that can be mentioned, from cattle and slaves to kitchen pots and kettles, and from salt and tea to shells and feathers, has at one time or another been used in the world more or less in the character of money, it is the precious metals that have finally ousted everything else from that position, and that hold it to this day?

The absence of any answer or attempted answer to this question also characterises a more recent and greatly more important German contribution to the study of the subject, the *Grundriss einer Entstehungsgeschichte des Geldes*, of the late Dr. Heinrich Schurtz, of Bremen. He also frames a classification of early moneys; but with him it must be said that the grouping is made on more philosophical principles. We find with him such classes as ornament money, utilities money, and clothes money, the first class being subdivided into the two groups of shell money and metallic money. He also then divides the whole series into the two great classes of money for use within the tribe and money for intertribal use,¹ and thinks that our modern money has been formed by the amalgamation of these two, and that it owes some of its salient features to each, very much, he thinks, as modern marriage owes its salient characteristics in part to early exogamous and in part to early endogamous relations. The attempt to follow out this somewhat fanciful parallel between the development of marriage and the development of money leads the writer, as

¹ 'Binnengeld' and 'Aussengeld.'

it seems to me, off his track. His work for all that contains a great deal that is valuable and suggestive, and makes a real advance in the discussion of the subject. As a thorough ethnologist, Dr. Schurtz is penetrated with the conception of money as having arrived at its present condition by a process of gradual growth of some sort, at any rate, and he dismisses as an absurdity the notion of its establishment by a convention. The most valuable portions of his book are, to my mind, the chapters on the development of 'Binnengeld,' the money for use within the tribe. Such a view as the following is very significant. Dr. Schurtz thinks that at a period when everything in the nature of food and shelter was the common property of the whole tribe; and when, consequently, exchange was practically unknown, payments that subsequently developed into regulated taxes began to be made in the shape of gifts to the chiefs to propitiate their goodwill, and payments that subsequently developed into regulated fines also began to be made in the shape of indemnities to the injured and to the relations of the slain. If this view holds good, then, of course, so far must it have been from being the case that money was an expedient invented to remedy the inconveniences of the barter system, that it seems rather to have been the case that incipient money preceded barter in the world, and that we see in its development the rise of the agency that proved itself in the end of all others the most potent in bringing about the dissolution of the older communism, and in substituting for it the system of private property and of exchange.

When one has a problem before his mind, sometimes it happens that one stumbles on a fact or a suggestion that contributes to its solution in the most unexpected quarter. In 1898 I was busy with the study of the Indian currency question, and went faithfully through the considerable mass of evidence that was given before Sir Henry Fowler's Committee. In answer to the 10857th question I came across the following passage, which, it struck me at once, had an interesting and important bearing on the origin of money. The witness was Mr. Romesh Dutt, C.I.E., a native gentleman who has, it may be said, made his mark in literature.² In reference to the vast amounts of money spent annually by the natives on silver ornaments, he was asked by one of the members of the Committee³: 'Would not the country have been benefited if that money had been employed instead of being allowed to lie idle?' 'I do not think it lies idle,' replied Mr. Dutt, 'because it serves the purpose of ornament and savings bank.' 'As regards savings banks,' went on his interlocutor, 'is it not very much more economical and better to put your savings in some interest-bearing security than to tie it up in a bag?' The reply was very much to the point. 'If an Indian cultivator,' said

² In his book *The Lake of Palms*, an interesting sketch of Indian life, at pages 3 and 28 Mr. Dutt introduces reflections on the use of ornaments as a reserve for contingencies similar to those quoted in the text.

³ Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Dutt, 'had 200 or 300 rupees in the bank, it would disappear in the course of a year or so, but if it is in the shape of his women's ornaments, he will keep them until he is compelled by famine to part with them.'

The silver 'serves the purpose of ornament and savings bank.' Mark the double function. Perhaps we have caught the transition of ornament into money in the very act of taking place. To the shrewd Scotch banker who put his questions to Mr. Dutt, the putting by of so much annually in the shape of savings seemed so completely a matter of course that it stood in need of no explanation. The question how it was that saving first became possible in the world is, nevertheless, a very real problem. Share and share alike was the unvarying rule among primitive mankind. The sentiment that enforced that rule, indeed, has survived with considerable vigour into the modern civilised period. There are, as we know, large classes among ourselves for whom social opinion makes saving practically impossible. Among races which belong to an earlier stage of development the same sort of social opinion is infinitely more powerful. If the Indian peasant had his 200 or 300 rupees in hand or under his immediate control, the exigencies of some matrimonial or funereal function might in a day run away with the half of it. If, on the contrary, those rupees are melted down and made to take the shape of ornaments for his women, ornaments which, among the Indian peasantry, are almost the sole index of social position, and which enable the whole family to hold up their heads among their neighbours, nothing but very urgent necessity will make him part with them. Thus the desire for ornament first makes the accumulation of a reserve for use in utmost need possible. This is the first stage. Presently, no doubt, some degree of consciousness of the double purpose of his ornaments begins to enter into the thoughts of the peasant. Experience tells him that the possession of a store of bracelets and bangles has warded off starvation from himself and his family in the past, and the possibility of the recurrence of evil days forms a conscious reason in his mind for continually adding to his possessions in them. Thus after a fashion a circulation of ornaments seems to have preceded in the world the circulation of money. This fact, as it happens, has struck one of the most competent of our numismatists, Mr. Keary, in connection with the state of things prevailing in a very different age and country from present-day India. 'In Beda,' he says, in his introduction to the catalogue of English coins in the British Museum,¹ 'there are passages which seem to point to the circulation of ornaments as a sort of currency. For instance, when King Rædwald, king of the East Angles, was tempted by the threats and promises of Æthelfrid, King of Northumbria, to betray the fugitive Eadwine, his wife dissuaded him from the act of treachery, urging that "it would not become so great a king to sell for gold his

¹ Page x, footnote.

excellent friend in his hour of need and for the love of money⁵ to lose his character for good faith, which was more precious than all ornaments.”⁶ In the mind of Beda, *ornamenta* and *pecunia* were evidently very nearly one and the same thing. The armlets of the Anglo-Saxon nobles were made on a definite scale of weight and standard of purity, and apparently were also so made as to be easily divisible into portions of a definite weight. The *scillingas*, from which our word shilling is derived, were originally pieces cut or broken off from these armlets.⁷ A ‘ring-breaker,’ both in the Anglo-Saxon and Norse languages, came to be used in the sense of a distributor of treasures, and was a title specially accorded to princes whose open-handedness the minstrel desired to celebrate.

It is only, indeed, in quite modern times that the divorce between the double purpose of the precious metals as ornament and as money has become as complete as we now find it. As recently as two or three hundred years ago plate was commonly converted into coin and coin into plate, much as in modern India rupees were commonly converted into ornaments and ornaments into rupees. The cost of manufacture was then looked on as a trifle that hardly had need to be considered. Jean Bodin refers to a saying current in his day that ‘in plate one loses nothing but the fashion.’⁸ Lord Burleigh’s will leaves his plate to be distributed by weight among the legatees as if it were so much bullion. This state of things, moreover, left its impress on the thought of the statesmen and economists of the period. There was then an intimate relation in the public mind between plate and money, which it is hard for us now to realise. Sir Dudley North, for instance, in assailing the policy of a law which forbade the use of plate in taverns, argues that ‘if everyone had plate in his house, the nation would be possessed of a solid fund in these metals, which all the world desires.’⁹ A proclamation of Charles the Second describes the English nation as having been ‘in former times renowned for its plenteous stock of money and the magnificence of its plate,’¹⁰ as if the two were about one and the same thing. A goldsmith’s is a very different trade from a banker’s nowadays. Then, however, the goldsmiths inevitably became the bankers of the community, and their receipts for the treasure handed over to them became the precursors of our modern bank-notes.

Go back a couple of thousand years in the world’s history, and a similar state of things presents itself. At the outbreak of the Peloponnesian war, Pericles is found reckoning among the financial resources of Athens the vases in the temples and the gold that could be stripped

⁵ *Pecunia*.

⁶ *Ornamenta*.

⁷ Keary, *Introduction to English Coins*, p. viii.

⁸ *Discours sur le rehaussement tant d’or que d’argent*, t. iii.

⁹ *Discourses upon Trade* (reprint 1822), Postscript, p. 3.

¹⁰ Ruding, *Annals of Coinage*, vol. ii. p. 322.

from the chryselephantine statue of Pallas.¹¹ It may be remembered, too, how the people of Ægestæ deceived the Athenian ambassadors in regard to the extent of their resources by inviting them to a series of banquets at various houses, where a great display of gold and silver vessels was made, the vessels being really the same, sent on from house to house. It reminds one of the manner in which, about half a century ago, some of the American banks deceived the Federal Government in regard to the amount of their reserves by sending these reserves on their travels just ahead of the inspectors.

It is worthy of note, too, that the precious metals are not the only form of ornament that has played a great part as money in the world. We find a few traces still of shell money, for the most part in Africa, but few of us are aware how vast at one time was the region and how extended was the period of its dominance. The remarkable fact confronts us that in Chinese the very words for wealth and shells are the same. There was evidently a time when, for a great section of mankind, the thought of the cowryshell stood for all that the thought of gold stands for with us to-day.

Is it possible, then, it may be asked, to give any reasons that account for the fact of the attainment of the monetary position by ornaments rather than by objects of utility? One answer to that question has already been suggested. We have found that in certain stages of development the use of ornaments is that which alone renders the accumulation of private wealth in any form possible. At a subsequent stage, again, the intervention of the religious impulse is found to bring with it a fresh stimulus to the quasi-monetary use of ornament. Men's thoughts came to be turned not only to the adornment of their own persons, but also to the adornment of their divinities. Thus, Delphi accumulated its hoard of treasure, and was able occasionally to furnish State loans to communities that stood in favour with its priesthood. 'The gods,' as Curtius says, 'were the first capitalists of Greece.'¹² They were likewise the capitalists of early Babylon. There, indeed, as we can gather from the evidence of the tablets, the accumulated wealth in the temples played a very important part in the commercial life of the community. A man starting in business would naturally borrow the capital that he required from the treasury of the Sun God, as here he might obtain it from a bank or a lending agency.¹³

Adam Smith, in his account of the origin of money, makes the significant observation that in order to avoid the inconveniences of the barter system the prudent man would always endeavour to have by him a stock of some one substance which he had reason to believe that no one would refuse in exchange for his produce. He does not explain, however, how it could come about that in the primeval state

¹¹ Thucydides, vol. ii. 13.

¹² See article translated by Dr. Head in *Namismatic Chronicle*, N.S., x. p. 91.

¹³ *The Babylonians and Assyrians, Life and Customs*, p. 128.

of things any man could reckon on being able to find such a substance. If, indeed, such a substance were within his reach, then plainly it would be money, already in a fairly well-developed stage. The very problem before us is to ascertain how it was that any one substance originally obtained such a position in the eyes of the community that no one would refuse it in exchange for his produce, no matter when or in what quantities it was offered. As Walker says, 'Money is a thing of degree,'¹¹ and 'anything may become money if it acquires a sufficient degree of acceptability.' The problem before us is the genesis of this 'acceptability.'

We can see, I think, without much difficulty that ornament has possibilities, at any rate as regards the attainment of 'acceptability,' which things that supply mere bodily needs have not. Take wheat for example. If a man had as much as he could eat and as much as he could store, he would take no more in exchange for any of his possessions. He would hardly take it as a free gift. Wheat is thus liable to glut, while ornament is, at any rate, not so necessarily. When supply is conceived of as being made to tribes and nations rather than to individuals, and when the article supplied is one that contributes to the success of the individual in his contests or rivalries with his fellows, an exception is found to the rule that demand must diminish as supply increases. On the contrary, we find that every increase of supply may come to be indissolubly linked with an equivalent increase of demand. Give one tribe of savages on a new continent muskets, and muskets at once become a life-and-death necessity to every neighbouring tribe. The zone of demand must widen with every extension of the zone of supply. Peaceful life, however, has its rivalries and contests as well as warlike. The reason why the savage wants ornaments is that he may outshine his neighbours, or, at any rate, that he may avoid being outshone by them. Life might be possible without such ornaments, but for him not a life that is worth living. If he would win for himself a wife, if he would gain the consideration of his fellows, then they are not to be done without, and the more of them he can get the better. Thus the desire for the attainment of distinction or for the maintenance of position in life produces essentially the same effects at both ends of the scale. At the one it makes men crave for necklaces, bangles, and nose-rings; at the other, for the power of drawing, at his pleasure, cheques for great sums of money—that is, in the ultimate analysis, for the immediate command of great quantities of gold.

Suppose, however, that we can see some reason why a material of ornament might attain the degree of acceptability needed to convert it into money, a second question presents itself, the question What was it that caused the precious metals to distance all other forms of ornament in attaining such a position, and how has the value

¹¹ See *Money*, p. 407.

of gold become so unvarying as the whole business world always regards it as being? Every form of ornament must have had the tendency towards changes of fashion to reckon with. How is it that this tendency was overcome to a great extent by both gold and silver, to begin with, and that the possibility of its ever affecting the monetary position of gold, at any rate, is never so much as thought of now? Here, I think, comes in the influence of the other currently enumerated monetary characteristics—homogeneity, portability, divisibility, and so on. It was not, of course, that a convention of miraculous savages ever said to themselves, ‘These metals are homogeneous, portable, and divisible, therefore we will choose them as our medium of exchange.’ Things do not happen in that way in this world of ours. We have rather to look to the fact that the possession of these characteristics would confer on the forms of ornament that possessed them some degree of added suitability for early payments, say for gifts, ransoms,¹⁵ indemnities, and suchlike; and that, again, this suitability for such payments—payments that brought with them, perhaps, increase of social power and influence, or deliverance from death for one’s self or those dearest to him—would again react on the subjective appreciation of the ornaments, and would both enhance and steady their estimation—their beauty even—in the eyes of the tribe. The enhanced estimation would, again, increase their suitability for payments, and so the two forces would continuously react on each other, perhaps throughout long ages. We have a parallel instance of such action and reaction in the case of the transformation of dialects into distinct and separate languages. We have there to take account of the fact that every change of dialect tends to modify the organ of speech, while, at the same time, every modification of the organ of speech tends to make the changes of dialect always more and more pronounced. The most important of the monetary characteristics is homogeneity. It is homogeneity that first renders anything like precise proportionment of payments to the quantity of goods or the importance of services possible, and thus, as it seems to me, first enables the conception of value in the economic sense to come into existence. It is, therefore, interesting to note that this characteristic of homogeneity was shared by the shell money, which in a great part of the world anticipated the rise of metallic money. One cowry shell being much like another, they could be, and were, ranged on strings of given length, or measured out in vessels of a given size, and could thus, like gold and silver after them, begin to exercise the functions both of media of exchange and of standards of value.

WILLIAM WARRAND CARLILE.

¹⁵ In the *Iliad*, while trade was in the barter stage, stores of gold and brass were held for such purposes as ransoms. See, for instance, the supplications for mercy of Lycaon and Dolon to Achilles and Ulysses respectively.

HOUSEKEEPING AND NATIONAL WELL-BEING

So much has been said about the physical deterioration of the lower classes that many of us have come to regard it as an accomplished fact—one of those natural phenomena which produce themselves at a certain stage of the history of the nation very much as physical phenomena produce themselves at a certain stage of the human body's evolution. The people who think on this subject at all may be divided roughly into three classes: those who shrug their shoulders and say it is idle to try to fight against what a brilliant French writer has called '*L'agencement fatal des sociétés*'; those who would meet the evil with wild schemes of mental and moral evolution; and those few who see that it is only to be conquered in a simple and practical way. It is with these last that we have to do, and, first of all, it would be interesting to examine the psychological conditions which have brought about the state of things we all deplore. The housing of the working classes is, of course, the first point to attack, but this is so manifest a necessity that it is universally admitted. Yet we find the same narrow-chested, toothless, pale, anæmic boys and girls in the beautiful country districts, where the cottages are all that is to be desired, as we do in the most crowded slums of London. So the overcrowding cannot be the only source of mischief.

The root of the evil is so very easy to find that it is almost grotesquely simple when we at last come upon it. The cause of the deterioration of the population lies almost solely in the fact that our women know nothing about the duties which Nature intends them to perform. The girls marry, often much too early, always without a thought as to whether they are in a fit condition to bear children, and always without any notion of how to treat those children when born. They have a smattering of what is called education, and can probably tell you where St. Petersburg is, and how to reckon compound interest; but the old-fashioned training in simple domestic knowledge, first by the mother, and then later for a year or two by some wise and kindly mistress, is a thing of the past. The one ambition of the village, equally with the town-bred girl, should she

not marry, is no longer to go into domestic service, but to become a telegraph clerk or a female typist. But to return to those who do marry. They have just enough education to despise domestic work, and to read the rubbishy newspapers and magazines which are provided in thousands for their class. The greater part of their food, as well as their clothes, is bought ready made, and their one idea with regard to their children is to get them off their hands as soon as possible.

There is no lack of kindness to children among the English lower classes, in spite of the many hideous cases which come yearly into the police courts. The average mother is very good-natured to her children, and far, far too lenient. But she has absolutely no knowledge of discipline, and she cannot teach them the simplest lessons of cleanliness and hygiene, because she does not know them herself.

This want of common knowledge among the poor has been, I know, widely deplored and commented upon, especially lately; but I think those who condemn their working-women sisters scarcely realise their own deficiencies. There is but one way to improve the physique of the children of the nation, and that is to teach the women all the old domestic duties which were the pride and joy of their grandmothers—to teach them to bake, to sew, to cook, and above all, how to treat a baby, and how to treat themselves before the said baby makes its appearance. This could very easily be done if the well-to-do women were willing to teach them; but how many of the women of the middle or upper classes *do* know any of these things? And is it fair to expect the lower classes to be thrifty housewives and wise mothers when we, who are so much better educated, better nurtured, and better housed, are, many of us, such a dismal failure? For we do fail, on the whole, though there are doubtless individual exceptions.

Please observe that, in making this general assertion, I leave out of the account that insignificant number of absolutely self-indulgent and worthless women who float as the froth on the surface of every old civilisation. The women who gamble, and paint their faces, and spend their lives dressing and amusing themselves are not very numerous, and the influence they exert, except on women as foolish as themselves, is infinitesimal. You will find such women in Paris and Berlin as well as in London. They have existed from all time, and all classes agree in denouncing them. But in Paris and Berlin the neglect of small womanly duties is confined to this special class, whereas in England the respectable woman, impeccable as to mind and morals, neglects her home as much as her butterfly sister does. The really 'good' woman who attends philanthropic and political meetings, or frequents studios and concerts when she ought to be minding her own domestic business, is doing just as much mischief as the woman who plays Bridge all the evening and half the afternoon.

To-day the English lady is the worst housekeeper in the world. Two hundred years ago she was the best.

Any woman who takes pains with her housekeeping, and wants to make it a success, knows the constant fight that goes on before a new servant can be got to realise that his or her mistress insists on supervising everything herself, and seeing that the work is thoroughly done. The better servant likes this supervision, infinitely preferring to work for a mistress who knows what she is about. The bad servant naturally objects, as it materially reduces the opportunities for swindling. But good and bad alike are greatly surprised. Over and over again has every capable mistress heard the phrase, 'My last mistress never came into the kitchen'; 'My last mistress never looked at the accounts—Mr. So-and-So always paid them.' In fact, so strong has public opinion on the subject become, that it is considered rather unladylike and bad form to have anything to do with one's housekeeping at all, and one hears people say contemptuously, 'Since Sq-and-So married she has degenerated into a sort of German Hausfrau.' How many girls of the upper classes have any knowledge of the administration of money, of housekeeping, or of the simpler forms of dressmaking? There are numbers of families, each with two or three daughters, where even the flowers are left to the butler. And the astounding bad taste of the floral decorations we often meet with testifies to the fact that they cannot be so left with impunity. Many girls cannot even sew on a button or do their own hair! They remain as ignorant on these matters after marriage as before. A very pretty, 'smart' married woman of my acquaintance, when her maid goes away for a few days, does not dare let down her hair till the maid comes back!

But I seem to hear many women exclaiming, 'Why should I do my own hair if I have a maid to do it for me? Why should I go into the kitchen and look after my house, if someone else will do it better than I?'

The question is—is it better done? I admit there are a certain number of houses, run by old family servants, where the mistress does absolutely nothing, and yet things move as on oiled wheels. Where, in these rare cases, a high standard is reached without any trouble on the part of the head of affairs, the indifference seems excusable. But even here too, I think, the mistress ought to know what is going on, if only for the sake of example. Otherwise the small minority who do try to, and do make their houses charming, are perpetually at war with the public opinion which has made servants think that it is wrong for their mistress not to leave everything blindly to them.

How many London houses are insufficiently cleaned? Those who are in the habit of hiring for the season well know. How many people fail to have good, well-cooked food, not only for dinner parties,

but on days when they are alone? This we most of us also know. The rich, it is true, pay fancy prices for cooks and butlers, thereby attaining a certain level of comfort at a vast expenditure of money. But for people who are not rich the standard of comfort is often deplorable. Every 'Ladies' Paper' is full of denunciations of servants, and on all sides we hear the cry for reform. But the fault is not on the servants' side. Why should they be expected to have all the virtues and their masters and mistresses none? Why should they dress quietly, work hard, be considerate and methodical, if their employers dress like actresses, spend their time amusing themselves, and never have a moment to look into the details of their households?

And here comes in the more important side of the question. Every one of those servants, who sees in what poor esteem the duties which pertain to a home are held, has relations in a far lower sphere of life, whom he or she is constantly telling of the ways of their employers. No people are so imitative as uneducated people, and the fact that Nellie the kitchenmaid is taught to be clean, well-mannered, a good and not wasteful cook, and an honest human being, would influence all Nellie's relations, who in their turn would influence their little circle. And *vice versa*. I only speak of the mere material side of life. On the deeper condemnation drawn upon us by the educative possibilities thrown away through never trying to help, teach, or influence those who live with us, I do not now insist, neither do I dwell on the most important point of all—the care of children. It would, however, be instructive to ascertain the percentage of women belonging to the middle and upper classes who would not find themselves utterly stranded if their nurse had suddenly to leave them, or if any other emergency occurred. How many Englishwomen know how to 'bath' a baby, or what to do if it is ill? or even how to keep a sick-room tidy and well ventilated? The head nurse, who will not allow her mistress to enter the nursery except at stated hours, has this amount of excuse, that she realises how incompetent that mistress is.

And a visit to any of our universities is apt to make us wonder whether the degeneration observed in the lower classes is not equally to be found in the sons of the well-to-do. How many of the young men running by the river at a college race look the kind of human beings that an unbiassed mother would be proud of? How many of their mouths shut? How many have properly developed chests, are not knock-kneed, and do not wear spectacles?

Now, what do all the women who belong to what are known as the leisured classes do with their time?

The more able among them are on committees, or write, or have taken up some branch of art, and will tell you with conscious pride that 'they really cannot be bothered with housekeeping.' The less

able do nothing but athletics, society, reading of a more or less useless description, and mild philanthropy. Let me not be misunderstood. Where there is real talent, nothing that I have said applies. If the woman is a genuine artist in any line, and if her work is really of value to the nation at large, it is no doubt more important that she should follow her natural bent than that she should see that the work which lies at her door is well done—always provided that she has no children. Even if she could write like Shakespeare, the care of her children ought to come first. But how many women are so gifted that the world would be the poorer if they abstained from developing their gifts? We all have friends who paint pictures. How many of them, after spending hours over their palettes, have produced work which anyone, a hundred years hence, will care to possess? We all know women who write. Are their productions so illuminating? And is it not a fact, when we look into the matter, that the women who paint or write or make music, *really well*, are the first to admit that the other duties are the more important, and put this view into practice?

One word as to athletics. I acknowledge their value, both in the developing of the body and in the keeping of it in health—and perhaps even more in the keeping up of the *morale* of women, many of whom are inclined to be morbid. But athletics should be regarded as a means, not as an end; and exercise for two hours a day is the outside any woman needs to keep her in health. Two hours a day will not interfere either with her housekeeping or the care of her children. If she wants to take up athletics as a profession she has no right to marry. How long would a man, unless indeed he were a high Government official, be retained in an office if he insisted on devoting half his employer's time to playing golf? The comparison is not far-fetched, for surely it is as unconscientious for a wife to neglect her household, when her husband feeds, clothes, and supports her, as for a manager or clerk to take money for work that he scamps.

There are plenty of women who do not marry, plenty who by circumstances are so placed that they have few demands made on their time. That these women should fill their lives with outside things is only right and proper. But most women, if they bring all their intelligence to bear on the difficulties of making even a small home perfect, will find their days full enough.

It is not an easy thing to be a good wife and mother. In truth, so difficult is it that if only women were to realise how hard it is, and to make the necessary effort, the world would become a Paradise in the course of a few generations. Think of the incalculable misery we see around us, and how much of it is due, not so much to the actual wrong-doing of women as to their hopeless stupidity.

What then is the solution of this particular problem? It is surely this. Teach the women of England that to look after their houses

and their children is not bourgeois, is not a sign of mental inferiority' but the fulfilment of their destiny, and that until this end is accomplished they have no right to devote themselves to society, or philanthropy, or athletics,* or sport, or literature, or art. Not that it follows that because a woman is a good housekeeper she need renounce all these things. It is quite possible to be pretty and charming and well-informed without in the least neglecting home duties. Frenchwomen manage to combine the two rôles; they are the most attractive women in the world, and they are excellent housekeepers. German women—though they sin against the artistic side of life—are extraordinarily well-informed, and yet they too are good housekeepers. Why should not the Englishwoman, richly endowed by nature, companionable, and interested in large questions as she is, be as well-mannered and well-dressed as the Frenchwoman, as educated and as good a housewife as the German?

But I hear some of my women readers protest:

'I am sure that *my* house is clean! I am sure *my* cooking is good!' My answer is:

'I have no doubt that your home is everything that could be wished, but look around and see if you think the general standard is a high one.' If it is, why are so many marriages unhappy? Why do so many girls take up outside pursuits? Why are servants so difficult to get, and, when got, found to be so badly trained?

The 'mother and daughter' problem, of which we hear so much, would be considerably simplified if the mother, instead of leaving her daughter in the charge of nurses and governesses until she is eighteen, and then trying to mould an already-formed character, would make the girl her help and companion in the house, giving her well-defined duties to perform, and thereby fitting her for the work she will have to undertake later in life.

The effect on the lower classes would be so immense that the actual increase in physical health in ten years would startle us. Those who have lived at all among the poor know by experience how rare it is for a man with a good wife to be drawn into either drinking or gambling. But who can blame a workman, coming home tired from his work to a hideous, untidy home, for seeking the obvious refuge, the public-house? Much can be done by education, more by religion, to reform the working classes. But the strongest incentive to decency of living that has ever been is the example of other human beings. And this can be given without any fuss, without spending money on bricks and mortar, or salaries to secretaries—without waste of cash on committee rooms, or private theatricals, or silly little Orders.

Let us learn how the poor folk we employ live. Insist that the stable boys have decent rooms and clean linen. Keep up a standard, not of luxury, that alas! is prevalent enough, but of comfort, decency, and refinement in our servants' halls. Let us not merely laugh at,

but fight, the theory that *any* work is degrading, showing our servants that we can lend a hand to help them and yet remain ladies and gentlemen.

I am not advocating the absurd views of people who give their servants a billiard-room and tennis courts. That is equally mischievous, for it creates false wants, and what we must try to show the poor is to find happiness and comfort in limited conditions and not to be always trying for those they cannot obtain. But we can give them interests by striving to get them to read decent books instead of the rubbish they do. We can keep up the tie with them when they marry and leave service, by helping them a little with their furnishing, and seeing that their babies are properly looked after. In fact, we can establish a human relationship between them and us, instead of following blindly the prejudice of caste which creates an impassable barrier. Boring work, perhaps, with no *kudos* attached to it. Far more amusing to meet a number of delightful women once a week, and discuss what can be done to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes, and perhaps listen to an interesting paper on the subject read by an eminent divine; but, for those who really suffer from the misery around them, the only way to help permanently.

What we want is a mission to the West-end and not to the East-end. It is our neglect and carelessness that have created this problem, which is now paralysing us by its difficulty of solution.

And the tragic part of it is that there is no lack of good feeling or willingness to help. Half everybody's acquaintance is occupied in teaching games to boys and girls in the East-end. We are endeavouring to make the poor as dependent on amusements as we are ourselves. *But does this really do any good?* Is not the real need something that will put a more serious view of life into them and ourselves, and teach us all—at the risk of being called priggish—that the membership of a great nation involves certain work and certain sacrifices from each unit, and that, as in a machine, it is no good that half the wheels should work smoothly if the other half do not do their work properly? So it is equally useless that the men of England should try to be patriotic if the women refuse to bear their share of the burden. We are accused of being a nation of snobs, and with some truth. But snobbishness, like all other faults, has *les qualités de ses défauts*, and the poor, once they saw the classes above them trying for a higher standard, would inevitably come into line. The imitative faculty which leads men and women of the people to gamble, spend money on dress, and waste time because their superiors do so, will also lead them to copy their good points. Most people have noticed what happy, comfortable homes those working men have who marry a girl trained in a good house. She does not at once drop the habits of a lifetime, and the fact that her old mistress insisted on the baby being in bed by 6.30 will prompt her to have

her own baby in bed early, thereby preventing her husband from flying before its tired whimperings to the public-house.

Just at present there is a great movement on foot for feeding the children of the poor at school. While sympathising most truly with hungry children, would it not be well to consider whether we should not, by these means, be encouraging parents to still more neglect their bounden duty, and make it yet harder for the respectable man who does try to feed his children and bring them up properly ?

To sum up the situation in a sentence, the nation is sick, and each fresh doctor prescribes a fresh drug. Drugs, however, as we are beginning to realise, are of little avail, and we must look to the only alternative cures, whether in national or domestic sickness, namely, diet, or the knife. Let us pray that we may escape the knife, and let us reform our everyday diet in a simple and practical way, by changing radically the system on which we bring up our daughters. Let us see to it that they realise what their true destiny is, not only to be the mothers of the generation to come, but also to be competent citizens, fulfilling their daily task as they expect men to fulfil theirs.

CLARA JACKSON.

*A NOTE ON WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE FROM
THE COMMON-SENSE POINT OF VIEW*

Now that the House of Commons has repeatedly passed the second reading of a Bill conferring the franchise on women ratepayers, they have clearly brought the question into the region of practical politics, and made it incumbent on all who take an interest in such matters to make up their minds definitely, whether such a change would be for the advantage of the nation or not.

The first thing to consider is, would the class referred to be worthy of enfranchisement if they were not women? I think it would be generally agreed that this question should be answered in the affirmative. Women ratepayers are usually persons of some property, and of mature age. Frequently engaged in business, sometimes landowners or houseowners, they are people who have a position in the country which would cause them to be looked upon, if they were men, as a very useful addition to the more sober and serious portion of the voting community. There are two sets of objections which are usually urged against the concession of the vote to this particular class. The first is that women are unfit to vote, that it will unsex them, that they are constitutionally incapable of coming to a sensible decision on matters of business, that they are entirely ruled by their emotions, that they will vote for the man who appeals to their sentiments and not to their reason, and so on. The second class of objectors do not deny that it would be harmless, and perhaps beneficial, to add women ratepayers to the electoral register, but they say this is only the thin end of the wedge. If you include women ratepayers now, later on you will have to include married women. From a common-sense point of view I should like to answer these last with another question. Where would be the great harm of including married women? Would it not simply double the married man's vote? In nineteen cases out of twenty would not husband and wife vote alike? But for that very reason I think such an extension of the vote would be unnecessary.

The really serious opponents of the measure, however, belong to the first class. Constitutionalists who are alarmed at the introduction of a new principle, chivalrous men who have such a respect for

our sex that they are afraid of the contaminating influence of politics upon it, and those who, having associated much with the baser members of it, have a hearty and scarcely veiled contempt for all women. Whigs, prigs, and pigs, as I once heard them flippantly described; these all have a genuine fear that the concession of women's suffrage would be a national disaster.

Now let us see if there is any evidence that our sex unfits us to form sensible opinions on political matters, and to choose the best men for carrying those opinions into effect. I do not deny that there are many things that men can do which women cannot do. But what are these things? Women cannot be, or at least have never been, great musicians. I mean composers of original music. •Very few of them can be artists, hardly any have reached really first rank as painters, sculptors, or poets, though they have had plenty of opportunities of studying and practising all these arts. But they can be politicians. Political ability, a capacity for the science of government, call it what you will, seems to be almost more common among women than it is among men. Compare their opportunities and achievements in this field of activity with their opportunities and achievements in those other directions to which I have just alluded.

Very few women have been queens or regents. They have never been selected for any special fitness. The accidental failure of male heirs, the death or absence of a husband, has suddenly placed the reins of power in their hands. In all ages, in all states of civilisation, what a large measure of success has attended their rule! The reign of a queen is almost always a period of progress and prosperity; and many nations, notably our own among them, have made their most conspicuous advances when under the government of a woman. Have queens been exceptionally emotional in their public acts? Have they sacrificed the welfare of their people to their private affections? Have they been lacking in courage to defend the national honour when necessary? I think no fair-minded man can deny that history would answer all these questions in the negative. Is it not probable that, as the sample is, so will the bulk be—that the humble voter will not be influenced by very different motives from those which have ruled the conduct of her more brilliant sisters?

I commend this line of thought to all those, both men and women, who regard the proposed innovation as dangerous. Sane common-sense is a quality not more rare among women than among men, and that is after all the quality that is most valuable in political matters.

MAUD SELBORNE.

*THE CONTEST FOR SEA-POWER:
GERMANY'S OPPORTUNITY*

THE balance of naval power in the world has been dramatically readjusted owing to the completeness of the victory of the Japanese Navy. Were it not for the naval ambitions of Germany, the moment would be opportune for an international agreement for a limitation of naval armaments. This understanding, so far as the British people are concerned, need not necessarily be set down in black and white, because the building resources of this country are so unrivalled that at any moment British shipyards, Government and private, can produce a tonnage equivalent to the output of any other three nations. In the circumstances it would, therefore, be sufficient for British interests if the agreement to limit the construction of new men-of-war were of an indefinite character. To any such action Germany, and Germany only, bars the way.

The British people, who have held the supremacy of the seas for so long, naturally view with alarm the determined efforts of yet another Power to place afloat a great fleet which in certain circumstances might be in a position to contest the command of European waters. But it is as well that this irritation should not hide the fact that Germany, by reason of her geographical situation and her rapidly developing commerce, may justifiably claim that she requires a Navy to protect her legitimate interests. Next to Great Britain, Germany has the most considerable mercantile marine in the world, and it needs no stretch of imagination to appreciate the danger in which her shipping would be placed in time of war if the German flag were not in a position to defend it. If the German people had not realised the need for a large war fleet, they would have been guilty of remarkable blindness to their own welfare as a manufacturing people with a large overseas trade conducted by means of their own merchant ships. In the interests of the future good relations between the two countries, it is essential that the British people should realise that Germany is England's principal European rival in the peaceful pursuits of commerce on the world's seas, and that, this position having been obtained, a strong Navy is a necessary adjunct. Germany's aspirations may be

traced in some measure to natural causes, and the success with which they are being realised should act as an incentive to British ship-owners to greater enterprise and more strenuous efforts.

The point of immediate moment is whether some influence cannot be brought to bear upon the German Government so that the strength of the war fleet may be kept within the reasonable limits dictated by the size of Germany's mercantile marine and the character of the territory to be defended. Of course no other nation has a right even to suggest directly to the Kaiser and his advisers the number of battleships which they should maintain, but a great step forward towards the limitation of the present contest for sea-power would have been taken if by some means the German people could be shown that they, and they alone, are checking a world-wide movement towards economy in naval armaments. Unfortunately the German Navy League has disseminated throughout the Empire an entirely erroneous view of Great Britain's position and the attitude of public opinion. It has conveyed to its 600,000 members the impression that Great Britain has reached the high-water mark of naval expenditure, and that consequently the more money German people devote to strengthening their fleet the more nearly will they approach the British naval standard. The temper of the people of Great Britain has assuredly been misinterpreted. Never was there a time when the essential character of the British fleet in the scheme of British defence was more widely recognised, and the determination to maintain it in adequate strength held with more dogged determination. There is no sacrifice which the British people will not make in the interest of British supremacy, and the sooner this central fact which dominates the naval situation is realised in Germany, the sooner will the present ruinous rivalry in naval aggrandisement cease.

At this moment an unique opportunity occurs for reducing the burden which the maintenance of the colossal fleets of the great Powers casts upon the people of Europe and America. In a period of sixteen months the whole fighting fleet of Russia has been swept off the seas. Outside the Baltic the Czar has only one battleship ready for sea, and that of the second class, the *Alexander II.*, eighteen years old. Another battleship of 13,516 tons, which has been christened the *Slava*, is nearly completed, while two other battleships are in the early stages of construction. Two other battleships are being built in the Black Sea. The vessels in the Black Sea may be definitely eliminated from all calculations of naval strength. If Russia had not the courage to break out from these waters in contravention of her treaty obligations when she possessed the third greatest fleet in the world, a fleet of high prestige, she will surely not dare now to tamper with the Treaty of Berlin. The composition of the Russian force is opposed to its usefulness against a modern ocean-going squadron, and the British fleet commands the Mediterranean in

unrivalled power. We may safely dismiss this bogey force of Russia ; it can exercise no influence outside the Black Sea. This hypothesis is inevitable on the facts as they now exist, and there remain only the naval resources of the Baltic to be considered. By the end of this year Russia may hope to have the battleship *Slava* ready for sea, and two years hence this vessel will be joined by the two battleships of 16,630 tons which were laid down at the Baltic and Galerny Island yards at St. Petersburg in the course of last year. Thus the end of 1907 will be reached, and Russia will possess only three first-class battleships ; and judged by the fate of the Russian-built ships which took part in the battle of the Sea of Japan, it is by no means certain that even these three vessels will be veritable men-of-war. There is ground for suspicion that Russian naval construction is radically faulty.

Even as a second-class naval Power Russia may be eliminated from all calculations. For many years to come she must be a negligible quantity in European waters. Far more sensational than the losses which she has suffered in the struggle with Japan has been the revelation of the inefficiency of her *personnel* in all the essentials of warlike training. The Russians have never been either seamen or mechanics, and the modern sailor requires both a familiarity with the sea and a mechanical aptitude. The limitations which the Russian sailors have revealed in such glaring colours in the course of the war may be traced in part to their environment and the social condition of Russia, and in part to the restrictions under which sea training must be carried out. A large proportion of the population of Russia is uneducated, and the modern bluejacket must be well equipped mentally if he is to vie with his 'opposite numbers' in other European navies. Moreover, the Russian sailor is drawn for the most part from inland provinces : the sea is to him a strange and fearsome element, and some time elapses before he becomes reconciled to the life to which he is condemned by conscript laws. Never more than to-day has it been true that one volunteer is worth two pressed men. In the war in the Far East the Russians, it is said, met conscript crews in battle, but there was this essential difference, that the Russians fought merely because they had to fight, and did so without any patriotic ambition, whereas the highly intelligent Japanese crews were saturated with a patriotic enthusiasm which found an outlet in the facile use of all the complicated weapons of war.

The restrictions imposed upon Russia by her geographical situation are self-evident. Outside the Black Sea she has only one ice-free port now that Port Arthur has been lost, and even Libau leaves much to be desired. Consequently the Russian Navy must remain in the future, as it has been in the past, a summer Navy: During the long winter months whatever ships she may acquire must remain in harbour, and not until the ice has broken up can the naval authorities

turn their attention to sea practice of the crews. If the work were well done in the summer months a passable Navy might be evolved. But the Russian bluejacket has no enthusiasm for his task at best, and at worst is a poor dumb driven animal with the tenacity and courage of a bull, which in these days of scientific instruments and long-range actions count for little. Out of such material, and circumscribed by so many limitations and geographical restrictions, Russia cannot hope to become a naval Power in this generation. Consequently the British people have no reason to view with nervous alarm the efforts which, it has been said, are being made at St. Petersburg to draft a programme for the rebuilding of the Russian fleet. It has been reported that the Ministry of Marine have under consideration a project for building a large number of vessels in the Baltic yards. In the course of three years, it is said, eight battleships, each of from 16,000 to 18,000 tons displacement, will be built, together with five armoured cruisers of 16,000 tons, five armoured cruisers of 10,000 tons, four armoured cruisers of 6,000 tons, sixty torpedo cruisers, ten squadron torpedo boats, twenty torpedo boats, sixty submarines, and a number of river gunboats and smaller craft. The suggestion that a programme of these colossal proportions can be carried out in Russian shipbuilding yards within a short period is too absurd to merit serious consideration, and even if the work could be done the cost would amount to from twenty-five to thirty million pounds. It may be that, as in the past, Russia will call in the assistance of shipbuilding yards in Germany, France, and America to help her in re-creating the fleet. By these means she may obtain within five or six years practically as many men-of-war of various types as the Russian Admiralty in its wildest and most sanguine moments can desire.

When the vessels are complete, where are the trained crews to be obtained with which to man them? In the course of the present war Russia has lost the flower of her naval *personnel*, and her apologists must be convinced that in the hands of officers and men trained under the present system even the most powerful man-of-war, with the best guns, the hardest armour, and the finest machinery, must become comparatively innocuous to an enemy whose crews have been adequately trained. Russia might find it possible to raise sufficient money to pay for the construction of a large number of ships, but if she pours out her treasure with the most lavish hand, she cannot convert these inert engines of war into veritable emblems of sea-power, because she does not possess the resources with which to provide them with trained officers and men. During the present generation Russia must be regarded as definitely swept off the seas. The prestige of her Navy stands lower than that of any fleet in the world, and by no miracle, by no autocratic rescript, by no friendly assistance of neighbouring nations, can it be placed in our time again in the position which it occupied prior to the war. Whatever may be

true of the Russian Army, the Russian Navy is dead, and before it can be called to life again the Empire must undergo a revolution in thought and in method, and must bend itself to the acquisition of that technical facility which may do something to compensate for the absence of sea aptitude.

It is a fortunate coincidence that the destruction of the Russian fleet should have occurred at a time when, with the single exception of Germany, there are evidences of a desire by the great Powers to limit the expenditure on their fleets. The British estimates this year show a reduction of three and a half million pounds, and the programme of shipbuilding which Parliament has authorised includes only one battleship and four armoured cruisers. The battleship it is true, will be equal to any two battleships now afloat in offensive and defensive qualities, and the armoured cruisers will be more than equivalent in fighting power to any battleship in the French or German navies. This is stating the case with extreme moderation. In view of the debacle of the Russian fleet on May 27-29, it would not be surprising, however, if the Admiralty determined to postpone the construction of at least one of the armoured cruisers. But apart from any modification which may be made owing to the result of the battle of the Sea of Japan, the programme of shipbuilding for this year, judged by the number of units, is the smallest for a decade past. As will be shown, the Admiralty are thoroughly justified in the action which they have taken in view of the events of the past sixteen months.

Turning to the French Navy, here again there is no evidence of a continuation of the mad race for sea-power. France is laying down no battleship and only one armoured cruiser this year. In the past six years France has begun only six battleships to twelve begun by Germany, and Germany is responsible for the anxiety as to the strength of the French fleet which has recently occurred. The French people have witnessed year by year extraordinary activity across the frontier. With admirable self-constraint they refused to abandon the unambitious programme to which they set their hands in 1900, but this spirit of calm assurance has at last been dispelled by the immediate prospect that Germany will possess a greater fleet than the Republic, and that unless action is immediately taken France must cease to be the second naval Power. It is only in the face of this emergency, due entirely to the aggrandisement of Germany, that the French Admiralty is about to embark upon a new programme. A resolution inviting the Government to submit a scheme of new construction was adopted by the French Parliament by a majority of 342 votes, and the probability is that very shortly the country will be committed to a programme of construction entailing an annual expenditure of nearly five millions, or about one and a half millions more than Germany is spending in the present year. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Germany, owing to her more efficient resources, is able to

complete men-of-war at a much cheaper rate than French shipyards. In the case of France we have, therefore, the spectacle of a country which has persistently limited the expenditure on its fleet for several years past, and which is now departing from this policy only in the face of the serious situation created by Germany. In Italy the naval expenditure for many years has varied singularly little from year to year. This has been due more to financial stringency than to any hope that the modesty of the Italian programme would affect the action of other Powers.

This short review exhausts the first-class naval Powers of Europe with the exception of Germany. Under the inspiration of the Kaiser, assisted by the German Navy League, the colossal programme of 1900, which aims at more than doubling the size of the German fleet as it existed at the beginning of the century, is being carried out in advance of the programme dates. In accordance with this scheme the German fleet should consist of thirty-eight battleships and fourteen armoured cruisers by 1920. Germany possesses already thirty-seven battleships built or building, but of these many are of the third class and will automatically be replaced by ships of the first class. The programme of 1900 also included six additional armoured cruisers and seven small protected cruisers. These thirteen ships were intended for service abroad. The Reichstag refused this portion of the programme, but Admiral Tirpitz announced that he should regard these ships merely as postponed and not abandoned. Five years have passed, and this autumn this rejected portion of the programme will again be introduced in a fresh form. If rumour may be credited the six armoured cruisers will be battleships in fact, if not in name, and since small protected cruisers are now discredited the seven vessels of this class will be displaced in the programme by forty-two destroyers. It is the reintroduction of this portion of the programme of 1900 in a more aggressive form, and the steady concentration of the whole fighting power of Germany in the North Sea, which has legitimately caused anxiety not only in England but in France, and must exercise a powerful influence upon the future programmes of both these Powers. On land the army of France is probably no match for the legions of Germany, and consequently it is reasonable that the French people should feel alarmed at the prospect of relinquishing into the hands of Germany the position of the second sea-Power in the world. In England, as in France, therefore, Germany is the Power which is provoking precautionary measures which the utterances of the Kaiser himself, the German Navy League, and many public men throughout the German Empire have amply justified.

It has become a settled axiom that the continued growth of the fleet of the United States should not be regarded as dangerous to British supremacy, though the maintenance by America of an increasingly large fleet off the Philippines may in certain contingencies

interfere with the policy of the Admiralty to concentrate all the fighting units in the 'Near Seas.' It may be found essential for commercial reasons to support the British flag in China seas with at least as large a force as America employs. This, however, is a side issue, and the most significant fact in the present development of the American Navy is the difference of opinion on the other side of the Atlantic as to the wisdom of the present active naval policy. In the present year the General Naval Board recommended that three battleships should be commenced, but this proposal was reduced by one-third by the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives, and this reduction was afterwards confirmed. American sentiment is by no means in agreement with President Roosevelt, whose ambition it is to see the American Republic defended by a great fleet. In spite of the wealth of the American people they realise that, owing to their tariff system, sea-power must be more expensive to them than to the British nation. The cost of construction is very much higher, and owing to the rate of wages which rules throughout the United States, the officers and men have to be paid on a far higher scale than in the British Navy, and the disproportion between the cost of the American *personnel* and that of Germany, France, and Italy is even more remarkable. In the case of America, one of the main contributory causes of the expansion of the fleet is the action of Germany. The inception of the naval movement in America dates, it is true, from the Venezuela trouble during the presidency of Mr. Cleveland, but it is impossible to read the debates in later years without realising that one of the main objects which is being kept in view is the provision of a fleet of sufficient strength to frighten away any European Power—Germany in particular—which might be tempted to interfere with any of the South American Republics and even seize territory from them. If Germany slackened her pace her action would greatly strengthen the hands of a large section of the American public who regard the aspirations of President Roosevelt without sympathy.

There was never a time when the British people could approach the question of a limitation of naval armaments with more equable mind. Owing to the sacrifices which have been made since the Naval Defence Act was passed, the two-Power standard in battleships has been attained, apart from the margin of a strength earmarked for commerce protection and represented by a large number of armoured cruisers. In consequence of the losses suffered by Russia the British Navy has gained proportionately in strength.

From 1889 down to 1900 the two-Power standard was calculated exclusively with reference to France and Russia. Parliament insisted that the British Navy should comprise at least as many battleships as the fleets of the Dual Alliance, and that each battleship should be superior in fighting power. This standard of comparison

has now completely broken down, because the Russian fleet no longer exists, and since the United States and Japan cannot be regarded as coming within the category of Powers with whom war is probable, Germany naturally takes the place of Russia in British calculations. In estimating the relative strength of the British fleet we must in future, therefore, take into account the battleships built or building for Germany and France. This will be the basis at any rate during the present generation, in which the Russian fleet must continue to be a negligible quantity.

It is, however, especially difficult at the present moment to imagine any circumstances which would bring the fleets of Germany and France into line. The memories of 1870 have not died, and recent events in Morocco have certainly not tended to draw the two nations together in amity and a desire for co-operation. Thanks to the splendid work of the King, supported by Lord Lansdowne, England no longer occupies a position of splendid isolation, surrounded on all sides by nations regarding her with jealousy and hatred. We are on the most cordial terms not only with France, but with Japan, America, Spain, Portugal, and also with Italy, and we may be sure that much as France may desire for obvious reasons to improve her relations with Germany, she will do nothing to threaten her continuance within the circle of this happy family. With all these nations we have adjusted outstanding differences, and this condition of peaceful environment may reasonably affect in some measure our defensive machinery. We are no longer faced, as we were faced two years ago, with a Dual Alliance with fleets approaching in strength that of the British Empire, but we are faced by two distinct and unsympathetic peoples, each of whom possesses a Navy of considerably less than half the fighting power of the British fleet. Is it unreasonable to believe that in this circumstance the two-Power standard may be interpreted with less margin for contingencies than was the case even two years ago?

In consequence of the destruction of fourteen battleships, two armoured cruisers, and many protected cruisers in the war in the Far East, we may disregard, as has been already claimed, the Russian Navy, or if it gives any pleasure to the wildest enthusiast we may include the Russian fleet, and thus boast that our Navy has reached the three-Power standard. It certainly is more than equal, so far as can be judged by paper contrasts, to the forces which France, Germany, and Russia could place in line of battle. But as Russia even at the end of 1907 will have only three first-class battleships, her weight is not sufficient to justify her serious inclusion in any contrast of power.

As the Navy League has been protesting that our sea-power is endangered by the smallness of this year's programme, it may be well to disarm the criticism of this organisation by adopting its own

figures for calculating the relative strength of the British Navy in contrast with the fleets of Germany and France. Fifteen or sixteen years is the effective life of an armoured ship, so rapidly does science advance in these days. No ship dating back prior to 1889, the date of the Naval Defence Act, merits inclusion in any comparative statement, and there need therefore be no hesitation in accepting the Navy League's basis of comparison,¹ which begins with that year and shows the number of battleships built and building in England, France, and Germany :

Dis-placement of Ships	Great Britain	France	Germany
From 16,000 to 18,000 tons	11	none	none
" 14,000 " 15,000 "	31	6	none
" 12,000 " 14,000 "	7	3	10
" 10,000 " 12,000 "	4	8	14
" 8,000 " 10,000 "	none	1	none
" 6,000 " 8,000 "	none	4	none
" 4,000 " 6,000 "	none	none	5
Under 4,000 tons	none	none	2
Totals	53	22	31

On the basis of these totals, vouched for by the Navy League, Great Britain would appear to possess exactly the same number of modern battleships as France and Germany together—fifty-three built and building. This comparison, however, is most misleading, as the above analysis shows. Five of the French battleships which are classified even by the Navy League as of the second class are merely coast-defence ships. Four of them displace less than 7,000 tons, carrying only sufficient coal for short cruises and mounting only two big guns either of the 12-inch or 13·4-inch types, and the secondary armament consists of 3·9-inch quick-firers, of which two ships carry eight and two others only four. The fifth ship, the *Henri IV.*, is a vessel of just under 9,000 tons. Turning to Germany, seven of the so-called 'battleships' are coast-defence vessels of the smallest size—of between 3,500 and 4,100 tons, armed with nothing bigger than 9·4-inch guns. In the combined total of the French and German fleets we have therefore twelve vessels which do not deserve to be classed as battleships, and the true figures for the three fleets are as follows :

	Battleships	Coast-defence Ships
Great Britain	53	—
France	17	5
Germany. . . .	24	7

This is a much truer comparison of the fighting material of the

¹ *Navy League Journal*, April 1905.

three fleets, but those who care to examine in further detail the ships of contemporaneous date will see that the advantage year by year is with the British Navy, the battleships of which are bigger and far more powerful than those of France and Germany. All the British battleships are now concentrated in European waters.

Now that the time has come to readjust the two-Power standard, so as to contrast the British Navy with that of France and Germany instead of with the fleets of France and Russia, we still have a good margin of superiority, and never was there a more ill-founded agitation than that which followed the announcement of the Admiralty ship-building programme for the present year.

Owing to the commercial position of Great Britain the Admiralty have refused, and quite rightly, to limit the construction of cruisers to the two-Power standard, because it is recognised that in time of war, apart from battle actions aimed at the annihilation of the enemy, the British fleet would have a heavy responsibility in the defence of the mercantile marine conveying to this country food and raw material so essential to our well-being. Since, owing to the development in the construction of boilers and engines and improvements in the manufacture of armour and of powerful guns of medium weight, the protected cruiser has become obsolete, the Admiralty have been active in the creation of a great number of armoured vessels. Again we cannot do better than turn to the Navy League's statement for a contrast between the progress which has been made by ourselves and by France and Germany in the construction of this type of men-of-war since 1889, and it will be seen that British superiority in big armoured cruisers is very considerable, even if not as complete as a naval enthusiast can desire or the size of Britain's mercantile marine suggests as essential :

	Armoured Cruisers Laid down since 1889 .									
Great Britain	39
France	19
Germany	8

The inevitable conclusion to be drawn from these comparisons is that the British naval position is satisfactory, and that Germany, which has laid down in the past six years twelve battleships to seventeen begun by Great Britain and six commenced by France, is forcing the pace in the contest for naval power, and Germany alone.

It is not alone the size of the German Navy which causes disquiet in France and England, but the determination with which the policy of concentration is being pursued. Germany claims to be a world-Power and to have a say in all international questions, but she masses all her battle squadrons in and about the Baltic. This policy gives a sinister appearance to her naval aggrandisement because it suggests that the fleet is being held on the leash to act the part of 'honest

broker' when England or France is engaged in some enterprise in which Germany is not concerned. It is possible to imagine circumstances in which the Kaiser might employ a fleet, thus concentrated, with much profit. What more simple than to find cause of intervention after the Navy of either England or France had emerged from some contest or when either or both were engaged in some matter in the Mediterranean? This has been the avowed policy of Germany. It has been evident for years past. But owing to the wise statesmanship of France and Great Britain the opportunity seems less near than it did when these two Powers were at enmity. The *entente cordiale* which has been demonstrated before the eyes of the world at Brest has greatly interfered with the plans of Germany and decreased the value of her fleet a hundredfold. To-day it is Germany and not England which is in 'splendid isolation'; but unfortunately for the peace of the world the German Empire, having by its own doings achieved this consolidation of British and French interests, chooses to regard the accomplished task with jealousy. German plans have miscarried, and the German people are chagrined by the fact that they are to-day solitary and estranged. They are viewed with no sympathy in England, France, America, or Japan, and even Spain and Italy have refused to be the tools of the authorities at Berlin. If Germany is for peace—and she needs peace for the development of her commerce overseas and the upbuilding of her mercantile marine—now is her opportunity to announce her pacific intentions and crystallise them in an act which cannot be misunderstood—the abandonment of her fresh shipbuilding programme. She needs a navy for the defence of her legitimate interests; now is her chance to show that she does not desire a navy for the purposes of aggression.

If Great Britain has gained by the elimination of the Russian fleet, so also has Germany, and to an even greater extent. She is no longer faced with the dread that in the event of hostilities with France she would also have to contend with the Russian Navy at her very door, and, therefore, she has all the less reason for the proposal to introduce an extension of the programme of 1900. If the scheme of which Admiral Tirpitz has given notice is persevered in, Great Britain and France will be compelled to take steps to neutralise these new ships, and after she has spent her treasure in further naval aggrandisement Germany will be relatively in the same position as she occupies to-day, while the peoples of all three countries will be considerably poorer. The German fleet owing to financial stringency is being constructed largely out of loans, and this might be urged as sufficient reason why she should desist from a mad contest. The German Emperor and Prince von Bülow have an opportunity to-day of showing that their policy is one of peace, and they could give no better illustration than by abandoning the new programme, and thus

responding to the recent efforts which have been made by the British and French and the American authorities to limit the outlay upon the building of men-of-war.

The decision to mass the main British battle squadrons in or near the English Channel and North Sea is a wise, indeed inevitable, precaution. As Germany adds to her squadrons in the Baltic, Great Britain must in self-defence concentrate increasing forces in the North Sea. It is the inevitable result of German policy, undertaken in no unfriendliness, but merely in self-defence. The 'Near Seas' are the British frontiers, and must be as adequately safeguarded as the land frontiers of Russia and France. Prince von Bülow has indulged in words of peace; now by abandoning the intention to construct additional men-of-war he can translate these words into an act which all the world will applaud. Will Germany seize the opportunity?

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ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

'MR. SPEAKER'

THE title of the president of the House of Commons appears at first sight paradoxical, since 'Mr. Speaker' does not speak in the debates. But the original function of the office was to sum up, like the judge at a trial, the arguments of both sides at the end of a debate, and to 'speak' the views of the House in its contentions with the Crown, which, as we all know, were many, about supplies and taxes, before the Revolution of 1688.

The duties of the Speaker to-day are not so anxious or troublesome. He speaks, as in days of yore, the opinions of the House to the Sovereign, but the occasions are rare, and are always formal or ceremonious. He has been, happily, relieved of the invidious, if not impossible, task of summing up the points of a debate in which the two political parties argue out their differences. As he sits in the Chair, a picturesque figure in big wig, ruffles and lace, flowing robe, silk hose and buckled shoes, the duties he has mainly to discharge are those more appropriate to the office of president of a deliberative assembly. He controls and guides the debates. He keeps the talk strictly to the subject of discussion. He decides points of order. He interprets the rules of the House. He must be ever ready to assist members in doubt or difficulty about a question, a motion, or a Bill. In all things he says or does he must be extremely jealous for the authority, honour and dignity of the Legislature over which he presides, and of which—to use the ancient phrase—he is 'the mouth.'

Above all, Mr. Speaker must be scrupulously fair, absolutely just, in rulings which affect any of the political sections of the Assembly, for the most precious attribute of the Chair of the House of Commons is impartiality. The Speaker, like the King, is supposed to have no politics. That is now a recognised constitutional principle. Of course he must have been returned to the House originally as a political partisan. It follows also that on his first appointment to the Chair he was necessarily the choice, or the nominee, of the political party which at the time was in the majority. The Chair of the House of Commons, when vacated by resignation or death, has always been considered the legitimate prize of the party then in office or in power. Accordingly the Speaker has invariably been chosen from the ranks of the

Ministerialists. All the Speakers of the nineteenth century—Sir Henry Addington (who occupied the Chair at the opening of the century), Sir John Freeman-Mitford, Charles Abbot, Charles Manners-Sutton, James Abercromby, Charles Shaw-Lefevre, John Evelyn Denison, Henry Bouverie Brand, Arthur Wellesley Peel, and William Court Gully—were so chosen and appointed. But whether the Speaker is first designated by the Government, or carried by the majority of the Government, as he is being conducted by his proposer and seconder from his place on the benches to the Chair he doffs his vivid party colours, be they buff or blue, and wears, instead, the white flower of a neutral political life; and, once in the Chair, he is regarded as the choice of the whole House, from which his authority is derived and in whose name it is exercised. Henceforth he sits above all parties. Henceforth he has no political opinions to bias his rulings from the Chair. So he remains Speaker—being re-elected unanimously at the first meeting of each new Parliament—until he decides to resign or is removed by death. This concurrence of both sides in the appointment of Mr. Speaker adds immensely to the weight of his authority, by making him absolutely independent of the party conflicts which are waged on the floor of the House of Commons.

Once only has a Speaker been dismissed on the assembling of a new Parliament because he was known not to hold the views of the party which came back from the country in a majority. This was Charles Manners-Sutton. A Tory himself, he was the nominee of the Tory Administration in office at the resignation of Charles Abbot in 1817. The moderate Conservatives and Whigs put forward Charles William Wynn. He and his brother, Sir Watkin Wynn, who was also in the House, were known as 'Bubble and Squeak,' on account of the peculiarity of their voices. Indeed, Canning thought the only objection to Wynn as a candidate for the Chair was that members might be tempted to address him as 'Mr. Squeaker.' However, Manners-Sutton was elected by the large majority of 160; and in accordance with precedent he was reappointed to the position after General Elections in 1819, 1820, 1826, 1830, and 1831. In July 1832, during the struggle over the great Reform Bill, he intimated his wish to retire at the close of the Parliament. A vote of thanks for his services was unanimously passed, on the motion of Lord Althorp, the Whig Leader of the House, and he was granted by the Crown an annuity of 4,000*l.*, and one of 3,000*l.*, after his death, to his heir male. But the Whig Ministers, returned again to power at the General Election which followed the passing of the Reform Act, were apprehensive that a new and inexperienced Speaker would be unable to control the first reformed Parliament, which, it was feared, might consist of discordant and unruly elements, and they induced Manners-Sutton to consent to occupy the Chair for some time longer. The Radicals, however,

decided to oppose his re-election. Accordingly, at the meeting of the new Parliament on the 29th of January, 1833, after Manners-Sutton had been nominated by two Whigs, Lord Morpeth and Sir Francis Burdett, Edward John Littleton was proposed in opposition by Joseph Hume, and seconded by Daniel O'Connell. Littleton did not desire to have his name submitted for the Chair, but, nevertheless, a division was taken, and he was rejected by 241 votes to 31, or the enormous majority of 210. Thereupon Charles Manners-Sutton was declared elected Speaker unanimously.

When a new Parliament next assembled, on the 19th of February, 1835, the Tories were in office, the Whigs having been summarily dismissed by William the Fourth in the preceding November; but, as the result of the General Election which followed, a majority of Whigs confronted Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister, in the House of Commons, determined to fight him on every issue. Charles Manners-Sutton was again nominated for the Chair, this time his proposer and seconder being Tories. That he was a staunch Tory in opinion everybody was well aware. But he was charged with overt acts of partisanship, despite the principle that as Speaker he was bound to be absolutely impartial. It was said that he had been actively concerned in the Tory opposition to the reform of Parliament; that he had, in fact, tried to constitute an anti-Reform Administration himself; further, that he had assisted in the overthrow of the late Government, and that had the Tories been successful at the polls he would have been appointed to high office in Peel's Cabinet. These charges he denied. But the Whigs as a party now opposed his re-election to the Chair; and their nominee, James Abercromby, was carried in a most exciting division by the narrow majority of 10, or by 316 votes to 306. 'Such a division was never known before in the House of Commons,' writes Charles Greville in his *Memoirs*. 'Much money was won and lost. Everybody betted. I won 55.'

No attempt has since been made to depose a Speaker on party grounds, even when a General Election has effected a shifting of the balance of parties in the House of Commons. On the retirement of Abercromby in May 1839, the Whigs, being still in office, nominated Charles Shaw-Lefevre; the Tories ran Henry Goulburn, and the former was elected by a majority of 18, or by 317 votes to 299. The General Election of 1841 resulted in a change of Government. The Melbourne Administration, which elected Shaw-Lefevre to the Chair, was overthrown at the polls, and the Tories came back with a large majority. Many of the victors in the electoral contest were disposed to follow the example set by their opponents in 1835, and make a party question of the Speakership of the new Parliament. But their leader and Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, refused to countenance this line of action. 'I do not think it necessary,' said he, in a speech supporting the re-election of Shaw-Lefevre in August, 1841, 'that the

person elected to the Chair, who had ably and conscientiously performed his duty, should be displaced because his political opinions are not consonant with those of the majority of the House.' The re-election of Shaw-Lefevre was, accordingly, unanimous. Peel's wise view of the Speakership has since prevailed. The continuity of the office has not been broken since the dismissal of Manners-Sutton in 1835. John Evelyn Denison was unanimously chosen to succeed Shaw-Lefevre in 1857, Henry Bouverie Brand to succeed Denison in 1872, and Arthur Wellesley Peel to succeed Brand in 1884. By a curious coincidence the Whigs, or Liberals, have been in office on every occasion that the Speakership has become vacant by resignation during the past seventy years. But the Conservatives on their return to power reappointed Denison in 1866, Brand in 1874, and Peel in 1886.

The circumstances which attended the election of William Court Gully as Speaker have given both to the principle that the Chair is above the strife and the prejudices of party, and the precedent of its occupant's continuity of office, an accession of strength which makes them stable and decisive for all time. Mr. Gully had sat in the House as a Liberal for ten years when, on the retirement of Mr. Speaker Peel in May 1895, he was nominated for the Chair by the Liberal Government. The Unionist Opposition proposed Sir Matthew White Ridley, a highly respected member of their party and a man of long and varied experience in Parliamentary affairs. On a division Mr. Gully was elected by the narrow majority of eleven. The voting was: Gully, 285; White Ridley, 274. It was publicly declared at the time that, as the Unionist party had disapproved the candidature of Mr. Gully, they held themselves free to dismiss him from the Chair should they have a majority in the next new Parliament. A few weeks later the Liberal Government was defeated in the House of Commons, and a dissolution followed. It is the custom to allow the Speaker a walk-over in his constituency at the General Election. But Mr. Gully's seat at Carlisle was on this occasion contested, and his Unionist opponent received from Mr. Arthur Balfour a letter warmly endorsing his candidature and wishing him success. In his address to the constituents Mr. Gully made no reference to politics. He had been Speaker of the House of Commons, and, therefore, he could have nothing to say to party controversy. Like his predecessors, he recognised that a Speaker cannot descend into the rough strife of the electoral battle, not even to canvass the electors, without impairing the independence and the dignity of the Chair of the House of Commons. Happily, the contest ended in his re-election by a substantial majority.

The Unionists came back triumphant from the country. There was a feeling still in the party, though, indeed, it did not prevail to any wide extent, that the Speaker of the new Parliament should be chosen from its ranks. It was pointed out that for sixty years there had not been a Conservative Speaker—Manners-Sutton having been the last—

and, apart altogether from the legitimate ambition of the Conservatives to appoint a nominee to the Chair, it was argued that in building up the body of precedents which guide, if they do not control, the duties of the Speakership, Conservative wisdom ought to have its proper share, if these precedents are truly to reflect the general opinion of the House. But the influence of tradition and practice in the House of Commons was too powerful to be overborne by those who desired that the new Speaker should be chosen from the Unionist ranks. At the first meeting of the new Parliament, in August 1895, Mr. Gully was unanimously re-elected to the Chair.

On his election to the Chair the Speaker forfeits—actually, though perhaps not theoretically—his rights as the representative of a constituency in the House. He is practically disqualified from speaking in the debates and voting in the divisions. The constituency which he represents is, therefore, in a sense disfranchised. But there is no record of a constituency ever having objected to its representative accepting the Speakership. No doubt it feels there is compensation in the distinction which it acquires by returning the president of the House of Commons. Formerly it was customary for the Speaker to join in the debates and divisions when the House was in Committee and he, of course, had left the Chair. In Committee on the Bill for the Union of Great Britain and Ireland Mr. Speaker Addington, on the 12th of February, 1799, declared that while he was in favour of the plan, he was strongly opposed to the proposals of amelioration with which Pitt was disposed to accompany it. If it were a question, he said, between the re-enactment of all the Popery laws or the Union, coupled with Catholic emancipation, as a means for the pacification of Ireland, he would prefer the repressive measures of old. Again, during the Committee stage of the Bill introduced by Henry Grattan, in 1813, to qualify Roman Catholics for election as members of Parliament, an amendment to omit the vital words, ‘to sit and vote in either House of Parliament,’ was moved by Mr. Speaker Abbot (strongly opposed, like Addington, to the removal of the Catholic disabilities), and having been carried by the narrow majority of four votes was, of course, fatal to the measure.

Manners-Sutton also exercised his right to speak in Committee three times on such highly controversial questions as Catholic Emancipation and the claims of Dissenters to be admitted to the Universities, to both of which he, like his predecessors in the Chair, answered an uncompromising ‘No.’ But so high has the Chair of the House of Commons in recent times been lifted above the conflicts of party politics that partisanship so assertive and aggressive would not now be tolerated in the Speaker. On the last two occasions that a Speaker interested himself in proceedings in Committee the questions at issue had no relation whatever to party politics. In 1856 Shaw-Lefevre spoke

in defence of the Board of Trustees of the British Museum, of which he was a member; and in 1870 Evelyn Denison voted for a proposal to exempt horses employed on farms from license duty. As this right has not been exercised for thirty-five years, it is probable that never again will a Speaker speak or vote in Committee. Indeed, Mr. Speaker Gully directed that his name should not appear in the printed lists with which the clerks in the division lobbies are furnished for the purpose of recording the names of members and how they voted. The only vote which a Speaker now gives is a casting-vote, should the numbers on each side in a division be equal.

What are the qualities, then, which make a successful president of the representative Chamber? 'Go and assemble yourselves together, and elect one, a discreet, wise, and learned man, to be your Speaker.' Such were the words which the Lord Chancellor in the reign of Elizabeth addressed to a new House of Commons. The order in which the qualities deemed essential for the Speaker are arranged is not without its significance. Discretion comes first. It might also be given the second place and the third. Marked ability is by no means indispensable in a Speaker, for intellectually his work is not difficult. But undoubtedly in the twentieth century, as in the sixteenth, the faculty which is of the highest importance in the art of the Speakership is circumspection, sagacity, prudence.

John Evelyn Denison had sat in the House for more than thirty years when, in 1857, he was chosen Speaker. Yet naturally he was awed by the responsibilities of the Chair. In such a position, about which the light of publicity beats as fiercely as around the Throne, timorousness or irresolution would be fatal. To Denison the prospect was not made less formidable by the reply which he got from his predecessor on inquiring whether there was anyone to whom he could go for advice and assistance on trying occasions. 'No one,' said Shaw-Lefevre; 'you must learn to rely entirely upon yourself.' 'And,' proceeds Denison in his *Diary*, 'I found this to be very true. Sometimes a friend would hasten to the Chair and offer advice. I must say, it was for the most part lucky I did not follow the advice. I spent the first few years of my Speakership like the captain of a steamer on the Thames, standing on the paddle-box, ever on the look-out for shocks and collisions.' But these 'shocks and collisions' are rarely uncommon or unfamiliar. The House of Commons has not had a life and growth of several centuries without providing an abundance of precepts and examples for the guidance of its Speaker. Generally speaking, whatever occurs in the House of Commons has happened there before. Almost every contingency that can possibly arise has had its antecedent parallel, and is, accordingly, covered by a precedent, and a Speaker cannot go far astray in a decision if he be thoroughly acquainted with the forms and procedure of the House and the

rulings of his predecessors, which hedge his course and save him from difficulty and uncertainty. Nor is it the fact that there is no one to whom he can go for advice to meet an approaching emergency. It is the custom for members to give the Speaker private notice of questions on points of order; unless, of course, such as arise unexpectedly in debate; and for aid in the decision of these cases the Speaker has the clerks who sit at the table below him to refer to, if necessary, with regard to custom and procedure, and a counsel to direct him on points of law. 'I used to study the business of the day carefully every morning,' says Denison, 'and consider what questions could arise upon it. Upon these questions I prepared myself by referring to the rules or, if needful, to precedents.' It is also the practice, though Denison makes no mention of it, for the clerks at the table to have an audience with the Speaker every day before the House meets, to draw his attention to any points of order likely to arise which the Speaker might be called upon to settle, and to confer generally on the business of the day. Therefore, it is an exceedingly rare experience for the Speaker to be brought suddenly face to face with an absolutely unprecedented situation. In such a difficulty he has the immense advantage of being able, as the supreme authority in the House, to impose his will unquestioned on all concerned, even should he have gone beyond his exact functions as the ruler of debate, the preserver of order, the guardian of the rights of members.

But it must not be supposed that smooth and easy is the way of the president of the House of Commons. The whole art of the Speakership does not consist in presenting a dignified, ceremonial figure, in wig and gown, on a carved and canopied chair, and having a mastery of the technicalities of procedure. The situation that tests most severely the mettle of the Speaker is one that not infrequently arises in the House of Commons, when he is expected to stand forth on the dais of the Chair the one calm, serious, stern, and impartial personality, looming above the exciting party conflict of noise and recrimination which surges on the benches below. It is not cleverness that is then the indispensable quality in a Speaker. More to the purpose, for the controlling and the moderating of the passions of a popular assembly, are the superficial gifts of an impressive presence, an air of authority, a ready tongue, and a resonant voice. Still, the control of the House in such an emergency will depend not so much upon the appearance, the temperament, the elocution of Mr. Speaker, as upon the measure of the confidence and respect of members which he has previously won by more sterling qualities; and the qualities upon which the trust of the House of Commons in its Speaker reposes most securely and abidingly are strength of character, fairness of mind, urbanity of temper, or a combination of tactful firmness with strict impartiality. "

No doubt it is difficult for the Speaker to appear impartial at

all moments and to all sections of the House. Some passing feeling of soreness will inevitably be aroused amongst members censured, or placed at a disadvantage in party engagements, by decisions of the Chair. But if the Speaker has not impressed the House generally with his discretion and judgment, with confidence in the impartiality of his rulings, with the conviction that he regards himself as the guardian of the House, and not the instrument of the party leaders in occupation of the Treasury Bench, that feeling of soreness will not be, as it ought to be, brief and transient, and the Speaker will find on a crucial occasion that the Assembly has slipped from his control.

Moreover, the Speaker must not be too stern in action or demeanour. I have witnessed many violent scenes in the House of Commons, and I have invariably noticed that, in a clash of will and tempers, tactful expostulation and entreaty by the Chair is most potent in the restoration of order. Should it be necessary to invoke punitive measures, there must be a happy blending of urbanity in the manner with rigorousness in the deed. Members are not disposed to forget that, after all, the Speaker is but the servant of the House. There was once a very proud and haughty Speaker, Sir Edward Seymour by name, in the reign of Charles the Second. 'You are too big for the Chair, and for us,' said a member smarting under a reprimand or a ruling. 'For you, that think yourself one of the governors of the world, to be our servant is incongruous.' The Speaker must not be too fastidious, or impatient with the commonplace or the eccentric. He should have a genial tolerance of the extravagant in personality and character, which is bound to appear in an assembly of 670 men, chosen from all classes and all parts of the kingdom, and which, indeed, makes the House of Commons a place of infinite interest. Moreover, the House will not tolerate the despot or the master in an officer of its own creation. Indeed, it is a mistake to suppose that the Speaker wields unfettered authority, that his individual will is law in the House of Commons. It is true that he has vast controlling powers, and that his rulings on points of order and procedure are final. But the will which he imposes upon the House is not his own: it is the law of the House itself, for everything he does must be in accordance with rule and precedent. The initiative in most things lies in the House. The Speaker acts only when he is called upon to do so by a member of the House. He cannot leave the Chair, even at the close of the sitting, without a motion by a Minister. In dealing with a contumacious member who flouts his authority all he can do is to 'name' him. He simply says: 'I name Mr. Blank as disregarding the authority of the Chair.' The punishment—suspension for a period from the service of the House—must be moved by the leading Minister, and must be endorsed by a majority.

Not only are the rules of order, on the whole, adequate for the purposes for which they were framed, but the Chair, happily, is regarded with a respect so profound as to be akin almost to reverence and worship. Mr. Speaker himself, as he walks solemnly up the floor at the opening of every sitting, makes three low obeisances to the Chair. This custom originated when the House of Commons first met in St. Stephen's Chapel—its place of assembly until the fire of 1834—and was intended as a mark of respect for the altar, which at the time stood behind the Chair. But now the object of these couchings or lowly bendings is undoubtedly the carved oak seat of Mr. Speaker—prominent object that it is on its dais—and the ceremony inspires members susceptible to the historic traditions of the House, immemorial and splendid, with a sort of awe of the Chair. More than that, the Chair is exalted by the written rules of the House as well as by tradition and etiquette. One of the rules enjoins that a member 'must enter and leave the House with decorum,' which has been interpreted to mean, not only that he must uncover, but that he should 'make an obeisance to the Chair' when passing to or from his place. 'The first time,' says Gladstone, in a note written towards the end of his life, 'that business required me to go to the arm of the Chair to say something to the Speaker, Manners-Sutton—the first of seven whose subject I have been, who was something of a Keate'—his master at Eton, by whom he had been flogged—'I remember the revival in me bodily of the frame of mind in which the schoolboy stands before his master.' One result of all this awe and reverence is that every occupant of the Chair comes in time to be regarded as Speaker by right divine, and to command the admiration and, indeed, the loyalty of the House. At his resignation—as anyone will see who reads the high-sounding eulogies which in accordance with custom are then delivered—the House kneels at his feet and offers him incense, and seems to wonder that so mighty a personage should have condescended to preside over its deliberations.

This is, of course, as it should be. Nothing contributes so much to the authority of the Chair as the conviction among members that in the Speaker they have a being of awful wrath and thundering majesty. Disraeli declared of Denison that even 'the rustle of his robes,' as he rose to rebuke a breach of order, was sufficient to awe the unruly member into submission. One great and supreme result of this feeling is the implicit obedience to the rulings of the Chair. It is but natural that members who are the victims should occasionally chafe against them, and for the moment feel aggrieved. But such is the high dignity of the Chair, and the confidence in the impartiality of the Speaker, that the ultimate verdict of calm consideration is that these decisions are invariably just and impartial.

But suppose a Speaker, who, of course, puts his own interpretation on precedents and Standing Orders, ultimately finds that he has made

a wrong ruling, what ought he to do in the way of rectifying it? Thomas Moore records in his *Diary* an extraordinary discussion on this point with Mr. Speaker Manners-Sutton after dinner one evening in 1829 at the Speaker's house. 'Dwelt much on the advantages of humbug,' writes Moore in reference to Manners-Sutton; 'of a man knowing how to take care of his reputation, and to keep from being *found out*, so as always to pass for cleverer than he is.' Moore says he argued that such a policy denoted a wise man, not an impostor. If by that line of policy a man induced his fellow-men to give him credit for being cleverer than he really was, the fault could not be his, so long as he did not himself advance any claims to this credit. The moment he *pretended* to be what he was not, then began humbug, but not sooner. The poet then goes on:

He still pushed his point, playfully, but pertinaciously, and in illustration of what he meant put the following case: 'Suppose a Speaker rather new to his office, and a question brought into discussion before him which parties are equally divided upon, and which he sees will run to very inconvenient lengths if not instantly decided. Well, though entirely ignorant on the subject, he assumes an air of authority and gives his decision, which sets the matter at rest. On going home he finds that he has decided quite wrongly; and then, without making any further fuss about the business, he quietly goes and *alters the entry on the Journals.*'

Moore again insisted that wisdom, and not humbug, was the characteristic of such an action. 'To his *supposed* case all I had to answer,' the poet writes, 'was that I still thought the man a wise one, and no humbug; by his resolution in a moment of difficulty he prevented a *present* mischief, and by his withdrawal of a wrong precedent averted a *future* one.'

There are only two instances of the action of a Speaker being made the subject of a motion of censure, followed by a division. In neither case, however, was the motion carried. On the 11th of July, 1879, Charles Stewart Parnell moved a vote of censure on Mr. Speaker Brand on the ground that he had exceeded his duty in directing the clerks at the table to take notes of the speeches of the Nationalist members, then inaugurating their policy of obstructing the proceedings of the House. The motion was lost by 421 votes to 29, or a majority of 392, one of the largest recorded in the history of Parliament. The Irish members were also the movers of the other vote of censure on the Speaker. On the 20th of March, 1902, Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, speaking in reference to the then concluding stages of the South African War, quoted a saying of Vilonel, the Boer general, that the enemies of South Africa were those who were continuing a hopeless struggle. 'He is a traitor,' interjected Mr. John Dillon; and Mr. Chamberlain retorted, 'The hon. gentleman is a good judge of traitors.' The Member for East Mayo appealed to the Chair whether the expression of the Colonial Secretary was not unparliamentary. 'I deprecate interruptions and retorts,' replied Mr. Speaker

Gully, 'and if the hon. gentleman had not himself interrupted the right hon. gentleman, he would not have been subjected to a retort.' 'Then I desire to say that the right hon. gentleman is a damned liar,' exclaimed Mr. Dillon. The Member for East Mayo was thereupon 'named' by the Speaker, and, on the motion of Mr. Arthur Balfour, was suspended from the service of the House. On the following May 7th, Mr. J. J. Mooney, a member of the Irish Parliamentary party, moved that the Speaker ought to have ruled that the words applied by the Colonial Secretary to Mr. Dillon were unparliamentary, and accordingly have directed Mr. Chamberlain to withdraw them. On a division the action of the Chair was supported by 398 votes to 63, or a majority of 335.

But if the duties of the Speakership are arduous, its dignity is high and its emoluments handsome. In former times the Speaker was paid a salary of 5*l.* a day, and a fee of 5*l.* on every private Bill. This fluctuating income was replaced by a fixed salary of 6,000*l.* a year on the election of Henry Addington to the Chair in 1789. It was also decided at the same time that a sum of 1,000*l.* equipment money was to be given to the Speaker on his first appointment. Charles Abbot states in his *Diary* that he paid his predecessor in the Chair, Freeman-Mitford, 1,060*l.* for the state coach—built in 1701, and still in existence—1,000*l.* for wine, and 500*l.* for house furniture. The official residence of the Speaker then adjoined, as now, the House of Commons. We get an interesting glimpse of the old residence, with its gardens by the Thames, in Thomas Moore's *Diary* under date the 19th of May, 1829, the day when Daniel O'Connell made his notable appearance at the Bar of the House to claim the seat for Clare which was denied him as a Roman Catholic :

Went to the House of Commons early, having begged Mr. Speaker yesterday to put me on the list for under the gallery. An immense crowd in the lobby, Irish agitators, &c.; got impatient and went round to Mr. Speaker, who sent the train-bearer to accompany me to the lobby, and, after some little difficulty, I got in. The House enormously full. O'Connell's speech good and judicious. Sent for by Mrs. Mannors-Sutton at seven o'clock to have some dinner; none but herself and daughters, Mr. Lockwood, and Mr. Sutton. Amused to see her in all her state, the same hearty, lively Irishwoman still. Walked with her in the garden; the moonlight on the river, the boats gliding along it, the towers of Lambeth rising on the opposite bank, the lights of Westminster Bridge gleaming on the left; and then, when one turned round to the House, that beautiful Gothic structure, illuminated from within, and at that moment containing within it the council of the nation—all was most picturesque and striking.

After the fire of 1834, which destroyed the Speaker's house, with the Houses of Parliament, a residence was provided for the Speaker in Eaton Square. The present house, a conspicuous wing of the Palace of Westminster, with its carved stonework and Gothic windows,

extending from the Clock Tower to the river, close to Westminster Bridge, was first occupied by John Evelyn Denison in 1857. It is furnished by the State, and the Speaker enjoys it free of rent, rates, taxes, coal and light. In the reign of William the Fourth the salary of the Chair was reduced from 6,000*l.* to 5,000*l.*, to be paid, free of all taxes, out of the Consolidated Fund; but for the first time an official secretary, with a salary of 500*l.*, was attached to the office. The ancient allowance of 1,000*l.* as equipment money upon first appointment still continues. There are also some quaint yet pleasant little perquisites attaching to the office. The Master of the Buckhounds sends the Speaker every year a buck and a doe from the royal preserves at Windsor; and from the Clothworkers' Company of London comes, as a Christmas present, a generous width of the best broadcloth.

The Speaker gives several official entertainments during the Parliamentary Session. There are dinners to the Ministers, to the leaders of the Opposition, and to private members. According to long-established custom, a member who accepts an invitation to dine with Mr. Speaker is required to appear either in uniform or Court dress. In the House of Commons, Joseph Hume made frequent attacks on a custom which, as he objected to wear Court dress, shut him out from the pleasure of sitting at table with Mr. Speaker. Cobden, during his twenty-four years in the House of Commons, from 1841 to 1865, felt himself constrained for the same reason to refuse the Speaker's invitations to dinner. John Bright was another distinguished member of the House who protested against this restriction as to the suitable dress in which to appear at the Speaker's table. But the rule is still rigidly enforced. The only departure from it was made by Mr. Speaker Peel, during the short Liberal Parliament of 1895, when he formed a separate dinner party of the Labour members of the House, and told them they might come without any restriction as to dress; but that precedent, at least, has not once been followed at Westminster. The Speaker is attired at these functions in a black velvet Court suit, knee-breeches with silk stockings, a steel-handled sword by his side, and lace ruffles round his neck and wrists. The table and huge sideboards in the oak-panelled rooms are spread with magnificent old plate, and the walls hung with portraits of many famous 'First Commoners.' Mr. Speaker was created 'First Commoner of the Realm' by an Act of the reign of William and Mary, and as such he has precedence of all the Commonalty, that mighty crowd outside the peerage.

The Speaker's Chair has become one of the highest prizes of political ambition. For honour and dignity, in the public eye the office ranks next, perhaps, to that of the Prime Minister. Spencer Compton, who was Speaker during the entire reign of George the First, vacated the

Chair to become the Prime Minister of George the Second. Henry Addington, after being Speaker for twelve years, was called from the Chair by George the Third, in 1801, to form an Administration in succession to William Pitt, who resigned owing to the King's rooted objection to Catholic Emancipation. Probably the only position for which the Speakership would be relinquished to-day is that of Prime Minister. Sir John Freeman-Mitford, who followed Addington in the Chair, resigned after a year's service in order to become Lord Chancellor of Ireland; but he did so only at the earnest solicitation of the King and the *solatium* of a salary of 10,000*l.* per year and a peerage as Lord Redesdale. The Lord Chancellorship of Ireland is a high and honourable position, but it is unlikely that nowadays anyone would sacrifice for it the Speakership of the House of Commons. Charles Abbot resigned the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland—a post of greater political importance than that of the Lord Chancellorship—in order to succeed Freeman-Mitford as Speaker in 1802. Abbot refused the offer of a Secretaryship of State from Perceval, the Prime Minister, in 1809 during his occupancy of the Chair; and Mr. Speaker Manners-Sutton could have been Home Secretary in the Administration formed in 1827 by Canning.

So eagerly is the position sought for that Ministers have been willing to give up their portfolios for the Speaker's Chair. Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Melbourne Administration, had his heart set on that coveted office. He was in the running for the Speakership in 1835, when James Abercromby was elected. In 1838 Abercromby intimated to Melbourne his intention to resign—throwing a curious sidelight on the relations at the time between Mr. Speaker and the Treasury Bench—because from the attitude of Lord John Russell, the Leader of the House, he felt he no longer possessed that degree of Ministerial confidence which, in his opinion, was essential to the due conduct of public business and the maintenance of the authority of the Chair. The Prime Minister induced Abercromby to postpone his resignation, and at the same time satisfied the renewed pretensions of his Chancellor of the Exchequer with the promise that he should be the Government candidate for the Chair whenever it became vacant. But when Abercromby retired in the following year it was found that Spring Rice was not acceptable to the Radicals, and Shaw-Lefevre was selected in order to maintain the unity of the party and preserve the Liberal succession to the Chair. Again, on the resignation of Arthur Wellesley Peel in 1895, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was willing to lay down his portfolio as Secretary for War in the then Liberal Government for the object of his ambition—the Speakership; and it is said that it was reluctantly he yielded to the urgent representations of his colleagues that the party could ill spare his services.

Still, this most exalted position has, as a rule, fallen to unofficial

members, or to members who have held subordinate Ministerial appointments. Denison, in the opening passages of his *Diary*, states that on the 8th of April, 1857, he was seated in his library at Ossington when the letters were brought in, and among them was the following:—'94 Piccadilly, the 7th of April, 1857. My dear Denison,—We wish to be allowed to propose you for the Speakership of the House of Commons. Will you agree?—Yours sincerely, PALMERSTON.' Denison says the proposal took him by surprise. 'Though,' he writes, 'I had attended of late years to several branches of the private business, and had taken more part in the public business of the House of Commons, I had never made the duties of the Chair my special study.' William Court Gully had been ten years in Parliament before his elevation to the Speaker's Chair, but he was one of that large, modest band of 'silent members' who, confining themselves to voting on the issues in the division lobbies, are unknown in debate, and, consequently, are never mentioned in the papers. Moreover, being a busy lawyer, Mr. Gully was indifferent to the routine work of the House, and had no experience in serving on Committees upstairs, which is supposed to be the best of all trainings for the Speakership. Indeed, the Chair may be regarded as the one great prize that is open to the occupants of the back as well as the front benches who possess the necessary physical as well as mental qualities. Personal appearance is undoubtedly a powerful factor in the selection of candidates. This includes the possession of clear vision. A Speaker with spectacles would look incongruous in an assembly where the competition to catch his eye is so keen.

The term of office of Mr. Speaker is usually short. Arthur Onslow, who was elected in 1726, continued in possession of the Chair for thirty-five years, through five successive Parliaments, apparently without ruffling a hair of his wig. So long an occupancy is now well-nigh impossible. For one thing, the duties of Mr. Speaker are physically more responsible and irksome. The Sessions are longer, the sittings of the House more protracted, and the fatigue of the prolonged and often tedious hours in the Chair must be most severe mentally and physically. Besides, there has grown up of late a preference for a certain maturity of age in the Speaker. Arthur Onslow was only thirty-six when he was called to the office. Henry Addington, who occupied the Speaker's Chair at the opening of the nineteenth century, was thirty-two only on his appointment. William Court Gully, who was in possession of the Chair at the opening of the twentieth century, had passed his sixtieth year on his election. The occupancy of the office must be comparatively brief if men are appointed to it only when their heads are grey or bald. Of the last three Speakers, Henry

Bouverie Brand sat for twelve years, Arthur Wellesley Peel eleven years, and William Court Gully ten years.

The Speaker receives a pension of 4,000*l.* a year. John Evelyn Denison, it is interesting to note, refused this retiring allowance. 'Though without any pretensions to wealth,' he wrote to Gladstone, the Prime Minister, 'I have a private fortune which will suffice, and for the few years of life that remain to me I should be happier in feeling that I am not a burden to my fellow-countrymen.' He retired in February 1872, and died, without heir, in March 1873. A peerage is also conferred on the Speaker when he resigns the Chair. This was not the custom in the eighteenth century. When Mr. Speaker Arthur Onslow resigned the Chair in 1761, after his long service of thirty-five years, George the Third, in reply to the address of the Commons to confer on Onslow 'some signal mark of honour,' gave him a pension of 3,000*l.* a year for the lives of himself and his son, but no peerage. The custom began in the nineteenth century with Charles Abbot, who on retiring in 1817 was made Baron Colchester. Since then every Speaker has been 'called to the House of Lords'—Manners-Sutton as Lord Canterbury, Abercromby as Lord Dunfermline, Shaw-Lefevre as Lord Eversley, Denison as Lord Ossington, Brand as Lord Hampden, and Peel as Lord Peel. But he is Speaker no longer; another presides in his place; and what a shadowy personage he seems, as a Lord, compared with the conspicuousness and the resounding fame that were his in the glorious years when he filled with pomp and dignity the Chair of the House of Commons! Still, there remains to him the happy thought expressed by Dryden, which consoles for the transitoriness of human honours—

Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
That which has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

REDISTRIBUTION

HALF a century ago, or thereabouts, the House of Commons was agitated, not for the first time or the last, by a fiscal question. Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had proposed to take off the duty on paper. Mr. Disraeli was for giving precedence to the duty on tea. The Liberal majority was small, and a critical division was impending. As the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, walked down to the House, a stray humourist accosted him with the remark, 'Tea, and turn out to-night, my Lord.' 'Oh, no,' said the Premier sweetly, 'paper and stationery.' And so it proved. Redistribution is not a lively process, and in the scale of amusements it ranks low. But it has one great advantage; it takes time, so that while Ministers are redistributing the seats of others, they necessarily retain their own. To the redistribution of offices frequent experience has accustomed them. But this may involve by-elections, and, therefore, has its drawbacks for a Minister who is not absolutely certain that he has the people behind him. A Redistribution Resolution (I apologise for the horrible cacophony) leads to nothing worse than a Continuance in Office Bill, which would occupy the one more possible session of this Khaki Parliament.

Liberals, who love precedents, especially when they are in opposition, are unable to find one for a Redistribution Bill without a Reform Bill. Except the original Reform Bill of 1832, which, so far as it went, was a thorough piece of work, the only redistribution worthy of the name was accomplished in 1885, just twenty years ago. There are two main features of that scheme which must strike everybody at once. It was passed by consent, and it did not touch the representation of Ireland. Its origin was due to a conflict between the two Houses. The Lords refused to pass the County Franchise Bill until they knew how seats were to be redistributed. The Government refused to introduce a Seats Bill until the Franchise Bill had been passed. As a way out of the deadlock, Mr. Gladstone and Sir Charles Dilke submitted their proposals to Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote. The Seats Bill was therefore a joint measure, and Parliament could not seriously alter it without upsetting the compromise. In these circumstances it went through with ease, and even a change

of Government did not disturb its progress. Lord Salisbury was, if possible, less anxious than Mr. Gladstone to diminish the number of Mr. Parnell's future following, and Ireland, though proportionately over-represented, was left in the same Parliamentary position which she had occupied since the Union of 1800. By the present scheme she loses twenty-two seats, which are given to Great Britain in the ratio of seventeen to England, four to Scotland, and one to Wales. There is, of course, no prospect of consent for this or any other arrangement. The Leader of the Opposition, speaking on behalf of the Liberal party, has denied the moral competence of the Government to propose any such legislation at all. The Liberal case is that the Government should at once dissolve because the by-elections show that they no longer represent the country. This is, of course, an argument very much in favour with Oppositions, and apt to be treated contemptuously by those in power. All Governments lose seats, and accurate numerical inferences cannot be drawn even from a series of isolated contests. The constitutional theory is that the House of Commons represents the people, and that so long as a Government commands a majority there, it is entitled to remain in office, at least for six years. I cannot feel the smallest sympathy with those Liberals who complain that they were deceived in 1900 by Mr. Balfour's and Mr. Chamberlain's assurances that those who voted for the Government were only voting against the Boers. The law is sometimes said to be designed for the protection of fools. But there are limits to the folly which can be protected, and the constitution only helps those who help themselves. It was the crudest form of the confidence trick ever played, and many a hearty laugh must the distinguished accomplices have enjoyed over the folly of their dupes. Still, I suppose there are limits set by common sense to the pedantry of literal constitutionalism. When a campaign against Free Trade is secretly assisted, and openly condoned, by the King's Ministers; when those Ministers obstinately refuse to let the nation decide whether Free Trade shall be abandoned or not; when seat after seat is lost by Protectionist candidates, it strains the letter of the law for the Government to proceed with a measure of cardinal importance which must occupy months of Parliamentary time. Mr. Balfour is often charged with being 'too jolly clever by half.' His opponents in the House of Commons have escaped a similar imputation, and their conduct in moving or not moving, withdrawing and replacing, votes of censure is marked by more rectitude than wisdom. That if a pair of Mr. Gladstone's old trousers could have been laid upon the Front Opposition Bench the Government would have been out two years ago, is an opinion which I have heard expressed by persons far better acquainted with Parliamentary procedure than myself.

The argument against diminishing Irish representation is double-edged. In 1893 Unionists maintained that the Act of Union was a treaty which Parliament had no moral right to alter without the

assent of England. Home Rulers replied, borrowing a phrase from Mr. Bright, that it was like any other Act which Parliament had passed and Parliament could repeal. Now, I imagine, the position is reversed. Conservatives will say, and Liberals will deny, that the Act of Union can be modified without the consent of Ireland. It never has been yet, for the majority of Irish members voted in favour of disestablishing the Irish Church. In the Queen's Speech of 1886 the 'Act of Union was described as a 'fundamental law.' The only fundamental law in the British Constitution is the omnipotence of Parliament, and it seems to me now, as it seemed in 1893, idle to pretend that any limits can be set upon its powers without a revolution, except by itself. The question of expediency is another matter. In 1885 both English parties wished to conciliate the Irish vote. In 1905 they both desire to be rid of the Irish incubus. But the loss of twenty, or even thirty, Irish seats would not, very materially lessen the value of Irish support, or the danger of Irish interference. On abstract grounds of principle it is hard to see why England should be under-represented, which is what the over-representation of Ireland means.

Next to Ireland, the most salient feature of the Resolution is its timidity. The number of small boroughs disfranchised is absurdly inadequate. In 1885 the minimum of population was fixed at fifteen thousand, which was much too low. It is now raised to 18,500, which is utterly futile, except that it will punish the city of Durham for returning Mr. Arthur Elliot. A Redistribution Bill which did not disfranchise Rochester, Salisbury, Taunton, Windsor, Canterbury, or Shrewsbury, and which gave Shrewsbury the same weight in the House of Commons as East Ham, would be ridiculous, and to call it gerrymandering would be an unmerited insult to the memory of the late Governor Gerry. The disfranchisement of a borough in a Redistribution Bill does not, I need hardly say, deprive anyone of a vote. It only follows the principle of 'one vote, one value,' and the electors of the scheduled town are put on the list for their county division. The objection to this sort of disfranchisement is purely Parliamentary, for every seat taken from a Ministerial Member is a vote given to the Opposition, and Mr. Gerald Balfour, the framer of the scheme, may well congratulate himself upon the fewness of the opportunities he has given for ratting. When Lord John Russell, in 1831, read out a list of the boroughs placed in Schedule A for total disfranchisement, the Tories laughed derisively, feeling that such a destructive Bill could never pass. They were wrong, for in those days even boroughmongers, like Lord Radnor, were such enthusiastic Whigs that they would return members to vote for the disfranchisement of their own boroughs. But the President of the Local Government Board has prudently refrained from trusting the fortunes of the Cabinet to the chances of political virtue. There is not much complaint to be made of the new London boroughs, or of the additional members which old boroughs receive. A stronger Government might have seized the opportunity to reduce

the numbers of the House, which are much too large for practical efficiency. A weak Government clutching at straws could hardly be expected to take so bold a course, and the Opposition are not likely to press it. Their obvious points of attack are Ireland and the small boroughs.

Apart, however, from the merits of the scheme there is a good deal to be said about the manner in which it has been brought forward. The subject has been discussed for years, and only cynics were capable of suggesting that it had been dropped by general agreement when Mr. Kimber became Sir Henry. Even if Sir Henry Kimber were a peer, which he is not yet, there would be anomalies in our electoral system, and, indeed, that eminent constitutionalist, unless I am grievously mistaken, would have dealt in a much less merciful spirit with the smaller boroughs. A paragraph in the King's Speech promised what was generally understood to be a Bill. That was in February, and not till the 10th of July did the Prime Minister give notice of his Resolution. Why was a Resolution needed? There must be a Bill, and everything said on the Resolution could have been said again on that. It is said that there must be a Boundary Commission, and that Parliamentary Commissions require Parliamentary sanction. There were Boundary Commissioners in 1885, but no Resolutions, and they could have been appointed as soon as the Bill had been read a second time, or before. Mr. Disraeli proposed his Reform Bill of 1867 by Resolutions. But he very soon had to withdraw them, although the Session was young, and they would have been immediately followed by legislation. Now there can be no Bill before next year, and the real object seems to have been a declaration by the House of Commons that it should not be dissolved before November 1906. For after the Bill has passed there must be new registers, and even if they were brought into force earlier than usual, they could hardly be ready before the end of October. Liberals will naturally argue that a Government which has exhausted its commission, and of which the electors appear anxious to get rid, has no moral right to tamper with the constituencies under guise of removing representative anomalies, and furthermore that the proposed Bill merely tinkers with the subject, leaving flagrant irregularities unchecked. To this double contention there will be a double response. In the first place, Ministers will say that a Seats Bill involves an immediate dissolution, and, therefore, cannot be brought in at the beginning of a Parliament. In the second place they will point to the precedent of 1885 as a justification for dealing tenderly with small constituencies. On the face of it, if we set the case of Ireland aside, the scheme is fair enough between Conservatives and Liberals. Nobody can complain of applying the rules of arithmetic to the principle of population. Redistribution is due, and the Liberal party may well be thankful if they are relieved from the necessity of dealing with it.

The difficulties are, of course, great, though Mr. Gerald Balfour has reduced them to the lowest point. Even if every member for a threatened borough or division voted against the Government the Ministerial majority would not be dangerously impaired. On the other hand, to pass the numerous and complicated clauses of a Redistribution Bill without the consent of both sides is a task never yet on a large scale performed, and to gag such a Bill would be almost a revolutionary proceeding. Hitherto redistribution has always been accompanied by reform, and Liberals do not admit that no further reform is required. I almost hesitate to write the words, 'one man, one vote,' so hackneyed did they in old days become. But what can be said in favour of a system which leaves towns to be represented by residents, and floods counties with strangers never seen there except in the polling-booths at election times? It is notorious that these out-voters, who all vote elsewhere, turned the scale in the Kingswinford Division of Staffordshire, and saved the seat for the Government. Conservatives do not defend the ownership franchise on its merits. They have always admitted the rule of 'one man, one vote,' merely stipulating that it should be accompanied by 'one vote, one value,' which means equal electoral districts. Now that is just what the Redistribution Bill aims, however imperfectly, at providing, and though the aim will certainly not be fulfilled, the Government cannot plead the deficiencies of their own measure as an excuse for not carrying their own principle into effect. Then there is registration. Thousands of working men are deprived of votes because they never stay long enough in one place to get on the register. A nominal period of a year becomes, in practice, more like two, and is quite preposterously long. The last Liberal Government proposed in 1891 to substitute three months for twelve. Mr. Balfour, while maintaining that this was too short, agreed, as did all his followers, that six months would be reasonable. That was eleven years ago, and the twelve months are still on the statute book. The lodger franchise, established in 1867, and not since altered, fixes the value of a lodging for electoral purposes at 10*l.* a year unfurnished. In London this may be fairly satisfactory. In other towns it is very different, and in the not wholly insignificant city of Edinburgh unmarried workmen are with few exceptions disfranchised. Reform is quite as urgent as redistribution.

These matters would, I presume, be regarded as outside the scope of the Bill. But the special representation of universities is undoubtedly germane to the matter, and will unquestionably be raised. This intellectual franchise is a sham. Even if an academic degree doubled a man's discrimination in choosing a member of Parliament, which few people in or out of Bedlam would assert, the most brilliant honours at Oxford or Cambridge do not necessarily give a vote. The test there is pecuniary, not intellectual. A Mastership of Arts, which is bought and sold, together with an annual subscription, or the payment of a lump sum, is indispensable for an Oxford or Cambridge voter, while

passmen and classmen are treated alike. The members for the universities in the House of Commons are more worthy of their position than they used to be. If there is to be special academic representation at all, there could hardly be better examples of it than Sir Richard Jebb and Sir William Anson. But the Government are challenging the opponents of privilege, and will have to justify a peculiar form of suffrage which no one would think of inventing if it did not exist.

The tenderness shown to small boroughs in 1885 may or may not have been justifiable. But, at least, it was not accompanied by a raid upon the Irish counties. The peculiar vice of this present scheme is that it treats Ireland in a directly hostile manner. The arithmetical propositions upon which it rests have been deliberately so framed as to disfranchise the highest possible number of constituencies in Ireland, and the lowest possible number in Great Britain. It is a sort of punishment for demanding Home Rule at five successive elections. It is an ungrateful return for Irish support of public money without public control for sectarian schools. There does seem to be something peculiarly mean in replying to a demand for self-government by diminished representation. At the Union Ireland did not receive the number of seats in the Imperial Parliament to which she was entitled. At the time of the first Reform Bill, fifteen years before the famine, the disproportion had become far greater. But the answer to Irish complaints was always the same. The Act of Union was a treaty which could not be altered without the consent of both parties. That principle was faithfully observed in 1885, as well as in 1832, and it has never been actually broken since 1800. If it is broken now, the case for Home Rule will become much stronger and much more difficult to resist. When Mr. Gladstone introduced his second Home Rule Bill in 1893, allowing the Irish members to sit at Westminster, he cut them down to seventy. This scheme cuts them down to eighty without any equivalent at all. No wonder the Irish are restive and unruly. Perhaps they may begin to perceive that it was not quite worth their while to vote for the Education Bill at the bidding of the priests.

It is said that if all the Irish Nationalists had been present when the Volunteer vote was discussed in Committee of Supply on the 13th of July the Government would have been defeated. As thirty-five of them were absent, as they never pair, and as they now always vote with the Opposition, this seems to be mathematically certain. It is more speculative, but extremely probable, that the same result would have followed if Mr. Arnold-Forster had not amended his circular. He did amend it, or Mr. Balfour amended it for him, and he was saved. I should rather like to know, as a matter of curiosity, what Mr. Balfour, a Parliamentary cynic of the first water, would not do to avoid defeat in the House of Commons. He was quite ready to drop the Unemployed Bill, which is a more serious

matter than inflicting petty annoyances on citizen soldiers, who have the defects of their qualities. There is a good deal of crude Socialism in this Bill, and it will want thorough overhauling in Committee to make it a workable measure. But the Government brought it in to deal with a grave social symptom, the Liberal party are willing to help in amending it, and the abandonment of it for useless resolutions would have been a crime. Mr. Balfour has been shamed out of dropping it. The pretence that it was necessary to express abstract opinions about redistribution would not wash, as Carlyle said at family prayers about the arguments of Eliphaz the Temanite. The Royal Prerogative has not so far decayed as to be unequal to the appointment of Boundary Commissioners, and in the history of Parliament no such resolutions have ever been passed before. The plain truth is that the Conservative party would not have the Bill, and that it was only read a second time on condition of being carried no further, though it has now been revived in deference to agitation. That Parliament must rise by the middle of August is treated by the Prime Minister as a divine law, though few of his followers ever see grouse, or could shoot them if they did. Parliament should rise when it has done its work, and not before. But Mr. Balfour's ideas about the proper use of time are peculiar. When attempts were made by private members on their own evenings to ascertain whether he was a Protectionist or a Free Trader he complained of waste. Nevertheless, he proposed to spend days which might be devoted to useful legislation in declaring that twice eighteen is sixty-five, that eighteen thousand five hundred in a borough equals forty thousand in a county, and that the Act of Union is only fundamental so far as it deprives Ireland of Home Rule. The epithet fundamental was applied to the Act of Union when Lord Salisbury was Prime Minister and Mr. Balfour a member of the Government. Mr. Gladstone took exception to its use, arguing that all statutes were on the same footing. The Conservative Ministry of that day defended it on the ground that the Union was a treaty, and therefore sacrosanct. I do not say that they were right. I think that, from a constitutional point of view, they were wrong. But they cannot have it both ways. If one method of altering the terms fixed in 1800 is revolutionary, all are so. A partly fundamental law is a ludicrous contradiction in terms.

Now that Mr. Balfour has hurriedly dropped his Resolutions, it becomes more difficult than ever to understand why he brought them in. His immediate excuse for dropping them is the ruling of the Speaker that they could not be put to the vote as a single proposition, but must be considered separately as eight or nine separate motions in committee. To praise a Speaker for impartiality seems very like an impertinence. But the present Speaker has lost no time in showing that he appreciates the dignity of his office and is a master of Parliamentary procedure. He has decided in accordance not merely with

precedent, but also with common sense. To treat as one and indivisible a series of propositions which could be partly affirmed and partly denied would have been unreasonable and unbusinesslike. But surely the Prime Minister might have thought of that before. He has been thirty years in the House of Commons, and almost twenty years in office. Although the specific precedents to which the Speaker referred are older than that, dating respectively from 1858 and 1867, he might, one would think, have obtained some knowledge of them with all the expert assistance at his command. Now everything is at sixes and sevens. Nobody knows when the Boundary Commissioners will be appointed, or what, when they have been appointed, they will do. The Bill of next year, if there is a Bill, may follow the lines of the Resolutions or independent lines of its own. The one thing clear is that all excuse for abandoning the Unemployed Bill has disappeared. With the consent of the leaders on both sides some principle may be established which will empower local authorities to enlarge the scope of employment without encouraging tramps or flooding London with undesirable immigrants. The preposterous plan of making the Bill compulsory for the capital and voluntary elsewhere must, of course, be abandoned. But it will be discreditable to Parliament if the Session comes to an end without some practical step being taken towards dealing with a social problem of great and grievous interest and importance.

The Prime Minister emerged from the difficulty created by the Speaker's ruling with his usual skill. He met his followers in the House of Commons at the Foreign Office, where, according to the authorised report, complete harmony prevailed. Mr. Chamberlain frankly acknowledged that he had been in favour of an earlier Dissolution, but now considered that the present time would be highly inconvenient. The discipline of the Conservatives is wonderful, even when they are not agreed. As for Mr. Chamberlain, he does not mean to quarrel with the Government, and they will fight in the same ranks when the election comes. Mr. Balfour's defence of his late Resolutions is at once simple and ingenious. They have served their purpose, he says, by telling the country how he means to proceed, and can therefore be dropped without inconvenience. He can appoint a Boundary Commission, or Committee, without them; and he means to do so in the autumn. For this course he invokes the authority of Mr. Gladstone in 1884, forgetting that the House of Commons had then given an emphatic vote for the enlargement of the county franchise, which involved Redistribution as a natural consequence. On this occasion the House has not been consulted, and it will be perfectly free to depart next year as widely as it pleases from the recommendations of the Commissioners. What is to happen then? Some people seriously believe that another Commission will be appointed, and the Dissolution postponed to 1907. I cannot think that Mr. Balfour contemplates straining the prerogative and the Septennial Act so far as

that. What I suppose he will do is to treat his Boundary Report as a question of confidence, and if the House rebels against this disrational muzzling, to dissolve. But no one can with any certainty say. Little, indeed, did electors know what they were doing when they voted 'against the Boers' in 1900.

The meeting at the Foreign Office had a singular and unexpected sequel. It was held on a Tuesday. Next Thursday, on the stroke of midnight, in a House of nearly four hundred members, the Government were defeated by a majority of four. To call this a 'snap' division is absurd. The House of Commons was in Committee of Supply on the Irish Estimates, and had been discussing since three or four in the afternoon an amendment moved by the Leader of the Irish party on the vote for the Land Commission. Mr. Redmond is not in the habit of making motions for fun, or of withdrawing them to please English Ministers; and though the administration of Mr. Wyndham's Land Purchase Act may not be very closely followed in this country, it was known that Liberals would take all reasonable opportunities of forcing a Dissolution. So important did the Chief Secretary for Ireland consider the occasion to be that he took advantage of it to explain a new scheme of making sale easier for the landlords. The Land Stock which Mr. Long proposes would require a Bill, and the reduction of the estimate is almost equivalent to a defeat of the measure. The fiscal question was not involved, and there was practically no cross-voting. The Nationalists were short by twenty of their full strength, and the defeat was directly due to the number of Ministerial absentees, one of whom wrote, with admirable promptitude, to the *Times* to say that he had a headache. Two others afterwards explained that they were attending at midnight a funeral in the Home Counties. The Whip must have 'wished that it had been a nearer relation.' Blame cannot be laid upon the Whips. Sir Alexander Acland-Hood's management of his party has been for months the subject of universal admiration. The men simply would not come up, and among the defaulters was Mr. Chamberlain. I daresay there is no significance in his particular absence, though a great deal was made of his presence and support at the Foreign Office. But the normal majority of the Government is still about seventy. Thursday's Whip was urgent, and the disappearance of so many faithful followers two days after a special adjuration from the Prime Minister himself is not easy to explain. The long list of pairs, natural enough in the circumstances, adds to the significance of the result. For why did the seventy, or rather the ninety, as there were twenty Irishmen away, neither pair nor attend? A General Election in August would not be convenient. The conduct of the Tory Peers in throwing out the London Tramways Bill at the bidding of the Lord Chancellor has not improved the prospects of the party in London. Still, Mr. Chamberlain, and about ninety others, did not appear. Mr. Balfour has always, since his repudiation of Free Trade as understood by Free

Traders, taken his stand upon his majority in the House of Commons. So long as he had the confidence of the House, he has said over and over again, he would carry on the Government; so long, and no longer. Yet the day after his defeat his lieutenant in the House of Lords wanted to do business as if nothing had happened, and protested, after attending a Cabinet, against the idea that there was anything unusual in the situation. Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons, like Lord Lansdowne in the House of Lords, played the same game of make-believe. If he cannot make his party believe that he ought to be supported, he will not make the country believe that he ought to stop in.

The Prime Minister's explanation in the House of Commons on the 24th of July amounts to a simple statement that he will do nothing at all. He will not resign; he will not dissolve; he will not even, so far as can be gathered from his speech, propose to counteract the reduction of the vote for the Irish Land Commission by a supplementary estimate. He will just go on as if nothing had happened. On the other hand, Sir Edward Grey's motion has been withdrawn, and the policy of the Opposition is obscure. It was left for Mr. Redmond to announce that he and his party would take every opportunity of embarrassing and defeating a discredited Government. Mr. Balfour had, of course, no difficulty in proving that Ministers do not always go out, or appeal to the country, when they are beaten, although the example of Lord Melbourne and the Whigs has not hitherto been regarded as in that respect worthy of imitation. But he seriously misrepresented Mr. Gladstone when he quoted him as an authority against dissolving in consequence of by-elections. What Mr. Gladstone said was that the loss of by-elections was no reason for resigning office. He gave it as a ground for dissolving Parliament in 1874, and after the General Election he said that he only regretted having postponed dissolution so long. When the Prime Minister suggests that only votes of censure are necessarily fatal to Governments, he forgets that he has himself taken no notice of two such votes by the present House of Commons. His love of paradox carried him so far that he seemed at one point to be arguing as if victory were more disastrous than defeat, and a small hostile majority were rather a good thing than otherwise. Sir Edward Grey's cool and powerful criticism does appear for once to have made some temporary impression upon him, but it will not last. When a man is acting from a high sense of patriotic duty, mere argument is thrown away, and the only thing for the Opposition to do is to do it again, remembering the adage, which I once heard from the lips of a clergyman: 'Never bark unless you can bite, and never bite unless you can make your teeth meet.'

HERBERT PAUL.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS. .

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*SOME PROBLEMS OF THE UPPER NILE*¹

RECENT years—more particularly those subsequent to the reconquest of the Soudan—have been productive of a large amount of literature descriptive of the Nile, so large in fact that it might fairly be assumed that the subject had been exhausted.

I myself must plead guilty to having contributed no inconsiderable share to the existing mass of writing, and I feel much hesitation about still further adding to it. I am, moreover, only too well aware that anyone who may read the present article—under the supposition that it contains something new—will speedily discover that such is not the case. It has, however, been pointed out to me that all my previous notes upon the Nile have appeared in the shape of Blue-books, or other official documents, and have consequently not come in the way of the general reader. Also that, having been purely technical reports, they have necessarily been unattractive to many people.

The last fact is doubtless true, but I confess to finding some difficulty in presenting the subject in any but a technical form, or in

¹ See map facing page 355.

other than technical language. I shall probably fail to make my meaning clear, but I will nevertheless make the attempt, in the hope that a short account of the schemes proposed for controlling the river may be of some interest to those who take a pride in following the progress of England's work in Egypt and the Soudan.

It is, I fear, inevitable that I should commence with a subject now worn well-nigh threadbare: namely, a brief description of the great stream to which Egypt owes its being. I will, however, make this portion of my article as short as possible, and will devote the greater part of the space allotted to explaining what are the projects by which it is proposed to obtain a control over the waters of the Nile, from its sources to the sea.

To most people, the bewildering nomenclature of this river, throughout its course, must form a serious obstacle to their comprehension of any general description. Who, for instance, is to understand that the Victoria Nile, the Bahr-el-Gebel, the Bahr-el-Zaraf, and the White Nile are all one and the same river? It would be infinitely simpler were the whole stream, from its outlet at Lake Victoria to its junction with the Blue Nile at Khartoum, to be called by its best known name—the White Nile. Such a change would certainly be to the advantage of the general reader as well as of the geographer and the map-maker.

It is, of course, unnecessary to do more than mention the fact that the Nile, north of Khartoum, is formed by the junction of two important waterways—the Blue Nile, flowing from the south-east, and the White Nile, coming from the west, or rather from the far south. Both these rivers have their origin in lakes of large size, situated upon plateaux of considerable altitude above the sea. Most people are aware that the source of the Blue Nile is in Lake Tsana, in the northern tableland of Abyssinia, and that of the White Nile in the Victoria Nyanza—that vast fresh-water sea which lies under the equator, in the uplands of Uganda. The volume of the White Nile is further augmented by the waters of two other lakes, in the same region—namely, the Albert Edward and the Albert Nyanzas. From the north end of the last-named lake it issues as the river which conveys to Egypt the united waters of the three equatorial reservoirs. The two great streams which together form the Nile at Khartoum differ in their character to an extreme degree, but both play important parts in producing the remarkable regularity of its annual rise and fall. There can, however, be no question that the White Nile is the parent river, and that its constancy of supply alone renders existence possible in the countries which border its northern valley. The Abyssinian stream, although providing the rich muddy floods which bring fertility to the lands of Egypt, has but a fitful existence, and its waters fail altogether at the moment when most required, and when,

for want of their refreshing assistance, the thirsty land lies parched and baked under the scorching rays of the African summer sun.

A few words must suffice to describe the essential differences between these two rivers. The Blue Nile dashes down from the Abyssinian highlands, traversing a wild and beautiful country, for the most part a land of forest-clad mountains and of torrential streams. Its valley runs in a deep cleft or gash, several thousand feet below the general surface-level, and no explorer has as yet succeeded in following it throughout its length. Through this canyon the Blue Nile rushes, from time to time dropping over a succession of falls, with a very heavy slope and a rocky bed. It is not until some half of its course has been run that it issues into comparatively open country. Even here its stream is rapid, its banks are high and densely wooded, and the difference between its maximum and minimum water-levels is excessive. The volume of this river is supplemented by that of numerous tributaries, most of them turbulent torrents like itself, and all of them draining the western face of the Abyssinian plateau.

The waters of the Blue Nile, when this river is low, are of crystalline clearness and limpidity. At such periods they are remarkable for the brilliant blue colour by which they reflect the sky. With the advent of the flood they become heavily charged with sediment—the scourings of the volcanic rocks and the leaf-mould of the forest land through which the Blue Nile passes. At this season, their colour resembles that of coffee-lees. It is to the deposit which they contain that Egypt owes the productiveness for which its lands have been renowned from the earliest times. The difference between the volumes of the Blue Nile when in flood, and when its waters have shrunk to their lowest limits, is very great—the former being from sixty to seventy times as great as the latter.

The White Nile is, in all respects, a striking contrast to its great eastern sister.

In the upper portions of its course, it too traverses a country remarkable for the romantic beauty and the varied character of its landscapes. The sources of the chief southern feeder of Lake Victoria—the Kagera river—lie in a sterile and lava-covered region, out of which rise the jagged peaks of a chain of volcanoes, some of which are still active. This land is at most seasons shrouded in a smoky haze, and the entire area is honeycombed by the inverted cones of long extinct craters. Dreary and inhospitable as is this portion of the Nile scenery, in the neighbourhood of the lakes more pleasing conditions prevail. The Victoria Nyanza is studded by numerous islands of picturesque shape, their outline softened by masses of indescribably beautiful vegetation. These green elevations are mirrored in the calm water, and contrast exquisitely with the ever-changing lights and the opalescent tints of its surface. The scenery

of the Albert Edward and Albert lakes differs completely from that of Lake Victoria. Around these lonely sheets of water the landscape is desolate and gloomy, as the mountains hem in their shores on every side. Even here, however, the scene presents a series of pictures, characterised by a wild and savage grandeur. Above the plateau which separates the two lake systems towers the noble mass of Ruenzori—the legendary Mountains of the Moon—its loftier summits clothed with a mantle of perpetual snow, and apparently piercing the clouds which cap them.

The intervening tableland consists of rolling expanses of woodland, alternating with open but undulating country. The low rounded hills are carpeted with a verdure of extraordinary luxuriance—numerous wild flowers, of large size and brilliant colours, giving it the aspect of a giant's garden. The hollows are sometimes filled by groves of magnificent trees, and sometimes by swamps, clothed by the sombre-looking papyrus. The river channel connecting the different lakes occasionally traverses open and grassy plains—the home of numerous antelopes—but more often passes through rocky gorges and deep valleys, which lie sweltering, throughout the year, in a damp tropical heat, and which are shrouded by an impenetrable growth of large trees, tangled snake-like creepers, and dense underwood. The recesses of these primeval forests have, as yet, been hardly penetrated by any living thing, except by the strange animals, and the still stranger types of human beings, which find a sanctuary within their leafy shelter.

After issuing from the Albert lake, the Nile tears over a series of picturesquely beautiful falls and rapids, or glides with a swift current between bush-clad hills, which again are bounded by lofty mountain ranges, demarcating its valley like a wall. Down the ravines, numerous torrents leap, in a succession of cascades, into the main stream.

Such natural beauties, however, are only to be met with in a comparatively small portion of the valley of the White Nile. After about one quarter of its total length has been accomplished, this river enters the land of the great marshes, and from this point, its character abruptly and entirely changes. The rocky bed, the heavy slope, and the tumbling, sparkling water disappear, and are replaced by a muddy bottom, a low velocity, and a stream flowing in a wide and shallow channel, between low reed-covered banks, and intersected by numerous swampy islands. For many hundred miles it pursues a tortuous course through wide marshes, losing much of its slope, by reason of the endless loops and bends which succeed one another with maddening regularity. The colour of its waters too changes completely, and assumes a brownish green hue. In this region the Nile passes through those swamps in which occur the 'sudd' blocks, those remarkable weed barriers which have, in the past, completely barred its flow, and which have only, within the last few years, been

removed by the efforts of a small band of English officers. This melancholy-looking expanse stretches like a reedy ocean in all directions, and covers an area of several thousand square miles—for the most part, a horrible marsh, filled by tall reeds and papyrus, and well described by the late Sir Samuel Baker as 'a heaven for mosquitoes and a damp hell for men.' The dead-flat horizon is rarely broken by any elevation, and the sight of even an occasional bush, or stunted tree, is welcome as relieving, in some small degree, the prevailing monotony of the hideous landscape. These swamps are interspersed by shallow lagoons—some of considerable size—which are filled by water spilling into them from the river channel. It is to the evaporation on these lagoons, and to the absorption of the water plants, that the great waste of water on the White Nile is chiefly due. So great, indeed, is the regulating effect of these marshes that, at the point where the Bahr-el-Gebel finally issues from the 'sudd' country, it has lost from 50 to 85 per cent. of the volume which it brought down from the hills, and the quantity which it discharges into the White Nile varies but little throughout the year. This appalling loss of water is one of the most remarkable features characterising the White Nile, or, as it is called in its course through the swamps, the Bahr-el-Gebel.* No matter how high may be the water-level of Lake Albert, or how large the added volume brought in by the tributary streams which enter the river, the discharge of the Nile at the point where it issues from the 'sudd' area is practically constant at all seasons and under all conditions.

The prevention of this loss of water is the chief problem connected with the Nile which requires solution.

Apart from the numerous torrents which feed the Bahr-el-Gebel in its tempestuous course through the hills, this river, or rather that portion of it known as the White Nile, receives the waters of two main affluents—one coming from the west and one from the east. These are both perennial streams, but differ largely from each other in their effect upon the flow of the main river. The western tributary is known as the Bahr-el-Ghazal, or Gazelle river. It drains the north-eastern plateau of the watershed between the Nile and the Congo. It is fed by numerous streams, but, in the last two hundred miles of its course, it traverses a series of immense marshes, in which it loses its entire slope, and in which its waters are sucked up as by a sponge. So much is this the case that the Bahr-el-Ghazal, where it enters the Nile, is little more than a deep and reedy ditch, of almost stagnant water, playing no part whatever in the system of supply, beyond perhaps that of a reservoir, from which the water, not evaporated in the swamps, filters down into the White Nile, when the levels of this last are low enough to permit of its doing so.

The eastern tributary of the White Nile—the Sobat—plays a very

* *i.e.* The Mountain River.

different rôle from the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and, indeed, it is upon the discharge of this river that, for some months of the year, Egypt depends for the greater portion of its water supply. The Sobat is a true mountain stream, rising in the southern Abyssinian plateau. At certain periods its waters shrink to a very insignificant amount, and its bed is almost dry. For nearly half the year it comes down in a heavy flood, and, when full, the volume which it adds to the White Nile is nearly three times as great as that brought down from the equatorial lakes by the medium of the Bahr-el-Gebel. It is to the cloudy milk-white colour imparted by the Sobat water that the White Nile owes its name.

Before I discuss the different projects for controlling the Upper Nile, I must say a few words regarding the parts respectively played by the lake reservoirs and by the several rivers which combine to form the great system of which the Nile is composed.

Such remarks must of necessity be very brief, as anything like a detailed description of this intricate question would far exceed the limits of an article like the present. Moreover, the information available is still sadly limited, and only covers a very short period of time. Each succeeding year, however, adds to our knowledge, and enables us to understand better how complex—but how perfect—is the system which creates this great river. As regards the lakes which form its sources, all recent information tends to prove that the potentiality of these natural reservoirs, as regards water storage, is less than had formerly been imagined, and that the annual rise and fall of their levels is chiefly determined by the rainfall, and by the evaporation on their surfaces, rather than by the water added by the rivers of their catchment areas, or withdrawn by the Nile itself.

Thus, Lake Tsana—the source of the Blue Nile—does not appear to affect materially the discharge of that river, or to be seriously affected itself, as regards its level, by the amount of water drawn off it by the Nile at any season of the year. The volume which passes, the outlet appears to be altogether insignificant, and, even when the lake is full, would seem to be as nothing, compared with that added by the drainage of the Blue Nile valley, or by its great tributaries, the Dabus, the Dudessa, the Rahad, and the Dinder.

Turning to the White Nile, although it is beyond question that its true source is the Victoria Nyanza, it now seems almost certain that—owing to the effect of the marshes of the Choga lake, through which the river passes after leaving the Ripon falls—the volume of water issuing from Lake Victoria is so regulated and reduced that the quantity which eventually reaches the Albert Nyanza is practically constant throughout the year, however high or low the levels of the latter lake may be. Consequently, the part which the Victoria Nyanza plays, with regard to the Nile discharge, is limited to passing a constant

supply into the Albert lake. I do not mean to assert that the volume which reaches Lake Albert by means of the connecting river—the Victoria Nile—is a constant one, but only that portion of it which is due to the Victoria lake. North of Lake Choga, the rainfall in the Nile valley is very heavy, and at times largely increases the volume which enters the Albert Nyanza.

With this last-named lake the case is very different, and upon the levels of its waters the supply of the White Nile largely depends. If Lake Victoria is the true source, Lake Albert is the true reservoir of the Nile, and, to some extent, the regulator which determines the volume which passes down the river. Allusion has already been made to the fact that the Albert Nyanza receives the waters of both lake systems—namely, that of the Victoria lake, by the Victoria Nile, and that of the Albert Edward, by the medium of the Semliki river. This last stream is supplied not alone by Lake Albert Edward, but also by the melting snows, and the glaciers of the Ruenzori mountains.

The Uganda plateau has two periods of annual rainfall, the one from March to June, and the other from October to January. The periods of maximum and minimum supply in the lakes differ considerably, as Lake Victoria is at its highest by the end of May, and at its lowest in September. The Albert lake rises steadily throughout the summer, but does not reach its maximum until November or December, and, as a rule, its minimum by the end of March. It is the sustained rise, throughout the summer months, which renders this lake so suitable as a possible storage reservoir.

The rainfall in the Upper Nile valley itself is heavy in the late autumn, and again in July and August. This fills the tributary torrents which enter the Upper Nile below its outlet from the lake. As Lake Albert falls, and these torrents dry up, the Nile falls too, and reaches its minimum in March or April. The lake then begins to rise again, and the heavy rainfall of July and August again brings large flushes into the Nile, by means of its tributaries, and the river attains its maximum in September. The effect of these tributaries, however, is much less important than that of Lake Albert, and all the latest information collected goes to show that the level of this reservoir is the deciding factor of the river discharge, the torrents playing only a secondary part. If, then, the lake levels, at the end of the year, are high, the supply in the Bahr-el-Gebel in the following summer will almost certainly be a good one, and the flood most probably a high one. If, on the contrary, the lake levels in December are low, then, no matter how much water is brought in by the tributary rivers, the summer supply in the following year will be below the average, and the flood most probably a poor one. I wish to lay special stress upon this point, as it is in connection with Lake Albert that the solution of the problem of securing a permanent summer supply for the Nile is to be found. It is, of course, understood that when I talk about the

flood in the Nile being a good one, or the reverse, I only allude to the amount of water reaching the great swamps. If my description of the Upper Nile has been in any way intelligible, it will have been understood that, from the time it reaches the marshes, this river becomes, to all intents and purposes, a lost one.

With the foregoing information before us, it is possible to comprehend the parts played by the different rivers, which together form the Nile, throughout a year of average supply.

During the months of April and May all these streams are at their lowest, and, practically, the only water passing Khartoum is that which comes through the White Nile marshes, supplemented by a very small volume brought down by the Blue Nile. In June the Abyssinian rainfall causes the eastern river to rise more or less steadily. The flood increases rapidly in July and attains its maximum in August, falling quickly in September. The Atbara—another important flood tributary of the Nile—begins to rise in June, and is in full flood in August, but generally a little in advance of the Blue Nile. It too falls rapidly in September, and is dry during the winter months.

Meanwhile, on the White Nile, as has been already demonstrated, a constant but small discharge, derived from the equatorial lakes, issues from the great marshes by means of Bahr-el-Gebel and its loop, the Bahr-el-Zaraf. The flood rise in the White Nile is consequently entirely dependent upon the volume of the Sobat. This river, in an average year, begins to bring in water to the main stream in the month of June, and after this date its discharge increases rapidly, attaining its maximum in September or October, after which it falls rapidly. As the volume added to the Nile by the Sobat increases, the water in the former river—above the junction—is held back, and ponded up. The marshes are thus flooded for a considerable distance up-stream, and form a reservoir which cannot discharge itself until the Sobat flood has passed away. Meanwhile the Sobat water passes to the north, down the White Nile channel, taking the place of the lake water, and from July until October practically forms the entire supply which reaches Khartoum by the medium of the White Nile.

During July, then, daily increasing discharges are arriving at Khartoum from both the Blue and White Niles, and to these are added the volume of the Atbara, north of the junction. These three rivers combined cause the annual flood rise in Egypt. In August, the effect of the two great eastern flood-feeders becomes much more pronounced, and in this month occurs one of the most important and most interesting phenomena of the entire Nile system. At this period the flood discharge of the Blue Nile increases very rapidly, and attains to a volume some ten times as great as that brought down by the White Nile. The Blue Nile now plays an exactly similar part (but upon an infinitely larger scale, with regard to the White Nile) to that which

I have already described the Sobat as doing to the White Nile above the junction. As soon as the Blue Nile flood exceeds a certain volume at Khartoum, it holds back the waters of the White Nile entirely—ponding them up and forming an immense reservoir, which floods the White Nile valley for several hundred kilometres up-stream of the junction of the two rivers. This ponding-up is maintained until the discharge of the Blue Nile again falls below the volume in question, which generally occurs in September. As soon as this happens, the impounded water in the White Nile is set free, and passes on to the north. As the Blue Nile discharge further decreases, its place is taken by that of the White Nile water. In consequence of the water stored in the reservoir, the discharge of this last river increases steadily until the end of the year. When the Sobat also falls, the water held up in the smaller reservoir—up-stream of the junction with the White Nile—passes down the latter channel and helps to maintain the supply. In the month of November, when the Sobat discharge has shrunk to small dimensions, the equatorial lake water, passing down the Bahr-el-Gebel, again becomes the main source of the White Nile supply, but the water held up in the two reservoirs above mentioned is so considerable in quantity that, throughout the early winter months, the volume actually passing Khartoum is considerably greater than that which comes down from the lakes after having passed through the great marshes.

I hope I have succeeded in making the above comprehensible. To those who do not know the Nile, and who have not studied its discharges, it is difficult to explain this wonderful arrangement, by which these rivers automatically compensate one another, so that at the time when the one system is passing on a large volume of water, the other is storing up its discharge, and when the former begins to decrease in volume the stored water takes its place and makes good the deficiency.

I must now say a few words regarding the water requirements of Egypt and of the Soudan.

Many people, I think, know that in Egypt there are two systems of irrigation—the one known as ‘basin,’ and the other as ‘perennial’ irrigation. The former system, which dates from the days of the Pharaohs, consists in turning the flood-water over the land, then draining it off, and sowing a crop upon the slime thus deposited. In the latter system water is given throughout the year, but only in such quantities as required, and is controlled in an elaborate system of canals. By this last method the more valuable crops, such as cotton and sugar-cane, are raised, and land perennially irrigated increases in value over that watered as ‘basin’ to an extraordinary extent. Consequently, all the efforts of the irrigation service in Egypt are directed to devising some means by which—during the months previous to the flood, when the river would be naturally at its lowest—the supply

of the Nile may be materially increased and the area of land perennially irrigated materially augmented.

To begin with the water requirements of Egypt. The latest returns assess the total cultivable area at eight millions of acres, of which about one million consists of waste land. From this total it will be safe to deduct half a million acres as representing land unfit for cultivation. Another half million acres bordering the edge of the western desert south of Cairo will always be reserved as basin. This reduces the area to seven million acres. Of this, four million acres, at present, receive perennial irrigation, and, by the end of 1908, the conversion of the basins will raise this total to four and a half millions. Deducting this figure, there remain two and a half million acres to be provided for. Experience has shown that one milliard (1,000 millions) of cubic metres of water stored will suffice for the summer irrigation of half a million acres of land. Consequently, these two and a half million acres will require a storage of five milliards of cubic metres of water.

The question before us is—how are these five milliards to be obtained ?

The Aswan dam, if raised, will provide water for another half million acres ; but, even supposing this be done, there will still be four milliards of cubic metres to be eventually provided.

The depression in the western desert—known as the Wadi Rayyan—has been proposed as a reservoir. It is very possible that it may one day be made use of for this purpose, but, owing to its situation, it would probably be best reserved until such time as the question of reclaiming and irrigating the shallow lakes which border the northern delta shall become one of urgency.

It is probable that storage reservoirs, of sufficient capacity to store the required four milliards, can be constructed in the Nile valley, somewhere between the second and the sixth cataracts. This cannot, however, be stated with certainty until the survey of the cataracts—now in progress—shall have been completed. Meanwhile, supposing it were possible to construct such reservoirs, it would be impossible to fill them with water, unless the winter supply in the river, brought down from the south, be largely increased. Those responsible for irrigation in Egypt are well aware that under present conditions, in a year of low supply, it would only just be possible to store another milliard of water above the Aswan dam, if raised as proposed. I say this would be just possible, but in doing so the extreme limit of water available for storage would be reached, and undoubtedly the winter navigation of the Nile, between Aswan and Cairo, would suffer very considerably. In order, then, to find the extra water required, some means must be found of increasing the flow of the Upper Nile during the periods of winter, spring, and early summer.

Now, as to the irrigation requirements of the Soudan.

The area of cultivable land in the Soudan may almost be termed unlimited, as a far larger area exists than could ever be irrigated by the Nile, supposing that its waters were entirely devoted to such a purpose. The irrigation limits, then, are those due to the water available, the physical features of the country, and the density of population. Large tracts, however, are blessed with a bounteous rainfall, and much of the area is so scantily populated that it may be left out of the present calculation. It will be amply sufficient, for all present needs, to select those tracts which, from their favourable situation, appear to be most likely to bring in a return for money expended. Among such areas are the lands of the north-eastern Ghezira—namely, the land lying between the two Niles. To these may be added the tracts bordering the east bank of the Blue Nile. The extent of land that can be irrigated must depend entirely upon the amount of water that the proposed new works can secure for the summer irrigation of this country, but, if a few million acres can be thus benefited, ample provision will have been made for the wants of the next generation of Soudanese.

In a recent report upon the basin of the Upper Nile,³ I recommended that all summer water available in the Blue Nile should be made use of for the Soudan alone, while the waters of the White Nile should be reserved for Egypt and the river valley between Khartoun and Aswan. I venture to think that this recommendation is a sound one, and it is certainly logical. The richest lands in the Soudan—namely, those I have alluded to above—can only be watered by means of the Blue Nile. The White Nile, owing to its feeble slope, is not suitable for any large irrigation schemes, and, moreover, the lands adjoining it are not nearly so rich as those upon the Blue Nile. As it is immaterial to Egypt from whence its water shall be derived, I maintain that the White Nile must be used as a carrying channel for conveying water to that country, while the Blue Nile water must be reserved for the benefit of the countries adjoining it, which can be irrigated by no other means. The projects, with the proposed expenditure, may then be divided into two categories: those relating to the White Nile, which will benefit Egypt; and those on the Blue Nile, which will benefit the Soudan alone.

I will discuss the schemes regarding the White Nile first, as they are not only larger, but infinitely more difficult to pronounce definitely upon than those contemplated for the Blue Nile. In order to comprehend what is proposed it will be necessary to study the accompanying map.

It will be seen that the Bahr-el-Gebel, or White Nile, leaves the cataract region and enters the marshes, near the Belgian port of Rejaf, and down-stream of the Bedden Rapids. For the purposes of

³ Foreign Office Blue-Book, Egypt (No. 2), 1901.

this note this point may be considered to be Gondokoro, the Uganda frontier station, which is situated a few miles to the north.

Between Gondokoro and Bor—a distance of 109 miles—the river is bordered by wide swamps, but does not enter the great marshes, in which the ‘sudd’ blocks occur, until the latter point is reached. Consequently, although improvement of the channel between the two places will be requisite, in order to enable it to carry the extra water required, the work will be comparatively straightforward, and, in any case, no alternative line exists. This portion of the scheme is, of course, common to all projects for improving the White Nile. What is required here is the widening and deepening of the channel, upon a sufficient scale, and the closing of all the spills by which the river water is wasted in the marshes.

North of Bor, however, there are several alternative proposals, and it is here that the real difficulties commence. I should mention that what is called Bor consists merely of a collection of Dinka villages, but this place becomes important from the point of view of our schemes as being the last point where the high bank—on the east—abuts upon the river before the latter loses itself in the great swamps. I have said that, in all our schemes for increasing the Egyptian water supply, we must turn to the White Nile. Although at the sources of this river Nature has provided water in abundance, she has tantalisingly erected an effectual barrier to its being made use of, in the shape of the vast marshes, through which the river struggles for nearly five hundred miles, and in which it loses more than half its volume. All our aims must then be directed to devising some means by which this waste may be averted, and by which the lost river may be enabled to pass through the swamps in undiminished volume.

I have mentioned that the first reach of the river—from Gondokoro to Bor—has a length of 109 miles. The projects for further remodelling the Upper Nile must all lie within the reach between Bor and the junction of the Sobat with the White Nile—a distance of some 444 miles, as measured upon the river itself.

A further reference to the map will show that, at 366 miles below Bor, the Bahr-el-Ghazal meets the Bahr-el-Gebel—the junction forming a shallow sheet of water known as Lake No, and called by the Arabs ‘Moghren-el-Buhur,’ or the Meeting of the Rivers. Also, it will be observed that, from below Bor, somewhere in the marshes, a loop of the Bahr-el-Gebel runs to the east, conveying a portion of its waters through the swamps, and rejoining the White Nile between Lake No and the Sobat junction. This loop is known as the Bahr-el-Zaraf, or Giraffe River, and is formed by numerous spills from the Bahr-el-Gebel. In its upper course this river is difficult to trace, but lower down it has a well-defined channel. It is not easy to make the above explanations clear and comprehensible; the nomen-

clature of these rivers is so perplexing. I hope, however, that the map will render assistance in this respect, and, in order to understand what is proposed, it is indispensable that these names should be borne in mind.

The problem, then, before us is—how best to improve the river, between Bor and the Sobat junction, so as to secure that the summer supply passing the former point from Gondokoro shall be delivered at the Sobat junction with as small amount of loss as is possible.

Obviously, the natural way to do this, and that which would occur to everyone first visiting these rivers, or studying their course upon the map, would be to take up and improve either the Bahr-el-Gebel or the Bahr-el-Zaraf—widening and deepening the one or the other, by means of dredgers, and, at the same time, closing all its outlets into the marshes, so as to render it capable of carrying the required supply. I may mention that neither of these channels is at present at all capable of doing this. The Bahr-el-Gebel, which is the main stream and by far the larger of the two, can, under present conditions, only carry one-third of the future required supply. The Bahr-el-Zaraf, again, has a very much smaller section, and is even less fitted for what is required. Neither of these streams has any banks at all, and, were any extra water turned into them, it would only spill over into the marshes and be lost by evaporation, and by the absorption of the water-weeds which cover this area.

In my last year's report, to which allusion has already been made,¹ I described an alternative scheme which, if feasible, is to my mind, a great improvement upon either of the others. The original idea for this scheme was first suggested to me by Mr. J. S. Beresford, late Inspector-General of Irrigation in India.

I will describe it.

Between Bor and the Sobat junction, the Nile takes a great bend to the west. A straight line drawn between these two points, upon a meridian, would not only shorten the distance between them very considerably, but would pass through dry land, leaving the entire swamp area well to the west of it. The project then is to cut a channel—between Bor and the Sobat junction—sufficiently large to take the entire future summer discharge of the Upper Nile, but not large enough to take in the flood-water. This last is an important point. I will explain why.

When I first passed through the 'sudd' in the year 1900, and for several years after, I was under the impression that—although in summer (when the river is low) the waste through the marshes was excessive—during flood, when the volume is large, the mass of the river water passed through the swamps and found its way into the White Nile, down-stream of them, with but little diminution. Consequently, all my earlier projects for improvement

¹ Foreign Office Blue-Book, Egypt (1902), 1901.

were based upon the idea that it was necessary so to widen the river, through the marshes, as to render it capable of carrying the entire flood discharge passing Gondokoro. It was not until the 'sudd' had been removed, and I was able to obtain a series of consecutive measurements of the discharges, above and below the obstacle, that I realised that my first impression had been erroneous, and that the greater the volume of water arriving at the south end of the marshes, the larger is the proportion of loss in that issuing from their northern extremity. Further, it was not until two years ago that I grasped the real solution of the problem—namely, that these marshes provide a magnificent natural escape for the flood-water, and that all our efforts should be devoted to encouraging it to spread over them, and be thus wasted and evaporated, while the precious summer water is confined to a well-defined and satisfactorily constructed channel of its own, and conveyed to the north with comparatively little waste. All the present schemes are based upon this idea, which has immensely simplified the problem to be solved.

Now, in the case of the remodelling of the existing channels—the Bahr-el-Gebel and the Bahr-el-Zaraf—there are certain disadvantages and difficulties, to which I will afterwards allude, in the way of so constructing either channel that it may carry the entire summer water supply, and yet permit of the flood-water escaping into the marshes. In the case of the proposed new cut, from Bor to the Sobat, such difficulties do not arise.

A masonry regulator (with a lock for navigation) would be built at the head of the new channel, while another masonry regulator would be constructed across the river bed at Bor. The new cut would thus assume the character of a large artificial canal, and, by means of the two regulators, the most perfect control over its discharge, and over that of the river, would be secured. Thus, in winter and in summer, when it was desired to pass down all the water in the river to the north, the head regulator of the new channel would be completely opened, and the regulator across the Nile would be closed. At this time no water would pass into the marshes. In flood the reverse would be the case. The Nile regulator would be fully opened, so that the flood water could pass through and lose itself in the swamps, while the head of the new channel would be so regulated upon that only so much water would be permitted to pass down it as was required for navigation. It must be remembered that, at this season, no water is required in the White Nile from the south, as the Sobat discharge, during the flood months, takes the place of the Bahr-el-Gebel water and arrests the latter entirely.

Undoubtedly this project is a most attractive one, and to my mind—always supposing that further detailed studies shall not prove it to be impracticable—it is the soundest of all those under consideration for improving the Upper Nile. It requires no technical know-

ledge to understand and appreciate how great would be the advantages to be gained by the construction of such a diversion of the river. The present long winding channel through the marshes would be replaced by a straight cut, through dry land, very much shorter than the existing line. This cut would be under complete control, owing to the regulator at its head. There should be comparatively little loss throughout its length, as the velocity would be considerable, and its alignment would take it well to the east of the swamps. The earth derived from the excavation of the channel would form wide banks on either side, which would form good lines of communication, even during the rainy season, and upon which the trans-continental telegraph line, and even the railway—should this last ever be constructed—might with advantage be placed. No obstruction would be caused to the drainage east of the channel, which would flow, most probably, into the Khor Filus, a drainage line running parallel to the new cut. Lastly, the flood water would not enter the new channel at all—beyond the amount actually required for navigation—but would spread all over the marshes and be lost by evaporation. In this way a perfect control over the Upper Nile could at all seasons be obtained.

I give here the approximate distances between Gondokoro and the Sobat junction by the three respective schemes I have mentioned. I ought to say that the length of the proposed new channel, between Bor and the Sobat, is, approximately, 210 miles.

I.	Length, making use of the new channel from Bor	322 miles
II.	" " " " " Bahr-el-Zaraf	498 "
III.	" " " " " Bahr-el-Gebel	550 "

These figures show how great is the advantage, as regards distance, to be gained by the new channel.

I do not consider that any of the objections that I have seen brought forward against this project militate seriously against its soundness. My own objection to it, and that which, to my mind, may cause its abandonment, is the probable cost of such a work. This must necessarily be very great, and it is quite possible that it may prove to be so excessive as to be prohibitive. Until the levelled survey has been completed it is useless to speculate upon this point, as it is impossible to prepare any estimate which can be, in the slightest degree, an accurate one. It may be that the longitudinal slope of the country between Bor and the Sobat may prove to be so feeble that a very large cross-section of channel will be entailed, and consequently an immense cube of excavation. On the other hand, it may be that the great gain in distance secured by this channel may compensate for this extra cube, as compared with the other projects. We cannot yet say, and must await the detailed survey.

Another objection that occurs to me as regards the new channel,

though not so serious as the foregoing, lies in the difficulties of its execution, and the time that the work might take to complete. I hope, however, that, with the progress made in recent years in the way of perfecting types of hydraulic dredgers and steam excavators, it may be found that such difficulties may not prove to be so great as they at present appear. It must be understood that, whatever may be the project finally selected, machinery must be made use of in its execution, as the employment of hand labour upon a large scale in these regions is quite out of the question.

I will now return to the alternative projects connected with the White Nile: namely, the improvement of the Bahr-el-Gebel or the Bahr-el-Zaraf.

I will premise by saying that, in my opinion, the decision as to which of these two channels should be selected must almost entirely depend upon the comparative amount of the estimates, resulting from the detailed studies now in progress. From any other point of view but that of cost, I do not think there is very much to be said in favour of one scheme over the other. The Bahr-el-Gebel is the larger and the deeper channel, and consequently would require a smaller cube of work—to secure the required section—than would the Bahr-el-Zaraf. On the other hand, the distance between the two given points is less by the line of the Bahr-el-Zaraf than by the Bahr-el-Gebel, and one advantage of using the former channel would be that it could be made use of for carrying the summer water alone, and could be provided with a regulating head, which might be closed in flood. By such an arrangement, the Bahr-el-Gebel would remain in its existing state, and the flood-water would be escaped into the marshes as at present. Each of the two projects presents certain advantages and certain disadvantages, and the question practically resolves itself into one of cost. In either case very heavy work will be entailed in widening and deepening the channels. This work can only be carried out by means of powerful dredgers, and, when the great length of these lines is taken into account, it is evident that the cost of the work will be very heavy.

The only advantages which, to my mind, can be claimed for selecting one or other of these rivers for improvement, in place of constructing the new channel, are those of economy and of the comparatively short time within which the work might possibly be completed. These are strong arguments in their favour, I admit. The economy would probably be considerable, in spite of the extra length, as a large portion of the section of channel required exists already. Again, it would be easy to employ as many dredgers as were thought necessary on either river, all working simultaneously, throughout the entire length of the line. On the Bor-Sobat channel the difficulty of attacking the work at several different points at once is one of the drawbacks to the project, as it is of course most important that such a work,

once decided upon, should be completed in as short a time as possible.

On the other hand, the objections to remodelling either of the existing branches of the Bahr-el-Gebel are numerous.

In the first place, when completed they will be still swamp rivers, traversing vast marshes, and will always so remain. In the second place, the water-levels at Lake No will be raised, and the flood of the Bahr-el-Ghazal still further checked than at present, while the drainage of the marshes will be unable to run off at all.

I also fear that it will be found extremely difficult to design machinery which will effectually remove the dense tangle of reeds and papyrus which borders these rivers on either side. This growth requires to be seen in order that this difficulty may be fully appreciated. Certainly no suction dredger could touch it, and it would require very special plant to remove it, on the large scale that would be necessary.

My chief objection, however, to the Bahr-el-Gebel lies in the doubt which exists, in my mind, regarding the stability of the marshes, through which it passes, in years of high flood. No one who has not visited these areas under varying conditions of water-level can realise how unstable can be their condition at times. I can never forget the sight I saw on this river in the year 1900, at the commencement of the rainy season, when strong winds prevailed. At that time, hundreds of acres of apparently solid ground, covered with reeds, were set in motion by the action of the winds and water, and drifted about in the lagoons bordering the river, eventually breaking into its channel and blocking it. In a few hours' time a solid mass was formed, consisting of earth and vegetation, several hundred yards in length and nearly twenty feet thick. This mass was so speedily compressed by the force of the confined water that it attained a solidity sufficient for an elephant to have crossed it with impunity. The sight of these drifting islands, and the resistless manner in which they forced their way into the river, and in which their masses piled one above the other, impressed me greatly. It is only fair to state that, since the removal of the 'sudd,' the conditions of the Bahr-el-Gebel appear to have become more stable than before, but I cannot help feeling that what has once happened may again do so, and that if this river is widened to any considerable extent—and even if spill weirs are made upon either side to allow of the flood-water escaping into the marshes—an excessive flood may one day come down from the south and the channel may again be wrecked, and again blocked by 'sudd' at several points of its course. It was for this reason that I, in my last year's report, advocated taking up the Bahr-el-Zaraf and improving it, rather than the Bahr-el-Gebel, and allowing the latter to remain in its present condition. Until we have fuller information and a complete set of levelled sections of both rivers before us, with which we can prepare definite estimates, we must postpone any decision regarding

them. None of our studies are as yet complete. During the last few years a large amount of important data has been collected, but much more requires to be supplied. It is imperative that we should be absolutely certain of our facts before we commit ourselves definitely to any particular scheme.

Before leaving the question of the White Nile I must say a few words regarding one portion of the general project, which is of supreme importance, and which must largely affect all future schemes. I allude to the regulation of the Albert lake by means of a masonry regulator to be constructed somewhere below the Nile outlet. I have endeavoured to show how important is the influence of this lake upon the river, and such a work has always been contemplated as a sequence of the improvement of the river through the marshes. I have now come to the conclusion that this work ought to be carried out simultaneously with that of the remodelling of the Bahr-el-Gebel. My present opinion is based upon the information recently collected regarding this lake, which has induced a better comprehension of the part which it plays as regards the Nile discharge. Formerly, I only looked upon the construction of this regulator from the point of view of raising the lake-levels, and of thus increasing its capacity as a storage reservoir. I now see that such a work is the only method of securing *permanency of supply* in the river. I will explain what I mean. The Bahr-el-Gebel, or the Upper White Nile, derives its supply from two sources—the waters of the Albert Nyanza, and those of the numerous torrents which feed it in its course between the lake and Gondokorc. All our latest information goes to show that, of the amount of water which passes Gondokoro during the three months of flood,^a about one half is supplied by the lake itself, and the other half by the tributary rivers. If, then, a regulator were built across the river at or near the outlet, it could be closed, either partially or entirely, during the flood period, and the river thus allowed to depend for its supply upon the tributaries alone. In this way the amount of flood-water reaching the marshes would be reduced by about one half, and the danger of the improved channel being wrecked would be enormously diminished. Moreover, throughout this time, with the closure of the regulator, the lake-level up-stream of the work would be rising, and water would be thus stored, which could afterwards be made use of for increasing the supply when the torrents had run off and were again dry.

Such a work would give a power of controlling the river impossible to obtain in any other manner, and I consider this regulator to be the key to the whole question of the improvement of the Upper Nile. Sir William Willcocks has long urged its construction, and I entirely agree with him. Of course, until the river is remodelled through the marshes it is useless to consider the question of regulating

^a From July to September.

at the lake outlet, but now that the projects for improving the river appear likely to take definite shape, in a near future, I consider it imperative that the designs for a regulator at Lake Albert should be also studied and prepared, and that the execution of both works should be simultaneous. Even if the Bor-Sobat channel be decided upon, such a work is necessary, as only by this means can the extra supply be stored in the lake and brought down to the White Nile. If, on the other hand, the improvement of either the Bahr-el-Gebel or the Bahr-el-Zaraf be decided upon, then its construction is indispensable, not merely for storage purposes, but because by such means alone can the floods be controlled and a permanency of supply secured in the Upper Nile. The amount of water brought into the rivers by the torrents would of course be variable, as these streams come down in a series of heavy flushes and subside as quickly as they rise. With a telegraph line from Khartoum to the Albert lake, however, and a few stations for recording the river-levels, and the rainfall between its outlet and Gondokoro, it would be possible to know exactly what was happening in the Upper Nile valley, and to regulate the lake outlet as required.

I have now said all that I have to say regarding the projects for the White Nile, and I only trust that I have made my meaning clear. I have far exceeded the space I had intended to allot to this river, and I must consequently curtail my remarks concerning the Blue Nile. Fortunately, the schemes projected for this river are comparatively simple ones, and are limited in their extent by the amount of water available. On the Blue Nile there is no question of a steady supply throughout the year, as, notwithstanding its great volume during flood, it is practically dry during the spring months. Unless, then, it is possible to store water, and to make good the deficiency, all projects in connection with this river must be limited to those for flood and winter irrigation only. Were it not for the fact that the Blue Nile has its sources in, and for a great part of its course runs through, Abyssinian territory, the problem of water storage would be a simple one. In Lake Tsana a perfect natural reservoir exists, which might, by the medium of a few comparatively small works, be rendered capable of impounding water sufficient for the perennial irrigation of the countries bordering the Blue Nile. Unfortunately, the political difficulties connected with this question are so considerable that this attractive project must be regarded as definitely abandoned, or, at all events, relegated to a very distant future. It may be found possible, although I doubt its being so, to find a site suitable for a reservoir of limited capacity somewhere among the rapids of the Blue Nile valley, within Soudan territory. The slope of the river is, however, so very great that a dam, to be of any use at all for storage, would have to be raised to a great height. Moreover, no storage of the Blue Nile waters, when in flood, could be attempted on account

of the sediment they contain at that season. As soon as they become clear and free from deposit, their volume is so diminished that there is very little left to store. It seems, then, almost certain that any idea of perennial irrigation, south of Khartoum, upon an extended scale must, for the present at all events, be abandoned, and all future schemes devoted to those for the development of winter and flood irrigation. This is no matter for serious regret. In the first place, it appears probable that many of the more valuable crops, such as cotton or sugar-cane, could be raised in these localities if planted during the flood and irrigated throughout the winter. Should this prove to be the case, then the problem has been solved. If not, then the country must turn its attention to other produce suitable to the periods when water is abundant. I have, in every report that I have written upon the Soudan, insisted that the true future of the areas bordering the Blue Nile lies rather in the raising of cereals and food crops than in cotton or sugar-cane. This opinion has been confirmed as my knowledge of the country has increased. Both the Ghezira and the Eastern Provinces appear to be eminently suited to the production of wheat. Should this view prove to be correct, and I am convinced that it will be so, then their future is assured as, with the completion of the Nile-Red Sea Railway, the market for their produce will lie, so to speak, at their very door. The Hedjaz will certainly take all the wheat (and probably the dhurra as well) that can be poured into it from the Soudan, and, with the facilities for transport that will be given by the railway, and by the new harbour at Port Soudan, it should be possible to deliver this produce at almost any port on the eastern coast of the Red Sea at a price that will enable the Soudan to compete successfully with India and other sources of supply.

In order to introduce such a scheme of irrigation into the Soudan upon a large scale, one or more barrages, or weirs, must be constructed on the Blue Nile, somewhere between the point where it issues from the hills and Khartoum. These works, which will raise the water-levels of the river, must be accompanied by large distributary canals on either bank. It is possible that a system of basins and canals may be found most suitable to the requirements of the country. In this manner the fullest advantage could be taken of the flood-water, as well as of the winter supply. Such basins, if covering a large area, would render service to Egypt, by withdrawing a considerable volume of water from the river when at its maximum, and thus reducing the risk of disastrous floods in the northern Nile valley.

There are several minor projects connected with Soudan irrigation, some of which are at present under study. Among these may be instanced those for the utilisation of the flood-waters of the Gash, Rahad, Dinder and Atbara, all of which are flood rivers, and dry during the summer months. Want of space forbids me to do more

than mention them. Although the projects connected with the Blue Nile are of considerable magnitude and will involve large expenditure, none of them present any special difficulties, or in any way involve problems like those connected with the improvement of the White Nile.

I trust I have made it clear that the future contains schemes, in connection with the Nile, which, if realised, will dwarf all that has hitherto been done in the direction of controlling and making use of the waters of that river. The task before the irrigation engineers of Egypt is no small one, and may almost be styled colossal. The more this task is understood, the larger it seems. So far-reaching must it be in its effects, and so disastrous might any misapprehension of the issues at stake prove to be, that no amount of study must be grudged in the preparation of the projects, and no scheme must be finally adopted until the fullest amount of information possible to obtain regarding it has been collected. Such study will take time and will cost money, but this is unavoidable. There is no question of hurry, and no pressure, involving a commencement of the work before the project has been thoroughly thought out and studied, must be permitted. When, as in this case, projects are contemplated which mean interference with Nature upon an extended scale, it is advisable to marshal for the contest every force and argument that can possibly render service. Large, however, as the proposed undertakings will be, none of them are impossible. If thoroughly studied beforehand, and if the works once commenced be carried out resolutely and carefully, without undue haste, but without undue slowness, then I feel confident of their success. It is quite possible that the experience which must be gained during the progress of the works may cause modifications in many of their details, but there can be no change in the main lines of the different projects. If, as I have insisted upon, they have been carefully thought out beforehand.

The expenditure of money must necessarily be very large, involving many millions, but the records of irrigation works in Egypt have given ample proof that such expenditure is highly remunerative, and brings in a marvellously quick return. Should the programme that I have attempted to sketch in these pages be successfully accomplished, very important results will have been secured.

Egypt will benefit by the extension of perennial irrigation throughout the entire length and breadth of its river valley from Aswan to the Mediterranean. A large portion of the Soudan will be restored to a state of prosperity far exceeding that for which it was once renowned. The rich floods of the Blue Nile, and its tributary rivers, will be made use of to render fertile the tracts of country watered by those streams, instead of passing through them without benefit as is now the case. The deplorable waste of water in the dreary swamps of the White Nile will be obviated, and the waters of Lake Albert will

pass down undiminished to Egypt, where they will mean wealth to the landowner, and gladden the heart of the tiller of the soil. Most important of all, a control over the waters of the great river will have been secured, from its sources to the sea, which will render it possible to regulate its flow at all seasons, almost as easily and as effectually as if it were one of the great canals of the Egyptian irrigation system.

Such results are, I venture to think, well worth striving for, even if their attainment involves a large expenditure of money and perhaps of life. The last item is, I fear, equally inevitable with the former. The extreme unhealthiness of the entire region in which these works must be carried out, and the exposure to the climate at all seasons which their execution must entail to the working staff, will, I am afraid, mean loss of health to many of those engaged upon them.

Even so, the object aimed at is worthy of such a sacrifice, and I feel sure that no such considerations will deter Englishmen from coming forward and giving their services for the attainment of such noble ends.

In conclusion, I will quote some words of Lord Cromer's, taken from his latest report upon the finances and administration of Egypt. His lordship lays stress upon the close connection existing between Egypt and the Soudan, and emphasises the dependency of the former upon the latter country for its water supply: in other words, for its existence.

He says:

The Soudan, far from being useless, is a priceless possession to Egypt. It was always sufficiently obvious that the Power which held the headwaters of the Nile commanded the Egyptian supply, and that—if the supply were to be increased—the scene of action would have to be, not in Egypt itself, but in the most remote provinces of the Soudan.

I commend these words to all Egyptians.

W. E. GARSTIN.

THE DEFENCE OF INDIA

I owe an apology to the readers of this influential Review for placing before them the following observations. It may well be considered extremely rash for a non-military man to express any opinion on such a technical subject as the one which I propose to treat in this paper, knowing, as I do, that the ablest men in the service of this Empire, and some of the most instructed of our public writers have made the subject a life-long study, and have devoted their most careful attention to it, more especially since the first Afghan war. For another reason also an apology is, I think, due from me to my readers, since, although acquainted with it from my childhood, the English language is not my mother tongue, and it may perhaps be hazardous for me to give expression to my thoughts and views in a language that is not my own. My excuse for doing so is that for more than eight years I have studied the question of the defence of India in its wider aspects with great care, and I may add that I have read, and in some cases re-read, most of the valuable books, articles, and despatches which have at any time been published on the subject. Moreover, being myself an Asiatic, I have not only had opportunities of visiting many of the regions which form the landward boundaries of India to the west, north, and east; but I have regularly received from people in those climes various kinds of information that do not ordinarily reach the ears of the soldier or the statesman.

For the same reason I have had the good fortune of becoming acquainted with the state of political affairs in Arabia, Persia, Mesopotamia, Afghanistan, and Chinese Turkestan. Knowing the political condition of the peoples of those countries, I have been irresistibly led to the conclusion that the maintenance of British rule in India is of vital necessity for the welfare of its 300 millions of people. It was this conclusion which turned my attention to the interesting problem how to safeguard India not only against foreign invasion, but also against the equally dangerous process, in the long run, of the increase of foreign moral influence within her borders. There are, if one carefully considers the matter, only two Powers which can ever really dangerously threaten British rule in India: China and Russia. The other European Powers in Asia, and also the Japanese, depend on the

sea for their communications, and so long as British naval supremacy is assured, they can never become sources of real danger to India. The Asiatic States, with the exception of China, have, on the other hand, neither the population nor the resources for ever becoming a real menace to India. We will in this article assume that China is going to remain asleep for several decades longer, and that her thoughts will be given rather to maintaining her own independence than to plans of aggression. We can make this assumption with the greater readiness, because the long-predicted awakening of China may by some special decree of Providence never come at all.

We may, therefore, devote all our attention to Russia, since she alone has shown a desire to extend her dominions towards India. As a rodent gnaws ceaselessly through every barrier and obstacle placed in its path, and whenever disturbed or interrupted, stops gnawing for a time only to resume it with all the greater vigour—so Russia has gnawed her way through Central Asia, drawing ever nearer and nearer to the frontiers of India. One of the favourite methods in this process with which we have become familiar has been the sending of ‘scientific expeditions’ to the regions marked down for conquest. Another has been the employment of natives of the country coveted for the purpose of weakening its indigenous Government, and then when the fruit had become ripe to pluck it. Sometimes, indeed, as on ‘the bloody day of Geok Tepe,’ Russia has advanced with a big army; but, although the method has varied, the result has been the same, and it has gratified Russia’s tremendous desire to come southwards, and right on to the Indian frontier.

Those who in any way have taken part in the discussion on the question of our relations with Russia in Asia may be divided, roughly speaking, into two main classes. Each of these classes may consist of several subdivisions differing from each other in questions of detail, but we need only concern ourselves with the two main bodies enunciating opposing principles. The first is composed of those who advocate a ‘forward policy’ so that the boundaries of Russia in Central Asia may become contiguous to those of the British Empire of India on the west and north; and, perhaps, also, on the north-east. In India these persons are known as favouring what is called ‘a running frontier’ with Russia.

The second class of authorities advocate the interposition of a wide neutral zone—really independent buffer States—between the possessions of Russia and the boundaries of India proper. I frankly confess that I belong to the latter class, and I will here state my reasons for this, briefly, but without any reservation.

It must ever be remembered that the position of England in India is essentially and fundamentally different from that of the French Government in France, or of the German in Germany, or even of the Russian Government in Central Asia. The Power that rules in France

and Germany is not alien to the people. The nation in those countries, if dissatisfied with its Government, whether it be a confederation of dynasties as in Germany or a Republic as in France, can change it and set up some fresh system. But in such cases it would always be only the *form* of the Government and the *personnel* of the administration that would be changed. Without going into the question of a 'social contract' on which some philosophers based the origin of every Government, it is enough for our purpose to say that the indigenous government of every country must owe its origin, or is assumed to owe its origin, to the expressed or implied consensus of its people, or of the large majority of them. The Government which exercised authority in England after the Norman conquest may at its inception have been foreign; but in the course of centuries the rulers and the ruled have become welded and fused into one people and one nation. Thus to-day it cannot be said that the ruling dynasty in Great Britain is a foreign dynasty, or that Great Britain is governed by foreign rulers. Similarly the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, and the Romanoffs, and in Persia the Kadjars, and in China the Manchus, may or may not have been foreigners in those countries when they began to rule; but now not one of those States can be considered to be under foreign rule in the sense in which India is at the present time. The present rulers of India have found themselves therein either by conquest, or by force of circumstances, or by the will of Providence, but certainly not by the will of its peoples.

Nor is there any likelihood of the rulers and the ruled, within the next few centuries, becoming fused or welded into one nation or one people in the European sense of the words. To begin with, there is no Indian nation at present, and even if in time the peoples of the country get fused into a single nation, they will differ too much in colour, race, and climatic characteristics ever to become one with their English fellow subjects. For the last half century a belief has been gaining ground in this congeries of races, which has now deepened into a conviction with the majority, that alien as the British rule is in India, it is the best of all the governments that the country has ever possessed, and that under its tutelage India has prospered, and its peoples advanced in a manner unapproached during any period of the past. Beyond a doubt the majority of the Indian peoples are convinced of the benefits of British rule, and feel devoted loyalty to the person of their Emperor.

But among 300 millions of people, there must be naturally some who from motives of self-interest or through sheer folly, or false ideas of nationalism, or merely from a desire for change and variety—since the present reign of law must appear to some as dreadfully dull—could be seduced from their loyalty to an alien Government, and would fall easy victims to the intrigues or the specious promises of Russia, if once that country became a neighbour of India, and if its railways

were united with the Indian lines. It must be remembered that the Russian official classes are perfect adepts in intrigue, and that they would be profuse in making promises as to a coming millennium for all Asiatic races under Russia. Even already some Russian intriguers who have reached India have promised the establishment of a thousand native dynasties.

But even if Russia did not lend herself to intrigue, her very presence on the other side of the boundaries of India would be a disturbing element, for it would unsettle the native mind and create new hopes and new aspirations. It was Lord Dalhousie who said: 'We enjoy peace because we are strong.' This remark is as true to-day as it was more than half a century ago. But the causes of strength are not merely military, moral, and economical. One main cause is the absence of another strong and rival Power in the immediate vicinity, and having its boundaries contiguous to those of India. Russia, in Central Asia, has but 10 millions of Asiatics to govern, while England in India has 300 millions. Knowing what Russia is, I say that if her territory lay immediately on the other side of the Indian frontier, it would prove a very hotbed for fostering sedition and disloyalty in India. Moreover, the constant and unrestrained intercourse that would necessarily follow between that territory and India would result in the spreading of such sedition and disloyalty throughout India as might lead to constant troubles, and eventually to the weakening of the authority of the British Government, and possibly even to its overthrow.

For these reasons certain regions west, north, and east of India should be kept as buffers between that country and Russia, and Russia should be made to understand distinctly that any overstepping of the limits which may be thus set to her ambition would be treated as a *casus belli*, and would be followed by hostilities. Great Britain should also make up her mind to fight once for all to keep Russia out of the neutral zone or buffer region.

What are the regions that we must keep Russia out of? Since the object of keeping her away from these regions is not essentially military, but rather fundamentally to prevent her disturbing India, we must carefully consider what are the lands that do influence Indian thought; and that are near enough to be frequented by Indians. For reasons historical as well as geographical, because these lands have been closely associated with the destinies of India, I would suggest that the regions to be kept as a neutral zone should begin with Mesopotamia in the extreme west, and include the Shat-ul-Arab, the Hassa, and Oman along the western shore of the Persian Gulf. Coming further east, the whole of Persia, south of Azerbaijan, Teheran, and Khorassan, forms an essential part of the buffer region, as also does the kingdom of Afghanistan. I would also include the southern districts of the present province of Chinese Turkestan with the im-

portant towns of Yarkand and Khotan, Thibet, and lastly the two Chinese provinces of Szechuan and Yunnan.

I have now named the territories which it appears to me to be necessary to preserve as a neutral zone for the security of India. Possibly these may be considered too extensive, and a more restricted area may be deemed sufficient, and certainly it may be allowed that some of the regions indicated can be left untouched and undefined for the present. But whatever is considered necessary and sufficient should be declared 'a neutral zone' after due deliberation by England as a whole, and not by a single party, and the Empire should unanimously accept that decision as a sort of Monroe Doctrine for Asia to be defended and enforced at all hazards by 'war from pole to pole' (to use the words of the great and distinguished author of *Russia in Central Asia*) against any European Power that directly or indirectly sought to predominate over any part of the zone thus defined.

However, England, in order to enforce the policy of a neutral zone, must herself observe the self-denying ordinance, and not allow herself to be led by the advocates of a forward policy, or those officers who are tired of Afghan arrogance and Persian and Chinese pusillanimity, into acquiring a predominant position in any part of the neutral zone under one pretext or another. If, for example, instead of interfering with the affairs of Afghanistan, and constantly fretting because we have no railways and no politicals in that country, or seeking to forcibly extend 'influence' there, we took care to inform its ruler and people that we should be ready to defend them if attacked by any foreign Power, but that otherwise we should let their country severely alone, and that we were resolved to follow the policy which in Lord Lawrence's time was known as 'masterly inactivity,' we should inspire them with confidence and win their friendship. Surely it was a man without the sense of humour who evolved the principle of forcing people into friendship, as advocated by some of the forward school. Again a want of knowledge of human nature is evident in people who maintain that Orientals respect only such men and Powers as bully them. Passionate though silent hatred, not respect, is the consequence of the high-handed use of force, and the breaking up of treaties, even amongst Oriental peoples.

The conquest and acquisition by England of territories beyond India proper is far more dangerous to us than the absorption of those lands by Russia would be. In the first place, we should have to fight the invader far away from our natural base, which is in itself a great drawback, as has been demonstrated by history both modern and ancient. Secondly, the population of the conquered countries would be at heart hostile to us; for though their Governments might be bad, they were in a sense national Governments, and they would make common cause with the invader, however foolish and short-sighted such a course might appear, just to get revenge on those who

had upset their national institutions. These annexations would even furnish a further cause of moral disturbance in India, and in time of trouble they would supply the dangerous elements of Indian society with material to work upon. To my mind the right policy is to insist that the territories constituting the neutral zone should remain inviolate, and free from aggression by any Power, and that they should be independent in fact and in name. The policy that I advocate is precisely the same as that pursued by the United States towards the South American Republics. If we consistently follow this policy, if the Conservative party will dissociate itself from the extreme 'forward school' that wants to turn Afghanistan into a 'native State,' and southern Persia into a 'Malay State,' if the Liberal party will sever its policy from the ultra-altruists who invite Russia to the doors of India—then the would-be invader of India would, in the first place, have to subjugate portions of the neutral zone before advancing upon India, and their populations would naturally fight for their own freedom, and to that extent would be our allies and fight our battles. Then our assistance would be received with gratitude, and without any suspicion of our good faith.

Another absolutely important reason for our pursuing the policy of neutral zones and buffer States, and of preventing the extension of either the Russian or the British Empire till they meet, is that while our present army in India is nearly—though not quite—sufficient for our needs, it would, in the case of a 'running frontier,' require to be at least three times its actual strength. Although she had only the extreme eastern frontier of Russia as her neighbour, Japan kept a force of a million men ready. The Imperial forces in India all told are now less than a quarter of a million. If we trebled the army in India, we should have to treble the European troops as well as the native sepoys. To find men for that purpose would be a feat that no Herculean Secretary of State for War could do without a tremendous increase of pay for Mr. Tommy Atkins. But even assuming that men for such an enormously increased English army were by great increase of pay to be found, who, out of a lunatic asylum, would venture to say that India could bear the strain of a trebled military budget?

If any India within our powers of conception could not pay for the increased army that would thus have become necessary not through any fault of its own, but because its rulers had chosen to extend their conquests beyond its frontiers, without allowing the peoples of India a voice in the matter, would the British taxpayers consent to contribute a mere bagatelle of some 25 or 30 millions sterling a year? It would be the men sent out indirectly by the British taxpayers to govern India that would decree and make these new conquests, and theirs would be the doubtful honour and glory thereof, and theirs the responsibility and liability of retaining and

safeguarding the new conquests. I who have lived in England off and on for many years, and even went out of my way to study not only the ruling classes but the taxpayer, the man *par excellence* who, personally unknown, is yet the mainstay of the Empire—I know the average British taxpayer fairly well. He will ungrudgingly pay for a predominating navy, and will give, perhaps with a wry face, the necessary millions for a *just sufficient* army. But, I think, when a new annual bill of 30 millions sterling was presented to him, he would curse the people who had taken his peaceful Indian frontier up to the menacing lines of Russia, and he would refuse to pay this enormous and senseless fine.

India could not pay for the increased military expenditure, and John Bull would not.

Even if the present system of voluntary enlistment were replaced by conscription, such a change would not mend matters. To begin with, it is doubtful if a conscript army would ever do garrison work on foreign soil, thousands of miles distant from home and friends. Secondly, a conscript army must be a short-service army, and the increased portion of the British army would be needed not in England, but opposite the Russian lines on the Asiatic frontier. As it is, with a comparatively long-service army, the waste and expense of transport is enormous, and once real short service of two years was introduced, as would have to be done on the adoption of conscription, then the constant change of drafts would become such a terrible waste, for it would be annual, that millions would be thrown away in merely bringing and taking away the troops to and from India. Above all, even limited conscription is not yet popular amongst the English masses, and though, I think, for home defence it would be a good thing, still, a conscript army in India would, I am persuaded, be found impossible.

We are thus forced back to the policy of a neutral zone and buffer States. But, as I have already said, such a policy must be honestly and disinterestedly carried out, and above all must be rigidly enforced against every delinquent. For the successful carrying out of such a policy, we require, though a much smaller force than for the other policy of a 'running frontier' with Russia, a thoroughly efficient army, and also the proper husbanding of the fighting forces of India. We are exceptionally lucky in having at this moment one of the greatest of European soldiers, and one of the ablest organisers the world has seen since Carnot, in Lord Kitchener at the head of the Indian army. If he is given a free hand, and, above all, left in India long enough to finish his great work (for even he can do little if he has to vacate his post after five short years), then, with a comparatively small increase in the expense of the Indian army, we shall have a force well able to carry out the policy of maintaining neutral zones beyond India.

Besides the regular army maintained at the cost of British India, there is a great deal of fighting material and other resources in India which are at present absolutely frittered away. I refer to the thousands of men in uniform shouldering antiquated weapons, who are kept up by the native States. These States are protected from attack by each other, and also against foreign invasion, by the strong arm of the Indian Government. Under these circumstances it is utterly useless and extravagant to maintain these unorganised and undisciplined hordes. These States pay a small tribute to the Indian Government, totally disproportionate to the expense they would have had to incur for the maintenance of an army sufficiently strong to make them secure against attack by their neighbours or by a foreign Power, as well as to the outlay of the Indian Government directly and indirectly for that purpose.

The Indian Government in common fairness to the British Indian taxpayer should order these useless hordes to be disbanded. Some portion of these troops do police duty; but for this they should be replaced by regular and recognised policemen and gendarmes. For the serious business of the defence of India against foreign invasion, which is as much a duty and a necessity for the native States as it is for the Indian Government, every State must be made to keep a certain number of Imperial Service troops in proportion to its revenue, and also no troops but those for Imperial Service should be permitted. These corps should be considered part of the regular army, and placed under the commander-in-chief. Their headquarters, however, should be left in the States that pay for their maintenance, and the respective corps should carry the emblems of their princely houses. Every year they ought to be exercised and brigaded with the British army, and they should have on the establishment European inspectors. The regimental officers of all grades should be appointed from native nobles who had been trained in the Imperial Cadet Corps. The troops of the native States thus reorganised would be a material addition of strength to the fighting power of the country, and would, there is little doubt, acquit themselves in actual war against a foreign foe with as much credit as the regular army.

This very question was raised in the Supreme Legislative Council some years ago, but nothing seems to have come out of the discussion. As probably nine out of every ten chiefs would heartily approve of such a patriotic change, which would increase their importance and usefulness, it is high time that the question should be seriously taken up by approaching the native States in a proper and definite manner. Perhaps a committee composed of several princes who can 'think imperially,' some civilians, two or three military officers, and perhaps a few independent individuals not in the services, might be formed to make a scientific and thorough study of the question, and prepare a

scheme for the effective utilisation of the armies of the native States in the defence of India.

The spirit of the ruling chiefs of India is, I think, made clearly apparent by an anecdote relating to one of the greatest and most powerful of her ruling princes, which I venture to repeat. It was at the time of the last Delhi Durbar, that one morning I saw H.H. Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior riding with a single trooper in close attendance. In answer to a casual question from me as to whether the trooper was one of the Imperial Service troops, his Highness replied that 'all his troops, without any distinction, were for Imperial Service, and that he himself was an Imperial soldier.'

I am afraid I have already trespassed too much on the patience of my readers ; but I feel that I owe a duty to both India and England, countries that seem, by Providence, to be so designed that their welfare and happiness can only be complete when they are thoroughly united. I have pointed out what I consider the greatest danger to our Indian Empire—namely, the extension of the frontier up to that of Russia. I am firmly convinced that the British Empire is the 'greatest secular' institution on earth, and that the happiness of hundreds of millions not of the British races is bound up with that Empire. We pray its rulers not to allow the great question of its supremacy in Southern Asia to be lost sight of in the midst of party warfare.

AGA KHAN.

A PLEA FOR A MINISTRY OF FINE ARTS

It has been recognised and acknowledged for years that our lack of system in the management of our national Art affairs has been a very material disadvantage. There has been waste of opportunity and waste of energy; and in the result the importance of Art such as the Government expends vast sums upon fostering has been too little impressed upon the minds of the people. For want of a central control there has been constant collision of interests, with overlapping and the like, joined to a relative inefficiency and occasional paralysis of effective action due to dissipation of effort and to absence of a supreme authority.

Indeed, it would be difficult to name a national interest of which the administration is in so chaotic, or at least in so confused and dislocated, a condition. That administration is so dispersed, yet so inter-independent, so divided between hostile or at the least non-sympathetic departments, so shared by private bodies and irresponsible individual activity, that the word 'administration' should hardly be used to describe it. The fact is so patent and so widely admitted that when a few months ago I wrote a short article in the *Burlington Magazine* advocating the creation of a Ministry of Fine Arts the proposal was discussed and, without a dissentient voice, approved in principle by some of the chief organs of public opinion. The question is whether the protection that might be exercised by such a department would not foster the arts as effectively in this country as they are encouraged and nurtured abroad. The proposal is almost unanimously approved by the body politic of artists, who, versed in the history of their craft, are convinced that the periods of the finest Art and of the greatest prosperity for the artist have been passed under direct State encouragement, whether of autocrat or of corporate government. For my part I had for many years shared the opinions of those who are mistrustful of State interference, persuaded mainly by foreign critics who were dissatisfied by the results of official control in their own countries. 'You may thank your stars,' they said, 'that you have no officially approved Art, no Governmental tyranny, no departmental dictation and patronage, no Minister to appear—either himself or by deputy—at the inauguration of every exhibition, of every museum,

gallery, or other Art building, repeating the same official utterances on each occasion, stamping the same style of architecture on every city of the Empire, distributing among the departmental museums and municipal galleries the same sort of vast Salon pictures which are executed only to catch the official eye and draw upon the Ministerial purse. Our Art is tied hand and foot, and patronage is accorded to the wrong men. In Great Britain art is free; you have to profess no "school"; you develop naturally; you are not "encouraged" to do violence to your convictions, or forced by official opinion away from your natural bent; and so you express yourselves and the character of the people with truth and freedom, unentangled by the apron-strings of your foster grandmother, the eternal State.'

The argument has been considered not without force if not altogether unanswerable, and some have adopted what has been regarded as 'the French view.' But experience has shown that it is the view mainly of the malcontents—of a small minority of artists who have reasons for being opposed to the special working rather than to the basic principle of a Ministry of Fine Arts; for everybody recognises that, apart from the debatable question of direct patronage of artists, the administration of the Fine Arts, which is so considerable a factor in the national education and refinement of France and in her commercial prosperity, could not adequately be prosecuted on logical and economic lines without a scientifically planned scheme, carefully devised, well balanced, symmetrical, and systematic.

Mistrust of Governmental control is, I find, the main objection raised to the proposed Ministry by those who, agreeing with it in principle, recognise the necessity of some such creation. It is curiously personal. With what Minister, they ask, would you entrust the encouragement of national taste; or, at least, into whose hands would you confide the well-being of Art? Who is the man you would be satisfied to set up in the House of Commons, or in the Lords, to construct and defend an Art policy? Is it a matter for a politician at all? Even if you can find one such man, or two, do you feel satisfied in the light of past experience that a succession of capable Ministers would be forthcoming, equipped with the qualifications essential for an office that calls for capacity of a subtle and delicate kind? We may perhaps hesitate with our answer when we remember how not long ago the late Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords and Sir William Vernon Harcourt in the Commons delighted their hearers with sarcastic allusions to Mr. Norman Shaw's 'New Scotland Yard,' one of the finest examples of architectural art which had for a long time been erected in the metropolis. The dignified protest against these sallies made jointly by the heads of the profession may have undone some of the mischief wrought by the light-hearted and uninformed criticisms of Prime Minister and ex-Cabinet Minister; but the feeling doubtless remains that the interests of Art could not safely be entrusted

to the hands of a non-appreciative statesman who would treat it as a plaything. To this objection the reply is easy, and the difficulty, as I shall presently show, can be surmounted in a simple and logical fashion.

At a time when the directorship of three of our most important national museums has been under discussion we will do well to consider the whole question in all its bearings. The National Gallery lost its Director automatically at the end of last year, and at the present time of writing—nearly eight months later—the vacancy has not yet been filled. The directorship of the Art Museum of South Kensington has been won by the natural successor to the post, the Assistant Director, Mr. A. B. Skinner. The headship of the British Museum, with its art collections, vast in extent and supreme in importance, will soon require consideration. All these appointments are in the gift of different authorities.

In respect to the National Gallery, a section of the public, led by men who should be better informed, has been clamouring for the abolition of the post of Director and the re-establishment of the Keepership in supreme authority. But it was precisely because it was proved by exhaustive inquiry that the system of administration by Keeper had hopelessly broken down¹ that the office of 'keeper and secretary' was substituted, and that the directorship was established.² The Trustees were maintained in order that they might be the link between the responsible Director and the public; but their authority has since grown, mainly through the Treasury Minute issued on the death of Sir Frederic Burton, and we have had the spectacle of a Director whose powers were in a measure clipped, while the Trustees, or certain of them, assumed an authority that was never contemplated under the reconstitution.

A condition of affairs far more unsatisfactory has prevailed at South Kensington. When as a result of the Parliamentary Inquiry (1897-8) the Science and Art Department was first turned inside out and then suppressed, the Victoria and Albert Museum was transferred to the Board of Education. We have since had the spectacle of the rise and dictation of the secretarial department which has assumed such rigorous control that the authority of the Art Director has very seriously diminished; so that we have witnessed a disturbing symptom of the result in the retirement of its brilliant chief, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, within a short period of the time when he could have claimed his pension and a well-earned rest, in favour of foreign and more enlightened service. Turning to the National Galleries of Ireland and Scotland we find a similar dissatisfaction with the existing *régime*, and, we may safely deduce,

¹ See *Report of the Select Committee on the National Gallery*, 1853.

² See Treasury Minute, dated the 27th of March 1855, reconstituting the establishment of the National Gallery.

a desire to see a more reasonable interpretation of those conditions under which Art establishments can be expected to flourish and satisfy the demands of the public need.

There is no doubt that the suggested co-ordination to which I shall presently come seems to present enormous obstacles. The main difficulty lies in the variety and in many instances the multiplicity of control at present existing. There is parliamentary control, financial (or Treasury) control, local control. Let us examine some of these points and see how they may be dealt with, establishing, as it were, a common denominator with a view to creating a new public Department which shall not unnecessarily dislocate present arrangements where they are sound, or interfere unduly with the various departments that at present exercise authority. I say this in the belief that for the sake of simplicity it may be expedient to rearrange rather than to establish a vast brand-new department *ab ovo*. It would doubtless be better to imitate the French and set up a Ministry of Fine Arts without paying any heed to the outcry that would follow the abscissions and segregations involved; but, after all, we must recognise that while the French are eminently logical in their procedure, and when they start on sound premisses eminently successful, we are by nature haphazard in our ordering, and as casual and fortuitous in our growth as the metropolis itself, and we constitutionally prefer to tinker where we ought to reconstruct.

If we consider these various controls and divided responsibilities we shall have some measure of the difficulties before us and of the need for reform. The National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the British Museum, the Wallace Collection, and the Tate Gallery, with their directors, are regulated by their respective trustees, who constitute the local control—the Tate Gallery being attached to the National Gallery. The financial control lies with the Secretary to the Treasury, and the final control, of course, as in nearly all cases, is with Parliament. The local control of the National Gallery of Ireland is with the Chief Secretary, while that of Scotland (regulated likewise by a board of trustees) is in the hands of the Secretary for Scotland. That is to say, that the National Gallery of Scotland, the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, and the School of Art in the Royal Institution, are primarily under that 'Board of Manufacturers' which official authority has lately so vigorously denounced. The Victoria and Albert Museum and its dependent branch at Bethnal Green, with its Consultative Committee, are under the Board of Education; while the Art teaching conducted there is managed by local authority, also under the Board of Education. The most important 'local control' of all is the Office of Works, which has jurisdiction over the fabrics of most of our public Government buildings, the artistic element in which is of outstanding importance. In this respect it controls the War Office, the Admiralty, the British Museum (exterior), the Local Government Board,

the Savings Bank, the Victoria and Albert Museum and Science Schools, the new Admiralty extension, and the Post Offices, the Customs Houses, and County Courts throughout the country, and most of the public statues, parks, and gardens in the metropolis. It is indeed, to an extent far greater than most people realise, one of our great spending departments, and its works are always before the eye of the public. Moreover its influence, exercised in a quiet and unostentatious manner, is often exerted to public advantage. An example in point will be of interest. The great site on which St. James's Hall recently stood is in the control of the department of Woods and Forests. The designs of the great hotel there to be erected, to face Piccadilly and Regent Street, had been accepted, but on being submitted by consent to the First Commissioner of the Office of Works, at present happily directed by a man who is gifted with a fine artistic taste, they were adjudged unsatisfactory, and in the result Mr. Norman Shaw was requested to redesign the façade and revise the plans. The matter is of the greater importance, as the whole quadrant is doomed to demolition before long, and the new buildings now in hand will give the note to those in due time to be erected to complete the vast scheme.

To proceed. Under the Office of Works are the Ancient Monuments, the Treasury under Parliament being the ultimate control; so too Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former of which, however, is regulated by the Governors. From this point matters become more complex; for while it equally controls the Tower of London, Hampton Court, Edinburgh Castle, Walmer Castle, and Holyrood Palace, all or nearly all of which may be regarded partly as museums, the Tower and Edinburgh Castle belong as fortresses to the War Office, and Hampton Court and Holyrood, as Royal palaces, to the King. And all the while these public monuments are under Treasury and parliamentary jurisdiction, with the exception, I believe, of Hampton Court and Holyrood, of which the nominal control is in the hands of the King.

Similar complications are to be seen elsewhere when the patronage of architecture is considered. The Post Office buildings and Customs buildings, though in the occupation of other departments, are in the charge of the Office of Works; but the Home Office buildings in respect of police are in the charge of the Home Office. Barracks are exclusively a War Office matter. Municipal buildings are under purely local authority, while buildings under Woods and Forests are subject to the actual control of two Commissioners, with the ultimate control of the Treasury and of Parliament.

With this condition of things—so far I have not touched upon all—let us compare an existing Ministry of Fine Arts which after much opposition and repeated delays was at length triumphantly established, and is now in its completeness a model for the world.

I do not propose that any attempt should be made to rival or even imitate so vast an organisation, although I do advocate the founding of a big department under a competent Minister, for which legislation would certainly be required; nor do I suggest that we should be called upon to spend more than a fraction of the sum that is expended by the Beaux-Arts in France. With us it would be rather a transference of votes of supply than the creation of new votes, although a certain amount of money would undoubtedly have to be called for. After all it is not so much a question, 'Will it cost more?' as 'Will it create greater efficiency, produce greater value for the amount spent, and add to the refinement and enjoyment of life?' In France it has admittedly proved to the people the value of Art, its moral value in education, its æsthetic value in public taste, and its cash value in commerce. Surely we should not be insensible to the last-mentioned at least of these advantages!

The scheme on which the French Ministry of Fine Arts is based is extraordinarily complete, including in its purview music and the theatre, which need not here be taken into account. It comprises the following main sections:

(1) *Art Works*, including the decoration and ornamentation of public buildings; the erection of statues and grants for public monuments; commissions and acquisition of works of art, whether painting, sculpture, medal-work, gem-engraving, line-engraving, etching, lithography, &c. (for these are all 'encouraged' by the State); the distribution of these works among various establishments, schools, &c. other than museums; the acquisition and distribution of French and foreign statuary; modelling and mouldings for public buildings; commission and acquisition of copies for establishments other than museums; travelling and missions; travelling scholarships &c.; annual payments, charity, grants, and encouragement to painters, sculptors, engravers, and their families.

(2) *Teaching*.—The Académie de France in Rome; the National School of Fine Arts in Paris; national schools of decorative art in Paris and the provinces; the National School of Drawing for girls in Paris; the National Schools of Fine Arts of Lyons, Dijon, Bourges, and Algiers, and similar municipal schools in the provinces; inspection of drawing and design, and its museum.

(3) *Museums and Exhibitions*.—The National Museums—the Louvre, Luxembourg, Versailles, and Saint Germain; acquisitions for these museums and the regulation and audit of expenses; departmental and municipal museums; distribution among them of Art purchases made by the State; subventions towards the publication and distribution of works on Art (books, reproductions, engravings, &c.); the custody of Art works; the Bibliothèque Nationale—the print-room and collection of medals; publication of an inventory of Art treasures in France; the annual Art congress of provincial

societies at the Sorbonne and publication of the transactions; Art exhibitions in Paris and the provinces.

(4) *Historical Monuments*.—Co-operation with the Commission of Historical and Megalithic Monuments for studying and determining classification, the restoration of buildings, and determination of relative share of grants; control of work and expenditure; co-operation with various administrations for the restoration or maintenance of historical monuments throughout France and under various control; acquisitions and expropriations; archaeological missions; archives (drawings, engravings, and photography); library; publications; exhibitions; the Museum des Thermes and the Cluny Museum; museums of comparative sculpture.

(5) *Theatres*.—No details need be given of this section.

(6) *National Manufactures*.—Consideration of the proposals by the administrators of the National Art manufactories of Sèvres, Gobelins, and Beauvais; preparation of Ministerial decisions, orders, and minutes in respect of them; apportionment of their grants and control of expenditure; sale of the work produced by these manufactories; measures for improvements in the Sèvres and Gobelins manufactories; works in mosaïc; exhibitions; competitions for prizes in respect of Sèvres and Gobelins.

(7) *Public Civil Buildings*.—Consideration of designs presented by architects; preparation of estimates, parliamentary bills, and decrees; expropriations in the public interest; protests and petitions; authorisation of expenditure; execution and supervision of the works.

(8) *National Palaces*.—Consideration of architects' proposals; commissions of works of Art; fountains at Versailles, Marly, Meudon, and St. Cloud; preparation of estimates, parliamentary bills, and decrees, &c. &c. as above.

(9) *Palace Furniture &c. and Administration*.—The Garde-Meuble, furnishing and maintenance of the same; installations for fêtes and official ceremonies; inventory and control of occasional redistribution of furniture &c.; administration; garde-meuble and supervision of palaces, parks, and gardens; authorisation of expenditure; uniforms and equipment of the civil and military staff.

Now these '*services*' represent but the headings or sections of the administration of Fine Arts, and the duties are so clearly defined that there is no overlapping of any kind. They are controlled each by its special Council: that which has chief significance for us is the *Conseil supérieur des Beaux-Arts*, for it is with such a Council (although not numerically so important) that in the case of the department I propose the Minister of Fine Arts would invariably be called upon to act. The French Council under the presidency of the Minister was appointed by the decree of the 30th of July 1884 to consist of fifty-two members: ³

³ Originally thirty-two members: eight *ex officio*, twenty-four annual.

fourteen *ex officio* members and thirty-eight annual members appointed by the President. Its composition was as follows : *Ex officio* members—The Minister, with the Under-Secretary of State and the Director of Fine Arts as vice-presidents ; the Prefect of the Seine ; the Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts ; the Director of Civil Buildings (*bâtiments civils*) ; the Inspector-General of the Teaching of Design ; the Vice-President of the Commission of Historical Monuments ; the Administrator of National Museums and the Keeper of the Luxembourg ; the Directors of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, of the Conservatoire of Music, and of the School of Decorative Arts ; the Commissaire-Général of Fine Art Exhibitions and the President of the Society of French Artists (the 'Old Salon'). The annual members were made up as follows : twelve artists from within or without the Institut de France ; that is to say, six painters, two sculptors, two architects, one engraver, and one musician ; one member of the French Academy ; one member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres ; two members of the Higher Council of Public Instruction ; two senators, two deputies, and one State Councillor ; one member from each of the higher councils of Sévres and Gobelins ; two representatives of the industrial arts ; one inspector of Fine Arts ; ten persons selected for their general knowledge of Art matters ; and two secretaries with voting powers chosen from among the *personnel* of the Central Administration of Fine Arts.

Thus except for the exclusion of the Academy of Sciences, whose interests are in one direction so closely allied to the applied arts, every artistic body and every interest they severally connote are represented on this great advisory council. The proportions of the constitution may be open to criticism ; indeed it is admittedly open to modification from time to time ; but on the deliberations and decisions of such a body a Minister may well feel himself able and entitled to place full reliance. The system may be said to work well ; the result in practice is naturally not up to expectations based upon theory, for such is not humanly possible. We need but look to the state of the arts in France, to the healthy contention, vigorous criticism, and commercial prosperity, to recognise that the general vital organisation—which is in no way to be held responsible for the decadence existing in certain phases of Art induced by national psychological phenomena such as no administration or organisation can affect—is productive of infinite benefit to the point of keeping alive certain arts now thriving which otherwise would have languished and perhaps have disappeared altogether. For example, the successful and accomplished young engraver receives from his Government commissions sufficient to encourage him to prosecute his art ; with us engraving is dying in certain directions, dead in others. In France when a young sculptor has quitted the schools with credit he is entrusted with commissions, sometimes with a statue of some worthy

of his native place. With us he too often has to content himself, if he is lucky, with designing cups (as often as not anonymously) for silver-smiths, or ornaments for the potters, or resign himself to the position of assistant to a sculptor more fortunate than himself, or of modeller or moulder to some firm of statuary. How often, with us, are pictures acquired by the Government, decorative works and patriotic frescoes commissioned for public buildings, statues and monuments set up throughout the country, medals struck to commemorate contemporary history? All these things are being continuously done in France, and public interest in the arts, as well as the artist, systematically encouraged and kept alive.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the constitution of the *services*, of which the mere skeletons have here been indicated, otherwise than to say that each is elaborated with the greatest care, and logically developed covers the ground it professes to deal with thoroughly and satisfactorily. Let us, however, take one example—the single line under the heading ‘Museums and Exhibitions,’ already quoted, which runs, ‘Art Exhibitions in Paris and the Provinces.’ This bare entry is elaborated thus:—

ART EXHIBITIONS.

Section 1: National Exhibitions.

A. The Salons. i. State intervention as to locale of exhibition and the provision of suitable buildings. ii. Acquisitions made by the State for presentation to the Luxembourg &c. (to be exhibited together for public information and criticism at the close of the exhibition). iii. Awards: (a) the Prix du Salon; (b) travelling prizes worth £160 each.

B. Triennial exhibitions (as arranged in 1883), consisting only of the finest works available.

C. Various exhibitions. i. Designs and photographs of historical monuments (the expression used in its widest sense). ii. National manufactures: works produced at Sèvres, Gobelins, and Beauvais. iii. Other exhibitions: (a) exhibition of the decorative arts; (b) technological exhibition of industrial arts; (c) exhibitions at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

Section 2. International exhibitions

Section 3. Universal exhibitions (an elaborately constituted Department which cannot be described here).

Section 4. Provincial exhibitions. State participation, by loans of works, grants, and awards.

Of all of these *services*, however, there is none which is more admirably planned than that relating to architecture, whose duty it is to see, without straining official interference too far, that no serious offence against artistic taste in the public streets and buildings be perpetrated. As the designs of certain important classes of buildings must be sent to Paris to receive the approval of the Conseil Général des Bâtiments Civils, and as that council comprises several of the finest architects in France, the result is happy and the recriminations few. It is the work which we aim at doing through the Archi-

tectural Vigilance Society ; but while the latter has no powers beyond its own persuasiveness and sweet reasonableness and its final appeal to public opinion, in France the decision of the Council has the force of law.

It will be said at once from this, I fear, too bald indication of the scope and activity of the Ministry of Fine Arts across the Channel that so thorough and searching a scheme has no chance of realisation in this country. I am not sure, even if it were possible, that it would be desirable ; for it might remove all sense of initiative and personal activity from the community, and place the whole matter of Art education and not a little of Art patronage in the uninspiring hands of the Government ; so that while in some respects a better artistic condition of things might prevail, the usefulness and value of individual effort and interest in the result might be in a great measure lost. But, on the other hand, a good deal would be done which is now not done at all ; municipalities which now do nothing would find an atmosphere of Art developing around them ; and those who now do ill or spend their activity and their money in futile efforts would, with growing education, be pleased to find that what they have striven vainly to obtain was accessible after all.

Indeed, it is not essential to a British Fine Arts Ministry ; we can arrive at our object in a simpler fashion, while drawing all the inspiration and help we can from the French organisation. It has already been shown that the Office of Works controls a vast number of public buildings : it is one of the great spending departments, and many of the chief Art interests of the public are in its hands. It has had the good fortune to be ruled, in its present chief as by his predecessor, by men of consummate taste, who might confidently be trusted to do justice to the æsthetic side of its work. That department, then, should form the nucleus of the new creation, and it should be raised to the dignity of Ministry of Fine Arts and Public Buildings. But no more in England than in France should the control of such vast and delicate interests be left in the unfettered hands of one man, who may not always be of the stamp of Lord Windsor, Lord Esher, or of Lord Balcarres. He should be assisted by an advisory body—what the Prince Consort called a ‘Committee of Taste’—somewhat analogous to that in the French administration, consisting of the heads of our chief great public museums, galleries, and societies, the Presidents of the Royal Academy, the Society of Antiquaries, the Royal Institute of British Architects, the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, perhaps the chairman of societies such as the Architectural Vigilance Society, the National Art Collections Fund, the Egyptian Exploration Fund, the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty, among bodies more influential, together with a given number of artists and architects, designers, and, if the British official mind can rise to the pitch of enlightenment displayed abroad,

one or two outside or lay members of recognised competence and taste in the matter of Art.

In this manner not only the obvious interests of Art should be efficiently represented upon the Council, but there would be created a central body which may bring its influence to bear directly upon the objects for which Parliament now votes more than a million a year. This Council would act only in an advisory capacity, and could not by itself take action. On the other hand, without its approval the Minister could not move independently: it would control his decisions and act as a check on any step which in its expert corporate opinion would be counter to the interests of Art; that is to say, pretty much the same arrangement as at present exists in respect of the Admiralty, the War Office, and India. Parliamentary control would necessarily be maintained as heretofore; the Treasury would continue to officiate as bursary, not as controlling agent, in any other active sense, and the Ministry of Fine Arts would act as the exchange or clearing-house of all administrative matters concerned with Art, so far as they are in the hands of the Government. To the new department would be transferred the control of the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the British Museum, the Wallace Collection, and the Tate Gallery, at least so far as the management is at present in the hands of the Treasury, while leaving intact as now the authority of the trustees of each institution. The funds would pass to them through the hands of the Minister of Fine Arts, and the appointment of Director of each would be vested in the Minister, and no longer be in the gift of the First Lord and of such other authorities as now exercise control in these supremely important particulars. The Art administration of the Victoria and Albert Museum should be transferred from the Board of Education to the new Ministry, along with the Art collections and fabrics of the palaces and castles not perhaps officially recognised as museums, yet which on account of their historic interest and beauty would fall naturally into the hands of the department. On the Minister of Fine Arts would also devolve the responsibility of maintaining them with a religious care and artistic knowledge which we hardly look for at the hands of the War Office, for example, or even of the Treasury.

All the national museums, it has already been said, would come under the new *régime*, but the administration of so perfect an institution as the British Museum would be left intact. The Royal Scottish Museum, now under the Scottish Education Department, the Dublin Museum of Science and Art, correspondingly controlled by the Department of Technical Instruction of Ireland, and similar institutions, would likewise be absorbed, and they and the National Galleries of Scotland and Ireland, which are being unduly starved under the present system, would receive financial assistance commensurate with their reasonable needs. All these public and semi-public

museums, such as the Dulwich Gallery and the Soane Museum, would be co-ordinated, and 'trustee galleries,' such as the Flaxman Gallery, the Watts Gallery, Leighton House, Hogarth House, &c., could place themselves under the same jurisdiction. All municipal galleries and institutions which desired it could be merged in the same and be cared for by the State—not on the meagre conditions at present laid down, but in such a way as to be of vital use and interest to the communities interested. When I looked into the matter twenty years ago I found that in France no fewer than two hundred and fifty towns had availed themselves of the privilege extended to them by the Ministry of Fine Arts. The number has probably by now considerably increased.

When we come to Art teaching we must hesitate to recommend Government control. Even in so bureaucratic a country as France the Government has declined to accept direct responsibility for Art instruction: it has left it, like the Salons, in the hands of competent artists, concerning itself only in such a way as to satisfy the public of its non-interference both with teaching and exhibitions. For this reason the Royal Academy would be left outside the scheme which I am advocating, for the Governmental touch is apt to become a taint when it interposes in the production of the *fine fleur* of Art happily and irresponsibly created. No good can come of tinkering with a venerable institution which suffers from having been planned on illogical lines: on the principle that one and the same institution can logically be a teaching body for the few and an exhibiting body for the many—compelled, if it would demonstrate its sympathy with all forms of Art and prove its own catholicity, to exhibit in its galleries works the principles of which it may conceive it its bounden duty to discourage in its schools. In Paris the Salons on the one hand and the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and similar Art schools on the other are absolutely distinct and separate, and the difficulty which afflicts the Royal Academy is there pretty much unknown.

Thus, although a Ministry of Fine Arts may commission, buy, and construct, it cannot satisfactorily teach, exhibit, or sell; and if it were thought well that it should take over from the Board of Education the whole system of Art teaching as at present conducted throughout the country, it would still confine itself to administration, leaving to the existing teaching organisation the duties on which it is at the present time engaged. The advantage of such a transfer would be that all the public Art institutions and bodies would be worked from one living centre; that there would be one responsible body and one responsible head directly controlled by Parliament. And we might find that such bodies as the Slade School might bring their breezy influence into the new Government office, and even that such hard-struggling centres of activity as the Royal Female School of Art and the Royal Schools of Art Needlework and Woodcarving would eagerly seek the patronage and assistance

derivable from the State. And publication societies such as the Dürer Society, the Arundel Society, and the like might reasonably look for a grant to enable them to carry on their excellent educational work.

There is one other duty in regard to which the Ministry would be called upon to act. The arrangement of the British Art Section in all universal exhibitions is a matter of great importance. It must not be thought that, because for some years past Great Britain has achieved outstanding success at all such international competitions, this country has not had to contend with exceptional disadvantages in comparison with other nations. Partly owing to our dilatory practice, partly owing to the fact that our principal rivals have standing exhibition committees which can proceed with their work the moment an invitation to compete has been accepted, other countries have not only got to work, but have secured the best spaces in the exhibition buildings long before our Foreign Office has conferred with the Treasury, with the Board of Trade, and with the Home Office, and has come to its decisions, established its committees, and made its appointments; so that Great Britain usually finds herself months behindhand and permanently handicapped. It is necessary, if we are to maintain a fair race, that we like other leading nations should maintain continuously an International Exhibitions Committee; and it is clear that, for the advantageous working of it, it must be established as an organic whole; so that the Art section cannot be satisfactorily taken over by the Ministry of Fine Arts. At the same time, to the new department of which I am advocating the formation the Exhibitions Committee would be entitled to look for such assistance as they may require, and it should be enough that the Committee send in a requisition for the Minister of Fine Arts to produce from his permanent records and standing resources the necessary assistance, so that in the ordinary course of routine work considerable saving to the Committee of trouble and expense may easily be effected.

These, however, are relatively small matters. The main point is that with a Ministry of Fine Arts there would be a homogeneity hitherto unknown in the administration of the Art affairs of the nation, who would be taught to understand the educative, civilising, and commercial value of Art in a way of which there is now too little sign. With this general co-ordination and rearrangement there would certainly be a saving of energy and probably of expense; and a powerful agency for the encouragement of Art and artists would be created such as we see abroad. What the outcome would be it is not difficult to foresee: we would witness the greater prosperity of the artist and a vast improvement in public taste, and an advance in Art production which would give the full measure of the Art genius of the nation and beautify our cities and our homes, and add considerably to the happiness of our national life.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

THE TRAFFIC OF LONDON

THE Royal Commission appointed more than two and a half years ago 'to inquire into the means of locomotion and transport in London' has produced its Report, a hundred and fifty pages long, and, while the subject and the arguments used are still fresh in the public mind, it may be well to review the result of its labours. How heavy these have been is manifest when we learn that the evidence, the maps and diagrams, and the engineering advice which led to its recommendations fill a further seven volumes. These we have still to wait for; but, meanwhile, the murder is out, and we know that a body of business men, eminent, able, and of the class which, as a rule, cherish conservative traditions, have put forward proposals of a very far-reaching and radical nature. What is also apparent is that, if the London Press reflects the opinions of its readers, the public are prepared for drastic measures, and show no signs of being shocked at anything.

The order of reference to the Commission was to report: •

(a) As to the measures which the Commission deem most effectual for the improvement of the same by the development and inter-connection of railways and tramways on, or below, the surface; by increasing the facilities for other forms of mechanical locomotion; by better provision for the organisation and regulation of vehicular and pedestrian traffic, or otherwise.

(b) As to the desirability of establishing some authority or tribunal to which all schemes of railway or tramway construction of a local character should be referred, and the powers which it would be advisable to confer on such a body.

As the most definite proposition which the Commissioners make, and make unanimously, is connected with (b), and as their acceptance and elaboration of the policy of a special tribunal govern many of their recommendations, it may be as well to consider this new authority first. The Traffic Board, as they would call it, should, they say, consist of three or five competent men, not elected, but appointed by Government. They must be capable men of business, energetic, impartial, and able to devote, if necessary, their whole time to the work for which they are selected. They are to be salaried officials, and their duties are to be of 'an advisory and semi-judicial character,'

and to extend over Greater London, otherwise the Metropolitan Police district. The Report points out that there can be no finality in dealing with the problem of London locomotion, that the conditions must be always changing, but that there should be some permanent body always on the watch, looking far ahead, and standing for continuity of policy. This body should be a board of experts which would make a yearly report to Parliament dealing with the whole subject of traffic, and would also report specially on everything within its province. It could investigate problems, and even prepare schemes itself; but its principal function would be to piece together the proposals of others into a homogeneous whole, to facilitate co-operative action, and to prevent overlapping. It would also oil the machinery. Evidently it is thought that much could be accomplished by a more tactful treatment of controversial questions. This board would assist everybody, and would look after both public and private interests, weighing the advantage to the community. Though its reports would not be judicial decisions, once the confidence of the public was secured few projects would get far without its approval, and it would thus reduce the labours of the Select Committees of Parliament, and it may fervently be hoped prevent great waste of money.

Practically the only criticism that has appeared is to the effect that such a board would have to 'goslow,' but on the other hand the author of the minority report, Sir George Bartley, regrets that so much time has been wasted, and that it did not get to work a year ago. His argument is that the special report of the Advisory Board of Engineers, which is appended, should have been called for not by the Commission, but by a permanent body. What London will owe to the three distinguished members of that Advisory Board only the historian of the future can tell; but in their Report, and in the mass of evidence dealing with the subject from all points of view which has been gathered together from innumerable sources, there is the foundation on which much good work should be reared. It is to be hoped that a Traffic Board will be called into existence at once, and that its members will bring to their interesting duties not only a strict sense of economy, but the rarer gift of imagination, together with a whole-hearted love of London and a knowledge of her various needs.

The recommendation in the Report to which, as it does not necessitate expenditure, a newly constituted board might be expected to turn its attention first, would be the amendment of the regulations of traffic. There is a general agreement that these would be the better of a thorough overhaul, and that the various police Acts should be strengthened and made more explicit; but the advantage of a Traffic Board is at once demonstrated when we read that, on the most important proposal of all, the prescribing of routes for vehicles, the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis 'entertains objections to any increase of his powers to make regulations.' He is anxious, and

rightly anxious, that the policeman should be considered as everybody's friend, and he wishes the responsibility to lie elsewhere. The Commissioners recognise the difficulty, especially in reference to omnibuses, and they think that the Traffic Board should report on suggestions, and that it should be left to the Home Secretary to approve or reject them. We all know that in some streets there are too many omnibuses and too many crawling cabs; but, perhaps, the best results could be obtained if the heavier traffic, the drays and the lorries, and all vehicles returning empty, could be legally relegated to less used thoroughfares. There are many streets even in congested central London which are not used up to their full capacity. They are not sufficiently exciting. The real want is fast streets and slow streets, light roads and heavy roads, as well as some appreciation of the hours when particular movements are taking place. If it were possible to arrange that more work should be done at night, it would make things easier, and this is of even more importance when we come to the intolerable nuisance caused by the endless breaking up of the roadway. For the latter careful legislation is necessary. By-laws, which need not be harassing, might deal with waiting carriages and vans standing before shops, as they have successfully dealt with covered carts; but Sir George Bartley points out how difficult it is to enforce the rule of keeping to the kerb, and how hard it is upon the horses.

After what can be done for nothing comes what can be done economically by the use of ordinary prudence and foresight. It is the height of absurdity that, while we are painfully endeavouring to deal with the results of narrow streets in the centre, just outside, in Greater London, the evil is being perpetuated every day. The Commissioners recommend that the building laws in districts surrounding the County of London be made uniform, and that special attention be paid to main roads. It might be suggested that Parliament should also consider the whole question of the development of outer London, not only from the point of view of locomotion, but of air space and open space. We are told that by 1931 the population will number ten or eleven millions. If so, arrangements should be made now that, as the people increase, both arteries and lungs should automatically expand. The present tendency is for both to contract. Meanwhile 140 feet for main avenues, 100 feet for first-class arterial streets, and 80, 60, and 40 or 50 feet respectively for first, second, and third class streets, are put forward by the Advisory Board as standard widths. It must, however, be remembered that the upkeep of roads wider than necessary means great waste of money. If, as is proposed, the power of defining frontages is given to local authorities, let us hope that roadside gardens will be encouraged as long as possible, though with the object-lesson of the building over of forecourts visible in every direction, the strictest regulations will be necessary

to provide for future requirements. Wire connections are sure to multiply, and subways must always be kept in mind.

When they come to dealing with London proper the Commissioners rely very much on the report of their engineers, who have launched some schemes of surprising boldness. They have adopted the proposal of Sir John Wolfe-Barry and others to drill through London, from north to south, from east to west, two great main avenues, big enough for all purposes and so constructed as to be thoroughly up to date. This captivates the imagination, and, though Sir Joseph Dimsdale scents financial disaster, it is to be noted that the majority of the Commission show no disposition to shy at a possible expenditure, on this count alone, of thirty millions sterling. They think that the project 'should find a place in the general plan,' but they would not advise 'that other works of less magnitude . . . should be retarded in the expectation of its early accomplishment.' Probably most people would prefer to wait for the realisation of the Holborn to Strand 'Improvement.' If that turns out financially successful there will be an immediate demand for the great roads. Then it will be time enough to discuss whether the lines roughly suggested are the best and cheapest, but it does appear as though the east and west route would not be sufficiently central, although still terribly costly. As laid down on the plan it runs, comparatively speaking, midway between two broad thoroughfares, the lines of the Euston Road and Oxford Street, and parallel to and equidistant from two established lines of railway, the old Underground and the Twopenny Tube. As regards east and west communication, the district through which it is proposed is the best served in London, and it is expensive property. There is an infinitely cheaper line further north, there is a much more advantageous line further south. And to go more south still, do not let us forget that when it comes to planning one main avenue from east to west, and making arrangements for through traffic and really fast traffic, the river Thames flows if not through the heart of London at least through the centre. Its waters may be of little value save for recreation and barges, but it has two banks and acres of reclaimable mud, and the incalculable value, when it comes to purchasing a right of way, that it severs property. On the south bank, that despised south bank, there is always the possibility of a quay, in places a commercial quay, the whole way from Putney right through to the Docks. On the north, from Battersea Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge we shall soon have a clear course of four and a half miles of broad road, the net cost of which works out at not much more than two millions, a very different matter from fifteen. Roadmaking on a river bank is simplicity itself compared to driving a devastating track through valuable property, disturbing the inhabitants and raising difficult problems of rehousing; not to speak of the waste of pulling down buildings in excellent condition. In passing, it must

have been somewhat of a shock to economists to see Walsingham House, a fine building erected at great cost only some fourteen years ago, demolished to its foundations in order that the carriage way of Piccadilly should be widened eleven feet at a cost of 200*l.* per foot of frontage! I shall be told that not only is the river out of the way, but that its course is not straight; and it is true that a line ruled from Battersea to Blackfriars is only three miles and a thousand yards in length. But what is asked for is a road for fast travelling, and there is no point even three and a half miles from the City boundary, north, south, east, or west, which can be reached as quickly as Battersea Bridge, a mile further, but on a practically unblockable road. And why is it unblockable?

In May 1903 I was allowed to discuss in this Review, at considerable length, the blocks which are caused by cross traffic, and the difficulties of dealing with them. It was Sir John Wolfe-Barry who first riveted attention on this subject, and his appointment to the Commission was an assurance that it would be threshed out. It is interesting to see that he has carried his colleagues with him. We may lay it down as an axiom that a road which is independent of cross traffic—and the Embankment, having its flank protected by the river, save at five bridges, is the most notable example in London—must be good for speed. And from the desire to go fast we come to the desire to get along at all, not to be compelled to stand still. The advisory engineers make three recommendations. Sir John still presses the urgent need of a bridge over the Strand at Wellington Street, but the County Council 'Improvement' has got so far at that point that it is difficult to see what can be done now. It is ever the case. Street improvements have their moments of economic possibility. If these are let slip the improvements are postponed for three generations, perhaps for ever. This chance has gone.

Their second recommendation—which apparently follows a proposal I put forward as an illustration—is for a tunnel under Piccadilly from Berkeley Street, to relieve the Walsingham House block. For the moment this can wait. It is much wanted, but meanwhile no fresh interests or difficulties are being created. It is a typical instance of the service which we may expect from the Traffic Board as a watchdog. But if at one corner of the parks there is no necessity for immediate action, at another, where the new Mall is debouching towards Charing Cross, there ought not to be a day's delay in considering future complications. This new road is going to be the main carriage and cab route between the West-end and the City, and it is proposed to allow its great stream to flow back and forward athwart the three other steady streams which struggle up and down hill in the very neck of the Whitehall bottle. Already Cockspur Street, St. Martin's Lane, the Strand, and Northumberland Avenue all discharge into the bottom corner of Trafalgar Square, down a steep incline, and at

different angles. To this tramways are to be added. It will be an appalling crossing, and it would be worth a heavy expenditure if its dangers and inconveniences could be mitigated. The question is not an easy one, but before it is too late might not some consideration be given to the possibility, besides the main exit, of an additional sunken road along the north face of the Admiralty, to pass under Whitehall and come up towards the Embankment by way of Old Scotland Yard? Again this is a case, affecting as it does not only the County Council and the Westminster City Council, but his Majesty's Office of Works, in which the assistance of the Traffic Board would be of the greatest value.

The engineers' third recommendation is one which might easily have more far-reaching consequences than anything in the whole report of the Commission. It deals with Blackfriars and the City boundaries. In their desire to help not only west to get east, but south to get north, and especially with a view to tramway connections, they propose what virtually comes to be a double-decked street. They would imitate the railway, and carry a viaduct from the centre of Blackfriars Bridge, over the Embankment and Queen Victoria Street traffic, over Ludgate Circus, right up to the Holborn arch. Apparently at that point it is to come down to the level of Farringdon Street, but there can be no reason why it should not also have wings joining on to the older viaduct. The Corporation have already expressed themselves as willing to allow Blackfriars Bridge to be practically rebuilt, and the natural question arises, why start at the middle of the bridge? Would not the foundations stand a second story throughout? From the point of view of beauty, the higher the structure the better. It would hide the railway bridge and other architectural iniquities beyond, and from many an early aqueduct we know how well one row of arches superimposed upon another can look. If it is possible to constrain public opinion to an elevated road half a mile long, why not make it a mile? It would be a monstrosity in some parts of London, but on this particular line it would be quite natural. There, south of the river, every railway comes in towards the centre on embankments or arches; while on the north the raised road would run up the middle of a valley. If necessary it could be connected with the slopes on either side, but that is not so important as the power of giving a free passage right across the busiest and most congested part of London. The public advantages obtained would be great. Would the cost overbalance them? To the expenditure on the raised structure itself would have to be added the awards for compensation, but, though ground floors along the route would fall in value, the house owners who chose to be connected on the upper level would secure a double frontage. When the Traffic Board comes to working out figures it will probably find that an elaboration of this particular feature of the engineers' report will turn out to be

not only the most satisfactory way of ensuring a 'speed' road from north to south, but infinitely the cheapest.

So much for the recommendations which are put forward to help every man, on his feet and in every class of vehicle; less contentious inasmuch as they raise no question of the evils of monopoly. For in the mouths of many estimable citizens the word 'monopoly' is as potent to ban as to their ancestors the word 'Mesopotamia' was powerful to bless. The great railway companies are princes of monopoly. They must ever be so. They have been granted rights which will last while the Constitution lasts. But it is pleasant to find that in the opinion of the Commissioners they fulfil their duties fairly well in spite of it. They bring enormous numbers of people into London at a very cheap rate, and, if they do not land them near enough to the centre, it is not their fault, but because in early days they were forbidden an entry 'by the deliberate policy of Parliament.' It is too late to reconsider that policy now, but the Report testifies to the good work that has been done under difficult conditions. When it comes to tube railways, Sir George Gibb, who inserts a special note, is anxious that the Twopenny Tube should be extended so as to sweep round from Shepherd's Bush, *via* Kensington, Piccadilly, and the Strand, to the City, and be reconnected there, if possible at Liverpool Street, so that trains could be run on a complete inmost circle. By the majority, only one quite new line, to connect Victoria with the Marble Arch, is suggested; but there are several minor recommendations, concerning the linking up of both railways and 'tubes,' and the need for interchange stations. The advantages of unified management are also pointed out. Discussing general principles the Commissioners say that 'London should rely wholly upon private enterprise for the construction of new railways,' but they would empower municipal authorities to assist private undertakings which are for the public good but which cannot in the ordinary course of business be worked at a profit. They deprecate 'the imposition of undue burdens on, or exaction of impossible conditions from, promoters,' and they make an interesting, and for this country a novel, proposal, to the effect that railway companies should be permitted to acquire land with the view to developing it themselves. This opens up a very wide field for speculation. Generally speaking, though they do not seem to be sufficiently impressed with their advantages to recommend any, they favour shallow subways rather than 'tubes,' which are handicapped by the necessity for lifts, and they express a hope that very shortly all suburban traffic will be operated by electricity. But within the limits of this article it is impossible to enter into all the problems of the London railway system. If we are considering the Haussmannisation of the town, we must get back to the streets.

It is when they pass from the monopoly which is granted to a

private body, to make, own, and operate a private track, to the more serious monopoly of a special right of user of the public highway, that the Commissioners make their most revolutionary proposal. They decide in favour of a great tramway development. Their views are frankly democratic. They have noted the growing popularity of carriages 'for all,' and the fact that where there is no distinction of class, as with omnibuses and with the Twopenny Tube, it in no way militates against financial success. The days when it was thought necessary to reserve special compartments for the rich are gone for ever. The lord and the labourer, the City merchant and his lowest clerk, and all their wives, rub shoulders in public conveyances. Anything that will take him more quickly whither he wants to go will tempt even the plutocrat.

The Report accordingly recommends a great extension of tramways over districts of London where they have hitherto been tabooed, a proposal calculated to bring a blush of pride and pleasure to the cheeks of such hardy fighters in the 'Battle of the Trams' as Messrs. Burns and Benn and Baker, and to confirm in the mind of Mr. Crooks, the other member of the formidable quartette which now represents Spring Gardens in the House of Commons, a belief in the virtue of Royal Commissions. But before this recommendation can be carried out great changes must be made in the rights of the different municipal bodies which control London.

It will be news to many that the London County Council, though the tramway authority, is not the road authority of London; that the Corporation of the City and the various borough councils can veto the London County Council tramways, just as the Council itself can veto those of any private promoter. It is now proposed that

The absolute 'veto' over the construction of tramways possessed by local and street authorities should be abolished throughout the area of Greater London, but with a preferential right to county councils and the Corporation of the City of London to construct tramways within their districts if they are prepared to do so.

That the different municipalities affected will object, there is no doubt. Sir Joseph Dimsdale says that the streets of the City are obviously unsuitable for tramways, and from the evidence which he quotes he would appear to express the views of the Corporation. Sir George Bartley goes even further, and there can be little doubt that many of the local bodies will fight to the last for their privilege.

Meanwhile, let us consider what would be the result if the 'veto' were abolished, and if it were possible to push electric tramways through London in every direction and on the street level. There can be no doubt in the world of their popularity, and with reason, for it would be difficult to find a more pleasant mode of locomotion. In the old days the top of a coach, with hoofs clattering and chains ringing and the traffic falling politely to the right and the left at the

sound of the horn, flattered one's vanity. It is the same to-day when in a powerful motor car we catch up and leave behind us everything upon the road. But neither of these sensations much surpasses that of the rider on the top of a tramcar when all goes well, and he travels at full speed. He is safer than on a coach, and much higher and faster. He is probably just as comfortable, and his course is smoother and more relentless. The bell rings, and slower vehicles of every kind, at great inconvenience and much to their detriment, get out of his way, not from a wish to be polite but because they can be prosecuted if they fail to do so. All individuals must stand on one side, for he is enthroned on the symbol of the spirit of a democratic majority, it would appear that he pays but a ridiculously small sum for his ride, and he can be accompanied by his wife and the children, taking the air like a lady in her own carriage. Naturally municipal ownership is in favour with the small ratepayer. The less he thinks he contributes, the greater his sense of superiority. The man who first realised the value of 'trams' as a political asset was a born party organiser.

So much for the tramways when they are cheap and fast, but what we have to consider is whether this combination is always possible. Let us take speed first. There is another side to the picture when something goes wrong, or the street is up, and the tramcar and a dozen before it and an endless queue behind are hopelessly blocked; when the passenger has to sit and wait, or get out and walk, regretting even the common horse omnibus of other days which found its way round obstacles, much more the motor bus which struggles by, not quite so comfortable, rather inclined to rattle and twist and jolt, but able to get somehow to its destination.

There can be no doubt that the tramcar should be safer than the motor bus, it should suffer less depreciation from wear and tear, and on an open road it should go as fast or faster; but when it comes to averaging their respective speeds, how does traffic affect the car? On the side of the bus it must be remembered that it can avoid obstructions of all kinds, that it is tied to no particular street, that it can not only adapt itself to the exigencies of the moment but can be removed permanently to a better-paying route without the waste of a sixpence. Also when 'full up,' or simply because it is so intended, it can run 'express,' passing everything else. We know all these arguments; but there is one other advantage which the omnibus has over the tramcar which it seems to me has never yet been sufficiently pressed. The one can, and does, come to the kerb to pick up its passengers; the other, unless we are going to revise all our rules of the road—this has been suggested by a Parliamentary Committee, but it is a difficult matter to tackle—must remain tied to the centre of the street. Let any one go first to the east end of Piccadilly and then to the southern end of Westminster Bridge, and realise what it would mean if, at all the places where traffic is densest, women and children,

the blind, the halt, and the lame, had to struggle out, threading their way through carts and carriages and bicycles to the special tramcar which they wished to board. It is a subject for serious reflection. Remember that we are considering the probability of more than a million people using the tramways every day. There would be a heavy casualty list, or a rule would have to be made that wherever tramcars stop to pick up in crowded thoroughfares all other traffic must be reduced to a walking pace. And then how about the vaunted increased speed of locomotion? for, from estimating the speed of travelling by tramcar, we are brought to consider the speed of every class of vehicle. Are the tramways to be an obstacle to every other cart and carriage and to the necessary facilities of trade?

When the full evidence taken before the Commission is published, we shall be able to weigh the varied opinions of the experts as to whether tramways and tram fines are a serious bar to traffic; but, according to Sir Joseph Dimsdale, the City police have no doubt on the subject. Captain Nott Bower, the Commissioner, who was previously head constable at Liverpool, speaking of that town, said that:

So far from assisting the traffic, he considered that the introduction of the electric tramway system into Liverpool created the greatest possible difficulties with regard to the traffic in almost every street, notwithstanding that the service of Liverpool had every advantage which Mr. Sellon suggested as being necessary for a thoroughly efficient system. There was unified management under the Corporation, there was the electric service on the trolley system, and yet, notwithstanding all those advantages, the difficulties of traffic were enormously increased by the adoption of the electric tramways in the city.

Coming from a responsible and experienced official these are weighty words, and if we take them as applying to all crowded streets throughout London, we are warned that in heavy traffic tramcars must be slow themselves and make everything else slow. If Captain Bower is right, how can the difficulties be got rid of, and the speed accelerated?

The Commissioners meet the difficulty by several recommendations. They point out that dead-end terminals are a source of great inconvenience, as well as a waste of carrying power, that the lines should run through, or should avoid congested points, but they seem to ignore the policy of the 'object lesson,' that where a barrier is erected there is a definite reason for coming straight up against it, to knock and continue knocking, in the hope that the gate will be opened. Such is the genesis of all the terminals they mention. They might have been avoided, but they were never intended to be permanencies. Should the abolition of the 'veto' be carried, it will be criminal to have dead-end terminals anywhere near the centre in the future.

Given the barrier down, how then are the lines to be got along the streets? In some places, as on the Embankment, as even in

Whitehall, there is ample width, and it is only a question of counting the convenience and the sentiment; but these are the exceptions. In the narrower streets it may be possible to put down single lines for traffic in one direction only. This method, the Report states, is common enough abroad, and once it were thoroughly understood (and we must legislate for Londoners, not for casual visitors) it has much to recommend it. It might entail some additional track expenditure, but the necessity for street widenings would disappear. Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street have been suggested before now as two parallel streets which could be treated in this manner, but there is a more prominent example in the West End. The Report suggests tramways along both the King's Road and the Fulham Road, which for most part of their course of three miles run only about five hundred yards apart. Both streets are narrow, and to carry a double track would require very costly widenings. Surely it would not be an insupportable inconvenience that travellers should learn to take the one road to go east and the other to go west. Then the Commissioners raise—and they are very cautious, and we feel that they must have approached this possibility with almost bated breath—the question of the sanctity of ‘open spaces.’ They raise it in its acutest form, for they would lay sacrilegious hands upon Hyde Park. The lungs of London have long been considered not only luxuries but necessities. Apparently tramways are now to be added to the necessities. Why, it has struck them, not save money and combine the two? Why should only private carriages be admitted to the parks? The rule was made to preserve the amenities of the pleasure grounds of the King and his people, and exclude what was ugly. If motor cars are to get in, why shut out what Mr. Burns calls ‘our beautiful tramcars’? There is room for them to have a special road for themselves, away from the carriages. Why, argues the social democrat, must the poor only walk in the parks? Why should they not enjoy their drive as well as the rich? Why, sighs the economist, spend money in buying land and pulling down houses if we can get a much faster and better route for nothing? The Commissioners dare to propose a tramway on the surface from the Marble Arch to Hyde Park Corner, passing by the Achilles statue. They say, ‘if public opinion would only tolerate it.’ The very breath of such a suggestion is striking evidence of the march of democracy, and of how far this tramway extension may carry us. If public opinion would only tolerate it, it would be the most popular route in London, and the cheapest, but probably the stoutest opponent of such an outrage on his beloved ‘parks’ would be Mr. John Burns.

And so we, naturally, come to the crux of the whole matter, the cost of the right of way. Tramways in the suburbs must pay. Given wide streets, the right of free user, and a large population anxious to travel, no other form of locomotion can hope to compete with them;

for, by monopolising the best part of the roadway, they naturally penalise their competitors. If the responsible people—whether they call themselves a Board of Directors or a Highways Committee does not matter—do not make both ends meet, they merit instant dismissal. They must either be paying too much or asking too little. But where the streets are not wide enough, and the right of way has to be paid for, it is quite a different matter. In the Report there is one most curious omission. Perhaps it was considered outside the order of reference, but when it comes to estimating the value of tramway extension, can we ignore the question of who pays for the street widenings? The Report says, 'In point of cheapness the London County Council are carrying passengers at very low rates, and inform us that they can do so and at the same time earn a profit.' Now, so far, the County Council are only operating the tramways in South London, where the main roads are as a rule not so crooked or narrow as they are in the north, though I understand that even there three quarters of a million is estimated for widening tramway routes. What will be the expense of operating the many congested routes in the north if—and this is a big if—the cost of these widenings or any reasonable proportion of their cost is to be charged against the tramway account?

It may be as well here to explain briefly what has been the custom of the London County Council in this connection in the past. There has been supposed to be a rough and ready rule that where streets are widened for tramway purposes one-third should be charged against the tramway account, one-third should be contributed by the local authority, and one-third should be charged to the account of the 'Improvement,' namely the county funds. It will be noticed that by this arrangement the tramways got their necessary right of way for a third of what it cost the ratepayers, the remainder being charged against the community through two channels. In very special cases it was provided that the tramway account should pay all. In order to discover how this system worked in practice, at the last meeting of the Council before the summer recess I asked a question of the Chairman of the Improvements Committee and received an answer to the following effect. That since the commencement of the Council in 1889 the net cost of the 'improvements' which it has carried out was 7,499,394*l.*, of which 1,051,385*l.* was recoverable from local authorities. On the other hand, the amount of 89,316*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.* had been already charged to the tramway account, while a further sum of 265,692*l.* was estimated to be paid by that account. Is that all, one would like to know, that the ratepayers will ever get back in repayment for their heavy outlay? A great proportion of the seven and a half millions has undoubtedly been expended on improvements in no way connected with tramways, but north of the river costly widenings have taken place in streets along which, if the great tram-

way extension takes place, trams will run. When that day comes we shall be on the horns of a dilemma. Did the ratepayers pay for these improvements because they were necessary for the ordinary traffic? If so, presumably these streets must be widened afresh for tramways. If it was a far-seeing device to provide the wide streets which were necessary for the coming tramways, then there must be a heavy retrospective charge against the tramway account. 'What effect will either alternative have on tramway fares, and so on the power of tramways to compete with the motor bus in cheapness?

But the widenings up to date are a mere bagatelle to what will have to be undertaken in the next few years if London is to be given an efficient tramway system along her inner main thoroughfares. Those who press for it are well aware of the difficulty, and it would seem that they propose to meet it by abrogating the old, though apparently little used, rule of a contribution of a third. On the 1st of August the Improvements Committee of the Council brought up their annual list of suggested county improvements, 'all of which,' they say, 'are connected with tramway proposals.' These 'improvements' are five in number, and their total cost is 309,650*l.* Of this only 7,800*l.* is proposed to be charged against the tramway account.

Ought the tramways to pay for these widenings, the whole, any portion, or none? That is a question on which many in London looked to the Commissioners for an authoritative answer. Their silence is unaccountable, for on it much depends. It is not a simple question. On the one side railways and tubes pay for their special tracks, but, on the other, those who compete with the tramways in the public streets, omnibuses, cabs, and carriages, not only pay nothing for widenings, but nothing for the upkeep of the roadway. The liability to maintain a certain breadth of pavement, which, remember, is used by everybody, is a heavy charge on the tramway funds. 'That is quite enough,' says the advanced municipal trader; 'why should we even pay so much? We are running a public service for the public benefit. Everything should be charged to the public. It is for the Improvements Committee to help us, and clear the way for us at the public expense.' To which the plain man answers that what is required is the cheapest form of locomotion as well as the least obstructive. That he wants to know what works out the best value, not to the tram rider only, but to the community. He has heard that to widen places in central London by the breadth of a tramcar will cost at the rate of half a million a mile. 'When it comes to figures like that, are tramways a necessity or only a luxury?' he asks, 'and are they to be self-supporting, or subsidised by the rates?' And he goes on to argue with his best friend on the moot point as to whether subsidies are permissible in a good cause, but has to change the subject hurriedly on finding that his companion is a heavy holder of omnibus stock, and therefore wofully prejudiced. It seems a

pity that from the Commissioners he gets nothing but an expression of opinion on the need of sound finance, and of an inquiry as to the advisability of municipalities owning and operating tramways. Perhaps they think that such an inquiry should precede the proposed extension, but they do not say so.

Let us hope that the tramway enthusiasts will not push their advantage too far, or they will spoil their case. They have not only to consider the comfort of the tram-user, but the trade of the town. They must take a larger view of the question than the success or failure of a municipal trading venture, and the capital that can be made out of 'object lessons.' They must not monopolise the chief streets, they must avoid fashionable corners, they must run for direction and not for special points. And here the Traffic Board might step in with advantage. It will be their business to endeavour by hook or by crook to find ways of getting tramways about London without undue expenditure. By the help of the engineer they will discover many routes which are not too obvious. Let them note the proposal, only hinted at in the Report, of how outer London might be served by the railways, that population should be tempted to follow the rails, not rails the population. If this is a practical policy for private enterprise, it should be the bounden duty of a municipal service, acting intelligently and with foresight for the good of the whole city, to elaborate it. It is the policy of creating fresh values at which the County Council is already working. Everyone who is a believer in tramways must hold that trade and even fashion will eventually flow to the sides of the tram lines, that it is only a question of throwing the handkerchief. Let them look out for byways and prove it. But above all let them remember one thing. They have a heavy responsibility. There is no good wasting a sixpence on what will be slow, but much will be forgiven them if they can succeed in making everything fast.

That is the point of it all. We are told that it is a question of money, that we must not outrun the constable. It is folly to waste money, but this is a question of saving time, and that will eventually make for both health and wealth. The Traffic Board will have diverse duties. They must study maps and ponder over conciliatory phrases and ways and means. They must estimate the comparative advantages of trains and 'tubes' and 'trams' and omnibuses. They must keep a watchful eye on every development of the motor, and never forget that London lives on trade. They must think of housing, and dream of model cities. But, when they come to die, graven on their hearts must be found the one word, 'speed.'

GEORGE S. C. SWINTON.

HOW POOR-LAW GUARDIANS SPEND THEIR MONEY

SOME little time ago a workhouse master applied to his Board of Guardians for an ironing machine. Now it happened that, with one exception, no member of that Board had ever seen an ironing machine, or had ever even heard that any such machine existed. A fair number of them, indeed, had probably no very clear idea as to what was meant by ironing. Still it is manifestly no good having officials unless you trust them; and the master was emphatic in his declaration that an ironing machine was an absolute necessity, the sort of thing, in fact, that no well conducted workhouse could possibly do without. The Guardians, therefore, agreed to buy one. They grumbled a little, it is true, when they found that it would cost them 200*l.*; but comforted themselves with the thought that, after all, true economy consists not in saving but in spending wisely. Just at the last moment, however, when the order had practically already been given, a member who, having recently joined the Board, stood less in awe than his colleagues of the Board's officials, ventured to enquire whose clothes it was that this machine they were buying was to iron. For, if it were the paupers' bits of things, he should have thought, he said, that in so small a union as theirs the work might easily be done by hand. Then the Guardians woke up to the fact that they had agreed to spend, and, but for an accident would have spent, 200*l.* that their workhouse officials might have their collars and cuffs nicely ironed.

This is, of course, but a trivial little episode, one which would have no interest whatever were it not for the light it throws incidentally on a subject concerning which we are all waxing more or less curious just now. Year by year more and more money is spent by Poor Law Guardians, every Local Government Board Report that is published shows an increase in the burden entailed by pauper relief. According to the latest of these Reports, already in the year ending Lady Day, 1903, the expenditure on the poor in England and Wales, exclusive of the expenditure defrayed out of loans, amounted to 12,848,323*l.*; and since then it has increased considerably,

as we all know to our cost. Now 12,848,323*l.* is a huge sum for even so rich a country as ours to spend on its poor in the course of one year, especially considering the many millions more that are either given to them, or are spent for their benefit by the charitable. Still, huge though it be, they who would grudge it are few, were it not for the doubt that prevails as to how it is spent, as to whether, in fact, the nation obtains for it good value. If men grumble when called upon to pay the poor rate, it is in nineteen cases out of twenty because they are convinced that the money the rate yields is wasted. 'We should not mind paying the rate,' they declare, 'or, at least, should not mind so much, if we thought that the money would go to the poor; but——' The fact is they hold, or think they hold, proof that for the most part it does not go to the poor, but is just 'swallowed away.' This is the burden of their complaint.

Considering all the money that we as a nation spend on poor relief, every pauper in the land ought to be well cared for—well housed, well fed, and well clothed; and if the spending were done with any regard to economy and common sense, every pauper would be well cared for. But, as a point of fact, the overwhelming majority of these people are not well cared for at all; on the contrary they live, as we know, in abject misery; for more than two-thirds of them are outdoor paupers, and if an outdoor pauper does not die of sheer starvation, it is thanks, not to the poor relief he receives, but to the private charity—our charity. Then, even among indoor paupers, it is only the riff-raff, it seems, who are made comfortable. If a decent old woman is sent to the workhouse she is so miserable she cries her eyes out, and we are denounced as monsters unless we promptly find the money to provide her with a home elsewhere. To think of spending all we do on our workhouse inmates, and not being able to make them comfortable even at that!

The grumblers always wind up with the same remark: 'There is evidently woful waste somewhere, gross mismanagement too'; and then always ask the same questions: 'Now, what do Poor Law Guardians do with their money? What does become of the millions that pass through their hands every year?'

These poor-rate payers are unreasonable, of course; still that they have some little excuse for bemoaning themselves as they do, even Poor Law Guardians must admit. It is irritating in the extreme, no one can deny it, to be called upon, after paying a poor rate of perhaps 2*s.* in the pound, to supplement some luckless old fellow's out-relief, on the score that he cannot possibly live on what the Guardians allow him; or be told that we really must subscribe to a cottage-home fund, as to let decent old folk go to the workhouse is sheer cruelty. That those to whom this happens should feel aggrieved—as if they were being asked to pay for the same thing twice over—is but natural, surely; and if, human nature being what it is, they straightway raise the cry, 'What do Poor Law Guardians do with their money?' who can wonder. This does not imply any doubt on their part as to whether the money is spent honestly—such a doubt

would, as they know, be absurd—but only a doubt as to whether it is spent wisely, whether, in fact, it is not just ‘swattered away.’ And this doubt is certainly permissible if for nothing but that at every turn, now, one comes across Poor Law Guardians who frankly admit that they themselves have no idea how much of the money they are supposed to spend is spent; and cannot understand at all why life, even in their own workhouse, should be so costly as it is. The average Guardian is just as prone as the rank outsider to ask ‘What does become of the poor-rate money?’ The question is one, indeed, which all the world has taken to asking of late; and this is why I have been tempted into trying, in a humble tentative fashion, to find an answer for it, so far at least as the money the rate yields in one special district is concerned. During the last few months I have spent many long weary hours conning over the accounts of the Board of Guardians for this special district; sifting and sorting the various items of expenditure in their budget, and comparing them with the same items in other budgets. The result is that, whereas I used to wonder why poor relief cost so many millions as it does, I wonder now that it does not cost many millions more.

The district in question is comparatively small, its population being only some 52,000—I had not the courage, I confess, to tackle a big London district. It is made up of three little towns and several villages, the towns and villages alike being of the sort that would come under the heading ‘fairly well-to-do.’ It is an extremely healthy district, as the death-rate shows; and although there is poverty there, of course, there is certainly less poverty than in most districts. So long as a man is able and willing to work, he can generally find work to do, and at fairly high wages—even the farm labourer has his 21s. a week. It is not until old age comes upon him, or prolonged illness, that he is in need of help, as a rule. Thus if ever there were a district where the burden entailed by poor relief ought to be light, this is the one surely. Were a chance sojourner to be asked to guess how much the poor there cost their fellows, he would probably reply, had he no promptings but those of common sense to guide him, ‘Six or seven hundred a year.’ I myself should have been inclined to fix the sum at six or seven thousand, had I been asked a few months ago; and I rather prided myself at that time on knowing something of the ways of Poor Law Guardians when dealing with money. My guess would have dubbed me at once as the veriest tyro, however; for what the poor of this district really do cost is nearly twenty thousand a year. In the year alluded to the Guardians had spent on poor relief 19,796*l.*, and this is exclusive, of course, of what they spent on registration and assessment, exclusive, too, of one-third of what they spent on vaccination. They had actually spent 19,796*l.* on the poor in this well-to-do district with a population of some 52,000. What, indeed, do Poor Law Guardians do with their money?

The Board of Guardians for this district, as all other Boards, publish every year a financial statement, a budget in fact, which gives, or is supposed to give, an account of every penny they received during the previous year, and of every penny they spent. This statement is drawn up under the supervision of their Finance Committee, and is always duly audited by the Local Government Board. One might think, therefore, that all that would be necessary in order to find out what they do with their money, would be to ask one of them for the loan of their latest budget. One might think, I say advisedly; for if one did thus think, one would be sorely mistaken; as the budget-maker, with a view perhaps to economy in printing, is so niggard with his statistics—so eager to club together items of expenditure—that the information he vouchsafes is for practical purposes useless, unless supplemented by other information, and this of a kind not always easy to obtain. For instance, although he tells us the amount of money spent on salaries, he gives no hint as to the number of officials among whom it was divided; and although he tells us what indoor maintenance cost, and what outdoor, he never says how many workhouse inmates there were during the year, on an average, or how many persons in the receipt of out-relief. Thus, even when I had conned over their budget not once or twice, but many times, I was as far as ever from knowing whether the Guardians had, or had not, spent their money wisely during the year with which it dealt; for, although I knew how much they had spent, I had no idea how many persons they had had on whom to spend it—no idea how many persons they had had to support on an average during that year. For information on this point, as on many other points of importance for the right understanding of the Guardians' accounts, I had to turn elsewhere—to chance returns and reports, documents reserved as a rule for the exclusive use of the Guardians themselves.

The average number of men, women and children whom the Guardians actually had supported, or helped to support, that year was, I found, 936. Of these, on an average, 174 were in the workhouse itself, twenty-seven were in the casual wards, and forty-eight in the workhouse school. Eighty-six were boarded out in lunatic asylums or other institutions; twenty-eight were non-resident cases; while 458 more were out-relief cases, and had dependent on them 115 children. Thus considerably more than half of the whole 936 were supported, so far as they were supported, by out-relief grants. This fact startled me not a little when I learnt it, as I knew from the budget that of the 19,796*l.* spent on poor relief, all that was spent on out-relief was 2,564*l.*, and that that included burial expenses. The out-relief cases could, therefore, have received on an average only 5*l.* 12*s.* a year each, or 2*s.* 1½*d.* a week, wherewith to provide for themselves and their children. Practically the 2,564*l.* spent that year on out-relief was divided among 573 persons, with the

result that each one of them could, on an average, have received only 1s. 8½d. a week. Some of them, indeed, had received less, while others had of course received more; still not one of the whole set had received enough wherewith to keep body and soul together—and poor relief is granted only to the destitute, it must be noted. There were women above eighty to whom the Guardians had made allowances ranging in amount from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. a week; and this although the said women had nothing but their allowances to rely upon, excepting of course private charity. Four shillings a week is the sum on which they expect a widow to feed, house and clothe herself and four children, it seems; and on 7s. a woman must provide for herself and seven children, or, at any rate, this is all the Guardians give her wherewith to provide; and with seven children under fourteen to take care of, and sew for, she can hardly earn much in the way of wages. Seven shillings a week divided among eight persons is exactly 1½d. a day each; and, out of that not only must food and clothing, shoes, too, be bought, but rent must be paid. Yet parents are denounced for their criminal wickedness in sending their children dinnerless to school, and all the world is wondering why the race is deteriorating. We are always being told that the age of miracles is past, yet surely a Board of Guardians would never condemn a widow to keep a child on 1½d. a day unless they were convinced that she, as the widow of Zarephath, had hidden away somewhere a miraculous cruse of oil.

So far as their 458 out-relief cases are concerned, these Guardians certainly cannot be accused of undue generosity in the way they spend their money; even the most captious of ratepayers would hardly suggest that, in making 1s. 8½d. a week per head their average out-relief allowance, they were guilty of extravagance. What he might suggest, were he a humane man, is that they were guilty of cruelty; and what he certainly would suggest, were he an economist, is that they were spending their money unwisely, were just swatting it away, in fact, on the manufacturing of paupers.

In addition to their allowances, out-paupers are, it is true, provided with medicine and medical attendance; and their medicine that year cost 3*l.* 15*s.*, while the salaries of their medical officers, and their share of the fees for vaccination, amounted to 6*l.* 11*s.* The expenditure, therefore, on out-relief together with medical relief, exclusive of the cost of administration, was 3,208*l.* 15*s.*

The twenty-eight non-resident cases must have been supported on much the same scale of comfort as the out-relief cases, to judge by what they cost; for the whole outlay on them during the year was only 138*l.* Compared with this the outlay on the eighty-six lunatics and other persons whom the Guardians had provided for by boarding them out in asylums, hospitals and other institutions, may seem exorbitant; but the relief of the afflicted must always

necessarily be costly, and in the 2,974*l.*—34*l.* 11*s.* 7*d.* per head—spent on these special eighty-six, there was probably not much margin for woful waste. Of the 19,796*l.* the Guardians had spent that year, they had spent, I found, 6,320*l.* on the relief of 573 out-paupers, twenty-eight non-resident paupers, and eighty-six afflicted persons, together with the sick relief of the whole district. Of the 936 persons for whom they had had to provide, they had, in fact, actually provided for 687—and eighty-six of these the most expensive of all to provide for—at a cost of 6,320*l.* This is, of course, exclusive of the cost of the administration of the relief. They must, therefore, have spent no less a sum than 13,476*l.* on defraying the cost of administration, and providing for 174 workhouse inmates, forty-eight workhouse children, and twenty-seven vagrants, practically on boarding and lodging 222 persons, and giving a night's shelter, together with a snack meal or two, to twenty-seven more. Thus had they made a clean sweep of the whole relief paraphernalia—an impossible feat, of course—and themselves dealt out to their protégés the money they spent, they would have been able to present to each of their vagrants a shilling every night, and to each of their workhouse inmates and school children 5*l.* every year. On 5*l.* a year many a curate, as many a clerk, not only lives himself but supports a wife and family.

Of the 174 men and women who were on an average lodged in the workhouse that year, forty-eight were in the infirmary wards, which, however, are classed with the workhouse so far as expenses are concerned. From the financial statement we learn that the inmates cost 4*s.* a week each in food, and 6*d.* in clothes. 6*d.* per head a day is not an extravagant allowance wherewith to provide three meals for men and women, of whom one-fourth are infirm; while 26*s.* a year per head as an allowance wherewith to clothe them strikes one as being decidedly stingy. So far as these two items of expenditure are concerned, the Guardians may fairly claim that if they err at all in their treatment of their indoor charges, it is on the side of economy, not lavishness.

The next item on the list is 'Necessaries,' which includes, we are told, gas and water. For this the cost per inmate is 2*s.* 5½*d.* a week, which, compared with 4*s.* for food and 6*d.* for clothing, seems somewhat high, especially as in workhouses not all necessities are classed as necessities. For drugs and medicine there is a separate charge, one of 6*s.* 10*d.* a year per inmate, just as there is a separate charge of 8*s.* 1*d.* per inmate for 'Establishment,' which is defined as 'miscellaneous items not included elsewhere.' The three special necessities for which the 2*s.* 5½*d.* a week was paid, were lighting, heating and washing; and a glance at the Guardians' coal bill explained how much of the money went—explained other things, too, perhaps incidentally. In the course of that year, in the workhouse alone, 265 tons of coal were burnt, while in the workhouse laundry the

consumption was 411 tons. Four hundred and eleven tons of coal were burnt, it seems, heating the water wherewith to wash the paupers' bits of things, together of course with their caretakers' collars and cuffs. The year's coal bill for the workhouse, the workhouse school, together with the laundry, amounted to 679*l*.

As each inmate in this workhouse costs in food 4*s.* a week, in clothes 6*d.*, in washing, heating and lighting 2*s.* 5½*d.*, and in drugs and establishment charges 14*s.* 11*d.* a year the cost per head there, exclusive of housing and surveillance, is 18*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* a year. Now the cost of housing could not be very great, one might think; for the workhouse, together with the casual wards and workhouse school, was built and paid for years ago, and for some time past has undergone neither enlargement nor alteration. One might think, I again say advisedly, for if one did thus think one would again be sorely mistaken; as, according to their budget, the Guardians had spent in the course of that year 1,153*l.* on repairs and additions to their property, the only addition being a children's lavatory; and 319*l.* more on new furniture. They had paid away 525*l.* on rents, rates, taxes and insurance, although they had not rented even a shed; and 1,663*l.* on the repayment of and interest on loans for building purposes. Thus the Guardians had, as a point of fact, spent 3,660*l.* that year on the upkeeping of the workhouse, the casual wards and the school; that is, on providing housing for their indoor charges, together with their officials, and defraying the cost of the housing provided by their predecessors. And, at the end of it all, so far as non-official eyes could see, not a building they had was one whit the better on the last day of the year than on the first. This 3,660*l.* was no extraordinary expenditure, it must be noted; indeed, the Guardians had spent that year rather less than usual on housing. During the years 1901, 1902, and 1903 they borrowed and spent solely on patching up their laundry 3,819*l.* They actually spent 3,819*l.* on patching up the building in which the paupers' bits of things are washed, in addition to the 311*l.* they spend each year on heating the water wherewith to wash them. Three thousand six hundred and sixty pounds a year for the housing of 249 persons is roughly 14*l.* 14*s.* per head. Thus each of the Guardians' protégés, workhouse inmates, school children and casuals, all reckoned together, had cost their fellows for housing alone 14*l.* 14*s.*, just about as much as the average working man in that district pays for the housing of himself, his wife and family.

To the non-official mind the Guardians' expenditure on housing may seem to smack of extravagance, nay, even of woful waste; still, everything depends on what it is compared with, and compared with their expenditure on surveillance, it is moderate.

Attached to the workhouse, as apart from the workhouse school, there are no fewer than eighteen regularly appointed officials who devote, or are supposed to devote, the whole of their time, thought

and energy to taking care of its 174 inmates, and giving a glance from time to time at the twenty-seven casuals—the casual wards form part of the workhouse. These eighteen are in addition, of course, to the various officials who devote only a portion of their time to this work. There is a master, a matron, a master's clerk, a porter, three nurses, a cook, a female attendant, and a laundress. There is a tramp-master, too, a tramp-mistress, a labour-master, and a shoemaker. These officials, however, excepting perhaps the master's clerk, one would expect to find in any such union as this; although, were the place managed on business principles by a master who had to pay the wages out of his own pocket, I am inclined to think that one man would have to combine the rôles of tramp-master and labour-master, and one woman those of tramp-mistress and, perhaps, female attendant. Nay, I have even doubts as to whether it would not be found that two nurses could do the work now done by three; while I feel fairly sure that the well-paid able-bodied porter would have to yield up his place to some old pensioner, who would be well content with board and lodging as a return for his services. But if we might expect to find these officials in this workhouse, there are others there for whose presence it is difficult to account. There is an engineer and fitter, for instance, who is paid at the rate of 2*l.* 2*s.* a week; a carpenter, who receives 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; a stoker, who receives 1*l.* 8*s.*; and a handyman, who receives 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Now what can a small workhouse have for a skilled engineer to do, or a stoker, or even a carpenter, considering all the money paid to outsiders for repairs? The engineer and the stoker are employed in the laundry, it seems—the handyman, too, for the most part—where their business is to assist at the burning of all that coal. In bare wages alone the eighteen workhouse officials receive 889*l.* a year; and this is by no means all they do receive, as twelve of them are also housed and fed—some of them are even clothed—at the ratepayers' expense, and ten of them will sooner or later receive pensions. In rations and fees of one sort or another they cost the ratepayers, in addition to their salaries, roughly 600*l.* a year.

Then, among the officials who devote only a portion of their time to the workhouse there is a doctor, who receives a salary of 125*l.*, in addition to vaccination fees; a chaplain, who receives one of 100*l.*; as well as an organist, a dentist, and a stocktaker. Nay, oddly enough, the workhouse has even its own lawyer, who is paid 200*l.* a year for his services. Still his salary cannot fairly be counted as a workhouse expense, as his special duty is to help the Clerk to the Guardians, who receives a salary of 275*l.*, to take care not of the paupers but of the Guardians themselves. Exclusive, however, of such functionaries as the lawyer and the Guardians' clerk, the officials who are, or have been, regularly attached to the workhouse entail in salaries, fees, rations, uniforms, medical attendance, and superannuation, an expenditure of

1,873*l.*, and this even if one-half the salaries of the chaplain and the dentist be counted as school expenses. These officials had actually received in money or in kind 1,873*l.* the year in question for taking care of 174 workhouse inmates, and keeping safe for the night some twenty-seven vagrants. Nor is even this sum the be all and end all of what they cost the ratepayers, as some of them receive special fees for their work; while others have to be supplied with such things as stationery, postage stamps, and, perhaps, even carriages from time to time. Besides, a fair amount of the money spent on housing—repairs, furniture, &c.—was spent on their account rather than on that of their charges, it must be remembered; as well as an unfair amount, probably, of that spent on coal. I very much doubt whether 2,250*l.* would really cover all the expense these official caretakers entail; still, even if the sum be reckoned at 1,873*l.*, and 162*l.* or 6*l.* per head—salaries of the tramp master and mistress, &c.—be deducted for the surveillance of the vagrants, these workhouse inmates cost in surveillance 9*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* a year each, or 3*s.* 9½*d.* a week, that is only 2½*d.* less than they cost in food. In food, clothing, necessaries, drugs, establishment charges, housing, and surveillance, every man and woman in the workhouse costs the ratepayers 43*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.* a year; the 174 of them, therefore, cost 7,546*l.* And that is without any allowance whatever being made for office expenses, any allowance being made either for the reduction effected in the cost of their maintenance by casuals being counted as going share and share alike with them in the cost of housing. The full cost of their maintenance, therefore, cannot fall far short of 50*l.* a year per head, a sum on which middle-class widows manage sometimes to bring up half a dozen children respectably.

Vagrants with all their faults do not entail great expense, so far, at least, as the actual relief they receive is concerned; for there was never yet a Board of Guardians inclined to be too lavish with money when they were in question. The exact cost to the ratepayers of the twenty-seven vagrants who, on an average, sojourned in this union, night by night that year, cannot be given, as the casual wards are supplied with food from the workhouse kitchen, and no separate account of it is kept. Still, 5*l.* a year each, or 135*l.* for the twenty-seven, would be a liberal allowance wherewith to defray the cost of what they eat. The casual wards being part of the workhouse, housing must be reckoned on the same scale for vagrants as for the workhouse inmates, absurd as it seems to reckon 14*l.* 14*s.* a year for the use of a cell; and the salaries, &c., of the officials who lock and unlock their doors for them, entail an outlay of 6*l.* per head. Thus practically these twenty-seven vagrants cost the ratepayers 693*l.* 18*s.*, although the relief they actually received cost them only 135*l.*

The children for whom the Guardians provide are lodged in a building at some little distance from the workhouse, and are educated

at the district board school, a special grant being made in payment to the school authorities. The forty-eight boys and girls who were there that year were fed at a cost of 3*s.* 5*d.* a week each, clothed at a cost of 1*s.* 2½*d.*, and educated at a cost of 2*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* a year. The expenditure on necessaries was 1*s.* 5*d.* a week, that on coal alone being 10*l.* for the year; while that on drugs and establishment charges was 14*s.* 11*d.* Exclusive of the cost of housing and surveillance, therefore, the outlay on each child amounted to 19*l.* 3*s.* 11*d.* a year; and the cost of housing was, as we have seen, 14*l.* 14*s.* a year. As for surveillance, much as it costs to take care of pauper men and women, it costs still more, it seems, to take care of pauper children. Although these boys and girls spend most of the day away at school, they have no fewer than seven officials who live with them, and, in theory, at any rate, devote their whole time to looking after them. And all the seven not only receive salaries, but are housed and fed—some of them are also clothed—at the ratepayers' expense, and will later in life be pensioned. There is a master, a matron, a nurse, a cook, two general assistants, and an attendant, who live in the building itself; while there is a doctor who is specially paid to go there from time to time, and the school has a recognised claim on the services of the chaplain attached to the workhouse, as well as on those of the dentist. In the course of the year officials of one sort or another had received in money, or in kind, 797*l.* solely for taking—or having taken—care of forty-eight children out of school hours; for each child they had, in fact, received 16*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.* To think of a child whose food costs 8*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* a year, and whose education costs only 2*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.*, costing in surveillance 16*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.*! Exclusive of office expenses, these children had entailed an outlay of 2,424*l.*; each one of them, therefore, had cost the ratepayers 50*l.* 10*s.*, more than twice as much probably as, on an average, the ratepayers' own sons and daughters had each cost them.

Of the 19,796*l.* the Guardians had spent that year we know now what became of 16,984*l.*; for, as we have seen, they spent on supporting, on an average

	£	s.	d.		£
458 out-relief cases	at	5	12	0-per caso	2,564
28 non-resident cases	„	4	18	6 „	138
86 persons in asylums, &c.	„	34	11	7 per head	2,974
174 workhouse inmates	„	43	7	5 „	7,546
27 vagrants	„	25	14	0 „	694
48 children	„	50	10	0 „	2,424
And on medical relief					644

16,984

As for the remaining 2,812*l.* some 1,316*l.* of it went in miscellaneous expenses. The Guardians spent 235*l.* on stationery, printing, and advertisements, and 106*l.* on 'lunatic removals,' that is on taking, perhaps, a dozen men and women from the workhouse to the asylum a few miles away. They spent also 178*l.* on the relief of the non-

settled poor ; 30*l.* on an audit stamp ; 292*l.* on paying a loan adjustment account ; and 255*l.* on buying stones for vagrants to break, wood for them to chop, and keeping a piece of land for the inmates to work on. Then they had had funerals to pay for, and extra expenses to defray in connection with housing and cleaning, in connection, too, perhaps, with that cormorant, their laundry. The rest of the money, 1,496*l.*, went to the officials, that is, went the same way as so much of the money credited to the workhouse and the school. The Clerk to the Guardians received 225*l.* in addition to the 50*l.* he received for assessment work ; the assistant clerk received 120*l.* ; the solicitor, 200*l.* as salary, and an extra 11*l.* as fees ; while the two relieving officers each received 150*l.* ; and a rate collector, 245*l.* Thus the office officials, as apart from those attached to the workhouse and the school, were paid 1,101*l.*, while their predecessors were paid as pensions 395*l.* more. Exclusive of the fees they had received for registration and assessment work, and for non-pauper vaccination, the Guardians' officials had cost them directly in salaries, fees, rations, and other allowances 4,807*l.*, in addition to all that they had cost them indirectly in new furniture, building repairs, extra laundry-work and coal.

This is a large sum of money to spend on the mere administration of the relief of the poor in such a district as this ; so large is it, indeed, that it justifies to the full the ratepayers in talking of woful waste. Does anyone suppose that this sum, or half this sum, would be spent if the control of the administration, instead of being vested in a committee of irresponsible amateurs, was vested in a practical business man who had to pay all salaries out of his own income. How such a man would scoff were it suggested to him that he should give a lawyer a retaining fee of 200*l.*, on the off-chance of a little legal advice being required. How he would scoff, too, were he told that he must spend 1,873*l.* a year on caretakers for 174 workhouse inmates, with a few casuals thrown in ; and 797*l.* more on caretakers for forty-eight school children. He would make short work, I have never a doubt, of those eighteen officials who hang about the workhouse all day ; would make short work, too, of the seven other officials who hang about the school. The work that is done now he would manage to have done, and better than it is done now, I am inclined to think, with half the number of officials, and at less than half the cost. For the real work of the union, it must be remembered, is done, for the most part, not by the officials, but by the inmates themselves, with a helping hand from the casuals. And these inmates are none the better for having superfluous attendants around them, while the school children are infinitely the worse. They, poor little mites ! are positively demoralised by seeing those in authority over them just wasting time doing nothing, and are turned into little machines by not being allowed to do anything themselves. For them it would be

a positive gain physically, morally, and in all other ways, if their seven officials were banished, and a hard-working kindly man and wife were installed at the school, with strict orders to let the elder among them play the caretaker for the younger, and do as much of the housework as they could, without interfering with their lessons. And if this were done a saving of at least 500*l.* a year would be effected, even if the man and wife were given a strong woman servant to help them, and a nurse was called in at the first sign of illness.

Then, at the present time the working of the laundry costs more than 300*l.* a year in bare wages, although the really hard work is done by the inmates; and it costs in coal 34*l.*; while 3,819*l.* was spent in the course of three years on patching up the laundry building. Here surely expenses might be cut down by considerably more than one-half without any undue stinting, even though the laundry expenses of infirmary wards must necessarily be heavy. No one man, let alone a business man, would have spent 3,819*l.* on repairing an old laundry when he could have built a new one for less than half the sum—it is only committees who are capable of such doings. Nor would any one man surely have spent 3,660*l.* in a year on the upkeep of a couple of buildings without having something to show in return for his money. As for the Guardians' expenditure on stationery, printing, advertisements, and the conveyance of lunatics, I doubt whether even a woman would not be able to cut down that by two-thirds. Economics might be effected, too, in the spending even of the 2,564*l.* that goes in out-relief; for, although the out-relief grants now made could hardly be reduced in amount, they might easily be reduced in number, and with advantage all round. That there should be 573 outdoor paupers in this prosperous district, is just as startling a fact in its way as the fact that there are outdoor paupers there who are expected to live on 1½*d.* a day. Either these people are destitute or they are not; if they are destitute they ought to receive much more than they do receive; and if they are not, they ought not according to the law as it stands to receive even the mite they do. The sort of all-round dole-giving in which these Guardians indulge is as wasteful as it is demoralising and cruel.

So far as I can judge, taking one thing with another, no return whatever is obtained for one-half at least of the money this Board of Guardians spend: all that they do for the poor, and much besides, might be done, or so at least it seems to me, at half the cost, were the doing of it in the hands of persons who understood their business and insisted on having a full penny's worth for every penny they spend. For, after all, it is not much that they do for the poor; their outdoor charges would die of sheer starvation in a very few weeks had they nothing but their pauper-relief to live upon; while as for the inmates of their workhouse, although they have all enough to eat and to spare, the more worthy among them have not very much besides—

not enough of the things worth having to prevent life being a sorry burden.

In this very district I once came across an old couple who, as their faces showed, were carrying on a hand-to-hand fight against hunger—they were out-paupers living on 2s. 6d. a week each. When I asked them why they had not applied for an increase in their allowance, they told me they were afraid to do so lest they should be sent to the workhouse, 'and rather than that we would starve,' the old woman declared stoutly. A year or two later she was sent to the workhouse, to this very workhouse in which every inmate cost the ratepayers 43*l.* a year; and within a month she died 'of the shame of it,' as she had prophesied she would.

Even for the money the Guardians lavish on the children under their care, no return worth having is obtained. These boys and girls bear the pauper stamp when all is said and done, although they do each cost the ratepayers 50*l.* a year. One has only to look into their faces, and watch the way they trail their feet, to know that they belong to the pariah class, and are out of touch with their fellows. Many a dirty little street urchin, who depends for his daily bread on chance snacks, leads a happier life than they do, and is being better fitted than they are to do work worth doing in the world. Those grumbling ratepayers are right. There is undoubtedly woful waste, gross mismanagement too, in the way poor relief is administered.

Now, this inquiry of mine may seem a mere parochial matter, one of no interest whatever excepting to certain ratepayers. So it would be, of course, were it not that the Guardians whose accounts I have been sifting are typical Guardians, neither better nor worse than their fellows; and the union for which they act is a fairly typical union—as things are there so are they elsewhere. Thus we may take it for granted that as they spend their money other Guardians spend theirs; we may take it for granted, in fact, that as a good half of the 19,796*l.* spent on the relief of the poor in this one district was just swattered away, not far short of half the 12,848,323*l.* spent on the relief of the poor of the whole country was swattered away also. And although the woful waste of a few thousands may concern only the parish, the woful waste of millions concerns the whole nation. Surely the time is come for mending, if not for ending, our present amateurish system of poor-relief administration.

I once asked a citizen of Copenhagen why his town had made a clean sweep of Poor Law Guardians, and had installed trained officials in their place. 'The amateur administrator is too costly a luxury for so small a country as ours,' he replied promptly. 'It suits us better to pay a man to do our work well than to have it done gratis and badly.'

EDITH SELLERS.

AGNES SOREL

So much glamour has attached, and rightly so, to Joan of Arc, the soldier-saviour of Charles the Seventh of France, that another woman—Agnes Sorel, Charles's good angel of a less militant order—has been almost entirely overlooked, and, where she has been remembered, has been treated by the few with the honour due to her, and by the many merely as Charles's mistress. Whereas Joan of Arc may be likened to the archangel Michael with slashing sword, Agnes Sorel may be compared to the archangel Raphael, the guardian spirit of humanity. To her it was given to be the great inspirer of Charles, and whatever good this weak king and ungrateful man did for his country may assuredly be in large measure attributed to her influence, just as the greatest merit that can be recorded of him personally was his devotion to her whilst she lived, and to her memory after she had passed away. Agnes Sorel came, as it were, between the ebb and flow of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance, when chivalry, not as a passing emotion, but as an education, still lingered in men's relations with women. Respect for womankind had grown in the Middle Ages in France under the double influence of religion and chivalry, of which the cult of the Virgin and the cult of woman were the outcome. In honour of both men strove in tournament and fought in battle. With the cry 'For our Lady,' or 'For God and my Lady,' men hurled themselves into the thick of the strife as if the goddess, whether divine or human, in whose name they made venture, had made her champions invulnerable. And, in a manner as it would seem of action and reaction, the goddess became humanised, and the woman deified. The former tendency may be traced in miracles attributed to the Virgin, in holy meditations, and, later, in the 'Mysteries,' and the latter in tales of chivalry, where love is treated as a gift from heaven, and the recipients of it are idealised. Stories which seem to contradict this, and to refute all accepted ideas of chivalry and honour, are frequently original only in details, the bases being borrowed from Oriental tales. Buddha's country, the land of the Zenana, supplied much material of an exaggerated nature which in the West became mere caricature.

It is always difficult to determine exactly the origin of anything so

subtle as a sentiment, especially one which gradually pervades and influences a people. It is, in its way, at first like a soft breeze, of which we can only see the effect. But as we try to discover some definite, if only partial, reason for this interchange of simple human relations between the Virgin and her votaries, we remember that St. Francis, the embodiment of exalted human sentiment, had lived, and that scholasticism was on the wane. Hence *spirit*, which had so long been restrained, and which is ever in conflict with *form*, again prevailed, and mankind discovered that a loving Mother had taken the place of a stately Queen in the Heavens. This attitude towards the Virgin is revealed in the miracles attributed to her agency. It is also shown in one of the greatest works of piety of the thirteenth century, the *Meditations on the Life of Jesus Christ*, of St. Bonaventura, which, through the medium of the 'Mysteries,' introduced into sacred pictorial art some of its most dramatic and appealing scenes. Where is there to be found anything more tenderly human than the incident of 'Christ taking leave of His Mother' before His journey to Jerusalem to consummate His mission?

This note of the womanly element in its fairest form, gradually insinuating itself more and more, and permeating life, art, and literature, is the key to the right understanding of the position which woman, not only as an individual but also as a class, was henceforth to take in the civilised world.

Before turning our special attention to Agnes Sorel, let us recall the condition of France at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

When the lunatic king Charles the Sixth died in 1422, and Charles, his son, at the age of nineteen, succeeded under the title of 'King of Bourges,' Paris was held by the Burgundians, who were in league with the English. The Dukes of Burgundy and of Brittany were alike vacillating in their policy, being at one time attached to the king's party, and at another allied to the English. With the exception of a few castles, the strongholds of lords loyal to the Crown, the English possessed the whole of France north of the Loire, from the Meuse to the Bay of Mont St. Michel. Hither the Duke of Bedford was sent as regent for the English king, Henry the Sixth, then ten months old, who, by the terms of the Treaty of Troyes (1420), was the lawful king, the right of succession having been conferred on his father, Henry the Fifth, when he married Catherine, the daughter of Charles the Sixth of France.

Charles the Seventh divided his time between Bourges and Poitiers, where the government was carried on, and the places he dearly loved, Loches, Chinon, and Tours, in which he sought the solitude he craved for. But even in these seemingly peaceful retreats, his lethargy and indolence were disturbed by perpetual intrigues, which it must be admitted were largely fostered by his own caprices and fickle affections. Meanwhile a cry of misery was arising from the war-devastated land.

Churches and convents, castles and cottages, were all fallen into ruin, and brambles grew in the untilled land where once had waved golden corn. As Alain Chartier wrote at the time, 'Les pays champestres sont tournez à l'estat de la mer, où chascun a tant de seigneurie comme il a de force.' Men of all conditions, from the proudest lord to the poorest peasant, joined in spasmodic and detached efforts to drive out the English, but with the result that they did little else than harass them. Want of cohesion was the characteristic of the national resistance, until, from a small village in the east of France, there appeared a deliverer in the person of Joan of Arc. Instantly, as if her sword were a magic wand, all the fighting men, impelled and inspired by the strength of her personality, rallied around her, and victory was assured.

The story of the siege and surrender of Orleans, of the crowning of Charles in Rheims Cathedral, of Joan subsequently falling into the hands of the Burgundians, who sold her to their allies, the English, of her shameful trial and cruel death, are facts so well known, that they may well be passed over here as briefly as possible. Suffice it to say that, except for a time, even the triumph of this maiden-patriot did little to rouse the indolent king, who speedily returned to his selfish life in Touraine. War, pillage, and anarchy again devastated France. But gradually a change came over Charles. He seemed to awake as from a stupor. Dissolute and self-seeking favourites were dismissed, and the king was surrounded by able and high-minded men. He bestirred himself to make a final peace with Burgundy and Brittany, and to take a part in the war which was still smouldering, though there were signs of its approaching end.

What was the secret of such a change? When we consider the king's life before he came under the influence of Agnes Sorel, and his relapse into indolence and debauchery after her death, we can only attribute it to her sympathetic and wise guidance. Joan of Arc represented the popular element, Agnes Sorel the aristocratic. Joan of Arc aroused the people to united action by her enthusiasm and success, Agnes Sorel completed the consolidation of the kingdom by inspiring and sustaining the king. Perhaps no one man could have accomplished such a revolution. It took two women to do this, and what they did was not of mere passing worth. Phoenix-like, France arose from the ashes of the Hundred Years War, and it was Agnes Sorel, as priestess, who stirred the embers which hid the new life.

Voltaire, generally more ready to scoff than to approve, wrote thus of Agnes Sorel:

Le bon roi Charles, au printemps de ses jours,

Avait trouvé, pour le bien de la France,

Une beauté, nommée Agnes Sorel.

Was it for the good of France? Let us disregard prejudices and

examine facts. Even then, if all that is known of her were written, it could only bear to this rare personality the resemblance which a faint reflection does to reality.

Agnes Sorel was born about 1410, in the Castle of Fromenteau, in Touraine. Her father, Jean Soreau, or Sorel, was lord of Coudon, and belonged to the lesser nobility. It was in this beautiful country of forest and meadow-land, of silvery rivers and meandering streams, that Agnes lived until about her fifteenth year, her education being principally religious, for religion naturally held the first place in a society which still retained faith in the supernatural. It was customary at that time for girls of noble birth to complete their education either at Court or at the castle of some princely person, for such places were considered excellent schools of courtesy and other virtues for the daughters as well as for the sons of the nobility.

It was to the Court of Lorraine that Agnes was summoned as maid-of-honour to the Duchess Isabelle, wife of René, Duke of Anjou and Lorraine and Count of Provence, a prince distinguished for chivalry and learning. This intellectual and chivalrous atmosphere must have been peculiarly congenial to the sympathetic and versatile nature of Agnes Sorel. We can picture her listening to the Duke René reading his latest poem to one or two of his brother poets in the castle pleasance, or discoursing on philosophy or statecraft, or attending some brilliant pageant or sumptuous *fête*. Chivalry, though dead as an institution, still survived as a recreation, and, as an appeal from the past to the cultured imagination, and René, mediæval knight that he was in sentiment, dearly loved the gorgeous spectacle of a tournament, with the knight jousting in honour of his chosen lady. At this Court Agnes also came under the influence of Yolande of Aragon, widow of Louis, King of Naples and Sicily, great-granddaughter of King John of France, mother of the Duke René, and mother-in-law of King Charles the Seventh, a woman renowned for her extraordinary political capacity. All these ties, and the remembrance of the French blood in her veins, emphasised Yolande's dominant passion—the love of France—and it may well be that in this patriotic atmosphere Agnes Sorel became imbued with a like passion, which later she was to develop in all its perfection, rivalled only by her devotion to the well-being and glory of her royal lover.

Patriotism was a virtue of recent growth in France; for, in order to thrive, it requires unity of idea, and during the Middle Ages the only idea common to all was Christianity, which, from the nature of its teaching of humility and fraternity, does not make for patriotism. It may cement the structure, but it does not form the basis. It was only after years of suffering and unrest that men learned to sink their individual and local interests in those of the nation as a whole. Then, and only then, could patriotism arise, and only under such conditions could it flourish.

How long Agnes lived at the Court of Lorraine (one of the most refined and cultured Courts of the time), and how her first meeting with the king came about, is uncertain. It is possible that she may have been at the coronation at Rheims, in 1429, or that she may have accompanied Isabelle of Lorraine to Tours, in 1431, when the latter went to beseech the king to use his influence to deliver her husband from prison. We should like to think that it happened in the latter way, for this would lend additional interest to the exquisite miniature in the Bibliothèque Nationale (at one time in the Book of Hours of Etienne Chevalier, now for the most part at Chantilly), which it seems probable represents Agnes Sorel as a youthful shepherdess, with the Castle of Loches in the background, and Charles the Seventh riding towards her. As has been already suggested elsewhere,¹ this may have been a poetical rendering of their first meeting. We at least know for certain that from the year 1432, when Isabelle went to Naples during the captivity of her husband, Agnes was no longer in her service. It seems more than probable that she had already attracted the notice of Charles, and that in this year she took up her residence in Touraine, no doubt gaining her influence over the king at first by her beauty, which all her contemporaries proclaim, and afterwards by that mysterious combination of ability and grace, of intelligence and physical vitality, which held him captive for nearly twenty years. During this time she, like a true woman, and no ordinary place-hunter, made his devotion to her react upon himself, for the good of his country and to his own honour. She not only counselled him wisely herself, but persuaded him to surround himself with wise counsellors.

Of these counsellors, and the able and devoted men who served the king in divers ways, some few stand out more prominently than the rest, because of their position of intimacy in the royal circle, and their special and enduring friendship with Agnes Sorel. Such were Etienne Chevalier, treasurer of France, Pierre de Brézé, of a noble Angevin family, and sénéchal of Normandy after the expulsion of the English, and Jacques Cœur, the king's goldsmith and financier, whose house at Bourges, with its angel-ceiled chapel, still delights the traveller.

Etienne Chevalier was for some time secretary to the king, and, after filling one or two smaller posts connected with finance, was made treasurer of France, and member of the grand council. In addition to administrative capacity, he possessed a brilliant intellect and a great love of art. It is to his initiative that we owe the only suggestions in portraiture of Agnes Sorel. It was to him also that the king confided the supervision of the erection of the monuments to her memory at Jumièges and Loches—Jumièges, where she died in 1450, and where her heart was buried, and Loches, her favourite place

¹ *Athenæum*, June 25, 1904.

of sojourn, and to whose church and chapter she had made large gifts. To Loches her body was borne in royal splendour, and laid to rest in the choir of the church, where her simple tomb, long since removed to a side chapel, may still be seen. We can imagine the loving care with which Etienne Chevalier watched, and possibly even gave suggestions to, the sculptor as he worked at her recumbent effigy representing her with a Book of Hours in her hand, her feet resting against two lambs, and her head guarded by two angels with outstretched wings. Perhaps this stone effigy was the one true portrait of Agnes, but the head and face were partially destroyed a few years after the Revolution, and restored in their present form in 1806, so that little of the original now remains.

This tomb has a strange and chequered history. Soon after the death of Charles (1461), the Chapter of Loches made request to Louis the Eleventh to have it removed to a side chapel, since they considered it unfitting for the dust of such an one to repose in the choir. Louis, using his subtlety to better purpose than was his wont, replied that, if they removed the tomb, they must return her gifts. Naturally these worthy ecclesiastics silenced their consciences, and kept the tomb where it was. In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth it was removed to its present position in the side chapel, and in 1793 it was rifled, her dust cast to the winds, and the features defaced. But what matter? Agnes had done her work, work which had to be done, and which she alone could do.

Another of the little band of chosen spirits of which Agnes was the soul and centre was Pierre de Brézé, lord of Varenne and Brissac, who early showed himself a man of affairs, and was admitted to the king's council when he was but twenty-seven. In war, administration, and finance he proved himself equally trustworthy and skilful, and to these qualities he added others of a brilliant intellectual nature. He advanced from one post of trust to another, until the king himself presented him with the keys of the city and castle of Rouen. Thus he became *sénéchal* of Normandy, an honour which remained in his family. One of his descendants, Louis de Brézé, was the husband of Diane de Poitiers.

Jacques Cœur, whose life was so intimately associated with the Court during Agnes's lifetime, and so sadly marred and ended after her death, was the son of a simple merchant of Bourges. Following in the wake of many adventurous and ambitious merchants of the time, he journeyed to the East, and amassed a large fortune, which he placed at the disposal of the king. This enabled Charles to carry on the war in spite of his impoverished exchequer, and to make a final and successful effort against the English. But, like many another on whom Fortune has smiled, evil tongues and envious hearts began, ere long, their vampire work, and after the death of his friend and patroness, Agnes Sorel, Charles made no effort on his

behalf, but left him at the mercy of his calumniators in the same base and heartless way in which he had abandoned Joan of Arc. Jacques, his goods confiscated, and his life in danger, was obliged to fly the country, and died fighting, in the Poppe's service, against the Turk.

Of the beauty of Agnes Sorel there can be no doubt, for all contemporary chroniclers and poets tell of it. Even the Pope, Pius the Second, allowed himself to descend from his frigid heights of supposed indifference to feminine charm to add his tribute of praise to the general homage. Considering that there are so many types of physical beauty, appealing to as many different temperaments, there must have been something rare and remarkable in Agnes to have attracted and held bound all who came in contact with her. We can but conclude that this unanimous judgment could only have been the result of that mysterious union, so illusive, so indefinable, of spiritual with physical beauty. The records of the time merely tell us that she had blue eyes and fair hair in abundance. The only picture we can judge her by—for the miniatures, by Fouquet, at Chantilly, from Etienne Chevalier's Book of Hours, though exquisite in delicacy, are too minute for much characterisation—is, even if we accept it as the original from Fouquet's hand, an overcleaned work in the Museum at Antwerp. This, or the original painting, formed a wing of the diptych painted to adorn the tomb of Etienne Chevalier and his wife in the cathedral of Melun, the other wing—now in the Royal Museum, Berlin—representing Etienne Chevalier himself, in the attitude of prayer, his patron saint, St. Stephen, beside him.

Of the miniatures at Chantilly, the whole series of which forms a most tender and rare tribute to friendship, only brief mention can here be made. The most simple and beautiful in sentiment and design is that of the *Annunciation*, in which the seated Virgin, in the likeness of Agnes Sorel, with bowed head receives the angel's message. The scene is laid in a Gothic chapel, with statues of the Prophets all around, and Moses, holding the Books of the Law, as the central figure of the group. This assemblage of Old Testament seers certainly typifies the Old dispensation, whilst the Annunciation prefigures the New, and to us the whole may not unfitly form an allegory of the new order which Agnes Sorel was to help to bring about. In another miniature—*The Visit of the Magi*—Etienne Chevalier himself, as one of the kings, kneels before the Virgin, here also represented in the likeness of Agnes. And so on, throughout the series, in all the scenes of the Virgin's life, we find her bearing the features of Agnes until an older and sadder type becomes necessary in the *Crucifixion*, the *Entombment*, and the *Announcement of the Death*, and the *Death*, of the Virgin. When, however, death has transfigured age and sorrow, the likeness of Agnes reappears in the *Assumption*, the *Coronation*, and, the crowning glory, the *Enthronement*, of the Virgin.

There is only one unanimous opinion concerning Agnes Sorel, and that is as to her beauty. For the rest, it would seem as if prejudice and flattery held the scales. The mean is difficult to discover, and perhaps it is only possible to get somewhere near it by studying results—the remarkable change in Charles's life and conduct from the time when Agnes appears to have first come into his life, until her death.

In the face of conflicting records, it is no easy matter to determine when Agnes Sorel first became the king's mistress. In 1435, when the Treaty of Arras was concluded between Charles and the Duke of Burgundy, Cardinal de Sainte-Croix (afterwards Pope Pius the Second) was Papal legate at the French Court, and aided in the negotiations. He tells in his memoirs that the relation between Charles and Agnes was known publicly at the time, and that the king could do nothing without her, even having her at his side at the royal councils. The trustworthiness of this statement has, however, been so questioned, that it seems safer to endeavour to arrive at the truth from other sources. It is an admitted fact that in 1433 the manner of Charles's life entirely changed. Though doubtless the politic Yolande, Charles's mother-in-law, and Marie of Anjou, his wife, exercised some influence over him, the change was so sudden, and, while it lasted, so radical, that it is difficult to see in it merely the outcome of this home influence, which had already existed for some years, and which continued after the death of Agnes, with the same almost negative result. In that year the infamous favourite, La Trémouille, who had been the king's evil genius for six years, was dismissed, and soon after we read of favours granted by the king to Agnes's relations. From that time Charles ceased to spend his time, as it were, in dreamland in the fair Touraine country, and engaged himself in affairs of State, listening to and accepting wise counsels, favouring the restoration of schools and universities—which, in the uncertain state of the country, had almost ceased to exist—and encouraging the final efforts to expel the national enemy, even at times personally joining in the fight. If we see in this the guiding spirit of Agnes, the secret of her influence is not very difficult to discover. Apart from her beauty, which, with Charles, would be a potent factor, Agnes had a woman's insight and skill in her relations with him, ever holding up to him the glory and obligations of kingship, at the same time herself entering, with all the vitality of her extraordinary nature, into his favourite pastimes. We know that in one or other of her many residences near Chinon or Loches, she and the King often spent the evening playing piquet or chess (the latter being his favourite game), and then, on the morrow, rode forth together to the chase. So the days were passed in work and simple outdoor pleasures, Agnes taking no recognised public part in the king's life, but devoting herself heart and soul to the task she had in hand. But besides these relaxations of

peace, there was also the reality of war ; for the war still lingered on, though feebly. The English had lost their ally, the Duke of Burgundy, as well as Bedford, the able Regent, and there was no fit man to take the latter's place. Paris opened her gates to Charles in 1436, and in the following year Charles, after having reigned for fourteen years, made his first State entry into the capital of his kingdom, mounted on a white charger, the sign of sovereignty. In 1444 a treaty was concluded at Tours with the English, and, to make the compact doubly sure, Margaret of Anjou, a niece of the king, was married to Henry the Sixth of England. For about a month the Court and its princely visitors gave themselves up to *fêtes* and pageants, and it was during this time of rejoicing that the position of Agnes was officially recognised. She was made lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and took a prominent part throughout the festival. Charles gave her the royal castle of Beauté, on the Marne, near the Bois de Vincennes, 'le plus bel chastel et joly et le mieux assis qui fust en l'Isle de France,' desiring, as was said, that she should be 'Dame de Beauté de nom comme de fait.' From the time of her public recognition she appeared with the king at all the brilliant festivities celebrated in honour of treaties and marriages. She also sat in the royal council, a position which, as a king's mistress, she was the first to occupy, though we know that Henri the Second took no step without first conferring with Diane de Poitiers, and that Madame de Maintenon sat in Louis the Fourteenth's privy council.

The change which came over France after the Treaty of Tours was marvellous, alike in its extent and its rapidity. Commerce was again resumed between the two nations ; men and women once again ventured without the city walls, to breathe, as it were, the fresh air of liberty ; and those who had been called upon to fight returned to their work in the fields or the towns. We cannot better voice the feeling of the people than by borrowing the song of a poet of the day :

Le temps a laissé son manteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluie,
Et s'est vêtu de broderie,
De soleil rayant, clair et beau ;
Il n'y a beste ne oiseau
Qn'en son jargon ne chante ou crie :
Le temps a laissé son manteau.

Now that Agnes had assumed a definite rôle at Court, she lived principally at Loches, where the king assigned to her 'son quartier de maison' within the castle, and also gave her a residence without the walls. Here she shone like a radiant star ; for although the king did not have much personal influence on the movement in art and letters, his Court was the meeting-place of many distinguished and intellectual men. Among them we find the name of Alain Chartier,

the poet, and sometime secretary to the king, and one of the ambassadors who went to Edinburgh to ask the hand of the little Margaret of Scotland for the Dauphin. We remember him now chiefly in connection with the charming story told of this girl-wife of the Dauphin Louis. Betrothed to Louis when she was a child of three, and sent to France to be brought up at the Court, she was married at twelve to this boy of thirteen, who could not possibly appreciate her simple, sweet nature which endeared her to all others. One day as she was passing with her ladies through a room in the castle, she saw Alain Chartier lying on a bench asleep. She approached quietly, and kissed him, much to the surprise of her attendants that she should 'kiss so ugly a man.' And she made answer: 'I did not kiss the man, but the precious mouth whence so many beautiful and fair words have issued.' Poor little poetess! Fortunately her life was a short one. She died when she was just twenty-one, with these words on her lips: 'Fi de la vie de ce monde, ne m'en parlez plus.'

The last scene of Agnes's life was pathetically interesting. Her end came almost suddenly. The king, listening to advice, had resolved to continue the war in Normandy, and, at the instigation of Agnes, if we may believe the words of a courtly writer of the time, had himself gone to the front. Rouen was taken, and Charles entered in triumph. The streets were decked with flowers and branches, and the houses hung with rich draperies, and everywhere the leopards and quarterings of England had been replaced by the *fleur-de-lis*. Charles, preceded by a gorgeous procession of archers, each company arrayed in the livery of its lord, and carrying his special banner, followed, under a canopy, on a horse caparisoned to the ground with blue cloth sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis* of gold, surrounded by princes and the principal captains and officers of the Crown. Slowly he made his way to the cathedral through the shouting multitude, and to the sound of many fiddles and the fanfare of trumpets. There he descended, kissed the relics as he knelt beneath the great portal, and then entered its hushed and solemn dimness to return thanks. But scarce had the air ceased to ring with the plaudits of the people when the report of a plot against the king, devised by the Dauphin, is said to have come to the ears of Agnes, and she hastened to the king at Jumièges, whither he had retired for a short rest during the unusual and inclement winter. Here, stricken by a mysterious sickness, by some attributed to poison, she died in February 1450, in her manor of Mesnil, near the Abbey of Jumièges. The king was with her to the end, and could only be induced to withdraw when her lifeless form sank back in his arms. So died this wonderful and fascinating woman, who had lived and laboured for her country through perhaps the most critical period of its history.

Bearing in mind the condition of France at the time of Agnes Sorel's accession to power, the extent of the influence she admittedly

exercised in the counsels of the king, and the great change which came over the royal fortunes, and the fortunes of the country, during the years of her ascendancy, it is scarcely possible to refuse to her some share in the recognition so lavishly bestowed upon the other great woman of that time—Joan of Arc. The one may be said to have been the complement of the other. Both were necessary to the needs of the day, and the glory of successful accomplishment should be shared between them.

ALICE KEMP-WELCH.

AOYAGI (GREEN WILLOW)

THE STORY OF A JAPANESE HEROINE

I do love

My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life. — SHAKESPEARE.

Who would not bleed with transports for his country,
Tear every tender passion from his heart,
And greatly die to make a people happy? — THOMSON.

THIS little historical story of an heroic woman in mediæval Japan may elucidate something of the spirit which is the primal cause of the phenomenal patriotism found in the Japanese people, which has been so markedly made manifest in the present war with Russia, and which has created so much comment and aroused not only admiration but wonder and curiosity in the minds of both friendly and hostile critics.

The courage which has made the Samurai of a past day and the Japanese soldier of the present so supremely indifferent to death has been attributed to mere Oriental fatalism. But this is a mistake. The Japanese soldier goes forth to war not with the belief that his fate is unalterably fixed outside all individual effort or action on his part, but with the burning desire, the consuming hope, that he may be called upon to die for the glory of his country. 'A man can only die once,' said a convalescent soldier at the Red Cross Hospital to a friend of mine, 'and it is best to die on the battlefield.'

In Japan the individual life, soul, honour, and virtue, if necessary, must be sacrificed to duty; and the highest duty is summed up in one word—loyalty; loyalty to his lord for the Samurai in feudal times, loyalty to the Emperor for the subject and soldier nowadays; and this passion for loyalty to lord and country has with the roll of years gained such an impetus that it has mounted to a flaming of patriotism that burns away all before it in its onward-rushing zeal.

In what way, it may be asked, does their patriotism differ from that of the West? The essential difference is an ethical one. In the West the ultimate salvation and expression of the self in things both great and small, materially and spiritually, temporarily and

eternally, is the goal of life and religion : ' What does it profit me if I gain the whole world and lose my own soul ? ' says the Christian. The Japanese would say : ' What does it matter if I lose my body and soul in doing my duty ? ' The doctrine of self-effacement, of the subject for the Emperor, of the retainer for his lord, of the son for the father, of the wife for her husband, has been since the dawn of history the religion of Japan.

And for the Japanese woman in all ages, and under all circumstances, loyalty to her husband or master was the supreme duty. The fire of zeal and constancy to purpose with which she has at times risen to accept her fate has often transformed the simple childlike slave into an unconscious heroine, and the influence of such women is at times as powerful to gird men with strength as they go forth to war as in countries where the worship of woman is the more open : the inspiration as strong though its source be hidden.

And the spirit of the Spartan woman who gave her warrior son his sword with the words : ' Return, my son, with thy shield or upon it,' finds its counterpart in every true Japanese woman's heart.¹ Death for her husband and son on the battlefield is embraced with chastened joy rather than defeat or surrender, the last being a word synonymous with cowardice in the sentiment of the nation. There are stories of olden times where a devoted and loving wife, fearing that the thought of her and of their mutual love might weaken her husband's courage in facing death, and scorning to be a source of weakness to him, has died by her own hand first, consumed with longing to transmit herself and her love into an inspiration of strength to him in doing his duty.

Such is the story of the unflinching heroism of Aoyagi, brave wife and patriotic to Lord Kimura Shigenari, tributary Daimio to the House of Toyotomi—a story of the fall of the castle of Osaka in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The great Taiko Hideyoshi's plans and arrangements to secure the inheritance to Hideyori, the son of his old age, his favourite Yodogimi's child, had all been frustrated by the ambition of Ieyasu Tokugawa. Aiming at absolute dominion, Ieyasu, on the death of Hideyoshi, entirely disregarded his obligations and oath of fealty to the Taiko's heir. By the decisive battle of Sekigahara in 1600, Ieyasu asserted his authority over the House of Toyotomi, but the long struggle then begun only culminated with the fall of the castle of Osaka in 1615.

For years Ieyasu planned and waited, and waited and planned,

¹ Only the other day on the dead body of a soldier was found a letter from his mother in which she told him it was her hope that he would never return, that he would die fighting for his country. One widowed soldier before starting to the front killed his two little daughters—the only tie that bound him to life.

and his relentless web of machinations was woven closer and closer round the fated House of Toyotomi. With wily diplomacy the astute statesman affected a policy of clemency towards the defeated, and as time slipped slowly by he drew to his side through bribery, first distracting them by making them quarrel amongst themselves, all those powerful Daimio who would have risen in arms to punish him for his disloyalty to his late master's son had he hastened, after Sekigahara, then and there to sweep Hideyori from his path.

Meanwhile, Yodogimi and Hideyori, both bent on restoring their house to its former power, were safely ensconced in the castle of Osaka, the strongest fortress in the empire, and while watching them develop their futile conspiracies against himself in much the same way as a spider watches a fly, Ieyasu schemed to draw them from the stronghold and thus obtain peaceable possession of it. But though morally weak, Yodogimi was an intelligent woman, and was wise enough to prevent herself and her son from falling into this trap. In 1605 she finally sent word to the Shogun that rather than quit the castle, she and her son would commit *harakiri*. And so the great and tragic struggle, seething with dramatic side-issues, wore on to its bitter close.

At last the Shogun determined to crush the house of Toyotomi before he died, and, on the pretext that Hideyori was plotting against him, became so exorbitant in his demands that Hideyori was driven to throw down the gage for battle. The crisis came in 1615. Even Hideyori's partisans knew that the fall of the castle was only a question of time, for the General Ono in command was an inefficient soldier, who owed his position to the favour of Yodogimi, who had long taken the young and handsome soldier as a lover; indeed, though Hideyoshi had evinced the greatest rejoicing over Hideyori's birth, there were few Japanese who believed that he was in reality the Taiko's son.

Owing to the General Ono's paramount influence with Yodogimi, there was much discord and discontent among the other captains in the Osaka camp. All the powerful Daimio had deserted Hideyori's cause and gone over to the enemy, actuated by Ieyasu's bribes and selfish motives, or by the grudge they owed the General Ono.

Kimura Shigenari, a young warrior of only twenty-one years of age, of great valour and determination, and as handsome as he was brave, was the only lord who remained with the unfortunate house to the last, and owing to this, though so young, he took a prominent position in Hideyori's affairs. In the many negotiations carried on between the court of Osaka and Ieyasu he took part, and displayed great shrewdness in the way he concluded his missions.

In the last momentous embassy, when two of Yodogimi's ladies were sent down to Ieyasu at Shidzuoka to apologise for the inscription on the great bell cast for the new Daibutsu Temple, at which Ieyasu had taken umbrage on the ground that the hieroglyphics

forming his name had been used in a derogative sense to himself, Kimura had accompanied them, disguised as a woman. It was considered necessary that the ladies should have the support of a trusty Samurai who understood the conditions of the Shogun's court, and Kimura was chosen for this delicate task. It was prohibited by the court regulations that a man should form part of a lady's suite, so Kimura was disguised as a young woman. This proves, says the Japanese chronicler, how handsome the young knight was, for effeminate beauty was the style in vogue in court circles.

Kimura's mother had been nurse to Hideyori, and he and his wife Aoyagi were devoted to the house of Toyotomi.

Aoyagi, our heroine, whose name means 'Green Willow,' was a daughter of Susukida, one of the commanders of Hideyori's forces. She was renowned for her beauty, which surpassed that of all the other ladies in the castle. Ono had loved her before her marriage with Shigenari, but she had repulsed his suit, for she was clever enough to discern the weakness of this man's character. Her marriage with his rival, Kimura, proved to be a very happy one.

When Kimura Shigenari saw that all hope was lost for Hideyori's cause, he decided to strike one more desperate blow for his lord, and to die on the field if the battle went against him. There was perhaps in his heart a forlorn hope that he might for a time drive back the attacking enemy as he had done six months before in January, when with 8,000 men he had completely routed them from before the castle. At any rate, with the courage that comes of desperation he determined not to survive defeat. On the 1st of June 1615, while Sanada the Ronin was fighting a stubborn battle at Domyogi, twelve miles from the castle, Kimura at the head of 10,000 troops threw himself in the way of Yao six miles from the castle to block the Tokugawa advance on that side. The brave young knight with six hundred of his men went down in this engagement, and in the flight which ensued several hundred more were lost. It was the beginning of the end. Everyone knows the fate of the great castle, how the last disastrous battle was fought two days later, and how, traitors having set fire to the fortress from within, Hideyori committed suicide and Yodogimi was killed by a retainer in the midst of the flames.

And now, having devoted so much time to the historical setting, we turn back to the hero and heroine, Kimura and his beautiful young wife, Aoyagi.

Before setting out for the fatal fight, Kimura took a small incense burner in which he had set alight some of the rarest incense he could obtain—made probably, as they are still, in miniature leaflets or flower-shaped tabloids, flecked with gold, and over the rising spirals of fragrant smoke he placed his helmet.

It was the custom in those times for the conqueror to cut off the vanquished foe's head, and to carry it to the general in command as

evidence of his exploits; the nobler the victim the greater the merit did the slayer obtain. Kimura, feeling himself doomed, with that wonderful premonition that so often comes to those about to die, had anointed himself in this way to preserve his knightly honour and his pride of birth unstained among the promiscuous dead before the enemy even in death.

Aoyagi, as we see her in the picture, helped him anoint and perfume his head. Kimura then took the helmet from the attendant's hands, and, placing it on his head, he tied the cords in a tight knot instead of the usual bow, and cut off the ends to show that it was the last one he would ever strap, and that he never intended to undo it.

Great must have been the young knight's anxiety at leaving Aoyagi at this time, and his heart must have been torn with sorrow as he turned away from the porch and left her bowing to him in farewell, for the hopes of motherhood had overshadowed her, and the young lives thrilled to the pulsing of a child-heart to be born to them. But no tears, no weakening expressions of regret or pain, no clinging hand-clasps or embraces marred the marmoreal calmness of that parting. They passed away from each other's sight with only the usual greeting, though their souls must have been strung with the tension of a drawn bow by the knowledge that never more in life would they behold each other.

With her servants kneeling on the mats around her, Aoyagi knelt on reverentially in the porch till the sound of the horse's hoofs died away in the distance. Dismissing all her attendants, she then retired to her room. She needed time to think, for as her husband had proceeded with the pathetic sacrificial rite of incensing his helmet, Aoyagi had divined his resolution—she knew full well that he had made up his mind to die. In the stillness of her room, as the shock of realisation shook her and then passed away leaving her pale as the petals of the white lotus, while her eyes darkened with pain and unshed tears, a great fear seized her. In the hour of battle, in the stress of the fight, the memory of their great mutual love might surge over him, and anxiety for her in her grief and loneliness might weaken his courage—his determination to fight to the death. She must not allow the remotest possibility of such a chance, and so she too resolved to die. Sinking down in front of her writing-table, Aoyagi prepared some ink, and taking up a roll of soft, creamy paper, composed the following letter to her husband, which has been the admiration of every Japanese man and woman ever since.

Ichijiu no kage, ikka no nagare, koretasho no yen to uketamawari soro ni koso. Somo ototose no koro yori shite, kairo no makura wo nashite, tada kage no katachi ni soga gotoku omoimairase soro. Konogoro uketamawari soraiha kono yo kagiri no yoshi, kage nagara ureshin mairase soro.

Morokashi no *Kowo* to yaran wa yoni takeki mononofu naredo, Gushi no ame nagori wo oshini, Kiso Yoshinaka wa Matsudono no tsubone ni wakare

wo oshimishi to yara sareba yoni nozomi kiwamaritaru warawa ga mi nite wa, seneto wa onni gozonjo no uchi ni saigo wo itashi, Shide no michi to yaran nite machiage tatematsuri soro.

Kanarazu, kanarazu Hideyori Ko tanen umiyama no ko-on on wasure naki ya, tanomi agemairase soro.

Ara ara medetaku kashiku.

Tsuma yori.

Shigenari Sama,
Nagato no kami.

Even to rest together in the shadow of one tree, or to drink together from the current of one stream, I hear that this is the result of an affinity in a previous life. So for the same reason since the year before last our pillows growing old together as the shadow is always with the substance, so has my heart been always with you.

In these times I hear that you are preparing for a last battle in the world, and though I am only in the shadow, I am pleased to hear it.

Ko of China was very sorrowful at parting with Gushi, fierce soldier though he was, and Yoshinaka of Kiso also grieved at leaving his wife the Lady Matsun—at least I am told so.² I must not allow you to hesitate on the field because of the remembrance of me. I—your humble servant, who has no more hope in life to prove a little of my faithfulness will therefore take my life while you are still living, and I shall respectfully await you along the Way of Death. Without fail, oh! without fail do not forget the many years of favour you have received from our Lord Hideyori.³

I petition for this with all respect and joyfully congratulate you.

From your wife.

To Shigenari,
The Lord of the Province of Nagato.

Having despatched this letter in a lacquer box tied about with a silken cord and tassels, by a trusty messenger, Aoyagi went to her room. From the shrine-shelf tenderly she took the small incense-burner which had been used in the impromptu ceremony of perfuming her husband's head and helmet, and, putting it on her table, set alight a tiny rod of incense.

Beneath her she spread a large white mat which she fetched from the corner of her room, and seating herself on this she tied her *obi* in front as for the dead. With great deliberation she took her short dirk from her girdle, and unsheathing it held it in her right hand while in her left she grasped a rosary. For a few minutes she stayed thus, repeating a holy invocation to Buddha—'Namu Amida Butsu, Namu Amida Butsu,' and sending her soul and thoughts out to the husband she loved so well that rather than be a source of weakness to him in doing his duty, she chose to die. Suddenly her right hand went upwards, and the knife was plunged up to the hilt in her slender white throat, severing the great artery. All Samurai women were trained to know the vital spot, and Aoyagi's hand, wondrous small

² This is a humble form of expression used by women they must never assert anything.

³ This means that Aoyagi hopes her husband will die fighting for Hideyori.

and slender though it was, erred not, and it was strong, for she was a trained fencer with the *naginata* (halberd) like the women of her time. She fell forward with a moan on the white mat while the life-blood ebbed away in a crimson, gurgling stream. So the household found her.

Before the letter reached her husband, Aoyagi had crossed the river of Death (*Sansu no kawa*), and was waiting on the 'further shore' (*Higan*), as it had been her daily wont to wait to give him glad and humble greeting on the threshold of their home.

The letter reached Kimura just before the battle. After reading this inspiring missive the warrior's heart was more than ever strengthened in its resolve to fight to the death rather than to survive defeat. As has been told, he fell with six hundred of his men at Yao, where he attempted to check the advance of the enemies' troops on the castle.

He was found as he lay dead on the field, and his head, as the chief trophy of the day, was cut off and carried in triumph to the Shogun.

Ieyasu and his generals all noticed the aroma proceeding from under the incensed helmet. They understood from this and from the knotted chin-strap the resolution of this brave warrior to sacrifice his life for loyalty even in a cause he knew to be hopeless, and tears rose to their eyes as they gazed upon his face.

Ieyasu the Shogun confronted the head and addressed Kimura as if he were alive.

'Who taught you this refined taste, for you are a young man to know such things? A veteran warrior, it is true, contrives to distinguish his head from those of common soldiers. But this contrivance of yours surpasses that of any old Samurai I have yet seen. Oh the pity of it that you should have died! Had you lived you would have made a great general!'

The odour of the incensed helmet has passed away, but the fragrance of the happy memory of the knight Kimura and of his brave wife Aoyagi will be stirred and wafted forever along the ever-lengthening vistas of time, and their story will be told and venerated as long as the empire of Japan lasts.

YEI THEODORA ŌZAKI.

Tokio.

THE RECENT INCREASE IN SUNDAY TRADING

THE steady increase in Sunday trading demands the serious attention of all who are interested in the welfare of our great cities.

The Lord Mayor of Manchester recently called a conference of shopkeepers at the town hall to consider the question. In his opening remarks he stated that Sunday opening was on the increase. He expressed his own opinion that retail traders ought to have their Sundays to themselves, and that

it is desirable that steps should be taken to prevent a continuance of the present state of things.

The meeting was large and representative. Mr. Kendall, the able secretary of the Manchester and District Grocers' Association, moved, and Mr. Openshaw, president of the Manchester and District Meat Retailers' Association, seconded a resolution declaring

that this meeting of representatives of retail traders carrying on business in the city of Manchester regrets the alarming amount of Sunday trading conducted in Manchester, as shown by the recent canvass, and fully borne out by the report presented to the Watch Committee by the Chief Constable, and in expressing their disapproval of trading on the Lord's Day (Sunday), appeal to all traders to close their business premises and cease to trade on Sundays.

This was carried almost unanimously. In Liverpool also the law is at present nugatory. But this is not because the local authority are unwilling to intervene. The Town Council have resolved

that having regard to the large amount of Sunday trading in Liverpool, such being prejudicial to the best interests of the community, the Council petition the Prime Minister and the Home Secretary in support of Lord Avebury's Bill for the suppression of Sunday trading, and requesting that it be made a Government measure.

What is happening all over the country is that one man, often a foreigner, goes to a place and opens a shop on Sunday. Then those in the immediate neighbourhood, and in the same way of business, finding their customers going to their rival, follow his example, and gradually more and more open.

In Leeds the number of shops open on Sunday is estimated at over 2,000; in Glasgow, over 3,000; in Liverpool, nearly 5,000; in Manchester and Salford, 8,000; the great Sunday fairs in Petticoat Lane, the Walworth Road, &c., are a disgrace to London.

Sunday trading is indeed at present illegal, but the law is in most places inoperative because the fine is only nominal, being limited to five shillings. Moreover, the law is unjust, because where it is put into operation, as for instance, to their great honour, by the Corporation of Hull, while the five-shilling fine is sufficient to close the very small shops, some of the larger ones look upon it as a mere increase to their annual expenses, pay the fine, and defy the law. The Chief Constable of Hull gave evidence before the House of Lords Committee that the present law is not sufficient to cope with the evil, but that in his judgment our Bill would meet the case.

The shopkeepers themselves are anxious to keep closed, provided all do so. Having been in close touch with them for many years in reference to early closing, they have urged me, if possible, to secure for them their Sunday's rest.

The Sunday Closing (Shops) Bill is their Bill. It is supported, with, so far as I know, only one exception, by all the great shopkeepers' associations—as regards the grocery trade, by the great Grocers' Federation, the Northern Council of Grocers' Associations, the grocers' associations of Bath, Belfast, Blackburn, Bristol, Cardiff, Darlington, Exeter, Gateshead, Leeds, Liverpool, Newcastle, Oldham, Portsmouth, Sheffield, Swansea, Swindon, and about one hundred other places.

As regards butchers, by the National Federation of Meat Traders' Association, with over 130 affiliated associations in all parts of the United Kingdom; by the Butchers' Associations of London, Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Grimsby, Preston, Rochdale, Bury, Oldham, Bradford, Leamington, Malton, Dewsbury, Derby, Leeds, Lancaster, Colchester, Selby, Norwich, Lincoln, and about 100 other places.

As regards hairdressers, by the Hairdressers' Federation, and over 100 local associations. As regards drapers, by the Drapers' Chamber of Trade, and the Drapers' Association of Liverpool, Bradford, and other places.

Also by fruiterers, fishmongers, milksellers, fruit and vegetable dealers, bakers and oilmen; by a large number of the local tradesmen's associations; by the National Chamber of Trade, which has affiliated to it over 100 local associations and comprises over 100,000 members; in Scotland by the two great associations—the Scottish Shopkeepers and Shop Assistants' Union, and the Scottish Traders' Defence Association—which are giving us their cordial and powerful support.

The bakers were represented before the Committee by Mr. Seward, President of the Bakers' Protection Society, and of the Joint Parliamentary Committee comprising the National Association, the London

Association, and the Scottish Association, with branches all over the country, and he told the Committee that they are all unanimously in favour of the Bill.

In short, the Bill is supported by over 300 tradesmen's associations in all parts of the country. It is sometimes said that these associations represent the larger shops only. For this assertion there is not the slightest foundation. It was emphatically contradicted by various witnesses before the House of Lords Committee. In fact, the great majority of the members are in but a small way of business. Moreover, I have received and presented a large number of petitions in favour of the Bill, one with no fewer than 83,000 signatures.

I ought perhaps to say a few words about the barbers. The present law does not affect them, as technically the establishment of a barber is not held to be a shop. When I first drafted the Bill I proposed that barbers might open up to 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. The Hairdressers' Federation, however, and their affiliated associations all over the country, urged me to omit the provision, as they most urgently desired to secure the Sunday rest, and the Bill as it stands represents their general desire and has their warm support.

So far, then, as the shopkeeping community is concerned the consensus of opinion is very great, and there are two circumstances which render it even more overwhelming. The measure has been considered by shopkeepers' associations all over the country, yet so far as I am aware there is only one which opposes the Bill; and, secondly, in almost every case the resolution in its favour has been unanimous.

Perhaps, then, I shall be asked why, if shopkeepers are anxious to close, do they not close now? If it is their general wish that shops should be shut on Sunday, why is there any need for a Bill? This question was put to several of the witnesses before the Committees both on the Early Closing Bill and on the Sunday Closing Bill, and the answer invariably was: 'We should much wish to close if all did so, but if a few insist on remaining open, all in the same kind of business feel they must do so too.' I may give an illustration. One of my correspondents writes to me that being much opposed to Sunday trading he determined to keep closed. In a short time he lost most of his little capital, and then he opened and made money. When he thought he had made enough he closed again, and now he writes me word that he is nearly ruined again, and compelled once more to open; and he ends his letter, 'I am a hatter.'

If I do not dwell on the assistants it is because the measure is so obviously in their interest that I believe I may say they support it unanimously. It is, I think, unnecessary to go into detail to show this, but I would strongly urge that the extreme importance of the Sunday closing to the health, happiness, and character of shop assistants must, and I feel sure will, commend the Bill to favourable consideration.

Our local authorities are strongly in favour of Sunday closing.

I have already referred to Liverpool and Manchester. I may also quote Belfast, Hull, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Middlesbrough, Swansea, and over fifty other towns, and the Council of the Urban District Councils Association, which represents over 490 urban districts and has passed a unanimous resolution in favour of the Bill.

As regards the convenience of the public, and especially of the poor, many trades councils—which I may observe represent the various trades unions in each district—have passed resolutions in favour of Sunday closing, including those of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Bradford, Bristol, Camberwell, Hull, Nottingham, Walsall, &c., the Scottish Trades Council and the Irish Trades Council, while the London Trades Council are in favour of the closing of shops on one day of the week, though not necessarily on the Sunday.

What, then, is it that we propose? The main provision is the increase of the fine. We suggest leaving the first offence with a nominal penalty of 5s., rising to 1*l.* for the second and 5*l.* for the third and subsequent convictions.

No one can say that these penalties are excessive, but it is believed they will be sufficient. The object of our Bill is not to make Sunday trading illegal; it is illegal now. The object is to make the present law effective.

That being so, however, it has been thought necessary to introduce certain exemptions. In the poorer parts of our great cities, and especially in London, in thousands of cases a whole family live in one room. It is felt that, especially in hot weather, it would be a great hardship if they had to purchase fish, vegetables, and other perishable articles of food overnight. The sale of bread, fish, vegetables and cooked meat is therefore permitted up to nine in the morning.

That of tobacco is permitted during the time when public-houses are open.

The Bill does not affect the sale of newspapers, of milk, cream, or refreshments.

Perhaps a word should be said about public-houses. They have always been dealt with by separate legislation, and as they will remain open, as well as for other reasons, we felt that it was undesirable to close shops or stalls for the sale of tea, coffee, mineral waters, fruit, and other 'refreshments.' In consequence of these exemptions the Bill is, I regret to say, opposed by the Lord's Day Observance Society. It is, however, warmly supported by the Lord's Day Rest Society, who think as we do that the exemptions suggested are really necessary.

The Bill, therefore, is simple, but its effects would be very far-reaching. It would profoundly influence the conditions of our great cities, and is enthusiastically supported by those concerned. I had hoped, after the passing of the Shop Hours Bill, that my work in this direction was over, but have found it impossible to resist the appeal made by shopkeepers and assistants all over the country.

After an interesting discussion the Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords without a division, and referred to a Select Committee.

The Committee consisted of the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Belper, Lord Derby, Lord Sandhurst, the late Lord Stanhope, and the Bishop of Southwark (Dr. Talbot), and did me the honour of electing me chairman.

We made a careful inquiry into the whole question. They approved the Bill, and drew up a unanimous report. They stated that they had

heard evidence from forty-nine witnesses representing the principal shop-keeping interests, especially bakers, butchers, dairymen, drapers, grocers, and hairdressers, and find that an overwhelming majority of tradesmen are in favour of Sunday closing.

The majority of the witnesses expressed a strong opinion that the public would suffer no serious inconvenience if this Bill were to become law. They also stated that in their opinion the opening of shops on Sunday was on the increase, and that there was a serious danger that it would become the rule for shops to be open on Sunday, at any rate in the morning, unless this or some similar Bill were passed.

Many witnesses called attention to the long hours of labour of small shopkeepers and shop assistants. They also stated that many shopkeepers who now keep their shops open on Sunday would gladly shut them, provided the closing were general.

They summed up their conclusions in the following paragraph, which I feel satisfied expresses also the general opinion of the shop-keeping community :

The Committee are convinced by the evidence that Sunday trading is on the increase ; that the Bill is urgently needed ; that it is desired by the shop-keeping interests, and would inflict no serious hardship on the poorer classes ; that it would be a great benefit to the country generally, and that it commends itself both to the reason and the conscience of the community.

The Committee thought that their inquiry covered the whole field. When the Bill came back to the House of Lords no notice of opposition was given, no amendment was proposed. Lord Lansdowne, however, at once rose, criticised some of the details of the Bill, intimating that he could not support it, and Lord Wemyss moved the rejection, which was carried in a thin House and without notice by a majority of twenty-one.

In thirty years of Parliamentary experience I never remember the unanimous report of a Committee being so cavalierly treated. It is, of course, impossible to regard such a vote, so obtained, as expressing the deliberate judgment of the House, and the question cannot rest where it is.

The feeling against Sunday trading is deep and general throughout the country, and many even of those who now open would be thankful to shut if their rivals would do the same.

Lord Wemyss told the House of Lords that he spoke for 2,000 opponents of the Bill, but I have presented many petitions in favour of our Bill, one with more than 83,000 signatures. Moreover, his 2,000 are breaking the law, and causing others to break it, while most of our 83,000 are conforming to the law, and suffering for doing so.

The shopkeepers who open—or some of them—complain that they will suffer pecuniarily if they have to close. At present, no doubt, while other shops are shut, they reap a rich harvest.

But is this just? The House of Lords Committee observe on this point that other

shopkeepers complain on this very ground, and, as it seems to the Committee, with much reason. They urge that this trading is illegal, that it is hard upon them to be placed at a disadvantage because they conform to the law, and to see a large and profitable business taken away from them by those who set the law at defiance.

Moreover, Mr. Forster, Rector of St. Mark's, Walworth; Mr. Douglas Eyre, Vice-Head of Oxford House, Bethnal Green; and the Rev. A. J. Poynder, Rector of Whitechapel, gave evidence as to the evil results of the Sunday fairs, especially those in Walworth and Petticoat Lane. Mr. Eyre said that 'the conditions which exist in our neighbourhood have a most demoralising effect upon the population, because it is not merely Sunday trading, but it has developed into a regular Sunday fair; whole masses of people are congregated together, and that attracts all sorts and conditions of sellers and buyers, both the undesirable traders and sellers, and the desirable ones; wherever this concourse is gathered together there you get the professional gamblers and other people.'

Mr. Poynder also said, 'The great need that impresses all of us busy workers in my part of London is the fact that because of the noise and rush we do want to safeguard the lives of our people by their having one day in seven. It is necessary for brain and for body, quite apart from the religious aspect of the question, for the moment, and by the stress at which we are all living down there, Sunday has become practically like any other day. The police estimate that between 30,000 and 50,000 on a Sunday morning . . . do their shopping in our streets, and crowd our neighbourhood right up till noon, practically converting the whole of the morning into an enormous fair. We have hat shops, boot shops, clothing, and other kinds of shops open. The British population say that they would lose their custom in a great measure if they, in self-defence, did not open on Sunday. The feeling is very dominant that the result is that many of them have to work, whether they like it or not, seven days a week.'

Mr. Forster gave similar evidence.

The shopkeepers themselves would gladly close, if all did so. Mr. Eyre ascertained that out of 644 shopkeepers in the district 525 wished to close, and only 119 to keep open.

It is only fair to acknowledge the wise and statesmanlike course adopted by the leaders of the Jewish community.

The Jewish Board of Deputies, which is the representative body of the Jews of the United Kingdom, deputed their president, Mr. Alexander, K.C., to give evidence before the Committee. He was accompanied by Mr. Henriques and Mr. Straus.

Mr. Alexander suggested several amendments, and pressed two

especially, subject to the adoption of which he informed the Committee that the Jewish community would not oppose the Bill.

The first of these amendments was directed to prevent simultaneous prosecutions for several offences. The Committee considered that this was sufficiently guarded against in the Bill, but they have inserted an amendment which makes the matter perfectly clear.

The second of the amendments brought forward on behalf of the Jews was designed to prevent frivolous or vexatious prosecutions by the insertion of the provisions contained in the Sunday Observance Prosecution Act, 1871. The Committee decided to insert this amendment also.

The Jewish costermongers, however, and many Jewish shopkeepers oppose the Bill on the ground that they do a large and profitable trade on Sunday.

No doubt they do, and this is the very reason for the Bill.

It is also often urged on their behalf that they close on Saturdays. They open, however, at sunset, and thus secure the best part of the Saturday's business. Moreover, while we treat them justly, and indeed gladly acknowledge that as a community they are excellent citizens, still we may reasonably expect them to comply with our law. Their own great lawgiver recognised no such claim as they now make.

It is much to be regretted that the rest on one day in seven, as to the necessity of which Christians and Jews are both agreed, should be imperilled because they cannot agree on a day. Moreover, it must be remembered that with all the changes in the calendar, with leap years, &c., it is impossible to say to which day in our week the Sabbath of Moses would correspond. It is quite as likely to be Sunday as Saturday.

Much, moreover, of the opposition to the Bill is based on erroneous statements which have been circulated with reference to it. Circulars have been widely distributed, containing the assertion that the sale of newspapers, tobacco, and mineral waters would be prohibited under the Bill; that no one could buy an apple or an orange. These and other similar statements on which the opposition was mainly based are entirely erroneous. The Bill did not prevent the sale of newspapers, refreshments, or tobacco.

Shopkeepers complain that the present law is inoperative and unjust. It is inoperative in most places because the penalty is so small. Where, as for instance in Hull, it is put into operation, it is unjust because it shuts up the small shopkeeper, while the larger one pays his 5s., snaps his fingers at the law, and opens again.

It has been said that this is a 'one man's Bill.' This is the very reverse of the truth. I have shown that it has the warm and enthusiastic support of—in the words of the House of Lords Committee—

the overwhelming majority of those concerned. As a matter of fact I took up the question with some reluctance. Not from any doubt of or lukewarmness in the cause, but because I thought it should be in younger and more vigorous hands. It was impossible for me, however, to resist the pressure of the great Shopkeepers' Associations, with whom I have been so long and closely connected in the cause of early closing, and from whom I have ever received such warm and generous support.

This is not merely a shopkeepers' question. It vitally affects the health of our town population. The importance, I might almost add, the necessity, of a day's rest cannot be over-estimated. As Lord Macaulay well said :—

While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, is repairing, winding up, so that he returns to his labours on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigour.

I have so far discussed the Bill on the grounds of health and happiness. We do not, however, ignore the strong religious grounds on which it appeals to the conscience of the nation. It has been supported by numerous petitions from religious bodies and congregations. I have been acting in consultation with his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London,¹ and the Bishop of Southwark, who acted on the Committee.

One day's rest in seven, rest for the body and rest for the mind, has from time immemorial been found of supreme importance from the point of view of health. But rest of the spirit is even more necessary. Philosophers, theologians, and men of business in all ages have agreed that every man ought to be set free on one day in the week to study, to pray, and to think; to examine his own life, his conduct, and his opinions; to lift his mind and thoughts from the labours and cares, from the petty but harassing worries and troubles of everyday life, and of this splendid, but complex and mysterious world, and to raise them to the calmer and nobler, the higher and purer regions of Heaven above.

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AVERBURY.

¹ Of course I do not mean to commit them to the details of the Bill.

A VICEROY'S POST BAG

UNDER this title Mr. Macdonagh has given to the world large extracts from the correspondence during his term of office of the First Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland after the Union. These papers, which, as he mentions, were not even discovered to be still in existence by Mr. Lecky, are of important bearing on a period of history often referred to merely as a topic for indiscriminate and uncritical invective; but a careful and just appreciation of which throws much light on the reasons for, and the real effect of, the Union. It explains the full meaning of Lord Castlereagh's words as to 'buying up the fee simple of Irish corruption.'

Lord Hardwicke came into office with the Ministry of Mr. Addington, who, with Pitt's full sanction, accepted the post of Prime Minister when he, along with Lord Grenville and for a time Lord Castlereagh, retired as being unable to carry out their views as to accompanying the Union by the admission of Roman Catholics to full political equality. The Administration was therefore 'Protestant' in the political sense of that day, as opposed to further concessions, at least for the moment.

Beyond that the members of the Government were not definitely pledged. In Lord Hardwicke's own case it appears that he was rather in favour than otherwise of the principle of concession. He, however, doubtless in consideration of the King's known and determined objections, considered it as for the time inexpedient.

It is important—to avoid an entire misconception of the condition of things—to remember that the 'emancipation,' which was not to be carried out till 1829, concerned only a small part of the question as it had stood ten or twenty years earlier than the Union.

The whole of what are too well known as the penal laws had been swept away in the interval between the introduction of the Parliamentary system of 1782 and the rebellion of 1798. The exclusion of Roman Catholics from the liberal professions was a thing long past. Roman Catholic barristers of some years' standing are often referred to in these pages and were prominent already before the Union.

The year 1793 had seen the admission of Roman Catholics to the electoral franchise, though not to Parliament itself. They were for

that time in a better position than their co-religionists in England. It would be strange to suppose that the United Irish conspiracy, out of which came the rebellion which still cast its dark shadow over the years which these papers are concerned with, arose out of special Roman Catholic grievances, though Roman Catholic disaffection, where it existed, was naturally blended with the revolutionary impulse which had another source. The dominant fact in all the politics of the close of the eighteenth century was the democratic outburst in France. Through the events of war it had spread over a large part of Europe. Where its arms had not penetrated, its influence on men's minds and sentiments was making its way. Almost every man who thought of what was passing in the world around him was a zealous aristocrat or a zealous democrat, and in the majority of cases a fanatic in one sense or the other. It was, in the first instance, in the North of Ireland, among the descendants of Scotch Covenanters and English settlers who had fought against the Stuarts, that the Republican passion took root. It seems strange to anyone living in the present day to read of Belfast as the generally recognised centre of revolutionary feeling. The Roman Catholics were under the influence of two opposing currents. Traditionary antagonism to England and the House of Hanover would incline them to the side of her enemies. But Republicanism had only been known to them as the creed of their bitterest enemies in the past. The connection with America, now so important, then affected the north only, whence there was already some emigration beyond the Atlantic. And no allies could be more incongruous than the French of 1798 and the zealous Roman Catholic peasants. One of the French soldiers who took part in the invasion is related to have exclaimed that, having driven the Pope from Rome, he and his countrymen had not expected to find him again in Ireland. Yet before long the majority of Protestants came to see that, whatever democracy might mean elsewhere, democracy in Ireland must mean the rule of the Roman Catholics.

The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, saw that the Revolution, whatever its eventual tendency, gave them the opportunity of revenge on their hitherto dominant antagonists. And so the combination of political and sectarian passions made the dark scenes of the struggles of 1798 what they were.

These scenes, however, lie outside the period of this volume. It is only concerned with the rebellion so far as in the first years of the nineteenth century men still were walking over its smouldering ashes, whence proceeded its last flicker in the wild attempt in Dublin, when the war with France was about to be renewed. The armed insurrections had been stamped out, the Union had been debated and passed, and when Lord Hardwicke entered on his functions nothing remained but to pay the bill. What that bill was the correspondence amply shows. A heavy mortgage, to use the phrase of those who succeeded

to it, had been left by Lord Cornwallis on the patronage of the country. There was scarcely an office that the new Government could bestow till those to whom promises had already been given could be provided for. For though the Prime Minister and the Lord-Lieutenant and Chief Secretary were changed, the Ministry of Addington was regarded as a continuation of that of Pitt, heir to his general policy and to his obligations. Now and then we may imagine, as we read the applications addressed to him from all quarters, that Lord Hardwicke may not have been altogether sorry to tell some importunate suitor who presumed on acquaintance at home that unfulfilled Union engagements left him no power of meeting his correspondent's wishes. That applications are so many and vacancies so few as to leave little prospect for an applicant, even though his name be put on the list, is, we imagine, a formula not unknown in public offices even to-day. But it must have been a heavy burden on a statesman in high places to be utterly unable to give preferment to anyone on grounds of personal esteem or confidence, and to have to fill every place that fell vacant with those whose names had been given him in accordance with a predecessor's engagements, persons of whom he had no previous knowledge, and knowledge of whom was not likely to increase respect, as the services they had rendered were simply the bargain in return for which he had to bestow on them or their relatives all the salaried offices which came to his disposal.

Apart, however, from the continuity of policy between the two Ministries, it might be considered that the faith of the Crown was concerned in the engagements entered into by its representative. Had all responsibility for them been held to end with Lord Cornwallis the greater number of those who, in or out of Parliament, had helped to carry the Union would have raised a plausible outcry against broken pledges. Consequently, through the whole of Addington's tenure of the first place, and, as it might be expected, during Pitt's return to, and second holding of, power, promotion continued to be given in satisfaction of these promises. It was only on the accession of the so-called 'All the Talents' Cabinet, the coalition of Fox, Grenville, and Addington, containing many members who had opposed Pitt's policy throughout, that the few still unfilled engagements were treated as no longer current coin. It is this condition of things which has been denounced by opponents of the Union as eminently discreditable. Discreditable undoubtedly it was to the large number of men who sold themselves to the Government of the day for places or honours. But we cannot admit that in justice the reproach should be applied to the statesmen who carried the Union. The briber, we may be told, is a corrupter worse than those who are corrupted. In this we are prepared to contend there is a fundamental fallacy when applied to affairs of this kind. In the first place, the phrase of corrupter implies an erroneous idea. It would have been indeed a marvel if any Government, or its

agents, could have left the men they had to deal with in Irish politics more corrupt than they found them.

It was a great misfortune that the Irish Parliament and the political life of Ireland should be influenced by a tribe of unscrupulous self-seekers and place-hunters.

It was not a misfortune but an object worthy of statesmen that the public life of Ireland should be rescued from their grasp even by inducing them to sell the source of their power, the Legislature which they were too well able to manipulate. A man induced by a bribe, whether of one kind or another, to change his vote on a question of national importance is necessarily dishonest in his motive. But the giver of the bribe may be in motive wholly disinterested. His object may be to use the only effectual argument to induce a dishonest man to vote as, in his opinion, a man and patriotic citizen would do unbribed.

And who shall say that these were not the motives of Pitt, Castle-reagh, and Cornwallis? That the Irish Parliament was ready to sell itself is surely one of the best arguments for the measure that extinguished it as a separate body. The hitherto all-powerful ring of jobbers had to be paid the fee once for all. But henceforth the Administration might hope not to be longer in their thralldom.

Mr. Macdonagh had not access to the unpublished portion of the correspondence of the then Chief Secretary,¹ which was placed at the disposal both of Mr. Froude and Mr. Lecky, on whose period it bore retrospectively, and would have been open to the author of this volume had his undertaking been known beforehand to the present writer.

In one of these letters the Chief Secretary is warned that the position he had taken towards an influential politician was likely to do him harm, that the Irish members, or many of them, were drinking this individual's health. He replies that he looks upon the person mentioned as the worst jobber in Ireland, that he imagines if anyone drank his health he must pay him for it, and that he has no doubt that what he thinks of him is perfectly known to him.

Before the Union it might have been difficult for those connected with the Irish Government to take this independent tone to men whom they could not esteem, but whose power to embarrass them could not have been disregarded. And there is evidence that Lord Hardwicke's Administration, though by no means on the popular side on most questions of the day, enjoyed a popularity which many of its predecessors had not, because it was felt that, where not hampered by the past, that Administration was able and willing to govern in the public interest rather than that of private persons. Its ability to do so unhappily did not extend to the giving of legal, civil, or even ecclesiastical appointments, or the bestowal of honours by the Crown. Here and there we find that it continued to give those who eagerly pressed their claims to preferment some post in which they would not do harm instead of

¹ Mr. Abbot, afterwards first Lord Colchester.

one to which they were clearly unsuited. On the other hand, we find one man most anxious to exchange for a post whose emoluments could be enjoyed in England, without the performance of any duties, for one which required him several times a year to visit Dublin and sign certain accounts. We find one who was to receive a peerage, for services in the passing of the Union, anxious to have it postponed for a few years that the reason might not be obvious.

Even such a man as 'Humanity' Martin, the author of some of the first measures against cruelty to animals, distinctly says that he may be compelled to go against a Government which he had hitherto supported, if he cannot obtain what he asks for for some relatives.

It was impossible to prevent even the dignities of the Church from being, to some extent, the prizes of families exercising political influence. There was indeed one Irish prelate, Bishop Whitehead, whose severe impartiality and disinterestedness form the most extreme contrast to the general tone of those who had patronage to bestow. One of his sons, an admiral, writes on behalf of two of his brothers who were in holy orders, saying that their father had refused to present them to livings in his gift while there were older men, or men with stronger personal claims, who were candidates for them. What the personal merits or demerits of the sons may have been does not appear. But their brother urges on the Lord-Lieutenant, as having some claims of his own to attention, the propriety of doing something for them, to make up what they have lost by the over-scrupulousness of their father. But the answer they receive, though admitting the hardness of their case, is to the effect that Union engagements stop the way.

To one Irish prelate, we believe, the author does an injustice. Archbishop Agar, who was successively created Baron, Viscount, and Earl of Normanton, may in some of his public actions have been a fair mark for criticism. But it is an error to make him responsible for the unroofing the ancient Cathedral of Cashel. That was the work of another holder of the See, Archbishop Price.

The Primate of All Ireland, Archbishop Stuart, a son of George the Third's favourite Minister, in the early years of his reign, appears as a vigorous opponent of any doubtful dealings with Church patronage. It is difficult in some cases to make out the real merits of the issue between him and the Government. He does not hesitate to speak of the bishops of his province as including three who were useless and two more who were of bad character. In one instance, objecting to a proposed nomination to a bishopric of one whom he thought too young, he adds that, knowing nothing of his character, he cannot say that it is bad. As the clergyman referred to was altogether free from any imputation on his character, we may gather that the Primate was rather inclined to suspect some evil where he had no positive

knowledge to the contrary. Another instance, however, led to a more serious controversy. A divine who had had a general promise of a bishopric was intended for the See of Kilmore, and the Primate was informed of this intention. Then appears in the matter the name of a well-known and powerful official, one who had already tried a fall successfully with a Viceroy, the Right Hon. John Beresford. His son already held the smaller See of Clonfert, and at his request it was decided to promote the Bishop of Clonfert to Kilmore, giving Clonfert to the person for whom the larger See of Kilmore had been destined. Hereupon we find a vehement remonstrance from the Primate. He speaks of Bishop Beresford as a man of the worst character in the kingdom. He considers that his promotion will be a scandal which will compel him to resign the Primacy. The Government vainly argue that, as he had already been raised to the Episcopal Bench without any protest being made, they could not have anticipated any serious objection to his translation. The Primate gives his opinion that the scandal of an unfit Bishop was far worse in a diocese where the Protestants were numerous than in a part of the country mainly Roman Catholic. One would have imagined that anything which could be turned to the discredit of the Established Church would have been still more serious in the midst of adherents of a hostile communion, who would not fail to make note of it for polemical purposes.

The matter was referred to Mr. Addington and to the King himself. The promise given to Mr. John Beresford was carried out and the Primate did not resign. He appears, however, to have declined all further communications with the Executive.

It is difficult to form a decisive judgment on the materials we have, as to the justification either for the Primate's attitude or the course adhered to by the officials. The Chief Secretary, who was less concerned with the matter than any of the others, speaks in his published diary of the Primate's objection as unreasonable. The Primate himself in one letter seems to admit a possibility that what was said against Bishop Beresford might not be well founded, though he considers the fact of its being widely believed made the scandal too great to be passed by. But just weight is due to the sanction given to the appointment by the Prime Minister and by the King.

If there was a matter on which George the Third was scrupulous it was in appointments to high places in the Church. Mr. Addington was described by Mr. Wilberforce, who knew him well, though on some matters they did not agree, as having more sense of religion than almost any of the public men of the day. It is unlikely that both George the Third and Mr. Addington should have insisted on forcing on a diocese a bishop of notoriously scandalous life.

The last part of this book is occupied with the attempted revival of insurrection under Robert Emmet. The friendship of Moore and the romance of his relations with Sarah Curran have attached an

interest to his name among many to whom his contemporaries are to a large extent mere shadows. But he had little of the qualities of a statesman or leader. It was not surprising that he should be a zealous disciple of the Republican ideas of his father and elder brother. He was, however, possessed with the notion that he could accomplish in 1803 what his brother and his friends had utterly failed in a few years before, and without that immediate support from France which was actually secured by the insurgents of the west in 1798. Thinking that danger had arisen from the participation of many in the earlier stages of conspiracy, he wished to have but one or two associates in the forming of depots of arms, and then to call on the people, whom he believed ready to rise at a word. A contingent from Kildare, joined by those who could answer the call in Dublin, were to seize the Castle, while a confederate was to go to the north, and on news of this stroke to issue a proclamation as from a Provisional Government, to announce that English rule was overthrown and that all Irishmen who, after ten days, were still opposing the national cause would be treated as rebels. He does not seem to have realised that, even if by a fortunate accident Dublin Castle could have been surprised, he and his followers must have inevitably been crushed the moment that regular troops, and especially artillery, were brought up against them. As it was, the men from Kildare, when they came to Dublin, were dissatisfied alike with the leader and the arms, and those who were at their head persuaded them to return.

In Dublin a certain number of men, including many from the most lawless and disreputable quarters, were gathered together at his appeal, but even Emmet saw the hopelessness of attempting to carry out his enterprise with a few hundred men. He proposed to them to retire to the Wicklow Mountains and hold out for the Irish Republic ; apparently not considering that even a small force must have some arrangement for commissariat, if it is not to live upon plunder.

In this, however, they would not follow him. He then left them.

He was hardly open to the reproach, which one person addressed to him, of deserting those whom he had urged on, as a leader's functions must end when those he commands refuse any longer to obey. But the insurgents, now without control, became a disorderly and savage mob. Lord Kilwarden, hearing something of the dangerous position of Dublin, hastened to the Castle as to a post of duty. He was accompanied by his nephew and his daughter. Had the armed populace had any regular leader they would probably have been made prisoners, but their lives respected, especially as in his judicial position Lord Kilwarden had incurred no particular unpopularity. As it was, the more ferocious element got the upper hand. The two men were barbarously murdered. The young lady was dismissed unharmed. Mr. Macdonagh is, we believe, justified in saying that the rebel party were altogether free from any acts of injury or insult to women. But

it is the only element of a better kind in one of the most inexcusable and sanguinary excesses which marked any part of the civil struggles of the time. It may seem unaccountable why, knowing beforehand the probability of disturbance, Lord Kilwarden should have brought his daughter with him into the city. But he may have considered that, if he once reached the Castle, it was a safer asylum than his isolated residence outside Dublin. The insurrection, of course, was soon at an end. Emmet escaped, and was for a while in hiding in the country. He came back to be once more in the vicinity of Sarah Curran, from whom he received letters unsigned indeed, but, as was said by those who afterwards examined him, clearly containing high treason. They at once showed the writer's knowledge of her correspondent's aims and her own sympathies. Mr. Macdonagh remarks that she hardly seems to have realised the seriousness of the matter. She, however, had the prudence to urge that her letters should be destroyed. This Emmet could not bring himself to do, and they were found upon him when arrested. To prevent their being disclosed he was willing to admit everything as to himself, but would mention no other names, nor follow his brother's example in making general statements as to the plans of the conspiracy. Ignorant if the identity of the writer of the letters was discovered, he employed a turnkey, whom he imagined he had gained over, to take a letter openly addressed to Miss Curran at her father's house. This letter was carried to the authorities, the unknown writer identified, and the whole matter became public.

Mr. Macdonagh attributes Curran's extreme indignation, or at least his expression of it, to his fear that his prospects of advancement to the Bench would be interfered with. It may be a question whether Curran, a professed adherent of extreme opposition principles and usually counsel for the accused in all political prosecutions, was at this time looking for the promotion at the hands of Government which he afterwards obtained. But he was no doubt much irritated at the idea of a clandestine engagement between his daughter and Emmet at a moment the latter was plunging into a desperate adventure likely to bring misfortune on himself and all who might be interested in him. Emmet, no doubt, in his sanguine visions, fancied that in a few days he would be the leader of a triumphant revolution and hold a position that a father might rejoice that his daughter should share.

Curran, who was to have undertaken his defence, now regarded it as a case in which he could not professionally act. Eventually Emmet's counsel were Burrows and Leonard McNally.

The case for the Crown was conducted by Plunket, the Solicitor-General. Mr. Macdonagh insinuates some inconsistency in the tone which he now took, after his vehement opposition to the Union. But it should be remembered that his formula had been 'The sea protests against Union, the ocean against Separation.' And, whatever heated

expressions he may have used in debate during the height of the struggle, he never had any sympathy or connection with the democratic revolutionists.

Burrows had also been an opponent of the Union, but seems after that time to have ineffectually sought some preferment from Lord Hardwicke. He also had made a curious communication to Mr. Wickham, which met with little attention, of what had led him to believe a serious conspiracy to be on foot, but without mentioning the names of any who afterwards appeared in this attempt. Leonard McNally, though it was not suspected in his lifetime, was known after his death to have been for many years a paid agent of the Government. Mr. Macdonagh talks of his black treachery in this case. But Mr. Lecky, who always treats Leonard McNally with a sort of tenderness, considered that he had never, when acting professionally, betrayed a client. He had not seen the communications with regard to Emmet contained in this work. But, if carefully examined, they appear to contain nothing which could have made any difference in his trial, though they may have thrown light on matters which the authorities might wish to know. Emmet, indeed, did not wish any serious defence attempted. He did not deny his acts of treason, and there was nothing to be said in their palliation that a tribunal would take notice of. In his own speech, after conviction, he protested against the idea that he wished to subject Ireland to France. If the French came not as allies but as conquerors he would, he said, have advised his countrymen to fight to the death against them. The sentiment, if sincere, as it probably was, speaks more for his heart than for his head. For the only conceivable chance for the separation of Ireland from England would have been as one of those affiliated republics wholly under the dictation of France and destined to ultimate absorption.

His sentence and execution were a matter of course, for he had no claim on the mercy of the State. Yet, as in other cases, his death, especially when it cut off a life which might seem only beginning, gave him a hold on the imagination of the people which his actions might never have under any circumstances secured. In the present day he would probably have passed some years in a convict prison and eventually been permitted to retire to America. He might then only have been remembered as the hero of a fiasco, led away by a heated fancy and an ill-balanced judgment.

Mr. Macdonagh's work may be recommended as containing a mass of valuable information in an interesting form, while obtruding as little as possible the writer's personality. Most of those who have written of these matters have done so as avowed and declamatory partisans. Mr. Macdonagh, in the main, leaves his readers to form their own judgments on the contents of the documents laid before them and the history which they illustrate. It is only here and there that any guess may be made as to the author's sympathies, and most

parts of the book may leave us in doubt if he be Protestant or Roman Catholic, Unionist at the present day, or Home Ruler. He is, we believe, the author of other works in which his own opinions find fuller expression. But anyone wishing to study for himself the records of a time round which controversy has raged so hotly will probably find in this work what is more to his purpose than so many whose object is more directly to impose upon him the convictions already formed by the writer.

COLCHESTER.

A FISCAL REFORMER OF CERVANTES' TIME

WHEN Cervantes lived in Seville no one was more notorious in that city than Francisco Arias de Bobadilla, Count of Puñocrostro. 'Know, friend,' says a muleteer to his comrade, in one of Cervantes' tales, 'that this Count of Puñocrostro has a demon in his body that fixes the fingers of his fists in our souls. Seville and ten leagues round it is cleared of roughs; no thief stops in the neighbourhood. All dread him like the fire, though 'tis said he will soon quit the post of sheriff, because he is disgusted to find himself constantly thwarted by the lords of the High Court.'¹

It was not till recently that an historical windfall placed us in possession of a detailed account of the administration of this municipal Rhadamanthus. In 1873 a manuscript was discovered in Seville which turned out to be a diary, undoubtedly authentic, of the leading public events in the city between the years 1592 and 1604.² Of its author we know little more than that his name was Francisco Ariño, that he lived in the suburb of Triana, and was apparently a citizen of the middle class, probably a clerk in some Government office. Though his grammar and orthography betray a want of education, he amply atones for it by his natural faculty for graphic narrative and his unique genius for sight-seeing. Wherever, according to his favourite phrase, there was 'a thing to be seen'—an *auto da fe*, a bullfight, a religious procession, a riot, or a flood—Ariño was there, and all that he saw and heard was duly chronicled in the diary. The result is a series of vivid and varied pictures of the life of Seville in Cervantes' time. Once at least Ariño met Cervantes himself. It was in the cathedral, while he was gazing at the catafalque of Philip the Second, that a 'blustering poet' entered and recited a sonnet composed for the occasion. Ariño does not trouble to record his name, but he preserves a version of the sonnet, which, garbled as it is, enables us to identify in this 'blustering poet' the man who a few years after was to give to the world the immortal Don Quixote.

¹ *Novelas Ejemplares*—*La ilustre Fregona*. The muleteer is punning on the name *Puñocrostro*, which means literally 'fist in the face.'

² *Sucesos de Sevilla*. (Sociedad de Bibliófilos Andaluces). Sevilla: 1873.

Though the diary tells us little of Cervantes, it gives us a complete and most interesting account of the magistrate whose severity had so strongly impressed him. Puñocnrostro, who was appointed sheriff (*asistente*) of Seville in 1597, was indeed a remarkable man. A soldier of distinction, he brought to the administration of justice the severest military discipline and dauntless courage; but, what was rare at that time, he combined with these qualities strict impartiality and purity. In the two years in which he held office he fully merited the mulctee's description of his severity by the successful manner in which he suppressed the brigandage and the plague of sturdy beggars, both of which had become a scandal in Seville; but he was none the less notorious for his impartial condemnation of alcalde and prelate when either had broken the law. Yet by far the most interesting part of Puñocnrostro's administration, and that which alone concerns us at present, was his strenuous but hopeless attempt to enforce a fiscal system which the progress of the world had rendered economically impossible.

The Municipal Code of old Seville³ affords a quaint and highly characteristic example of the grandmotherly principles on which society was organised in Spain, and indeed throughout Europe, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Of this code no part is more minute in its details than the series of Ordinances which deal with the sale of food. Many of these were aimed at excessive luxury; some limited the amount of food which any one huckster might sell or any one customer buy; others restricted the amount to be consumed at a wedding feast, and even prescribed how many courses a citizen might have at his dinner, according to his rank and position. But quite as often the Ordinances had originated in the necessity of preventing smuggling and protecting the monopoly of trade and the revenues, both imperial and municipal, which were derived from the taxation of food. The food supply of Seville was imported into the town under the direction of the municipal authorities, who regulated the amount according to their own notions of what the citizens required. It was then distributed amongst certain licensed hucksters, who retailed it to the people under strict laws and penalties. It was illegal for any of these hucksters themselves to buy food outside the city, or to sell it at their private houses, or anywhere except in the squares and market-places. The food must be exposed openly for sale, and not hidden, and it must be weighed in scales, and not sold 'by the eye.' If a huckster sold several kinds of flesh, they must be kept separate, and a customer asking for one kind must not be put off with another. To ensure strict observance of these laws, and to carry out the severe penalties attaching to their breach, officers called 'overseers' were appointed over the hucksters. Not only did the law define the manner of selling provisions, but the overseers fixed the

³ *Las Ordenanzas de Sevilla*, 1572 (printed by Juan Varela of Salamanca).

prices, and any huckster selling beyond the legal tariff was subject to the severest punishment.

Though the fixing of prices by the municipality had long been common throughout Europe, the variations of supply and demand had at all times made such a system difficult to enforce; but by the time Puñoenrostro had become responsible for its administration a new factor, constituting a new difficulty, had arisen. The precious metals of the New World were pouring into Spain. Accommodation could hardly be found in the Mint for the ingots of gold and silver that were landed on the quays of Seville. The result was a rapid and continuous rise in prices; and, in spite of all the efforts of the overseers to maintain low prices by law, the hucksters habitually sold beyond the tariff. This state of matters puzzled and alarmed the Spaniards of the sixteenth century; and, ignorant of the true cause, most of them attributed it to the lax administration of the law. Such, at any rate, was the opinion of Puñoenrostro, and he determined to obtain reform by enforcing the law upon the luckless hucksters with the same remorseless energy with which he had so effectually suppressed the beggars and the brigands.

Convinced that the overseers were winking at breaches of the Ordinances, he ordered the next offender to be brought before him. When this had been done, he made the culprit swear, under a threat of two hundred stripes, how many times he had already been convicted; and the man confessed to four convictions for selling beyond the tariff price within the year. The Count thereon sent for the Book of Ordinances and had them read aloud to show that the penalties increased with each offence—fine and imprisonment for the first, a public flogging for the second, and banishment for the third. ‘Surely, then,’ exclaimed the Count, ‘a man who has four times broken the law deserves to be hanged.’ On this occasion, however, he dismissed the offender, but issued a proclamation that thenceforth the prices of the tariff must be adhered to, and every one of the Ordinances, with their penalties, rigidly enforced.

He had not long to wait for another case. A woman, called *la Ronquilla*, was found selling kids which she had smuggled into the city and kept hidden under a petticoat. She was paraded through the streets and given two hundred stripes, ‘and all the market people began to be scandalised.’

They had soon fresh cause for scandal; for, only two days later, the wrath of the Count fell on a huckster who was a retainer of one of the magistrates, and whom Ariño deferentially refers to as ‘Don Francisco.’ A gentleman, while walking through the market, was attracted to Francisco’s stall by what appeared to be the hindquarters of a fat ram with certain of the inwards attached, which we regard as offal, but which in Spain have always been considered a delicacy. He bought a hindquarter and sent it home by his servant with in-

structions to have the inwards cooked and ready for breakfast. When the gentleman returned, however, his majordomo had a strange tale to tell. The hindquarter, instead of being that of a ram, had been cut off a tough old ewe, and the inwards of a ram had been deftly sewn on to the carcase with thread. The indignant gentleman hastened to the Count with his mutton and his story, and next day a constable arrested 'Don Francisco' red-handed. He was taken to prison, paraded through the streets with the meat hung round his neck, given two hundred stripes, and banished from Seville. Soon after, a woman who had sold cherries beyond the tariff was similarly flogged through the streets with the cherries hung round her neck, and died soon after the punishment.

The next case recorded by Ariño shows the Count in a more genial mood. A poor woman, whose husband was sick, had gone out to sell four chickens for money to support him. A notary met her and asked the price. She answered that sixty *maravedis* each was his Lordship's tariff. But the notary snatched them from her, and gave her only one hundred *maravedis* for the lot. While the poor woman was weeping over her loss, the collector of *alcabala* (an imperial excise tax of 10 per cent. on all food sold) came up and insisted on her paying the tax on the full tariff price of the chickens. In her distress the woman went to the Count, who at once summoned both the notary and the tax-collector before him. 'Why,' he asked the notary, 'do you presume to eat your chickens at twenty-five *maravedis* apiece, while I have to eat mine at sixty?' The notary had no defence to offer, and was ordered to pay six ducats. Then came the tax-collector's turn, and though his excuse was more specious he, too, had to pay a fine of fifty *reals*. To these sums the Count himself added another fifty *reals*;⁴ and, after sending a constable round to the woman's house to verify her story, he handed her the money for herself.

One morning, as Puñocastro was passing through a small square under the windows of the Cardinal's palace, a man hurried past him with two eggs in his hand. This aroused the Count's suspicion. He stopped the man and elicited that the eggs had just been bought from a neighbouring pastrycook at six *maravedis* over the tariff price. Determined to administer summary justice, Puñocastro sent then and there to fetch both the executioner and the guilty pastrycook. Just as the latter was about to be flogged, there appeared at the window of the palace the Cardinal himself. He explained to the Count that the eggs were for him; that his servant could not find a fresh egg in all Seville, and had gladly paid an extra price to secure those, and he begged that the pastrycook might be spared. 'To oblige his illustrious Lordship the Cardinal,' the Count consented to forgo the stripes, and commuted the punishment to a

⁴ In modern English money the value of a *maravedi* was about a farthing; of a *real*, 6*d.*; and of a ducat, 8*s.* 6*d.*

fine of fifty ducats, to be given to the poor of the prison, and, after receiving the profuse thanks of the Cardinal, passed onwards on his way.

Puñocrostro did not relax his vigilance while walking in the streets, and two days afterwards it led to another incident, which presents us with so graphic a picture of the manners of those days that it is worth quoting Ariño's account of it :

It happened, as his Lordship was passing through the Plaza de San Francisco, there met him a steward carrying on a mule a great load covered with a rug. His Lordship stopped him and asked what he carried. 'My Lord,' he said, 'a little meat.' The Count ordered the coverlet to be removed and there he saw a quarter of beef, another of veal, four kids, rabbits, partridges, fowls and pigeons. 'To whom,' he asked, 'dost thou carry all this?' 'To my master, the Alcalde Castillo,' answered the steward, 'who to-day entertains guests.' 'So be it; if his Lordship the Alcalde entertains, this is no more than he has a right to. God speed thee.' And he let him go. And on the stroke of noon he went to the house of the Alcalde and, without waiting to be announced, ascended the stairs, so that when the Alcalde would have come out to receive him the Count was already with him at the door of the room. They saluted each other fittingly, and, after having exchanged compliments, the Alcalde begged that the Count might command in what he could serve him. Then the Count answered that there waited a messenger for him at home whom he should ere then have despatched, but as he could not now do this till afternoon he had made free to enter the Alcalde's house to spend the siesta. 'Had I known that it would be my fortune to entertain your Lordship,' answered the Alcalde, 'I would have had something more choice for dinner,' and he called his butler and bade him prepare a dinner, since his Lordship did them the honour of dining with them. 'Do not order more for me,' said the Count; 'surely there is already too much, nor need your Grace dismiss me because there are too many guests, for to you, who are entertaining twenty, one more or less can make no difference. Moreover, I will content myself with a chicken, and eat it standing at the sideboard, for I am no lover of fine living.' 'I beg,' said the Alcalde, 'that you will cease to speak thus strangely, for surely I am ready to serve your Lordship in anything.' 'Pray let me have frankness then, and not polite evasions.' 'Of a truth,' answered the Alcalde, 'I need no evasions, for I and all my house are at the service of your Lordship, and by the life of Doña Fulana and my children I swear I have in my house none of the things you speak of.' 'If so,' said the Count, 'it is well; but to-day I met a steward who carried a load of beef and veal and game, and when I asked whose servant he was, he said your Grace's, and that you entertained guests. So, instead of sending him to prison, I came to your house to see for myself.' Then the steward was sent for, and when he saw his Lordship he was much confused, and confessed that some of his friends were about to hold a marriage feast, and in order to get them beef and game he had feigned it was for his master and his guests. 'Your Grace,' said the Count, 'had better warn your servants that this must not happen again, or by the King's life they shall pay the penalty; and now I bid adieu to your Grace, for they wait me at home.' The Alcalde could hardly answer for shame, but so much did he and his wife, and a friar who was there, entreat his Lordship, that he was persuaded to stay and dine.

Though the position of his master had saved this steward from punishment, less fortunate was a Morisco, also the retainer of an

² Beyond the amount permitted at weddings by the Ordinances.

Alcalde, who was the next day detected selling cheese above the tariff. For, though the Alcalde himself hastened to the prison and tried to persuade the lieutenant of the guard to conceal the matter from the Count, and though the Morisco offered to pay fifty ducats to escape the flogging, the Count was both vigilant and obdurate, and the Alcalde 'went home annoyed,' while the Morisco 'was given his deserts through the streets.'

The doings of Puñoenrostro, and especially his campaign in favour of the tariff, created no little stir in Seville. The fearlessness and impartiality with which he administered the law, sparing neither rich nor poor, were alone enough to commend him to the favour of the ordinary citizen; but when we further remember that the end to which his policy was directed was to cheapen the food of the people, we can well believe that with the people themselves the Count became a hero. No popular hero in Spain, whether in those days or in ours, has ever lacked poets to celebrate his deeds in verse, or singers to sing these verses in that peculiar quavering chant which the Moors brought with them from the East, and have left behind, an undying echo, in the fair land they conquered but lost. The streets of Seville rang with songs in praise of Puñoenrostro. Ariño apparently thought more highly of these than he did of the sonnet of Cervantes, for he carefully preserves the names of their authors as well as the verses themselves in the pages of his diary; and, though it must be confessed that they are the most sorry and vulgar doggerel, they are not without interest as having served to interpret the popular sentiment of the day in much the same way as the leaders of a newspaper do in modern times.*

While the townspeople were literally engaged in singing the Count's praises, it may be imagined that the market folk did not join in the song. It was Puñoenrostro's fate, like every reformer, to make enemies as well as friends. His enemies were not confined to the market folk. Many of the hucksters were, as we have seen, retainers of wealthy citizens, who apparently shared in their profits. Moreover, the enforcing of a uniform tariff deprived wealth of one of its advantages over poverty, as the Cardinal had found when he sought to secure for himself the only fresh eggs in Seville. And so, while one party was openly celebrating the Count's successes in song,

* The following translation may give a rough idea of some of these verses, and is interesting for its allusion to the panic created in Seville by Essex's invasion of Cadiz:

'This Sheriff of ours,
By God's body I grow,
Makes all keep the tariff—
The high and the low.

'He makes us all equal,
For poor though we be,
We eat just as cheap
As a judge or grandee,

'So long may you live,
Noble Count! More afraid is
Our Seville of thee
Than of Essex is Cadiz.'

Thus did a poor gentleman
One Friday speak,
When he found how much less
Was his bill for the week.

another, smaller but more influential, was plotting how he could best be thwarted and defeated.

The opportunity soon arrived. Maria de la O, a seller of soap, for refusing to sell her wares at tariff price and insulting a magistrate, had, after some resistance, been arrested by order of the Count and condemned to two hundred stripes. Maria, however, advised by someone wiser and more influential than herself, appealed her case to the High Court (*Audiencia*). This body was intended mainly as a Court of Appeal, but the limits of its authority had never been clearly defined, and there existed between it and the City Council a jealousy which resulted in frequent and bitter strife. Accordingly, on the morning of Saturday, the 28th of June, when Maria de la O was about to be taken from prison and flogged through the town, two constables from the High Court appeared, ordered the culprit to be put back in prison, the doors to be locked, and the keys sent to the High Court. News of these events reached the Count during a meeting of the City Council, and 'he went off like a thunderbolt' to the prison, followed by all the councillors and justices. But the constables of the High Court, who had locked themselves inside, refused to open the doors. Nothing daunted, Puñocrostro ordered crowbars to be brought, and forced the prison.

Then the Count entered the prison and ordered the governors and the two constables of the High Court to be put in fetters. And they took Maria de la O and mounted her on an ass, stripped to the waist, and the procession was followed by the Count and all the councillors, marching three by three, and behind Maria many constables, and when they came to the Town-house the Count ordered this decree to be cried through the streets: 'This is the punishment which our Lord the King and the Count of Puñocrostro command to be executed on this seller of soap. She shall be given 200 stripes, and whoever does the like shall suffer the like.' His Lordship and the Council remained at the Town-house, but Gregorio de Madrid, the Constable of Justice, and the Executioner of the Rod, and four constables of the Council, accompanied Maria through the town, and there was no one in all Seville and Triana who didn't go to see Maria de la O. There was much shouting and no one had any good to say of her, but all thought the punishment was small compared to her deserts. Then his Lordship posted a decree in the Plaza de San Francisco that no man or woman should remain in the Plaza, or gather in groups, on penalty of 200 stripes. It was a sight to see the crowd scatter in fear, some here, some there; and scarcely had the decree been proclaimed when not a soul remained in the Plaza. There were many opinions in the town. Some said the Count had done well, others that he had done ill, for the High Court was above him. Some said it would cost the Judges of the High Court much money, others that it would cost much to the Count. With these things and others the town was in a terrible stir, for, go whither one would, nought was spoken of but these doings; and all the verses Juan Regata had made were now become stale, and next day—which was St. Peter's Day—there were sung new verses throughout the town.

The High Court did not submit tamely to its authority being thus flouted. All the city councillors who had authorised the forcing of

the prison, as well as the officers who had carried out their orders, and even the poets who had sung Puñoenrostro's praises, were arrested. The Count himself was condemned to a fine of five hundred ducats, and when he refused to pay it the bailiffs carried away his tapestry. He was also summoned before the High Court to give his deposition, but pleaded sickness and stayed at home.

Then, since the Count did not appear, some said he was ill, others that he had gone to Madrid, others that he had hidden from the High Court, others that he had resigned his commission. And all the market people plucked up courage and declared that they didn't care a fig for the Count, since the High Court would take their part. And they sold as it pleased them.

Meanwhile, as invariably happened in the constant quarrels of those rival authorities, advocates representing each had been sent to Madrid, where 'there was much parleying over the pleas of the City and the pleas of the High Court.' At last the royal decision came that the High Court should 'judge and not act,' and that it should liberate the councillors and others who had been arrested. This was regarded as a victory for the Count, and he again 'commenced to scald the market people.'

While it is noticeable that after this encounter with the High Court the Count was careful to submit his cases to that body for revision, he abated nothing of the energy of his campaign against illegal prices. Indeed, it is characteristic of him that he immediately turned his attention to a family called Gamarra, whose open defiance of the tariff had hitherto escaped justice only from their notoriously desperate character. How the old mother was arrested, how her sons rescued her from prison, how they hid for days while all Seville searched, how they were finally captured, the sons sent to the galleys and the mother flogged through the town—all these things are fully told in the pages of the diary. To us, who shudder at the barbarity of flogging an old woman through the streets, it affords some comfort to learn that, the morning after the Gamarra's punishment, the Count, on passing through the market-place, found his victim in her usual health behind her vegetable stall, surrounded by a jeering crowd, at whom she was hurling filthy water and still filthier language (which Ariño, as usual, chronicles with conscientious minuteness). 'It is a pity,' said the Count, 'that such a woman was not banished as well as flogged.'

With the punishment of the Gamarra the curtain falls on Puñoenrostro and his doings. We know that for several months more he continued in office, and doubtless persisted in his hopeless struggle with economic principles and human nature. But new events filled the public attention and the pages of Ariño's diary. Philip the Second had died, and Philip the Third succeeded him; and the

mourning for the one and rejoicing for the other afforded new themes to the poets and fresh gossip to the people of Seville.

But the reaction to which the muleteer in Cervantes' tale refers had already begun. The attempt to administer the law strictly and impartially in Seville was as short-lived as it was heroic. The departure of the Count from office was hailed with a sigh of relief. The beggars once more returned to their begging, the brigands to their robbing, and the market folk 'sold as it pleased them.'

J. W. CROMBIE.

HAVE WE AN ARMY?

THOSE who during years of peace venture to mention the word 'war,' or to suggest the possibility that this country may ever again be engaged in a serious war, vital to its national independence, are reviled as panic-mongers and alarmists, or upbraided and censured as dangerous firebrands. They are told not to mention the word 'war'; that the very mention of it is dangerous, and likely to bring on that which all peaceable citizens regard as an unmitigated evil, and many good men look upon as an absolute crime. They are told not to rattle their swords, and many other hush-a-by-baby devices are used to silence them, by those who seem to think they can arrest a thunder-storm or an earthquake by shutting their eyes and hiding their heads under the bedclothes. To Ségur, I believe, is attributed the aphorism that 'Peace is the dream of the wise, but war is the history of mankind.'

If the wise, however, forget that peace is the dream and war the fact, their wisdom becomes but folly.

When nations grow rich and prosperous, and to a certain extent luxurious, they naturally wish for a prolonged era of universal peace, in order that they may enjoy their prosperity and amuse themselves; forgetful that it is the warlike races which inherit the earth. The idea that peace can be obtained by wishing for it, by singing its praises, and by being unprepared for war, is one of those extraordinary delusions which no amount of historical experience seems to be capable of killing. Each generation in its turn appears to be firmly convinced that it has been specially selected by Providence to inaugurate an era of universal peace, when wars shall cease in all the earth; and each in its turn lives to realise that it is *not* the one so selected, but that this honour has been reserved for a future generation, yet unborn; and those nations which found themselves unprepared for war, under the assumption that there was not going to be any more war, have lived to repent in sackcloth and ashes that they had ignored the teaching of history, while pursuing that *ignis-fatuus*, the 'dream' of the wise. •

No truer words were ever spoken, no wiser warning ever given to a nation, than that contained in the well-known motto of our naval

gunnery school—*Si vis pacem paru bellum* (If you wish for peace prepare for war).

But are we prepared for war, as a nation, as an Empire? Do we make the most of our potential strength? And is the manhood of the country prepared and ready to come forward as the Japanese have done, discarding all selfish and private interests, to fight for the existence and independence of the nation?

'Oh,' says one of our hush-a-by-baby friends, 'don't make a noise. Nobody threatens the Empire, and if he did, the navy is strong enough to defend us. We pay our taxes, and that is enough. Let us go on making money and enjoying it. We don't want to fight; we pay others to do that.'

Vain delusion. The navy can only keep open the communications of the Empire. The sea itself produces nothing but fish, and salt. The navy is not organised for fighting on shore, although it does take a hand occasionally, when it gets a chance. But a great Empire cannot be defended without an army; and it is scarcely possible that we should survive another mutilation such as we suffered 130 years ago. The conditions are totally different, and there are too many jealous rivals now waiting to take advantage of any difficulty they may find us in, to make a grab for some of our much-envied inheritance.

The vital question for the nation, and one which demands an immediate answer (for even our optimistic Prime Minister will not guarantee us beyond the day after to-morrow), is whether we have an army. That is to say, an army which can in any sense be measured by the standard of the armies of the other great Powers. And further, whether it is at all probable—or even possible—that we ever shall have such an army under our present system of organising our potential strength.

That experienced soldier Lord Roberts writes :

I am satisfied that unless some system of obligatory physical training and instruction in rifle shooting be enforced in all schools and colleges, and amongst the youth of the country generally, up to the age of eighteen years, we shall be compelled to resort to conscription in some form or another. For in no other way would it be possible for the very large reserve of men required in the event of a serious war to be provided, so far trained as to warrant their taking their places in the ranks against a civilised enemy, without what might prove a fatal delay of months in preliminary drill and training in the use of the rifle.

These are weighty words, spoken by a man who knows what he is talking about. And then as a sequel to this we see Lord Roberts going round hat in hand, as if for a charity, begging for a paltry 100,000*l.* to start village rifle clubs, just to make a beginning. Imploring his blind countrymen to 'generously' give an infinitesimal portion of their vast wealth for the purpose of insuring the safety of the

remainder. And we have yet to see if they will respond to this appeal to their 'generosity.'

Without being myself a soldier I believe my military friends when they tell me that the infantry constitutes the backbone of armies; and although in the above remarks of Lord Roberts he is speaking of 'reserves,' it will no doubt be admitted that reserves imply something effective to start with.

Let us see then how we stand with regard to the British infantry at present. I cull the following from the *Times*:

A military observer present at the station church, Colchester, last Sunday, during Church parade, could not have failed to be impressed by a comparison of the physique of the various units attending the parade. The units comprised Royal Engineers, 16th Lancers, Leicestershire and Dorset regiments, and a regiment of London Yeomanry. The Engineers and Yeomanry were fine, well-set-up men, the 16th Lancers a passable stamp of cavalry men, but the British infantry were of no better age and physique than the senior company in a school cadet corps. They were not men, and were not of the type and condition that ever will grow into men.

And this correspondent proceeds:

The physique of the line battalions at the recent Aldershot review was the only blot upon an otherwise excellent turn-out. It is doubtful if more than 50 per cent. of the line infantry present on Laffan's Plain could have endured the parade if they had been in full marching order. Yet of what value would an infantry man be in war against Continental troops if he could not stand half a day with 60 lb. on his back?

What indeed?

The *only* blot! And is it not a big enough one to frighten the country into wiping it out without delay, and before it is too late? We seem to have already forgotten the lessons of the Boer war, and the consequences of sending untrained men into the field, even against straight-shooting farmers.

It is no use abusing the War Office for failing to provide the country with an army. Not even Mr. Arnold-Forster can make bricks without straw, nor can he make an army without men. It has already been proved up to the hilt that under our present system we cannot get 'men' for the army; only physical weaklings who are not strong enough to take a job at anything else.

Nor is it any use abusing Parliament for taking no steps to provide the Empire with an army capable of defending its possessions. Parliament is, and always will be, just what the country chooses to make it.

Parliament will do nothing until it receives what it is pleased to call a 'mandate' from the people. It is far too busy with its party tactics for either party to take any step, or propose any law, which is not likely to gain votes.

No; the first step must be taken by the people themselves, when

they have realised the danger run by a great and rich unarmed nation surrounded by jealous and well-armed rivals. A nation which appears to have lost some, at least, of those warlike qualities which made it great, rich, and prosperous, and enabled it to add to its own very limited area vast possessions beyond the seas, many of which were won by the sword, and will certainly have to be defended with the sword.

It will perhaps be asked if I propose conscription. No. I do not propose conscription. Certainly not conscription as the word is understood on the Continent of Europe. But what I do propose is the immediate adoption of the programme of the National Service League, and that our national education laws should be so framed that every able-bodied youth should be taught that which will enable him to defend his country, as being of at least as much consequence to the nation as teaching him reading, writing, and arithmetic.

The silly talk about not interfering with the sacred liberty of free-born Englishmen is too ridiculous for anything but purely party claptrap, when no better cry is available at the moment.

We interfere with the liberty of the subject now, and force him to receive education, whether he likes it or not; and we make the well-to-do pay for it, whether *they* like it or not.

Does it not seem absolutely illogical that we should entirely neglect the most important part of the education of the young males of a free people, wishing to remain free? That of teaching them to be ready to defend themselves and the women dependent upon them.

It can only be that the danger of such a state of affairs is not realised by the great body of the electors, those who make and unmake governments.

They will not believe men like Lord Roberts, and others, whose only object is to make timely provision for the safety of the country, and to avoid a terrible calamity from which it is impossible it could recover. They will not believe their own eyes when they see children in uniform masquerading as soldiers on Laffan's Plain for half a day without their knapsacks. They say, 'Oh, our navy is invincible. That is all we want. We don't want an army.' We love peace, and we are not going to prepare for war, for fear we might bring it on. We are not going to have any form of compulsory service or training in the use of dangerous weapons. We are a commercial people, and militarism in any shape or form is an abomination unto us.' Indeed there are some *very* good people who think it is wicked to teach the hands of our young men to war and their fingers to fight.

Perhaps we *are* a commercial nation. But what says history about the fate of all the great commercial nations which had gradually lost their warlike qualities, and were content to pay others to fight for them, instead of being ready and prepared to fight with the best manhood of the nation and the weapons of the day? They all

went down. And are we so vain as to imagine we can reverse all history in our own special case and continue to enjoy our riches and our vast possessions without being ready to fight for them ?

Rudyard Kipling's scathing sarcasm about 'the flannelled fool at the wicket and the muddled oaf at the goal' was considered by some people to be too severe on our two great national amusements. Yet we have quite lately seen in the Press a correspondence between Lord Meath and the head-master of one of our great public schools, whereby it is clearly shown that cricket is considered to be of more consequence than the annual review of the cadet corps. Teach the youth of the country that their amusements are of more importance than any duty they owe to the State, and they will not be likely to forget it in after life.

Amongst the armaments of the Empire our volunteers are considered to be an asset of some military value to the nation, and it may be granted that they are so ; but when people point to them as an argument against any form of compulsory military training, it appears to me that the argument is all the other way. Why in the name of common sense because one young man in ten (and I know I am well within the mark) has sufficient patriotism and sense of public duty to give up some of his time to preparing himself to defend his country, should the other nine be allowed to shirk this manifest duty, hide behind the one as best they can, and say that they have not time, and that it is not their business ?

Not their business !

Whose business is it then to defend their precious skins, and their money bags, and the women and children belonging to them ?

If the women of England could only be got to see and to realise the absolute necessity which has now arisen for universal national training, they would very soon teach the men their business ; and they can do it without being endowed with the franchise. They have a franchise of their own which they can use very effectively. All that is wanted is the will—the will to see that their sons prepare themselves to play a man's part, without skulking or shirking, or any excuse except mental or physical inability. Rich and poor alike. In fact, the rich even more than the poor ; for there might be some reason for letting off the only son of a widow, her sole support ; but there must be no buying off. The son of the millionaire must be taught to defend his country in his own proper person, just as much as the son of the day labourer. No paid substitutes, on the score of 'haven't got the time,' or 'want to make money,' or 'want to play cricket.'

As a matter of fact, I do not believe that there would be any very extensive attempts at shirking if compulsory military training were added as a sequel to our present education laws. The very disgrace, the social obloquy (if the women chose to make it so) of trying to

shirk a man's duty would surely prevent it in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Our young men cannot be so very differently constituted from the young men of other nations, who think it no disgrace, but rather an honour, to prepare themselves to play a man's part.

What would happen to a young Jap who refused to go out and be trained? I think I know, for I have been in Japan. He would be beaten out of the house by the women with their wooden clogs, and would have a very bad time of it; but really the situation is inconceivable in Japan.

In conclusion, I should like to remind my readers of what took place in England about fifty years ago, when the Great Exhibition of 1851 was popularly supposed to have inaugurated a long, if not perpetual, era of universal peace; whereas it was quickly followed by a whole series of as bloody wars as have ever been recorded in the pages of history, and that generation had to learn that *they* were not the one selected by Providence to start the millennium.

This is what Kinglake says about it in his introduction to *The Invasion of the Crimea*:

All England had been brought to the opinion that it was a wickedness to incur war without necessity or justice; but when the leading spirits of the peace party had the happiness of beholding this result, they were far from stopping short. They went on to make light of the very principles by which peace is best maintained, and although they were conscientious men, meaning to say and do that which was right, yet, being unacquainted with the causes which bring about the fall of empires, they deliberately inculcated that habit of setting comfort against honour which historians call 'corruption.' They made it plain, as they imagined, that no war which was not engaged in for the actual defence of the country could ever be right: but even then they took no rest, for they went on and on, and still on, until their foremost thinkers reached the conclusion that, in the event of an attack upon our shores, the invaders ought to be received with such an effusion of hospitality and brotherly love as could not fail to disarm them of their enmity, and convert the once dangerous invader into the valued friend of the family.

And Kinglake goes on to say that the supporters of this doctrine further argued that the invaders

would be so shamed by the kindness shown to their troops that they would never rest until they had paid us a large pecuniary indemnity for any losses or inconveniences which the invasion may have caused. . . . But the doctrine struck no root; it was ill-suited to the race to whom it was addressed. The man cheered it and forgot it until there came a time for testing it, and then discarded it; and the woman from the very first, with her true and simple instinct, was quick to understand its value. She would subscribe—if her husband wished it—to have the doctrine taught to charity children, but she would not suffer it to be taught to her own boy.

Perhaps the women of England may think it worth while to bring once more into operation their 'true and simple instinct,' and while

bearing well in mind the truth of that motto which I have already quoted—*Si vis pacem para bellum*—they will impress upon their sons the necessity for a wider extension of the application of the famous signal made by Nelson to his sailors a hundred years ago ; and teach them that England expects *every* man to do his duty, and that it is dishonourable and unmanly to shirk that duty.

C. C. PENROSE FITZGERALD (*Admiral*).

CORNEWALL'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

One tomb alone my ravish'd view excites;
And fires my rage, and as it fires delights . . .
O Cornewall! at thy name my bosom fires,
Thy name to ev'ry Briton ever dear,
Immortal vengeance 'gainst thy foes inspires,
Thy fate at once I envy and revere!
Who would not die like thee in glory's prime!
And die applauded by the mouths of endless time!

Westminster Abbey. W. RIDER, 1755.

THERE is so much said and written at the present moment about this monument in Westminster Abbey, that some of us may be tempted to seek it out as we wander there, the living among the dead. It stands just within the west door, and is partly formed of red-veined Sicilian marble—a heavy pyramidical structure, designed and erected by Sir Robert Taylor. It displays a large standing figure of Britannia, in the character of Pallas, attended by her lion, and another of Fame under a palm-tree and laurel. The figures are poised on rocks adorned with anchors, flags, and cannon, and these surround an admirable *bas-relief* of a naval engagement. Above is a coat of arms—a lion rampant in a bordure bezanty—and a medallion representing the head of a man crowned with laurel. But if we look to the inscription below to learn his lineage and valiant deeds, we may be doomed to disappointment, for all that is written is in Latin, and it is not given to everyone to have leisure nowadays to master a dead language.

Those of us who are of a heraldic turn of mind will recognise the coat of arms as that of the family of Cornewall, and the hero commemorated here is James Cornewall, son of Henry Cornewall, of Bradwardine Castle and Moccas, co. Hereford. This Henry Cornewall, strangely enough, lies in the Abbey instead of with his forebears in Herefordshire; he was buried in the south aisle in 1716, having been Colonel of the 9th Regiment of Foot, and Master of the Horse

to the Princess of Orange. James was his third son by Susanna, daughter of Sir John Williams; he was born in 1698, and in due course followed the family tradition of entering Parliament, and was elected member for Weobley. According, too, to family tradition, he must enter either navy or army—or even *both*! For the services were less distinct then than now, and his elder cousin, Wolfran Cornwall, a distinguished naval captain, had been rewarded by William the Third for his revolutionary zeal by a troop in the Blues.

The presiding genius of the Navy was well awake to her interest when she enrolled James Cornwall as her son. For in him lay fire and inspiration, and a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty that was almost unknown to the half-hearted fleet of the day. Hawke and Anson seized this spirit, and exemplified it through their glorious lives, but Cornwall taught it also through his glorious death.

He must have entered the service about the time of the treaty of Utrecht, when a long period of peace ensued under Walpole. But before the outbreak of the Spanish war, proclaimed in 1739, naval preparations had been made on a considerable scale. Colomb writes :

Two squadrons with designs of territorial attack were ordered to be got ready, the one under Captain Anson and the other under Captain Cornwall. The original intention was that Anson's squadron was to proceed round the Cape of Good Hope, while Cornwall's was to pass round Cape Horn. Cornwall was then to attack the Pacific side of the Isthmus of Darien, while Admiral Vernon was to attack the eastern side. Afterwards Anson's and Cornwall's squadrons were to rendezvous at the Philippines for operations there. Ultimately the idea of Cornwall's squadron was laid aside, and Anson took his place, prosecuting his celebrated voyage.

In 1743 the affairs of Maria Theresa absorbed the whole of Europe, and much was expected from the English fleet in the Mediterranean under the command of Admiral Matthews; it consisted of twenty-eight ships of the line, ten frigates, and two fire-ships, all moored in the Bay of Hyères. The fleets of the joint enemy, France and Spain, mustered twenty-eight sail of the line and six frigates, and were ignominiously blocked in the harbour of Toulon. The French and Spanish courts, no longer able to bear such disgrace, sent positive orders for them to proceed to sea, and, as Campbell says :

On the 8th of February they were perceived to be under sail, the French admiral, de Court, having hoisted his flag on board the *Terrible*. Admiral Matthews immediately made a signal for unmooring, and the British fleet got under way on the 9th. During this and the following day these two fleets continued manœuvring in sight of each other, apparently endeavouring to gain the advantage of situation. . . . On the 11th, at break of day, the two fleets were at a greater distance than on the preceding day, and Admiral Matthews

had the mortification to find Admiral Lestock's division considerably astern. He now imagined that de Court's intention was to draw him towards the Straits, in expectation of a reinforcement from Brest. He therefore determined to engage the enemy as soon as possible, notwithstanding the irregularity of his line, his van and rear being at too great a distance from the centre. Accordingly, at half-past eleven, Admiral Matthews made the signal to engage, which signal Lestock did not repeat. Indeed he was, at this time, so far astern that he had no enemy to engage.

It is needless for us to dwell on the disagreement between the two admirals, but the feeling of Matthews' partisans is shown by the skit that greeted Lestock's return to England :

ON CORNEWALL AND L——.

Spare the fond Sigh! Let Britons' tears be shed
For Dastards living, not for Heroes dead.

Matthews and Rowley gallantly led the attack, and Hawke followed, but few—very few—of the other captains. Cornwall, however, supported his commander as long as life lasted. In his *Marlborough* of ninety guns he bore down upon the Spanish admiral in the *Real*, a first-rate of 114 guns. She was disabled and finally burnt; but not until she and her two seconds had raked the *Marlborough* fore and aft for many hours with deadly chain shot, and had deprived Cornwall of both legs at once. Absolutely regardless of his agony he remained on the quarter-deck and fought his ship till he died, exhibiting, as Smollett says, 'remarkable proof of courage and intrepidity.' He was killed by the fall of a mast, which in his helpless condition it was impossible to evade. He was in his forty-sixth year.

Nightfall ended the action, one of the most miserable the English ever fought; and when they had leisure to lament their wasted opportunity of dealing a vital blow to the naval power of both France and Spain, then too they had leisure to lament the loss of a hero deeply loved and respected. A brother-officer called him 'the idol of the navy,' and the *Gentleman's Magazine* had lines, panegyric but pedantic, after the fashion of the day :

TO THE HONOUR OF CAPTAIN CORNEWALL, OF THE 'MARLBOROUGH.'

Tho' to no name the partial Victory rose
When fought brave Matthews, and when fled the foes:
Yet, Cornwall, stands that day a lasting Date,
Stamp'd by thy Deed, and founded on thy Fate . . .
Thither thou cam'st at Honour's sacred Call,
Thou cam'st at once to conquer and to fall,
To die a victim to the British name,
To die the Hero's Death and live to fame.
Above the rest, brave Cornwall, shines thy Part,
Strikes every Eye, and gains on every Heart.

And, again, a more tenderly worded poem, as from one who knew him personally:

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN CORNEWALL, COMMANDER OF THE 'MARLBOROUGH.'

His *life* was honest, candid, fair and wise,
 Humane tho' brave,—and good without disguise!
 In *death* lamented, as belov'd by all
 Who knew his virtues or beheld his fall.

These outbursts of enthusiasm for Cornewall were no conventional praise of the dead. To grasp how real they were, and how much Cornewall's heroic conduct meant to the disgraced service and the exasperated country, we have but to recall what followed the action. Out of twenty-six captains engaged, twelve, besides the two admirals, were tried by court martial. Of these, three were acquitted, one died, one fled from justice, two were dismissed their ships, and no fewer than five were cashiered, Matthews himself sharing the same fate. If ever a great example was needed it was then, and even in the action it had been felt.

A cousin of Captain Cornewall's, Frederick Cornewall, of Diddlebury (father of the Bishop of Worcester), was first-lieutenant on board the *Marlborough* when the hero died. He took the command, losing his arm during the action, and subsequently Matthews announced his intention to give him the command of a frigate. But he remarked that 'he had fought the *Marlborough* after his relation's death as she ought to be fought, and that he thought he ought to be promoted to the command of her.' His wish was fulfilled; and eighteen years later he was given the command of the *Cornwall*, which a contemporary in 1761 described as 'a fine new ship of seventy-four guns, launched at Deptford, and named the *Cornwall* in honour of that brave commander who was killed last war in the Mediterranean. The stern is the figure of a hero with his sword drawn.'

If we are not misinformed, this is a unique case of a ship of the line being named after a post-captain—a unique honour, in fact. The slight discrepancy in the spelling of the name is immaterial, as the family documents use either form, and it still continues, as a new *Cornwall* was launched a few years ago.

All honour to the navy who thus never forgets her sons! All honour, too, to the Parliament that unanimously voted the monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. The following lines, from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of September 1744, suggest that the nation was looking for some such recognition of its favourite's merit:

If Greece and Rome, for fame of old renown'd,
 With deathless palms tho' happy Victor crown'd,
 Or when the hero for his country bled,
 With lasting statues grac'd his honour'd shade,
 What mark shall show Britannia's fond regret,
 Lamented Cornewall! for thy mournful fate?
 What honours shall she pay, what statues raise?
 Or must the poet only give thee praise?

Praise, indeed, was forthcoming, for the epitaph, anglicised, describes him as one who

Deriving a truly heroic soul
From the ancient family of the Plantagenets,
Became a most able and expert sea-commander,
Honoured with the united tears and applauses of a British people.
For, while he was defending his country's cause
In that naval engagement near 'Toulon,
A chain shot having cut off both his thighs,
He fell unconquered,
Bequeathing in his last agonies to his fellow-soldiers
His native military ardour.

The monument is noteworthy as being the first ever voted in commemoration of naval heroism, and no doubt Nelson had it in mind when foretelling 'a Peerage or Westminster Abbey.' Our modern taste may prefer a more simple style of sculpture; but we must remember the country gave the best it knew, and gave, too, from love and gratitude. A poem published in *Poetical Essays*, in 1755, is worth preserving for its appreciation of Cornwall's patriotism. It represents his spirit as visiting the monument erected to his memory, and rousing his countrymen to fresh endeavour; and as we lay our little tribute of laurel at his shrine, we, too, are proud to be British, and to share in his patriotism.

CORNEWALL'S GHOST.

Θῦμα φῆρ περὶ τῆσδε μαχόμεθα
καὶ περὶ παίδων θνήσκομεν.

LOWTH'S *Prael. Acad.*

From scenes of bliss—Elysian fields,
Where Drake and Raleigh rove—
The ghost of Cornwall took his flight
And sought the realms above.

In that fam'd place where heroes sleep
And saints and sages lie,
He saw the marble columns rise,
And thus express'd his joy:

'Such honours patriot kings erect,
And senates have decreed,
For those who bravely meet their fate,
And for their country bleed.

'When Britain calls, and virtue fires,
There's ecstasy in death;
Who would not bleed in every vein,
And die at every breath?

'Who'd wish an ignominious life,
And, for a moment's pain,
Give country, conscience, honour up,
And still that life sustain?

'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'

'The slaughter'd ghosts at Fontenoy
Mourn that inglorious day;
When English honour droop'd her head,
To France and Spain a prey.
'But soft! I hear war's loud alarm,
And the brave sailors' cries;
Once more I see the flag display'd,
And Britain's genius rise.
'Now, now, intrepid sons of war,
Regain the honour lost;
Now dart your thunder to the foe—
Revenge my slaughter'd ghost.
'Britons, strike home! *Cornwall* commands
To fame, to conquest fly.'
'Brave ghost,' the navy all replied,
We'll conquer, or we'll die!'

ISABEL J. CORNWALL.

*THE ROYAL COMMISSION
ON ECCLESIASTICAL DISCIPLINE*

It may seem premature, if not impertinent, to write of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline when the members have not yet met to consider their Report. He must be an unusually reckless controversialist who will criticise a document which is not in existence. By the end of the year, probably, we shall know what the long labour of the Commissioners has really brought forth. We shall be in possession of their views on the extent and character of the evils into which they were directed to inquire, and on the remedies which in their judgment should, or may, be applied to them. Then will be the proper time for such an article as the present. Let us know what the Commissioners recommend before you ask us either to praise or to blame them for recommending it.

If I proposed to deal in any way with the possible contents of the Report I should be justly open to this censure. But I have no such intention. The observations I am permitted to offer will have very little to do with anything that the Commissioners may say or leave unsaid. I shall concern myself wholly with the situation which has led to the appointment of the Commission. As I read that situation it does not admit of either judicial or legislative treatment—unless, indeed, those with whom the application of that treatment would rest are prepared for graver risks than I think they will care to incur. It will not be surprising if some at least of the Commissioners are found to have already arrived at a conclusion closely resembling this, and even those who have not yet reached this point will probably do so when they come to analyse the various proposals which they have had made to them or have themselves put forward. I doubt whether there is a single Commissioner who has not by this time a far stronger sense of the obstacles which stand in the way of any action whatever than he had at the first meeting. Possibly to bring first the Commissioners and then the public at large to this state of mind was one of Mr. Balfour's objects in consenting to the inquiry. The House of Commons is curiously subject to fits of Ecclesiastical panic, and though it is now some seven years since the last acute attack, Mr. Balfour is not likely to have forgotten the

alarm it gave him or the inconvenient pledges which that alarm drew from him. The necessity of waiting for the Report could always be pleaded while the Commission was sitting, and at the time of its appointment the Prime Minister can hardly have expected to be in office when its work was done. Till then, at all events, Lancashire would remain quiet. Party leaders are too much disposed to propitiate their tails by expedients of this kind. They do not, I think, take enough account of the support which a little display of independence will sometimes bring to their side. In the present instance, moreover, the appointment of a Royal Commission was less distasteful than it generally is to the advocates of immediate action. They could go on piling up evidence of the need of drastic legislation in the hope that their case would be all the stronger for the delay. As things have turned out, indeed, it seems quite possible that Mr. Balfour will still be in office when the Report is presented. But the Commission will none the less have served its original purpose. The Cabinet must have ample time to consider the proposals submitted to them, and that time is not likely to be found in the closing months or weeks of a Parliament awaiting dissolution.

Nor is the Report likely to come in for any more attention at the hands of the next Cabinet. In dealing with Ecclesiastical questions a Liberal Government labours under a disadvantage from which Conservative Governments are free. The Liberal Party is permanently divided on the question whether the Established Church ought to be mended or ended. Probably the majority of Liberals dislike Ritualism, and are of opinion that, so long as the Church is established, they have a right to express that dislike in legislation. But to legislate for the Church is to give fresh recognition to its position as an Establishment, and this is what a large section of the party are not disposed to do. Consequently to attempt such legislation would be to introduce a fresh occasion of division into the Liberal camp, and this on a matter which excites a great deal of feeling. I do not see what gain a Minister could possibly expect from such a policy, especially as a good number of Ritualists are Liberals in politics, and to single them out for hostile legislation would be to quarrel with the one section of Churchmen in which the party can count upon finding friends. On the whole, therefore, we may put aside the notion that a Liberal Government will make the Report of the Commission the foundation of a Bill. The time when the larger question of Disestablishment will be seriously approached may be near or distant, but I doubt whether any Liberal statesman will care to identify himself in the interval with the reform of the Established Church, when to do so is to identify himself with its maintenance. The contingency of the return of the present Government to power after the Dissolution is too remote to need consideration here.

It may be objected that I have been denying what no one has

ever asserted. It is not necessary, it may be said, that Ecclesiastical legislation should formally be taken in hand by one or other political party. On the contrary, it is much to be desired that such legislation should not be the exclusive work of either Conservatives or Liberals. A Bill to restore discipline in the Church of England need not be—indeed, ought not to be—a Government measure. Ministers must be friendly to it, of course, or the time wanted for its discussion cannot be secured. But they need only be friendly in the sense that they are ready to stand aside and allow Churchmen on both sides of the House to introduce certain indispensable reforms in the management of an institution in which they are keenly interested. The course which a measure of this kind would naturally follow would be something like this : The Archbishops would submit certain proposals to the Bishops in private conference. If the Bishops were greatly divided in opinion nothing more would be heard of them. But supposing that something like a unanimous acceptance of them could be obtained, they would be laid before the two Convocations either at once or after a preliminary discussion of them in the new Representative Council. In the event of the proposals passing this ordeal without material change, or of the Bishops accepting the changes made in them, the Archbishop of Canterbury would undertake the preparation of a Bill and its presentation in the House of Lords. If it survived the Second Reading debate and the subsequent consideration in Committee, it would go down to the Commons in the hope that it would meet with as friendly a reception as was accorded to the Scottish Churches Bill last Session—the contention of the promoters being that even an Established Church ought to be at liberty to make improvements desired by all parties and involving no question of principle. If this modest claim were admitted, a useful reform might be effected without delay and almost without criticism. Statutory effect would thus be given to such of the recommendations of the Royal Commission as had met with general acceptance, and peace and unity would be restored to the Church of England.

It may seem ungracious to disturb the pleasing vision which these words will have called up in some minds. But I have never heard that it is safer for Churchmen to live in a fool's paradise than it is for other people, and I propose for this reason to carry the inquiry a little further. I am very far from saying that the legislative future I have described is incapable of realisation. But I do say that in order to its realisation two conditions are indispensable. The provisions of a Bill to enforce Ecclesiastical discipline must be recommended by a united Church to a friendly Parliament. Before we can determine what is likely to follow upon the Report of the Royal Commission we must ascertain how far these two conditions are likely to be satisfied.

I do not think that the Report, and still more the evidence, can

fail to cause a good deal of excitement. Whatever estimate the Commissioners may form of the variations of ceremonial they have been investigating—whether they regard them as not inconsistent with substantial unity of belief, and for this reason unimportant, or see in them evidence of differences of doctrine greater than can be allowed to exist side by side in the same Church, and so making an urgent demand on the attention of Parliament—they will certainly not say that the variations in question do not exist. Hitherto, the public have hardly known what to believe on this point. They have read accounts of ‘extreme’ services in the newspapers, but for the most part these accounts have been furnished by men who are wholly ignorant of ritual, and are therefore almost certain, however honest they may be in intention, to give a wrong description of what they see. In almost every case, therefore, the clergy concerned have been able to say that the account as it stands is inaccurate, and the public, finding that all they have read is not true, have been left in doubt how far any of it is true. When the evidence taken by the Commission is published, this uncertainty will be at an end. The facts will all be known, because they will all have been sifted. We shall learn what has been denied and what admitted, and we shall know what in the opinion of the Commission is the net result. It is quite possible that this enlightening process may—unless it coincides with something equally interesting in secular affairs—have a very startling effect. A great many people will realise for the first time that the Anglican Communion Service admits of being rendered, and in a large number of churches is actually rendered, in a way which, to careless or unskilled observers, seems indistinguishable from the Roman Mass. They will probably read that this fact has been brought home to the Commission to an extent which even the Episcopal members had not realised in advance. And they will be triumphantly reminded by the various Protestant organisations that, if they had only been listened to, all this might have been suppressed years ago. I cannot doubt that this revelation, coming as it will upon a public which for some time past has put these matters on one side, will generate a strong desire to do something. If Mr. Balfour were in office, and had time at his disposal, it would probably lead to some attempt on the part of the Government to devise an impossible compromise. With a Liberal Government in power it is more likely to lead to the introduction by a private member of some variant of the Liverpool Bill. If the Commissioners should have reported in this sense, it will be a measure founded more or less on their recommendations. If they should have said, in effect, that there is really nothing to be done, the fact will be held to show that the field is open to reformers of a more vigorous type.

We have first, then, to inquire what are the chances in favour of such a moderate and generally acceptable measure as I have imagined

being introduced by Churchmen of all parties. We saw that two things would be wanted to ensure its success—a united Church and a friendly Parliament. That the first of these conditions is absent is shown by the very appointment of the Commission. Were there a general agreement among Churchmen that Ritualism and Ritualists ought to be put down, the good sense of all parties in the Church would, before this, have discovered a way out of the difficulty. It might not have been possible to root out the mischief, but at any rate it would not have gone on growing. A few clergymen might still have worn unusual vestments, and lighted unnecessary candles, but they would have been regarded as harmless eccentrics—a cause of annoyance, no doubt, in their own parishes, but of no importance to the Church at large. Or—supposing them to outstep the limits of contemptuous tolerance—the law would have been put in force and these exceptional parishes brought back to the wholesome level of their neighbours. Instead of this happy state of things, we see in the existence of the Royal Commission a confession that the good sense and good feeling of Churchmen have alike proved unequal to the task which has devolved on them. They have not got the Church of England out of the dilemma in which the gradual development of a particular type of doctrine and ceremonial has placed her. In other words, the Church is not united either in belief or in practice.

This fact is often disguised in one of two ways. Sometimes it is regarded as true but unimportant. There are varieties of opinion, no doubt, in the Church of England, but they do not relate to essentials. Upon all fundamental points Churchmen think and act alike; where they part company is in the modes in which they express this underlying agreement. In the misleading phrase of the day they belong to different 'schools of thought.' I call this a misleading phrase because it divorces the term from its natural and proper use, and remarries it to a use with which it has nothing in common. There always have been, and there always will be, different ways of conceiving and presenting the same truths, and in speaking of these the term 'schools of thought' is quite in place. But it is altogether inappropriate when applied to the presentation of contradictions. The controversies as to the mode of Christ's presence in the Eucharistic Elements, or as to the precise place of private confession in the Christian life, are examples of its correct application. The controversies as to the fact of Christ's presence in the Eucharistic Elements, or as to the necessity of confession to a priest in certain circumstances, are examples of its misuse. As regards these last, all sections of Churchmen do not think alike, and so the unity which ought to underlie the difference between schools of thought is wanting.

The other way in which the extent of the present differences is sometimes concealed is by the invention of an imaginary party—the 'Historic High Church Party.' There is no real quarrel, we are told,

between High Churchmen and Low Churchmen. Both have, and have had ever since the Reformation, their rightful place in the Church of England. At first sight this view seems to make for toleration. If both parties have their rightful place, there can be no need for one to disturb the other. But in that case what is the meaning of the Commission? It is only intelligible on the assumption that High Churchmen are doing things which must be stopped, even at the cost of getting rid of those who do them. The answer given is, that the offenders have no title to the name by which they call themselves. They do not belong to the 'Historic High Church Party.' They are outsiders who have no proper place in the Church of England. The characteristic of this 'Historic High Church Party' is that it lives in a movable past. To-day it associates itself with Pusey and Keble. When Pusey and Keble were alive it associated itself with Norris of Hackney and Joshua Watson. In their generation it had to retreat farther still—say to Waterland. Indeed, had they but thought of it, I have little doubt that the Puritans of Laud's day would have justified their opposition to his changes by an appeal to the 'Historic High Church Party' of the first years of Elizabeth. As has been well said, this is the modern fashion of building the sepulchres of the prophets. Unfortunately for this theory, parties are what they are, not what they were a generation ago. I do not mean, of course, that there are not wide differences of opinion and conviction among High Churchmen themselves—differences that might go far to break up the party if it were not for the wholesome pressure exercised on them by their opponents. But under the influence of that pressure they do manage, and I hope always will manage, to make common cause whenever any of them are attacked. This is the meaning of the lamentations we sometimes hear over the unwillingness of 'moderate' High Churchmen to dissociate themselves from 'extreme' High Churchmen. The 'moderate' High Churchmen have hitherto had the wisdom to see that to allow their 'extreme' brethren to be harried out of the Church of England would be to make themselves the objects of the next attack. They would in turn be summoned to go back to an earlier type of 'historic' High Churchmanship, and be turned out as extremists if they refused.

In this position of parties in the Church the evolution of a Bill to restore Ecclesiastical Discipline would meet with obstacles at every point. On the possible difficulty of bringing even the two Archbishops into perfect agreement I will not speculate. But assuming this to be surmounted, there would certainly be a divergence of opinion among the Bishops on the merits of the scheme proposed to them. They might be very unequally divided, but they would be divided. The scheme would not go down to the Lower Houses of Convocation bearing the *imprimatur* of a unanimous Episcopate.

Even if it did bear that *imprimatur* its acceptance by those Houses would be far from being assured. The proceedings of Convocation are a striking example of the advantages of free deliberation. No one knowing only the composition of the Lower Houses would expect to meet with the independence which they constantly show. The official element is very strong in them; the representation of the beneficed clergy is very inadequate; the unbeneficed clergy are not represented at all. But the submission to Episcopal direction which such materials as these might be thought to promise is seldom or never found. The Lower Houses of Convocation have minds of their own, and are not slow to give them expression. It is conceivable, no doubt, that they would give a Disciplinary Bill exceptional treatment. But short of this astonishing departure from their customary methods, I should expect to see the Archiepiscopal proposals subjected to so much alteration and to so many postponements that they would either be withdrawn by their authors, or be taken out of their hands by some impatient layman and submitted to Parliament with an ostentatious absence of Ecclesiastical sanction. Even if the Lower Houses of Convocation should in this instance show an unprecedented amount of deference to the Episcopate, this advantage would be secured at the cost of an appreciable weakening of their claim to represent the Church of England. The High Church clergy are not likely to court their own extinction. And if they deny, as in this case they certainly would deny, that their real wishes were expressed in the votes of their proctors, there is no means of arriving at the truth. The Convocations cannot be dissolved, and any member of Parliament introducing a Bill to give effect to their proposals would do so in complete uncertainty how much clerical opposition he would have to reckon on.

Supposing, however, that all these speculations come to nothing—that the Bishops give a united support to the Archbishops, that the clergy in their Convocations accept the Episcopal proposals without any serious amendment, and that High Churchmen generally feel it useless to offer any opposition to their being presented to Parliament as the demand of a united Church—what reception is the measure founded on them likely to meet with in the House of Commons?

A Bill to restore Ecclesiastical Discipline must take one of two forms. It must either strengthen the authority of the Bishops in their *forum domesticum*; or it must make procedure in the Ecclesiastical Courts more rapid and certain. There have been examples of both forms in quite recent years. On paper, and to anyone who is unacquainted with the peculiar circumstances and recent history of the Church of England, the former plan will seem just what is wanted. Here, it will be said, is an Episcopal Church in which discipline has gone to pieces. As regards the conduct of the services, at all events, every man does that which is right in his own

eyes. His Bishop commands, and he obeys or disobeys at his pleasure. Obviously the right course is to strengthen the authority to which the clergy profess, but do not yield, obedience. All that Parliament has to do is to give this authority more effective means of enforcing conformity to its directions. At present a Bishop's directions go for nothing. If he wishes to enforce them he must go to the Ecclesiastical Courts. Arm him with more stringent powers, enact that disobedience to his monitions, confirmed in case of appeal by the Archbishop of the province, shall entail immediate suspension followed by deprivation after a short interval, and order and reasonable uniformity will at once be restored. Unfortunately for the success of this plan, there is hardly a section of the House of Commons to which it would not be distasteful. The Protestant Party, who have lately been taking a more active part in electioneering business, would oppose the Bill at every stage. In their opinion the mistaken lenity of the Bishops has been the main cause of the present trouble, and to make them judges in their own cause would be tantamount to leaving the evil unremedied. To a large proportion of both Houses the Bill would seem a surrender of the main principle on which the Established Church rests. It would take the decision of Ecclesiastical causes in the last resort out of the hands of lay judges, and so give the name and privileges of an Establishment to what would in fact be a voluntary Church. I doubt whether either Lords or Commons would be at all disposed to do this. The High Church Party are not strongly represented in Parliament, but, so far as they have any weight there, it would be used against a measure which would make each Bishop the sole interpreter of a written constitution by which he and his clergy have till now been alike bound, and, except in case of appeals, provide no means of harmonising the possibly conflicting opinions of some thirty judges equally authoritative and, it may be, equally incompetent.

A Bill opposed on so many different grounds could hardly have other than a short shrift. Would one formed on the Liverpool model have any better prospects? In the first instance, I think, it might. For the latest proposals associated with the name of Mr. Austin Taylor a very plausible case can be made out. They make no alteration in the law; they only make the procedure by which the law is enforced more certain and more expeditious. The Judicial Committee, it is argued, has already laid down what the law is in regard to many of the points in dispute, and it is ready to do the same service in the case of any which are still undecided. The faults in the present procedure are two—one, that the Bishop has the power, and in most cases the will, to veto proceedings at the outset; the other, that if by any chance he omits to do this the only immediate remedy for persistent disobedience is imprisonment for contempt. Do away with the Episcopal veto and make deprivation follow close upon the

sentence, and all will be well. Most of the practices by which the Ritualist clergy have changed the face of the Church of England are condemned already; the remainder would doubtless be condemned so soon as a court could be got together and a case tried. Within a very short time, therefore, the offending clergy would have to make their choice between obedience and the loss of their benefices. Either way the law would be vindicated, and the suffering parishioners relieved from a kind of service which offends both their tastes and their consciences.

From the point of view of the authors of the Liverpool Bill, there is much force in this argument. For they, if I understand their position, are prepared to face the consequences of their policy. They wish the Church to remain established. But they only wish this if they can make it what, as they believe, it was intended to be, and what at all events they wish it to be. They are not in the least frightened by the warning that the legislation they contemplate would probably lead to disestablishment. Better that, they reply, than an Establishment in which Ritualists have their own way. But the question is not approached, always and by everybody, in this heroic temper. I believe that a great number of those who dislike Ritualism and wish to see its development checked do so because they are afraid that if it is not checked it will make the Established Church unpopular and so lead to its dethronement. There are others who, though their dislike to Ritualism rests on wider grounds than this, are yet of opinion that its suppression would not be worth purchasing at the cost of disestablishment and of the financial and administrative changes which disestablishment would bring with it. It is with these two classes that settlement of the question will lie, because it is only by their aid that the Protestant Party can look to gain their object. Before Mr. Austin Taylor can carry his Bill he must show that it is calculated to bring the present controversy to an end, not to carry it into a new and larger field.

When, therefore, I am asked whether Ritualists are to go on defying law and public opinion and take no harm by so doing, I answer by another question: What if the law is not so clear, nor public opinion so evidently hostile, as is often supposed? The condemnation of the ceremonial practices now in dispute rests on a single judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. This great Court does not refuse to reconsider its judgments on good reason shown. It is at least possible, therefore, that in a new series of trials it might adopt an interpretation of the *Ornaments Rubric* different from that which it followed a generation ago. Ritualists are not so set on breaking the law that they will do so even when it makes in their favour, nor will they reject the decision of a secular court if it leaves them free to follow their own wishes. Consequently it is at least possible that the sole outcome of a Session wasted in Ecclesiastical

strife and a series of fresh suits might be the eventual clearance of the Ritualists from the charge of disobedience to the law. I cannot but think that, when the cooler heads in the House of Commons come to weigh this result against the cost incurred in obtaining it, they may see reason to doubt the policy of passing any very drastic measure. Let us suppose, however, that these doubts as to the real meaning of the law relating to ceremonial have no existence outside the imaginations of a few enthusiastic Ritualists, and will be promptly brushed aside by those cooler heads of whom I have been speaking. There are two reasons, they may say, why the attempt to put down Ritualism has hitherto failed. One is that the Bishop has retained his veto; the other is that in the rare instances in which a suit has been allowed to go on the prosecution has had to choose between leaving the evil unchecked for three years and putting the sentenced clerk in prison. The new Bill will cure both these faults. It will abolish the Episcopal veto and make deprivation follow closely upon conviction. By this latter change the public conscience will be completely relieved. When a wrong-headed but hard-working clergyman is sent to prison because he will not put out a candle or give up wearing a particular vestment, it is at once felt that the punishment is greater than the offence. But when he merely suffers deprivation the common-sense of Churchmen may be trusted to see that he is only reaping the consequences of his own self-will. He has broken the contract by which he holds his benefice. If he likes to set up a nonconformist chapel, he may burn as many candles and wear coats of as many colours as conscience or fancy may dictate. It is only when he is officiating in a building belonging to the Established Church that he is compelled to abide by the conditions which the Established Church prescribes. Thus the two kinds of punishment will have quite different effects. Imprisonment excites sympathy; deprivation will excite none.

This is very plausible reasoning, and if it covered the whole ground it might possibly be acquiesced in by a great number of Churchmen. But deprivation would have consequences which might not be so easily accepted. Before the Act had been long in force the number of deprived incumbents would be considerable. The authors of the Act might hope, indeed, that after a few test cases had been decided in their favour—and, as they would hold, it would be impossible to decide them otherwise—the great majority of the offending clergy would submit. A very few might accept deprivation, but the remainder would devise some method of reconciling obedience and duty. This assumption does not seem to me to be justified by the course of the Ritualist movement. No doubt the High Church clergy have often made large concessions in the matter of ceremonial. But they have made them of their own free will. An incumbent has yielded to the counsels of his Bishop or to the wishes of his congregation, but he has almost always done so with an express reservation that he does not

recognise the authority of the courts by which the ceremonial in question has been pronounced illegal. When the test cases under the new Act are followed by deprivation, this question of the courts will become of primary importance. The incumbent has been 'invested with the cure of souls by the Bishop, and deprivation by or at the instance of a State court cannot take this away from him. Anyone who succeeds him will in the eyes of High Churchmen be an unlicensed intruder. In every case, therefore, there will be two claimants to the spiritual charge of the parish, though only one to the temporalities. There is no need to dwell on the confusion arising out of such a position as this. In one diocese the Bishop may refuse to institute the intruder, in another he may inhibit the deprived incumbent. I do not deny, of course, that the law will be quite able to assert itself. The new-comer will be the legal parish priest, and if his Bishop refuses to recognise him, so much the worse for the Bishop. So the lawyers argued in Scotland in 1843, and the materials for a schism are present in more than equal abundance in England to-day. I do not think so ill of the High Church clergy or of High Church congregations as to doubt that when the time comes they will take pattern by the heroic founders of the Free Church.

I have no expectation, however, that things will ever reach this pass. Long before then we shall have the question of Disestablishment upon us in good earnest. It has not been much in evidence of late owing to the wave of Conservatism that has passed over the country. But when the Liberals come back to office it is possible that, under any circumstances, it may come to the front once more. It will at all events have the recommendation of being a question on which the party is more united than on some others. The confusion in the Church which I have been describing would supply the exact atmosphere in which disestablishment would flourish. No matter which party is in power, there will be many members of the House of Commons who have no special hostility to the Established Church and would regard a Session spent on a Disestablishment Bill as so much time wasted. But if Parliament is to have its attention diverted from things of social and economic importance by the intrusion of Ecclesiastical controversies, these same men may easily come to think that time will be saved in the end by giving up one whole Session to getting rid of them for good and all. This is one reinforcement which a new Public Worship Regulation Bill would bring to the side of disestablishment. Another is the large contingent that would be yielded by High Churchmen themselves. Hitherto they have, for the most part, been opposed to disestablishment. They have looked upon it as a desperate expedient only to be resorted to if every other means of protecting themselves against State interference should fail. The legislation of which I have been speaking would show them that the crisis they thought so remote had

really come. They would have to choose between bestirring themselves to put an end to a state of things which had become wholly mischievous and seeing the Church of England assimilated, in some of its essential features, to other Protestant bodies. In this way two of the forces which have hitherto been found on the side of the Establishment would be numbered among its assailants.

These are some of the reasons which lead me to think that, whatever the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline may turn out to be, nothing except disestablishment can come of an attempt to carry them out. The Established Church, like some old buildings, may last a long time if it is let alone. What it has most to fear is the hand of the well-intentioned friend—the friend who is impatient of the anomalies and contradictions which have grown out of its history, and can tolerate nothing that does not square with his own conception of what a Church ought to be.

D. C. LATHBURY.

CHRISTIANITY AS A NATURAL RELIGION

I

ORTHODOX Protestants, no less than orthodox Catholics, insist that the Christian religion differs from all others, first and foremost in the fact that it has been revealed supernaturally to man, whilst the others are his perverse inventions, or, at best, his erroneous guesses. When, however, we come to consider more in detail the way in which revelation is respectively understood by each of them, the ideas of the two with regard to it are apparently in direct antagonism. The Protestant idea expresses itself in the familiar assumption that Christianity is pure in exact proportion as it is primitive. That is to say, according to the Protestant theory, the whole of modern Protestantism was expressly set forth in the Bible, especially in the words of Christ and the writers of the apostolic epistles. The Roman theory, on the face of it, is the precise reverse of this. As Newman has shown, in his elucidation of the doctrine of development, the contents of revelation, according to the Roman theory, did not consist at first of explicit propositions only. They comprised in addition to these a considerably larger element of propositions at first unrecognised, which the explicit propositions implied, and which have very gradually revealed themselves to the intellect and experience of the Church.

For those who regard Christianity in any of its existing forms as a body of truths miraculously revealed to man, the Roman theory is incomparably more logical than the Protestant; but the former really differs from the latter in degree only, not in kind. The primary assumption is in both cases the same. This is the assumption that the whole content of revealed religion had, when the last of the canonical books was written, been placed in man's keeping as a gift from another world—as a crate of spiritual imports, which only required to be unpacked, though the Romanists regard the unpacking as hardly finished yet; whilst Protestants assume that it was the rapid and simple work of a generation. It is only because Romanists and Protestants agree as to this point that they agree in regarding Christianity as a religion specially revealed by God, and not, like Buddhism, a religion built up by man.

Such, at all events, is the conception of what a revealed religion means, which has prevailed hitherto not alone amongst those who accept the revelation as a reality, but amongst those, also, who reject it. What I shall attempt to point out here is that both believers and unbelievers are wrong, and that they are respectively defending and attacking the supernatural character of Christianity without having duly realised what, if a revelation has been given, the character and effects of it, as related to man, must be. The truth is, as it will be very easy to show, that even if a religion should be really a body of truths expressly communicated to men by some supernatural means, it must, in so far as men accept, assimilate, and are affected by it, present itself under the aspect of a religion which is wholly natural.

Let us imagine a race of savages, requiring food as we do, but never having eaten, or known what food was. A stranger arrives amongst them who, finding them weak and miserable, tells them that food is what they want, and explains to them by means of a few practical demonstrations how animal and vegetable food may be caught, picked, and grown. If the savages had not, however, been so constituted as to make food a necessity—if they were not acquainted with the pangs of hunger, and had not been possessed of appetites, teeth, digestions, the stranger's instructions would have been no better than gibberish. As a matter of fact, a mere hint is enough. The famishing men at once fall to and feed themselves, and gradually, by a natural process, develop the arts of agriculture. With a supernatural religious revelation, if we assume such to be a fact, the case is precisely similar. It can only affect man in proportion as his nature assimilates it, and his nature can only assimilate it in proportion as the facts revealed are verified and discovered afresh by his own natural faculties, and translated and developed into those various applications which his changing circumstances demand, and to which his intellect guides him.

Let us take a few simple examples. The main points with which the Christian revelation is concerned are the love of God, and sin—its nature and remedy; but unless man had possessed, prior to and apart from revelation, certain wants and tendencies which the God of revelation satisfied, and a sense of moral distress of which the Christian doctrines of sin provided an explanation recognised by himself as true, and also a cure for it experienced by himself as effectual, these revealed doctrines, though thundered from twenty Sinais, would have had for man no meaning whatever. The blessings attached by Christ to meekness, purity, love of enemies, and so forth, would have been to his hearers unintelligible if they had not been already endowed with certain natural tendencies in virtue of which they recognised Christ's teaching as true, and accepted the more intimate parts of it, not on His authority, but on their own. Nor does this

apply to the ethics of revelation only. It applies equally to those historical propositions—those statements as to external fact—which constitute the dogmas of Christianity, as distinguished from its moral teaching. Such, for example, are the doctrines of the virgin birth and the resurrection. Why has the Christian world accepted these alleged events as not only true, but so incomparably certain and important that for centuries it roasted those who presumed to cast a doubt upon them? It cannot have been merely on account of the historical evidences in their favour. It has been because the events which the historical evidences attest have been felt to possess an inherent and antecedent probability, due to the fact that the moral teaching of Christ has appealed to human nature in a way so deep and exceptional as to generate the conviction that He was a Being of a superior order, and could not have been born and have died after the manner of common mortals.

This aspect of the matter was more or less concealed, prior to the rise of modern historical criticism, by the prevalent acceptance of the Gospels as inspired in every word, they being thus regarded as evidence sufficient in themselves. But now even the most orthodox scholars are being driven to admit plainly that the Gospel evidence for events such as those which are here in question would fail to command assent if the personal character of Christ, as recognised by man's moral consciousness, did not make them antecedently probable, and, indeed, morally necessary. Let us, says the Bishop of Birmingham, begin by filling our minds with the sense of Christ's unique personal character, and all the miracles of His Person will at once be rendered credible; and the same argument is being urged on every side, with growing emphasis, by modern apologists generally.

Now, with the exception of one important point, this argument is profoundly true; but it carries us a great deal farther than the apologists who are using it suspect; for, in proportion as it is made evident that, a character such as Christ's being given, there is a natural tendency in man to associate it with certain miracles, not only does the probability assert itself that such miracles have actually happened, but the rival probability increases in strength, also, that they are merely the natural products of a pious and expectant imagination. But in addition to this criticism there is still another to be made. The argument, as I said just now, ignores a certain point, which is this—that the natural tendency of man to expect an element of miracle in a life of supreme holiness is illustrated not by the Christian religion only, but by all the other great religions as well. It is doubtless easy, with regard to minute details, to make too much of the likeness between the Christian miracles and the others. But their general likeness is undeniable by anyone who takes the trouble to compare them. It is enough here to refer to the miracle of a virgin birth, which was ascribed to Gautama and to Zoroaster, just as it

has been to Christ, and the marvellous incidents of the fast and temptation of the former, which might have been copied from the Gospels had the story not been earlier.

I am not here arguing, from notorious facts such as these, that Christ's miraculous history was not more real than Gautama's. I refer to them merely as showing that the former, however true, and however truly attested by supernatural evidence, are accepted and felt to be significant by the Christian world, only because the alleged supernatural evidence is corroborated and repeated by man's natural judgment, just as our imaginary men, who knew nothing of food or eating, and would never have known anything if it had not been for extraneous instruction, became able, when once instructed, to find food and eat it, only by using thenceforward their own natural faculties, which the extraneous instruction did no more than liberate.

In other words, the utmost that a supernatural revelation, which has any bearing on man's practical life, can conceivably do, is to open his eyes to facts which, his eyes once being opened, he can see and verify for himself as being in accordance with his inborn spiritual perceptions, and which by his natural reason he reduces to a reasonable system. Thus, even if it be true that a given religion is supernatural, in the sense that its doctrinal propositions and the moral teaching connected with them were originally enunciated to man by an intelligence external to his own, this religion thenceforward is no less truly a natural one, in the sense that it can become a practical scheme of life only in so far as it is accepted and interpreted by man's own nature. Christianity, therefore, as regarded under one of its aspects, must necessarily present itself, even to the most orthodox Christians, as a purely natural religion competing with many others, and not generically distinguishable, so far as its origins are concerned, from the religions of Zoroaster, of Gautama, of the Neo-Platonists, or of Mahomet, to which every element of the supernatural is, by Christians, indignantly denied.

II

Now if the facts of the case, as thus stated, be true, we shall find that they imply others of a kind which at first may startle us. They imply that all those moral perceptions and dispositions, and all those acceptances of alleged miraculous fact, which the orthodox are accustomed to look upon as peculiar to their own religion, are merely varieties of moral emotions and of beliefs which existed amongst men as men before, or without connection with their existence amongst men as Christians, Christianity being merely a putting together in one way of materials which other religions put together in others, and the various results in all cases being the product of cognate faculties. That such should have been the case will to many people

seem incredible ; but the more comprehensively and searchingly man's spiritual history is studied the more rapidly do the proofs and illustrations of the fact in question multiply.

The significance of these proofs and illustrations being, of necessity, cumulative, and dependent on their being arranged in their proper historical order, the ordinary reader will be much helped in appreciating it by an interesting work published not many months ago, the main object of which was to marshal facts rather than to interpret them. I refer to Professor Dill's *History of Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*. Professor Dill aims at elaborating no theory of his own with regard to Christianity or any other religion, Christianity itself, indeed, lying practically outside his province ; but he has, as part of his picture of the pagan life of Rome, brought together from various quarters a great number of facts illustrating the religious condition of the non-Christian world ; and these facts, though many of them are familiar enough individually, assume a meaning, when thus seen in their proper connection, which will to the ordinary reader be probably new and startling. They will exhibit to him the independent growth of what we may call a non-Christian Christianity, side by side with the development of the Christian Church, as though all the civilised world were moving in the same direction, and trying in different languages to embody the same thoughts.

Apart from the Christian belief in Jesus as a divine Redeemer, the Christian religion is regarded as differing from and opposed to paganism mainly in its doctrine of one almighty and all-holy God, and the elevation, the charity, the purity, and the inwardness of its moral system. Professor Dill's book will show the most careless reader that the non-Christian world, in spite of its popular polytheism and its many notorious elements of moral depravity and barbarism, was developing, contemporaneously with the early growth of the Church, a moral system, and also a theological creed, similar to those which Christianity has looked on as its own monopolies.

With regard to a belief in a single supreme God, this had been reached in the polytheistic world, by the earliest Greek thinkers, centuries before the Christian era. It was developed by Plato, and animated the thought of Aristotle. God, however, as these thinkers conceived of Him, was an intellectual rather than a moral Power, whose existence explained the universe without affecting conduct. But, Professor Dill points out, a great variety of causes political and social, no less than intellectual, had already, before Christian propagandism began, combined to represent this Power to the higher consciousness of paganism as a moral friend and ruler, instead of a mere cosmic cause ; and by the time that Christianity was first preached in Rome this moral monotheism was in a stage of rapid development. The break-up of the old corporate civic life had, as Professor Dill says,

and as others have said before him, thrown men back on the problem of the individual soul. The union of all civilised nations under the rule of Rome had developed the idea of the universal brotherhood of mankind. 'What have he and I to do,' said Seneca, 'with any single state, who realise our citizenship in the great commonwealth of humanity?' And together with this idea of universal humanity was developed the idea of a moral and paternal God Who had universal humanity for His care.

The spread of these ideas was no doubt very gradual, and, as was the case with the Christian ideas also, distinct records of them are confined to the writings of exceptional men; but the exceptional men were quite sufficiently numerous, and the public they addressed was quite sufficiently large, to show that they were representative of a general movement. Christian monotheism was at first preached mainly to the poor; pagan monotheism was at first preached mainly to the rich. The Christian promised redemption from the misery of life; the pagan monotheist promised redemption from its vanity; but in each case the spirit at work was similar. The pagan monotheist was beginning to discern in God, as the Christian did, the Father of human souls, the object of the soul's desire, and its guide on that upward path which ends in divine communion. 'This life,' said Seneca, 'is the prelude of the life which is to come.' In the life to come the 'beatitude of virtue' is our portion; and even now we can see that divine vision from afar whenever the soul frees itself from the toils of sensual pleasure. The upward struggle may be hard, but the struggler is not left helpless. The God, from whom nothing is hidden ('*deo nihil clausum*'), gives His grace to the human soul—a '*pars divini spiritus*'—His Spirit bearing witness with man's spirit to the eternal goodness of what is good; and 'thrice miserable art thou,' says Seneca, 'if this heavenly witness is despised by thee.' To his kinsman Annaeus, who was often prompted to turn from active social life to a life of philosophic meditation, 'retirement,' he says, 'will benefit you little unless you live and think in God's presence.' So live as though God always saw thee. '*Sic vive tanquam Deus videat.*' A holy Spirit has its dwelling amongst ourselves. '*Sacer inter nos spiritus sedet.*' 'What,' says Epictetus, 'shall I, an old man, do but sing praises to God, and bid all men join my song?' Zoroaster long ago had preached the 'divine kingdom.' Marcus Aurelius, in almost the same words, brings before us his vision of 'the dear city of Zeus.' 'When we are below,' said Plutarch, 'and encumbered with our bodily affections, we can have no direct intercourse with God, save by philosophic meditation, and, even so, we can but faintly touch Him. But when our souls have been released, and have passed into the region of the invisible, God will be the Guide and King of all those that have trusted in Him, and then shall they behold that beauty of which no mortal lips can speak.' 'That beauty,' says

Maximus of Tyre, 'which eye has not seen in its fulness, and of which no tongue may tell, may yet gleam for moments on those who break through the veil of flesh; but thou shalt see it in its fulness only when God calls thee to Him.'

But this parallelism between Christian and pagan development was by no means confined to the region of mystical or speculative theology. In the region of morals and moral emotion it is even closer and more remarkable. The morals of Christianity are popularly supposed by Christians to have differed from those of heathenism mainly in the following ways: In having for their end and sanction the love and the will of a morally responsive God; in identifying God's service with the love of all other men, even those who hate and injure us; in the renunciation of self and of all mere worldly goods; in a constant struggle with the appetites which war against and quench the spirit; and in the habit of prayer by means of which a life thus lived is kept in constant communion with, derives constant help from, and is offered as a constant oblation to, the love which is at the heart of all things. Such is the rule of life which has been looked on as the Christian's monopoly—the 'new commandments' given by a supernatural voice to the followers of Christ, and to the followers of Christ alone.

With regard to God, as the moral end of existence, it will have been seen already that the pagan world of Rome had arrived for itself at a conception of the Supreme Being which was, in its general features, hardly distinguishable from the Christian. Let us consider the practical morality by which this Being was to be served. For Seneca, no less than for Christ and Paul, the love of God translates itself into the love of man. All men, says Seneca, are God's children, and as such we should love them all. If thou wouldst find thine own life, it is needful that thou shouldst live for others. '*Alteri vivas oportet, si vis tibi vivere.*' He has no life in himself who lives for himself only. '*Non sibi vivit, qui nemini.*' Are other men evil-doers? Are they depraved? Are they ungrateful? Do they treat us spitefully? We shall remember, if we are wise, that in them, too, there are elements of goodness, and we shall look on them as a physician looks on those who are sick. We shall remember that God bears with them, giving them His good gifts. And who are we that we should be less long-suffering than God? We shall remember that we, too, in spite of our utmost goodness, have sins of our own which likewise demand God's mercy. Do we find that such a one treats us with ungrateful coldness? Let us think how many a kindness done to us in early days by nurse or friend we have ourselves let slip from memory. '*Peccavimus omnes.*' We have all gone astray like sheep. We see the mote in our brother's eye; we are blind to the beam that is in our own. '*Aliena vitia in oculis habemus; a tergo nostra sunt.*' Forgive then, says Seneca, if you would be for-

given. Conquer evil with good. Do good to those even who, to you, have done only evil. Do good to all ; do good to the least among you. Even the slave is a citizen of the great city which has no boundaries, and embraces all mankind. In his inmost soul the slave is his master's equal ; and when, as he can do, he confers a benefit on his master, he confers it as man on man, both being equal in that family whose common father is God. Musonius and Epictetus preach the same doctrines ; and when they pass from man's love of his neighbour to that treatment of himself in which love of his neighbour has its root, their likeness to Christ, as teachers, becomes more striking still. 'The kingdom of heaven is within you,' is the message proclaimed by all of them. 'True happiness is to be found,' says Epictetus, 'where ye do not think to look for it ; for if ye sought it in yourselves ye would surely find it there.' Wealth may be good, says Seneca, if it be used for good purposes ; but a man's life consists not in the abundance of things possessed by him. In the midst of luxury let a man deny himself daily. Let the spirit be always watchful, and mortify and subdue the flesh. In the watches of the night let him examine himself as to the sins of the day. To a knowledge of his sins, says Epictetus, let a man add the confession of them. The struggle may be hard, the assaults of the flesh constant ; but let us, says Seneca, take a lesson from the gladiators, and attack our enemies as they attack theirs. Let us, too, conquer all things, for the guerdon of our struggle is more than crown and palm. 'Nos quoque evincamus omnia, quorum premium non corona nec palma est.' It is by such a struggle, say Hermotimus and Lycius, that we may all hope at last to reach 'the Celestial City.' And, meanwhile, according to these pagan teachers, no less than according to the Christian, the soul must sustain itself, and live with God, through prayer. When ye pray, said Apollonius of Tyana, ask not of heaven this earthly good or that. Prayer is not a begging letter ; it is a communion with the divine nature. If you ask for anything, let your prayer be this only : 'Give me what I ought to have.' 'The only prayer which is answered is,' says Maximus Tyrius, 'the prayer for goodness, peace, and hope in our last hour.'

Nor were these doctrines private and speculative only. The gospel of the higher paganism was, as Professor Dill points out, preached in the Roman world no less actively than the Christian. 'The philosophic director,' as Professor Dill calls him, played a part in many Roman households like that of a modern priest ; and more significant still was the activity of 'the philosophic missionary.' Musonius and Maximus were apostolic teachers of the people, whose discourses are hardly distinguishable from the Christian sermon ; whilst Epictetus invests the philosopher with the character of an ordained priest. He who gives himself to the ministry does not do so lightly, but because he is called by God. 'God is his Cæsar, Who

has sent him forth to preach.' 'He is God's spy ; he is God's herald and ambassador.' All men are his sons in God ; all women are his daughters ; and his mission is, like a father, to turn them from their evil ways. Wherefore, says Epictetus, he who would follow this high calling must set himself apart, and must not live as others may. He must teach renunciation by showing how he can himself renounce. Not for him are the cares of wife and children, or any of the ties that bind others to the world. Learn of me, says Epictetus : 'Ye behold me, what I am. I am without slaves or chattels. I have not where to lay my head.' Such is the discipline requisite for God's ambassadors ; and woe be to them who enter their Master's service untrained.

The general likeness which, apart from the doctrines of Christ's person, the higher theology of paganism bore to that of the Christians, and the concurrent likeness between their 'new (moral) commandments,' require no further comment. In spite of their likeness, however, the two religious systems exhibit certain differences, as systems of theological doctrine, which at first sight seem profound. We will now consider these ; and under the greatest apparent differences we shall discover fresh elements of likeness more marked even than those just noticed.

III

The most obvious of the differences just alluded to is the following. The purest of the pagan monotheists, such as Seneca, Epictetus, and Plutarch, and even the great Neo-Platonists, who flourished at a later date, continued to acknowledge, in some sense, the gods of the old mythology. This fact, however, as Professor Dill points out, is by no means so paradoxical as it seems. The many gods were accepted by them, together with the one supreme God, partly as symbols by means of which national and ancestral piety had rendered intelligible to the minds of ordinary men various aspects of the sublime and ineffable Unity, in adoring which the enlightened united themselves with their simpler brethren ; and partly also as actual intermediate Powers, through whose agency the Infinite dealt with and ruled the finite ; whilst gradually, in the Antonine age, these Powers, as thus considered, began to change their character, and assumed the aspect of demons, whose functions resembled those of the Jewish and Christian angels. These beings became the inspirers of dreams, the bearers of God's answers to prayer, and also the guardians of souls during the trials and temptations of life. Nor was this all ; for whilst some of these Powers were transfigured into the host of heaven, others, by a corresponding process, became the 'hosts of opposing evil'—'strong and terrible spirits, the princes of the powers of the air.' Thus the very polytheism which superficially formed

the strongest contrast to Christianity developed into a most curious counterpart to certain features of the Christian system.

This likeness, however, is superficial and unimportant when compared with that afforded by developments of another kind, of which we will now consider the two most signal examples. Christian theology from the first offers a seeming contrast to that even of the most spiritual paganism, in the fact that from the first its tendency was to become organic, its rites and doctrines being represented as altogether peculiar, derived from a unique source, and exclusive of all others. The higher paganism, on the contrary, wore an aspect of personal eclecticism. It was a religion of schools, of private guesses and judgments, and varying fantastic concordats with the grossest popular superstition, none of which were amenable to any central and unifying discipline.

Such is the way in which, at first sight, the case is apt to appear to us ; and in the contrast thus presented there are doubtless elements of truth ; but as historical knowledge advances, and as criticism becomes more impartial, we see that the contrast was more apparent than real. In the spiritual plasm or nebulousity of the higher paganism there were formed at least two spiritual centres or nuclei, from which were evolved two theological systems, analogous in their logical structure to that of the Christian Church. One of these was the religion of Isis ; the other was the religion of Mithra. Both of these had their roots in the distant past of ancient Egypt and of the East respectively ; but under the spiritual, intellectual, and social conditions prevailing in the Roman Empire they germinated into something new.

Isis gradually freed herself in the minds of her new worshippers from her barbarous provincial trappings, and emerged as the universal Principle, under the guise of the universal Mother. If we compare her with the same principle as personified in the traditional Venus, we shall realise the newness of the spirit which animated her new worshippers. She was not only a goddess ; she was all gods and goddesses in one. She was 'Isis of the myriad names.' She was the Power 'who is all in all.' She united the strength of man with the tenderness of woman. She was the mother and mourner who knew the secrets of all hearts. She was with women in the pangs of child-birth ; she was the star of the sea to sailors ; she was the promised light to the soul in the dark passage of death ; she was called 'the Queen of Peace ;' and communion with her hereafter was the crown of human life. Nor was she thus the object of mere facile and vague emotion. Her service was, like the Christian service of God, a service of watchful, severe, and (for her saints) of impassioned purity. Absolute chastity was required of all her priests ; and Tertullian in this respect points to them as an example to Christians. Like the Christian Church, her Church could be entered only by those

who had full faith in her, and were willing to bear her burden. To such as these was promised the aid of her sacraments, for the proper reception of which they were prepared by a regular discipline ; and the catechumens whom her Church admitted were received with the rite of baptism.

But the pagan religion in which, with regard to its organic system, much of its history, and many of its minute details, the parallel to Christianity is most startling, is the religion of Mithra. It has been truly observed that the recovery, only partial as it is, of the history of this religion, is one of the most remarkable triumphs of historical and antiquarian research. Originating in Persia, it was spread through the Roman Empire by poor and humble converts, who were at first mainly soldiers, but gradually, like Christianity, it permeated all ranks ; and its temples are found scattered over the whole civilised world from Babylon to the hills of Scotland. Just as the religion of Isis did, it resembled that of Christ in being a religion of inward holiness, of austere self-discipline and purity ; but the details of its resemblance are incomparably more close and curious. The briefest sketch of the matter is all that can be attempted here. According to the Mithraic theology, God, considered in His totality, is a Being so infinite and so transcendent that His direct connection with man and the universe is inconceivable. In order to become the father of man, and creator, He manifested Himself in a second personality—namely, Mithra, who was in his cosmic character identified with the ‘unconquered sun,’ and, as a moral and intellectual Being, was the Divine Word or Reason, and in more senses than one ‘the Mediator’ between man and the Most High. Life on earth, according to the Mithraic doctrine, is for man a time of trial. The Spirit of Evil, his adversary, is always seeking to destroy him—to crush him with pain and sorrow, or to stain his soul with concupiscence ; but in all his struggles Mithra is at hand to aid him, and will at the last day be at once his judge and advocate, when the graves give up their dead, when the just are separated from the unjust, when the saved are welcomed like children into eternal bliss, and the lost are consumed in the fire prepared for the Devil and his angels. This Divine Saviour came into the world as an infant. His first worshippers were shepherds ; and the day of His nativity was the 25th of December. His followers preached a severe and rigid morality, chief amongst their virtues being temperance, chastity, renunciation, and self-control. They kept the seventh day holy, and the middle day of each month was a special feast of Mithra, which symbolised his function of Mediator. They had seven sacraments, of which the most important were baptism, confirmation, and a Eucharistic supper, at which the communicants partook of the divine nature of Mithra under the species of bread and wine.¹ They were thus made inheritors of eternal life, and

¹ Professor Franz Cumont, in his work, *Les Mystères de Mithra*, gives a photo-

renewed strength was given them to resist the powers of evil, and perfect the work for which baptism had already prepared them, when they were, in their own language, 'renati in aeternum'—born anew of the spirit.

Though our knowledge of the Mithraic religion is to a large extent recent, and derived from modern discoveries of innumerable temples and inscriptions, its astonishing likeness to Christianity is no creation of modern fancy. It was recognised and admitted by contemporary Christians themselves, and it filled them with such alarm and perplexity that they found themselves driven to account for it by supposing that the Devil had listened at the doors of their sanctuaries, and, in order to discredit Christianity, had invented a fraudulent imitation of it. A similar explanation was given later by Christians of fossils, when they first began to receive systematic attention. They were explained as being works of the Devil, who had mimicked the art of the Creator and had ingeniously hidden them where he knew they would be found by men, in order to discredit the authenticity of the Sacred Scriptures. Neither the origin of fossils, nor the resemblance of the Mithraic religion to Christianity, would be explained any longer in this way by even the strictest school of apologists; but the real significance of the latter has not yet been recognised by even the most liberal defenders of the supernatural Christian claims. Let us return to the point which I set out with discussing—namely, the true logical and the true practical meaning which underlies the conception of a supernatural religious revelation, whether we believe such a revelation to have been an actual fact or no.

IV

It was always admitted by the early apologists of Christianity that a mere miracle in itself is no guarantee that the worker of it is a servant and messenger of God. The miracles of paganism were for the Christian fathers no less real than those of Christ himself. They were held, so far as their mere miraculous character was concerned, to differ from the latter only in being the work of evil demons, whose object was to propagate not truth but falsehood; and Christian theology has always strenuously declared that the miracles which attest or convey a true religious revelation are only to be distinguished from those which have no such character by the fact that they are, whilst the others emphatically are not, associated with a system of moral and spiritual truth. In other words, the occurrence of innumerable miraculous events being granted, those which are accepted as conveying a true religious revelation are picked out from the rest

graph of a recently discovered bas-relief, representing a Mithraic communion. On a small tripod is the bread, in the form of small wafers, each, curiously enough, marked with a cross. The sacred cup is being presented to two communicants.

by a natural moral eclecticism, and are arranged in a coherent system by an exercise of the natural intellect. If, then, the Christian revelation is held to have conveyed any new knowledge—the knowledge, for example, that Christ's teaching was the teaching of God himself, that in Christ's resurrection lay the hopes of the whole world, and in the eating of his body and blood the whole world's spiritual sustenance—the revealing Power can, as I have observed already, have done no more than point out facts to man, which, like hall-marks on a piece of plate, would otherwise have escaped his search, but which, when once pointed out to him, he verifies by his own faculties, either as ratified by his conscience or as corresponding to his deepest spiritual aspirations.

And this, which holds good with regard to the Christian religion, necessarily holds good also with regard to the religions of paganism. In them, too, the constructive agencies at work were man's natural moral instincts, his moral wants, his moral imagination, and his intellect. The alleged supernatural truth, then, of the Christian religion, as contrasted with its pagan rivals, must, in the last resort, be attested by the superior congruity of its miracles—such as the incarnation of the Divine Word in Christ, and the efficacy of the Christian sacraments—and also of the moral message with which these miracles were associated, to the spiritual needs and to the moral consciousness of man; this superior congruity being verified either (as Protestants say) by each individual for himself, or (as Catholics say) by the corporate experience of the Church. In any case, this practical superiority is the test; but here, for those who hold that Christianity was a revelation from God, and that no other religions were so, the question arises of what the nature of this practical superiority is. It is necessarily a superiority which, according to them, renders Christianity unique in some sense or other. Is the superiority one of degree, or of kind, or of degree and of kind both?

Orthodox Christians have, up to recent times, always contended that their religion differs from all others, not only as to the degree to which it teaches truth, but also—and even more obviously—as to the kind of truths taught by it. Its morality has been represented as unique. Its doctrinal system has been represented as unique. Now what has been shown by modern research is, that the uniqueness of Christianity, as thus understood, is an illusion. The primary evolution of Christianity into a moral and theological system was one only amongst many religious evolutions, which in kind were precisely similar. There is not a moral doctrine preached by the Christian Church which was not being preached by pagan moralists also; and, what is still more striking, every one of those salient features in the sphere of dogmatic theology, such as the doctrine of the Divine mediation, and the sacraments, finds its counterpart in the competing systems of paganism. Paganism, like Christianity, has its inward

kingdom of Heaven. The moral teachings of a Seneca are indistinguishable from those of the Sermon on the Mount or of Paul. An Apollonius teaches men to pray for that which is most fit for them—in other words, to say only, ‘Thy will be done.’ A Plutarch points the way to an inner communion with God, in which is to be found the peace passing understanding. All the pagan moralists preach the crucifixion of the flesh, the love of others, and the spiritual equality of all men. All the Gods of paganism become symbols or servants of the one God. They are lost in Zeus, who is the sole heavenly Father, or in One who is the all-powerful, the all-pure, the all-pitiful, the divine Mother; or they are eclipsed by the embodied Word—the cosmic and moral Mediator—through whom alone the followers of Mithra can know and draw near to the Most High. Baptism was a pagan rite, no less than a Christian; Mithra strengthened the faithful through a sacrament of confirmation, and the faithful partook of his merits through the consumption of bread and wine.

Christianity, then, even in respect of those details which have commonly been supposed to stamp it as a thing apart, can no longer be regarded as a religion which is alone in kind. The utmost that can be claimed for it is, that it hit the middle of a target at which all the higher minds of the pagan world were aiming. This claim, however, may be made in three senses. It may be made as implying that out of a multitude of miraculous messages, some true, some false, the followers of Christ alone detected those that were true and built up their system by the special aid thus given them; or that the Christian miracles stood alone, the miracles of the higher paganism being the products of man’s moral imagination; or that all the miracles, pagan and Christian also, had their origin in the moral imagination equally—the morality of the followers of Christ, and consequently their imagined miracles, being nearer to, and more fully symbolising, the actual truth of things.

Now it may be safely said that, of these three implications, the second is no longer adopted by even the most conservative of Christian apologists. No one any longer believes that the old pagan gods were devils who worked miracles with the object of deceiving men. The only alternative suppositions which are now seriously considered are the supposition that all miracles are imaginary, the Christian miracles excepted; and the supposition that all miracles are imaginary, the Christian miracles included, both being alike the products of the moral imagination of man, which invests inward realities with an outward pictorial form. But in either case, Christianity, as assimilated by man, will present itself as the product of man’s natural powers, no less than the pagan religions; only in the one case it will have recognised and developed certain truths to which the attention of Christians was first called supernaturally; and in the second case

it will have developed and symbolised truths which the followers of Christ discovered by their exceptional moral insight.

That Christianity is founded on a genuine supernatural revelation, which inoculated man with certain special spiritual perceptions, is a position which may be reasonably maintained in spite of all the facts just mentioned ; but what those who maintain it will have to show is, that the degree to which Christianity differs from other religions is one which cannot be accounted for on any other hypothesis. There are many notorious facts which offer themselves in support of this contention. The higher paganisms have perished ; the Christian religion has survived. Christianity and the higher paganisms all sprang from the matrix of earlier doctrines ; but Christianity enjoyed two signal advantages. It inherited from the Jews a monotheistic system which was not encumbered by a deification of the separate forces of Nature. The higher paganisms could never entirely disentangle themselves from fantastic cosmogonies which were fast becoming incredible, and which even, when treated as symbols, tended to excite a smile. Christianity, moreover, as Professor Cumont points out, had for its Divine Mediator an actual historical character, whereas the earthly career of Mithra belonged to an unimaginable past. Much more may, to the same purpose, with perfect propriety, be urged on the orthodox side.

On the other hand, those who, whilst fully recognising in Christianity a fuller measure of truth than in any of its superseded rivals, regard its superiority as one of degree only, have much to say in favour of their own position also. How is it possible, they will ask, to draw a hard and fast line any longer between religions which coincide so closely, not only in their moral teaching, but also in the most minute details of their doctrinal and miraculous symbolism ? Are not they all expressions of a common human spirit, striving to express itself in accordance with a common human nature ? And if it be true that religions such as that of Mithra yielded to, and were absorbed by, Christianity, partly because the theology of the latter proved to be more in accordance with man's natural knowledge of the universe, may it not happen that Christianity, for similar reasons, will be absorbed by some new theology as our knowledge of the universe increases ?

W. H. MALLOCK.

A POLITICAL RETROSPECT

It is now forty-one years ago, when returning from Central Asia, that I thought it my duty to lay before the British public my experience in Central Asia. The reception I was favoured with in the Press made it easy for me to publish anything connected with Russia's designs upon the North-Western Frontier of India. It is very natural that in my position as a foreigner and a Hungarian, my temporary attacks against your rival in Asia, and my allusions to the dire corruption and rottenness of Russian administration, were often subjected to strange criticism, nay declared to be the outcome of national fanaticism, and of the overheated brain of an obdurate anti-Russian writer. Happily, however, my long sojourn in various countries of modern Asia had tended to produce in me that amount of equanimity and coolness which is necessary in political controversy, and this disposition had made me indifferent to the misinterpretation of my writings. When called an eccentric traveller, the prince of alarmists, and the inveterate foe of Russia, I took these epithets quietly, and I said to myself: 'Wait only; time will come when your predictions will turn out true, and when your critics will say that it was neither blind Anglomania nor a preconceived hatred of Russia which has actuated your pen.'

Now, I dare say, this time has come. The Russian disasters in the Far East have proved, on the one hand, that the colouring in which I depicted the state of affairs in Russia was certainly not too glaring; whilst, on the other hand, the optimistic politicians of your country have acquired by this time ample evidence of Russia's mischievous plans in Mid-Asia. I have no desire to show pride in the realisation of my prophecies, still less am I inclined to exult over the misfortunes of Russia, for the expression—*Schadenfreude*—cannot be rendered in English, nor will your philologists try to naturalise that word. The object of these few lines is simply to give an account of the reasons which have induced me for so many years to persist in the tendency of my writings, and at the same time to put forward the main causes by which my opponents have been misled in their appreciation of Russia, and in the perception of her policy. To begin with, I beg leave to point to the fact that men thoroughly

acquainted with Asia have always differed in their judgment of Russian affairs from those who had no practical experience of the East, and who viewed Russia from the European standpoint. In the eyes of the latter ones, a Russian talking fluently French, English, or German, and showing all the attributes of a highly civilised European, was evidently taken as the very prototype of Western culture ; whereas, the former, undeceived by outer appearance, could not help discovering under the deceitful garb of European habits and manners all the faults, vices, barbarities, and prejudices which have shocked the student of the East in his intercourse with men clad in kaftan and turban. The Turk, Arab, and Persian, however faultless his European education may be, is never able to play the rôle of a modern European so adroitly and so deceptively as the Russian, hence our illusion with regard to the latter, hence the fallacy of our having always overrated the Russian civilisation, and hence the far and widespread belief in the boundless power of the superficially known fabric called the Russian Empire.

Now since Japan has pricked the Russian bubble, the general surprise may be well understood, but the astonishment is not shared by those who had penetrated more deeply into the character of the Eastern world, for to the latter it was always patent that underneath its cover Russia is strictly Asiatic, nay, in certain points even more Asiatic than genuine Turkey, Persia, &c. To quote one example, we refer to the recent interior troubles, when anarchy and lawlessness have spread all over the country in a way which no national disaster or political catastrophe would have entailed in Turkey or Persia.

In the face of this sudden collapse and of this unparalleled downfall of a once-dreaded Power, we may well put the question : would it not have been more salutary for Russia if her fraudulent play upon Europe had been less effective, and if the Western world, by sooner awakening from the delusion, had not constantly strengthened the ruling elements of Russia in their self-conceit in the illusory progress and in the unwarranted sentiment of power ? Unfortunately, just the contrary has taken place. During the past century, and particularly in the second half of it, we heard and read constantly of the vast and endless power of the Empire of the Czars, of its important rôle as a civiliser of Asia ; and even Englishmen went so far as to pretend that the national character of the Russians is better fitted to civilise Asia than is that of the more civilised but stiff and rigid Englishman. From those and similar other conceptions sprang the belief in the invincibility of Russia, who was cajoled and courted by its near and distant neighbours, thus giving rise to feelings of fear and to a general consideration. Not only did our ruling statesmen show an outspoken awe to the will of the Court of Saint Petersburg, but a great English politician went so far as to call the head of that

despotic and inward rottenly state: 'The Divine Figure of the North.' It is but natural that the semi-Asiatic society, being constantly exalted and petted, had very soon begun to believe in its own greatness. The self-conceit of Russia had no bounds. With certain European cabinets her will was near to become a law, and in most of the international questions a frown of the Jupiter on the Neva began to weigh down the scale. To those who looked at the bottom of Russian affairs, the behaviour of our cabinets was decidedly incomprehensible; but there was no help, no means to cure the blindness of our diplomatists, until clever oculists like Marshal Oyama and Admiral Togo appeared on the scene, proving to the Western statesmen how shortsighted they were, and how shallow and empty was the power of the much-dreaded Northern giant.

Happily historical evolutions have always their own way, which cannot be barred by ignorance, mistakes, and other human frailties. The world sees to-day what Russia is, irrespective of the future before her, which nobody can or will deny. The recent events in the Far East are rich in moral lessons to the neighbours of Russia, and particularly to England, who will certainly not neglect to shape accordingly her policy in Asia. It is useless to deny that England committed grave mistakes in the past through overrating Russia's power, and by being afraid when her rival put to her breast the pistol—which was never loaded. At present the time of empty phrases like 'Asia is big enough for England and for Russia,' or 'a powerful but civilised neighbour in the North-West of India is preferable to an uncivilised but weak one,' is decidedly gone. No indulgence or hyper-cautiousness is justified to-day, and if the issue of the Russo-Japanese war had taken place fifty years ago, I am sure the ominous 'masterly inactivity' would never have been invented. As matters stand to-day, England can go on quietly strengthening her rule and civilising the portion of Asia allotted to her. Whilst admitting the deep feeling of vengeance existing in Russia against England, unjustly called the instigator of the present war, and conceding the possibility that this grudge may find expression through the two hundred thousand Russian soldiers massed on various points in the north of Afghanistan, I do not see any danger for England in the near future. Russia may try to retrieve the moral effect of her losses in the Far East by attacking England, as the completion of the Orenburg-Tashkend line and the railway from Samarkand to Kilif, as well as the increase of her garrisons at Kushk and Kerki, unmistakably show. But *vana sine viribus ira*. In the first place we may point to the fact that the great justification for Russian encroachment, viz. her prestige amongst Asiatics, has been totally ruined in consequence of her defeats in the Far East. Her arms have lost their former reputation of invincibility, and the sudden change in the minds of the Asiatics is best shown by the recent murderous attacks on Armenians in

Khorassan and in Transcaucasia, a race which the Mussulmans identify with the Russians. To this change of mind may be attributed the right-about-face of Emir Habibullah of Afghanistan, who long ago remained in the sulking corner, and who was steadily negotiating with the Russians. Quite recently, however, he took a new course, as seen by the happy result of Sir Louis Dane's mission to Kabul.

Apart from this extraordinary change in the minds of the Moslem world, we can well pass over in silence the new issue noticeable in England's policy with regard to Central Asia. The manly utterance of Lord Lansdowne concerning British interests in the Persian Gulf and the moderate and wise language used by Mr. Balfour with regard to the extension of Russian railways into Afghanistan, leave no doubt as to the resoluteness of England's policy in the defence of her Indian Empire. We may be sure that these official utterances will not remain empty words as heretofore. If this new turn of England's policy in Central Asia deserves to be hailed with joy by all friends of civilisation, justice, and humanity, it will be easily understood how great must be the satisfaction of those who pleaded many, many years for this turn, and who see now realised what they fervently desired.

A. VAMBÉRY.

THE SESSION

THE Prime Minister has gone to his golf with a clear conscience, or at least with the odd trick, and the triumph of 'godless intellect' is almost immorally complete. If the Session has exhibited Mr. Balfour as a man of few scruples and many shifts, it has also shown his superiority to all competitors in the devices of Parliamentary management. No one on the Front Opposition bench, or indeed on any other, knows so many moves in the game. Mr. Chamberlain was thought to know a thing or two. But, compared with Mr. Balfour, he is a child. One thing, indeed, Mr. Balfour has lost, if he cared to possess it, and that is the respect of his opponents. A year ago Liberals used to speak of him with so much sympathy and admiration that one felt tempted to ask them why they did not follow him. Now they say that he has demoralised the House of Commons, and has himself become demoralised in the process. The estimate may be quite unjust. I give it for what it is worth, and as a significant sign of the times. Great part of Mr. Balfour's power used to lie in the fact that those whose business it was to criticise him in the House of Commons discharged the task with obvious reluctance, as if they loved him all the time. Whether that were a wholesome, or an unwholesome, state of things, it is gone. Sir Edward Grey has declared himself to be on that subject of the same opinion as Mr. Lloyd-George. Nor are the tariff reformers, as they are pleased to call themselves, much more favourable to the Prime Minister than Liberals and free traders. They feel that they have been treated like pawns in the game, that their chance of winning, such as it was, has been sacrificed to a mere policy of continuance in office; and they will not be comforted by the spectacle of Mr. Austen Chamberlain bowing himself in the House of Rimmon, while they worship unrewarded in the true shrine. It must be rather annoying, when one comes to think of it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer may be a Heaven-born statesman, combining the financial talents of Pitt, Peel, and Gladstone. The hereditary principle he was brought up to denounce may have had nothing to do with his appointment. But it cannot be denied that he receives five thousand a year for upholding a system under which in his opinion the British Empire is being rapidly and irretrievably ruined, while

those who share his views, and act honestly up to them, receive neither praise nor pay. A little irritation is excusable in the circumstances, and has been, not inaudibly, expressed.

Only one of Mr. Balfour's colleagues has done anything worth mentioning in the last twelve months. To Lord Lansdowne belongs the credit for what is called in France the friendly understanding, and in England the *entente cordiale*. There could have been no more felicitous epilogue to the Session than the Anglo-French breakfast in Westminster Hall, when the rafters of Richard the Second echoed to the Lord Chancellor's French. The officers of the French Navy, and the sailors also, have been greeted with an enthusiasm unknown in this country since Marshal Pélissier, Lord Raglan's Crimean colleague, came over as French ambassador in 1857. The *entente cordiale* with Louis Philippe ended in the Spanish marriages. The seizure of Savoy disturbed a similar arrangement with Louis Napoleon. At present the two countries approach each other on an equal footing of self-government, although the King has done much by his gracious tact to promote the establishment of amicable relations. If England and France have not always been able to maintain the peace of Europe, that peace has never been secure except when they were friends. The speeches made in Westminster Hall were less remarkable than the occasion they celebrated. But the first official appearance of the Speaker outside the House of Commons is an opportunity for expressing the universal opinion of his singular fitness for his new duties as a real Member of Parliament, imbued with Parliamentary tradition, and zealous for the authority of the House at large.

The legislative results of the Session are, as politicians say, meagre in the extreme. The Alien Act appears to be generally popular, except with a few obsolete individuals, not worth mentioning or counting, who cherish the traditionary view of England as the home of freedom and the refuge of the oppressed. Even they are disposed to think that it will not prove more practically operative than the statute for prohibiting the importation of goods made in foreign prisons, under which, I believe, a mat was once solemnly and publicly burnt. There are, however, two views of the Alien Act. Mr. Balfour thinks that it will check the immigration of lunatics, whom the Tariff Reform Committee, or some other agency, attracts to these shores. Mr. Chamberlain, an equally high, though on this occasion a divergent authority, holds that it will prevent the competition of foreign with native labour. Sane, unaggressive, tolerant competition is always unwelcome to monopolists. But Mr. Keir Hardie's amendment to exclude foreign workmen engaged by British employers in a strike was rejected by a large majority, and no one will come under the Act who takes the precaution of securing a job before he starts, or crosses from Dover to Calais. Avoidance of scheduled ports will be necessary for destitute aliens, and employment will be provided for a considerable

number of inspectors. In this way the Alien Act may well prove more efficient than the Unemployed Labour Act, which has been cut down to infinitesimal dimensions, and limited to a period of three years. The crude Socialism which marked it at first was not characteristic of Mr. Gerald Balfour, who had charge of it, and may have been due to his predecessor, Mr. Walter Long. It is a very dangerous thing to teach the working classes that the soil of this country, or of any other, will support unlimited numbers. Say what philanthropists will, the old Malthusian axiom, with a slight modification, must always be true. Population does not actually increase faster than the means of subsistence, because people cannot live without food; but it does tend to increase faster than the means of subsistence can be increased, and that tendency lies at the root of all social problems. A recognition that the State, meaning every taxpayer, from the richest to the poorest, is bound to find work for all who want it involves a tremendous, indeed an impracticable, responsibility. As the Bill was altered, and as it passed, it can do little harm, and may, on the other hand, if judiciously administered, do a great deal of good by furnishing proper machinery for the distribution of charitable relief. Lord Hugh Cecil, who made the best speech on the Bill, pointed out, what is too often overlooked, that acceptance of money from the rates by men out of work through no fault of their own involves no stigma of discredit or disgrace. They have themselves contributed to the fund from which they are relieved. What does degrade, because it rests upon falsehood, is employment upon work provided for the purpose, and not required by the community. It is quite a different, and quite a sound, principle, that local bodies should carry out public improvements at seasons when labour is abundant, and the demand for it comparatively slack. More important than an Act reduced to mere framework is the decision of the Government to appoint a Royal Commission on the Poor Law. There has been no such inquiry since the Commission of 1833, which produced the new poor law, the famous Act of 1834. That Act established on a permanent and rational footing the system for relief of the poor in rural districts. It is the far graver and more complicated subject of pauperism in towns which has now to be dealt with and thought out. Lord Selby will be a dignified and impartial chairman. His colleagues should not be numerous, nor associated in the public mind with any particular nostrums.

The most successful piece of legislation included in the King's Speech is the Scottish Church Act. If it had not been passed, there would have been numerous breaches of the peace in Scotland, and Ministerial candidates beyond the border might as well have retired into private life. The Act as passed, which owes much to the judicious amendments of Mr. Thomas Shaw, has been accepted by all parties of Presbyterians, who alone are concerned. The pretence that it does

not reverse the judgment of the House of Lords, is one of those diplomatic fictions which have most weight outside the sphere of diplomacy. The decision of the Lord Chancellor and of Lord Davey, from which two of the greatest lawyers in England, Lord Lindley and Lord Macnaghten, emphatically dissented, was neither practically feasible nor historically sound. It rested upon the double, and doubly unsound, hypothesis that the funds of the Free Church were subscribed to support the 'establishment' principle, and that the small minority who remained faithful to that principle were capable of administering them. The Act sweeps away the whole structure of impossible fiction, and leaves the Royal Commissioners to distribute the property in accordance with the elements of justice. That a serious blow has been struck at the authority of the Lords as an appellate tribunal it would be idle to deny. But, if other noble persons, besides Lord Cringletie, have little law, necessity has none, and if judges turn a Church into a chartered company, Parliament must turn the chartered company back into a Church. It is an ill wind that blows no good, and the established Kirk of Scotland has reaped some profit from the dissension of Free Churchmen. Mr. Balfour, a philosophical Erastian, like Hobbes, understood his countrymen, and drove a bargain. The original Bill was conspicuously unfair to the United Frees. It was modified to suit their wishes on condition that a clause which had nothing to do with the objects of the measure should be allowed to pass. Accordingly, the General Assembly of the Auld Kirk will be able, not indeed to change its doctrines, but to alter the terms of subscription, and to relax them as much as it pleases. This is, indeed, a singular consequence of a judgment which denied the right of a voluntary communion to change an article of its creed without forfeiting the whole of its property.

The Government have successfully resisted all attempts to force from them a disclosure of their fiscal policy, or to obtain a statement of the line they will take at the next Colonial Conference. The most they could be got to say was that invitations to the next Conference, due in 1906, would not be sent before Parliament met again. The Duke of Devonshire did his best, and the debate which he began in the House of Lords would have been creditable to the representatives of the taxpayers in another place. The Duke knows his own mind, and, having stood up to Mr. Gladstone, does not find much difficulty in dealing with Lord Lansdowne. He is really a Free Trader, and has no faith in preference or retaliation, in a scientific tariff or a penal one. Mr. Chamberlain, represented in the House of Lords by Lord Ridley, is the exact opposite, and believes in every clause of the Protectionist or Prohibitionist catechism. What is the Government? The question is as difficult to answer now as it was when Lord Derby formed his first Ministry in 1852, and Mr. Vernon Harcourt scored his earliest political success with his pamphlet on the Morality of

Public Men, which is well worth reading at the present time. The impression made by Mr. Balfour among lifelong Tories was shown in the speech of Lord Robertson upon the Duke of Devonshire's motion. A Cabinet Minister, whose name escapes me, found fault with this speech as not becoming a Judge. Perhaps it is Utopian, but I am sometimes disposed to wish that in the absence of other qualifications a little knowledge of the Constitution should be required for entrance to the Cabinet. Lord Robertson is no doubt a Judge, a Judge of Judges, a Lord of Appeal. It would not be proper for him to attend a party meeting or support a political candidate. But he is a Peer of Parliament, and has precisely the same right as any other Peer, including the Lord Chancellor, to join in Parliamentary debate. His speech is peculiarly significant because it illustrates with incisive vigour the fact that Free Trade does not belong to Liberals only. A whole generation of Conservatives has grown up in attachment to Peelite doctrines, and would resist any departure from them quite as strongly as the Liberal Unionists resisted Home Rule.

The dregs of a Session are apt to be dull. But after the defeat of the Government on the Irish Estimates the House of Commons was kept in a state of continued excitement. As Mr. Asquith put it in his amusing sketch of the situation, the Ministerialists were afraid when the Liberal benches were full, still more afraid when they were empty, and most afraid of all when they were neither empty nor full. The danger dreaded was what is colloquially called a 'snap division.' A snap division means one taken at an unusual hour or on a point not supposed to be controversial. The phrase cannot, without absurdity, be applied to a division at midnight in a House of four hundred upon an amendment moved by the Leader of the Nationalist party, and discussed for the whole of a sitting. But the haunting spectre of an ambush destroyed the nerves of those whose seats were shaky, as what Tory seat in these days is not? Even in earlier months of the year it was a frequent thing for member after member to speak against time from behind the Government between nine and eleven, lest Radicals should have a majority while the gentlemen of England were dining. These manœuvres, if they deserve the name, do not add to the dignity of public life, and are only needed because members will neither attend nor pair. Mr. Balfour's Rules have increased the chances of surprise. Two o'clock is an impossible hour for lawyers or men of business, and the adjournment at half-past seven deprives the Whips of a solid bulwark in the men, a fairly constant average, who dined at the House. Except for loungers and loafers, the old hours were the best. For good or for evil, however, they have been finally abandoned, and the House of Commons must accustom itself to the changed conditions of its environment. The question people are asking themselves and each other now is, Will this House of Commons ever meet again? There

is certainly nothing to show that it will not. A Redistribution Bill has been as good as promised. There is talk of a Boundary Committee. An Education Bill for Scotland and a Bill for amending the Workmen's Compensation Act remain to be passed. The Ministerial majority in the House of Commons is still seventy. The House of Lords when a Conservative Government is in office may always be neglected. If a Liberal Ministry attempted to violate Sir William Anson's constitutional maxim by disregarding public opinion expressed at the polls, the Lords would force them to dissolve by rejecting all their Bills, even, if necessary, their Appropriation Bills. Every Bill introduced by a Conservative Ministry is accepted by the Peers as a matter of course. I have often been told by legal sages and constitutional pundits that the House of Lords was a Chamber of Review, necessary, if for no other purpose, at least for correcting the errors of the more impulsive Commons. They had a good opportunity the other day. The Alien Bill is by no means a model of drafting, and it came up from the House of Commons a good deal the worse for wear. Changes were imperatively needed, and Lord Davey proposed some, of which the utility could not be contested. But the Lord Chancellor, staunchest of political partisans, would not allow a word to be changed, lest the Bill should go back to the Commons, and the Session be prolonged by a day. No wonder that such a grotesque travesty of the legislative process was received with ironical cheering by the handful of Liberal Peers. If the House of Lords were equally amenable to this sort of pressure from whichever side it came, a weakness that was impartial might be forgiven. Liberals would be more or less than human if they looked with complacency upon umpires who always gave them out. Yet I see no sign that they have considered what they would do if a General Election returned them to office. Every power possessed by the Lords would be in a moment revived. Bills which were not thrown out altogether would be mangled beyond hope of recognition, and no Bill which came up in August would be allowed to pass at all. The only chance for Liberal legislation would be an overwhelming majority, and from that point of view the postponement of dissolution has its advantages. If Mr. Gladstone had obtained the majority independent of the Irish vote for which he asked in 1885, the whole subsequent course of English history might have been different. Such a preponderance is at least equally important now. Tariff reformers are indignantly protesting that if Mr. Balfour had dissolved after Lewisham and Dulwich, Mr. Chamberlain would have swept the country. An ingenious statistician, a Unionist and a free trader, told me that those two very contests had first brought home to his mind the disruption of his party. I have no skill in these matters. But I am not convinced by arithmetical arguments to prove that the Government lost ground more rapidly before than after the fiscal

question was raised. There are some conclusions, however syllogistic, against which one's common sense revolts, and Free Trade has been a prominent issue at every by-election since the month of May, 1903. It is understood that Mr. Chamberlain desires a dissolution in November, when Mr. Balfour will have just begun to think about politics again. The memory of Mr. Gladstone has been aspersed because he did not dissolve till January, 1874, although a series of by-elections had shown that his Government no longer commanded the support of the constituencies. No one found that fault with him at the time. On the contrary, he was generally blamed for dissolving when he did. It must be remembered that he had resigned in March, 1873, and that Mr. Disraeli had refused to take office, which would have carried with it the right of appealing at once to the country. The same statesman, employed alternatively as an awful example and as a constitutional Pope, has been credited with the strange doctrine that the loss of by-elections was no reason for dissolving. What he really said was that it could not be a ground for resigning, as of course it is not, and never has been. In his address to the electors of Greenwich Mr. Gladstone gave the evidence of the polls as a motive for taking the sense of the people, and the fact, first disclosed by Mr. Morley, that he differed with the heads of the spending departments about the necessary expenditure for the year only proves that he had more motives than one. If Mr. Balfour were to dissolve Parliament during the autumn no one would dream of charging him with reckless and impulsive precipitancy.

The end of the Session would have been a good deal more lively if it was then known that Lord Curzon had resigned. His resignation, though not unexpected, has even now stirred the tranquil waters of politics in August. Mr. Brodrick's notorious tact in dealing with men has for once failed him, and his gentle claim to have always supported the Viceroy has been roughly disallowed by Lord Curzon. The incident is characteristic of both parties in the dispute, who have taken care to dwell throughout upon the personal aspect of it. 'I govern India,' says the Viceroy. 'Under me, if you please,' says the Secretary of State. It is not perhaps very dignified, and it will not tend to foster respect for British authority in the native mind. But as Mr. Brodrick, whom Mr. Balfour described in the House of Commons as having been an ideal Secretary for War, and as being an ideal Secretary for India, was supported by the Prime Minister and his colleagues in the Cabinet, Lord Curzon, like Mr. Wyndham, has gone under. Being only an Irish Peer, he is free, if he can find a constituency, to re-enter the House of Commons, and state his grievance there. Whatever his faults may have been, his services to the public have been splendid and conspicuous. No Governor-General since Dalhousie has worked harder, and when he accepted a renewal of his tenure, his devotion to duty received

just praise. If his speeches have not always been discreet, and if he has forfeited in his second term the popularity with the native races which he acquired in his first, his unflinching courage and indefatigable industry were the admiration of all who worked with him or under him. Lord Kitchener and he being both masterful men, it was perhaps natural that they should disagree, and that the abler of the two should in the end prevail. The merits of the question, which has been settled by the Cabinet, with some vain show of compromise, in Lord Kitchener's favour, are not easy for anyone to understand who has had no experience of Anglo-Indian Government. But it seems on the face of things reasonable that the Commander-in-Chief, since he sits on the Viceroy's Council, should sit there as the representative of the Army, and the Council, or in the last resort the Viceroy himself, who can overrule all his colleagues, will nominally retain the supreme control in civilian hands. In claiming the appointment of Sir Edmund Elles's successor Lord Curzon chose his ground badly. For no Secretary of State has a right to compromise the position of his successor by delegating or surrendering a power which is his by law. The conflict now terminated was really begun when the India Office refused to permit the annexation of Thibet, or the indefinite occupation of the Chumbi Valley. Since the adoption by the Cabinet of Lord Kitchener's military reforms Lord Curzon has been at open war with Mr. Brodrick, and the extraordinary tone of his language in Council was brought before the House of Commons by that most Conservative of all Liberals, Sir Henry Fowler. Sir Henry was undoubtedly right. The minister responsible to Parliament must control policy so long as Parliamentary Government exists. Lord Minto, accustomed to act in Canada by the advice of the Canadian Cabinet, is not likely to give trouble. But he will find Lord Kitchener master of the situation, and to uphold his own legitimate authority in India will take him all his time.

HERBERT PAUL.

NOTE

In an article on the Butler Report, which appeared in the NINETEENTH CENTURY for July, it was stated by inadvertence that Chief Justice de Villiers, of Cape Colony, had referred to grave irregularities in Colonel Morgan's department. The reference to enormous losses on the sale of military stores in South Africa was made not by Sir Henry de Villiers, but by Sir James Rose-Innes, Chief Justice of the Transvaal, after Colonel Morgan had left South Africa. No reflection was made by the Chief Justice upon Colonel Morgan or any other officer.

H. P.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.

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THE NEW ALLIANCE

THE ups and downs of political life have often baffled the most ingenious calculations, as Bolingbroke was not the first to remark. The sudden conclusion of the war in the East, and the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, have certainly done something, how much it is difficult to say, towards giving a moribund Government a fresh lease of life. It is true that the leaders of the Opposition accept on this point the policy of the Cabinet, and have no fault to find with it. But their approval was reserved until the Russian fleet had been destroyed, and the form of statesmanship which waits upon events, though sometimes inevitable, and in this case perfectly justifiable, loses with the risk of discredit the chance of triumph. Had Japan been defeated by Russia, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith, if they could not say 'We told you so,' could at least have said, 'We have nothing to do with it.' This natural reserve is often as patriotic as it is prudent. For no one outside the Cabinet, and perhaps not everyone inside it, can fully estimate the forces which control foreign affairs. I have never been one of those who thought that the relations of this country with her neighbours, either in Europe

or in Asia, could be altogether removed from the sphere of party. Burke's celebrated definition certainly covers them. 'Party is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed.' But then (and it is a big *but*) those who attack the foreign policy of a Government must be clearly persuaded in their own minds that they know enough to condemn it. If there be any reasonable doubt, they should give the benefit to men who know more than they do. Cases may of course arise, as, for example, Lord Beaconsfield's defence of Turkey, when Burke's 'particular principle in which they are all agreed' admits with Liberals of no compromise or doubt. Had 'splendid isolation,' the avoidance of all alliances, been an article of the Liberal faith, like the right of the Sultan's Christian subjects to freedom, all other arguments would have had to give way. The conclusion of the Japanese Treaty in 1902 raised no such general doctrine, and grave indeed would have been the mistake of opposing it. Against its renewal now no one in England has a word to say.

Three years ago things were very different, and the Foreign Secretary is entitled to the credit of his foresight. When we remember that he also negotiated the Treaty with France, we must consider that he is what the late Mr. Rhodes would have called a valuable asset to the Government. There are indeed two Lord Lansdownes. There is Lord Lansdowne the Retaliationist, the Big Revolver Man, producing in the House of Lords a neat little bundle of fly-blown fallacies, which many boys in the first hundred at Eton could refute without difficulty before breakfast. There is also the accomplished diplomatist, watching with a keen eye for every opportunity to combine the protection of British interests with the maintenance of peace. This combination is the real value of the new Alliance, and to Lord Lansdowne belongs the honour of making it before Japan had become one of the great powers of the world. *Entre les aveugles le borgne est roi.* It is not among his own colleagues that Lord Lansdowne has any reason to fear competition. But in tracing the connection of England and Japan we must go a little further back. It was the late Lord Elgin who made the first treaty with Japan in the year 1858, when the feudal system still prevailed there. That was a commercial arrangement only, though it had important consequences, for it introduced Japan to the civilisation of the West. When Lord Rosebery was at the Foreign Office in 1894, he took an equally significant step of a different kind by abolishing the capitulations, and recognising the jurisdiction of the Japanese courts over British subjects in return for freedom of travel and trade. After the war with China Lord Rosebery, being then Prime Minister, took a still more decisive course. He refused to join the combination of European Powers which under Russia's influence prevented Japan from acquiring Korea as the result of her victories over China. From that time Japan has regarded

England as her friend, and therefore both parties, if that matters, are entitled to claim a share in securing her friendship. Lord Lansdowne, however, is the real author of the policy which rests upon Anglo-Japanese co-operation in the East, and if the Government went out of office to-morrow, he at least would have no cause for repentance. It is not likely that his colleagues, always excepting the Prime Minister, had much to do with the business. There are Liberals who would not be at all sorry to see Lord Lansdowne remain at the Foreign Office, whatever the result of the next General Election, if only he were a Free Trader. One need not be a Nipponomaniac, one need not exclaim 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a heathen' at the sight of a Japanese Plenipotentiary in a picture paper, to feel the importance of this new understanding. Seldom, perhaps never, in the history of the world, has any power displayed so suddenly and unexpectedly such singular aptitude for diplomacy and for war. The war speaks for itself. The Russian army is demoralised, and the Russian navy is gone. The diplomatic victory may seem to be with Russia. But that is a delusion. Inasmuch as popular rejoicings over the peace are forbidden in Russia, there is at least some colour for the theory that Nicholas the Second, a very inferior edition of Nicholas the First, desired a continuance of the war. God forgive him if he did. The horrors of modern warfare are only weakened by rhetorical descriptions. Mr. Maurice Baring's *With the Russians in Manchuria* is more effective in its severe restraint than any amount of agonising detail. Three or four pages of it, the only pages which deal with the subject, are enough to show the immensity of torture which peace has spared.

The sole credit for peace belongs to the Japanese Government, who proved themselves as wise and prudent as they were generous and humane. To fight for money until there was no money left to fight for would have injured both Powers, and involved enormous cost. As it is, Japan has raised herself to a position which a couple of years ago, would have appeared the wildest of dreams. Half a convict island, even though it be the less icy half, may not seem very magnificent. But there is Port Arthur; there is Dalny; there is Korea. The Russians are to clear, bag and baggage, out of Manchuria, and Japan has taken her place as the paramount Power in China. If Charles Pearson were alive, he would have a good deal to say about the Yellow Peril. Lord Lansdowne has taken the more practical course of recognising accomplished facts, and even anticipating them. That the alliance was the cause of the peace is too broad a statement to be accurate. Lord Lansdowne would not have made one a condition of the other. Yet, when so much is put down to the President of the United States, Englishmen may be pardoned for reflecting that nations are more apt to consult their allies than mere strangers. If the President brought the belligerents together, it may well be that the British Government

prevented the renewal of the war. An alliance on equal terms with the first naval Power in the world is, even in the flush of victory, a considerable achievement for Japan. The treaty of 1902 was limited and specific in scope. The treaty of 1905 is much wider and more comprehensive. Just half a century ago the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston decided to continue a war with Russia for the purpose of regulating the number of Russian ships in the Black Sea. Such, at least, was the ostensible reason for breaking off the Conference of Vienna. The real reason was Louis Napoleon's dread of his own troops if they came home without taking Sebastopol. Happily the Mikado had no such fears, and has set an example of magnanimity to Christian Sovereigns. His troops, by land and sea, have won victories enough and to spare. His ally, though not a party to the conflict, was able to exert a pacific influence all the stronger for being disinterested. The great French scholar, M. Victor Bérard, in his popular work, *The Russian Empire and the Czardom*, makes a peculiarly unfortunate prediction. 'The war over,' he says, 'Manchuria recovered or lost, the Dalai-Lama under the hand of the Czar will be the best instrument of the Russo-Japanese alliance, or of the Russian revenge, of which one can foretell, without being a great prophet, that England will pay the cost.' Prophets, great or small, are apt to go wrong, but they seldom go quite so wrong as that. The expedition to Thibet might be compared, for the practical advantages which have accrued from it, with the good old Duke of York's march of ten thousand men up the hill and down again. But the alliance of Japan is with England, not with Russia, and it is Russia who has to pay the bill. That the consequence predicted by M. Bérard might have followed if there had been no treaty with England is likely enough. That is just one of the contingencies against which statesmen guard, and Lord Lansdowne has guarded. Alliances, like hypotheses, are not to be multiplied. Other things being equal, perfect freedom of action is a good thing in itself. But England has never been able to ignore the position of Russia in the East. A Russian invasion of Afghanistan, for instance, has for the last thirty years been recognised by both parties in England as necessitating immediate war. It was the intrusion of Russia in China, and her evident determination to remain there, which led to the war concluded last month. Common hostility to Russia is an insufficient and undesirable ground of agreement. As Mr. Pitt said, to regard one country as the natural enemy of another is weak and childish. But, since there are now three great Eastern Powers, the joint action of two is the best security for peace in the absence of complete harmony among the three. That is not an unapproachable ideal. The most Liberal newspaper in Russia justifies Lord Lansdowne by lamenting that its country has lost the chance taken by England. It may well be that the British alliance with Japan would, under quite conceivable conditions, have

renewed and strengthened the understanding between France and Russia in a manner not altogether agreeable to ourselves. But here, again, Lord Lansdowne has provided against untoward events by the Anglo-French Agreement. Not for many years has the Foreign Office been guided on a consistent and intelligible plan. Lord Salisbury was an excellent Foreign Minister in his day; but after 1895 his hold upon affairs seemed to relax, and his ignorance of South Africa after the Raid was lamentable. The cardinal point in Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, which dates from the Congress of Berlin in 1878, was agreement with the Central Powers, as they are called, Germany and Austria-Hungary. Their union, which afterwards became the Triple Alliance, including Italy, was to him 'glad tidings of great joy.' 'The Austrian sentinel is on the ramparts,' he said in 1885, when Serbia and Bulgaria were at war. A few years later his object had become Germany alone, and Heligoland was given her in consideration of the German Protectorate over Zanzibar. Those were the days when 'spheres of influence' were established throughout Africa, and France was sarcastically congratulated upon having secured in such large quantities the 'light soil' of the Sahara. Germanism was at its height when the South African war broke out, and may be said to have culminated in Mr. Chamberlain's famous speech at Leicester six years ago, when he denounced France, inviting her to 'mend her manners,' and declared, after an interview with the German Emperor, that we could have no quarrel with our German friends. Even Mr. Chamberlain, though in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, would hardly say that now. Statesmen are not to be condemned for changing with the times, and Lord Lansdowne's policy is entirely different from Lord Salisbury's. France is at present the best friend, with the possible exception of Italy, that England has in Europe, and by Lord Lansdowne's skilful management all differences of opinion with our nearest neighbour have been removed. It is possible, and may be argued, that the treaty of 1902 with Japan procured the neutrality of the French Republic in the recent war; for although the understanding between France and Russia had by that time been considerably weakened, it was not, and perhaps is not yet, quite at an end. On the other hand, the relations between France and Germany, never really cordial since 1870, have been ominously strained by German interference with Morocco. That restless potentate, William the Second, annoyed by the neglect of France to communicate with him on the subject of her agreement with England, chose the French Protectorate of Morocco on which to pick a quarrel, through Count Bülow, with M. Delcassé. M. Delcassé's refusal of the proposed Conference was not supported by his colleagues, and that most able Minister resigned. M. Rouvier, Premier with the foreign portfolio, has consented to the German proposal without thereby smoothing a difficult situation. In the

Conference France is sure of British support as a return for her handsome conduct about Egypt and Newfoundland. One result of the war, however, must not be forgotten. A decline in the strength of Russia involves, if other things are equal, a corresponding addition to the strength of Germany. One need not regard the treaty with France as directed against the German or any other Power. The pacific influence of the King has helped his Ministers through all their international arrangements. But the foresight which provided against a substitution of German for Russian preponderance on the Continent cannot be too highly praised.

The alliance with Japan would have lasted without renewal till the beginning of 1907, and could not then have been terminated by either party without twelve months' notice to the other. The Government had good reason to believe that their successors, even if Liberal, would renew the treaty. Yet all the evidence shows that Lord Lansdowne was wise to take time by the forelock. The peace has, not unnaturally, been ill received in Japan, where people expected better terms than they have got, and this new treaty with England, signed as it was before peace had been concluded, must tell on the Mikado's side.

A renewal of fighting on any pretext would be the greatest misfortune for the world, and especially for British commerce. The presence of Russia in China was unfavourable to foreign trade, the Russian tariff being viciously Protective, much like the tariff of the United Kingdom eighty years ago. The Japanese have studied political economy, as well as most other things, and though the 'open door' is a cant phrase which may mean much or little, Japan is enlightened enough to encourage the trade of other countries as well as her own with China. That the prosperity of one nation must be injurious to others is a fallacy which may be held at Birmingham, but does not pass muster at Tokio or Yokohama. The general unrest and disturbance of Russia, though good, in the shape of more liberty, may come out of them, are serious evils in themselves. It is not the least of the blessings this peace confers that the Czar and his advisers will have leisure to deal with disorder at home in some more intelligent way than mere repression. The blind hatred of Russia expressed in a few English newspapers does not represent public opinion. However uncongenial despotism may be to the English people, they can understand that Russia has traditions, political and religious, which unfit her for manhood suffrage and equal electoral districts. Protestants can respect, if they do not understand, the feelings of Catholics for the Pope, and the Emperor of 'Holy Russia' is a spiritual as well as a temporal chief. Count Tolstoi, in those eloquent, imaginative, strangely moving letters which look like messages from another world in the columns of the *Times*, gives no hope for Russia, or for any other country, except the destruc-

tion of all public authority and all private property whatever. M. Witte, though not a man of genius, is a more practical person ; and if he can regain the confidence of the Czar some solid reforms may ensue. It is not desirable that the Russian Empire should become a derelict Power, or that people should go about asking what the Russian Government means. Nothing can be more foolish than for Englishmen to exult over the troubles of Russia. There are Russian armies in Turkestan, and if they got out of hand there might be serious trouble. The highest military authorities in India believed last winter that the conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan would be a critical moment for the north-west frontier. That is a consideration which may well have been in Lord Lansdowne's mind, and in Mr. Balfour's, when the Japanese Alliance was renewed. The Prime Minister is an amateur strategist, as well as an amateur economist, and he told the House of Commons that he regarded this spot as the vulnerable point of the British Empire. Afghanistan is, of course, the buffer. But the Indian Government is understood not to have the same confidence in the present Amir as it had in Abdur Rahman. Perhaps the fault is not altogether with the Amir. The Afghans are an isolated people, very jealous of their independence. Lord Dufferin, after his historic consultation with Abdur Rahman in 1885, agreed to supply him with arms and money, and to protect him against invasion, which could of course only be Russian, if he submitted his foreign policy to British control. Lord Dufferin never contemplated, any more than Lord Ripon before him, the slightest interference between the Amir and his subjects, or with the disposition he chose to make of his own defensive forces. Lord Curzon was not equally punctilious, and it is said that his inspection of Afghan fortifications provoked native jealousy, if not alarm.

There are also different reasons why the situation should be very carefully considered just now. The second part of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty has not been quite so prosperous as the first. Nothing could well have been more mischievous than the full publication, for which the Secretary of State is responsible, of the sharp and vehement controversy between the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief. The partition of Bengal, whether expedient in itself or not, has excited a good deal of discontent among the vocal class of Europeanised Bengalis. These, however, are comparative trifles. The striking and repeated successes of Japan over Russia, of a wholly Eastern over a partly Western Power, must have an effect upon the native races of India. On the one hand, Russia is the traditional rival of England in the East. But, on the other, it had become an article of belief that in the long run, if there were an appeal to force, the East must give way to the West. It is peculiarly fortunate that in such circumstances the paramount Power should appear as the open and declared ally of the victorious Japanese. Even the British

Army, if we may trust Lord Roberts, shows signs of succumbing to the successive reforms of Mr. St. John Brodrick and Mr. Arnold-Forster, *magis parium quam similiū*. Recruiting for the long service, which an Indian army requires, has not been encouraged by the schemes and efforts of the Minister who regards his political opponents as the enemies of England. When Lord Rosebery was in office, he set himself, with excellent reason, to promote a friendly understanding with Russia. But since those days Japan has become a new factor in the Eastern problem, and it is Lord Lansdowne's sovereign merit to have taken prompt advantage of it for the benefit of his own country. No Foreign Secretary has ever more carefully abstained from the use of irritating language, and from the aggressive, inconsiderate behaviour which goes by the name of jingoism. Instead of talking, he has acted. To lead the House of Lords is perhaps not quite in his line, except so far as suavity of demeanour constitutes leadership. But in the Foreign Office, which is a more important place, he has earned the gratitude of the whole country. Lord Salisbury was as prudent there as he was reckless everywhere else. Prudence, however, is not the whole duty of Foreign Secretaries. It is also essential that they should look ahead, and not be taken by surprise, as Lord Granville was in 1870, and Lord Salisbury in 1899. The key of India, said Lord Beaconsfield, is not in Kandahar, nor in Herat, but in London. He meant that the British Cabinet must always be primarily responsible for the defence of the north-west frontier. Lord Lansdowne has been Governor-General of India himself, and understands the necessities of the case. So many silly people have raised the Russian scare without reason or knowledge that it has come to be treated as a mere bogey. But the death of Abdur Rahman did really change the situation for the worse, and involve a fresh review of it. He was a strong and an unscrupulous chieftain, who kept faith with the Indian Government, and made himself obeyed by his subjects without the slightest hesitation in the means he employed. His successor is not equally strong on the throne, and the hand of this Amir may at any time be forced by rebellion. It is therefore necessary that India should be in the last resort defensible as though Afghanistan did not exist, and Russia were continuous with the dominions of the British Crown.

The unfortunate riots at Tokio have occurred at an inconvenient time. Serious and destructive as the revolution in the Caucasus has been, and is, nothing which happens in Russia can now excite surprise. But Japan has behaved since the commencement of the war in so exemplary a manner that the demolition of Christian churches in the capital comes as a shock. Christianity is the religion of England, as well as of Russia, and the Japanese have seldom disgraced themselves, as the Russian Government often has, by religious persecution. The gravest objection to the terms of peace from the Japanese point of

view is that they provide no security against a renewal of the war. It is therefore much to be regretted that the articles of the new treaty with England could not have been immediately and officially published. For one of their most valuable qualities is the guarantee they furnish for the maintenance of the present position. It was Russian interference with China which provoked the Japanese ultimatum, and to prevent a repetition of the horrors which ensued should be the highest object of diplomacy. Great Britain and Japan, acting together, can ensure that end as no other Powers could. If the position of Christians in Japan were really threatened, the alliance would be strained, and for that reason, if for no other, the Government of the Mikado may be trusted to guard against such a catastrophe. Critics of the original treaty were in the habit of asking what it did for this country. The advantages derived from it by Japan, they said, were obvious. But a treaty should be mutual, and where did we come in? One answer, of course, is that, as things have turned out, we have gained the friendship of the rising Power in the East. But the new treaty is a better answer still. That which was limited has become general, and a pacific alliance has secured to the passive ally some share in the fruits of victory. It is not difficult to understand the feelings of the discontented Japanese. Their army and their navy have been the admiration of the world. Their achievements by land and sea are unsurpassed. As the result of all this heroism, with its accompanying loss of life, they see the defeated adversary almost dictating her own terms. They will not even be indemnified for any part of the taxation which the expenses of the war entail. The best answer to their natural complaints is that they have a solid safeguard against a recurrence of the struggle in the support of a navy superior even to their own. Help, in the ordinary sense, they do not want. They can give a good account of their enemies. Although their national resources have been strained, and their losses have been heavy, yet in Manchuria alone they have gained ample opportunities for developing their energies by material enterprise. The case of Russia is very different. That vast, muddy, turbulent sea called the Russian Empire is stirred to its depths. Its waters cast up mire and dirt. Whether the Czar falls into good hands and grants a reasonable amount of reform, or falls into bad hands and refuses it, no one can depend for years to come upon the stability of the Russian Government. It is therefore the more essential that England, as an Eastern Power, should have an ally upon whom she can reckon in all emergencies. Trouble with Russia has seldom come from deliberate policy on her part. The source of the mischief has usually been the independent and unauthorised act of some Russian commander in Central Asia. If these things happened, as they did, when the controlling power at Petersburg was comparatively strong, the danger is obviously increased by the weakening of all authority which results from the course of the war. The accounts

from the Caucasus show that there is nothing to restrain revolt in the more distant provinces of the Empire, and that strength there belongs to numbers alone. The maintenance of autocracy demands an infallible and impregnable autocrat. If Holy Russia can be beaten by the infidel, what becomes of the Great White Czar? While Count Tolstoi serenely speculates on the irrational character of all force, the oil-workers of Baku burn the mills and throw the manager into the fire. Worse disturbances than these can be put down so long as the army remains faithful to the Government. But how long that will be nobody can say. The unpopularity of the war had begun to make conscription almost impossible when the Conference at Portsmouth was arranged. It is possible that peace may bring contentment, and even a Conservative reaction is on the cards. But every country which has an interest in Eastern affairs is bound in prudence to act on the assumption that anything may happen in Russia.

The Emperor of Russia is able to boast that he refused to pay an indemnity, and that no indemnity has been paid. Even the half of Sakhalin which he surrenders has been claimed by Japan for the last fifty years. Japan's real gains are in Korea and Manchuria. The Manchurian railway is worth a good many Sakhalins, and not the least satisfactory consequence of the peace is the encouragement it will give to trade. It cannot be said that England only cultivated the friendship of Japan after Japan had become the rising Power of the East. Not only Lord Lansdowne in 1902, but Lord Rosebery in 1894, showed the Mikado's Government a sympathy and goodwill which had a solid as well as a sentimental value. It was time that Great Britain should receive on her part some advantage from the mutual understanding. The war with China, not the war with Russia, was the decisive moment, and this new alliance would have been quite impossible if England had joined the great Powers of the Continent in putting pressure upon Japan ten years ago. The attempt to prop up China failed, and the rising of the Boxers followed. Japan then acted with Europe, thus falsifying the theory of the Yellow Peril. She has since prevented Russia from taking to herself the spoils of the Chinese Empire as that structure fell to pieces. A less vigilant diplomacy than Lord Lansdowne's might have allowed a Russo-Japanese alliance to be substituted for the Anglo-Japanese one, and in that case the Indian frontier might again have become a subject of anxious concern. A country which had government has reduced to civil war, and which has suffered ruinous defeats both by land and by sea, may not seem particularly formidable. But revolution may lead to military dictatorship, and a military dictatorship must fight or perish. The spreading anarchy of the Russian Empire is a misfortune to the world, and nothing can be more foolish than to rejoice in it. Wisdom, however, perceives the necessity of taking precautions against the forces which anarchy lets loose. Who,

where, and what is the Russian Government at the present time? It may be the will of the Czar at Peterhof. It may be some ambitious general, whose troops would follow him whither he chose to lead. It may prove to reside in the new representative authority contemplated by Count Lamsdorf. It may be (stranger things have happened) Father Gapon. Japan, in spite of riots at Tokio, is under settled administration, and subject to the law. The discipline, even more than the valour, of the Japanese troops accounts for the series of victories which they won in eighteen months, without a miscalculation or a check. Patriotism and religion have been so often at variance that a country whose religion is patriotism has an obvious advantage. The great example set by the Mikado and his advisers in concluding peace on comparatively unfavourable terms rather than fight for money or prestige enhances the value of Japan as an ally. 'England,' said Joseph Cowen thirty years ago, 'has no earth-hunger, no longing for land.' The subsequent course of history has not altogether supported that view. But it is certain that this alliance has no aggressive or offensive object. Even Thibet was not annexed to British India when a British force was at Lhasa. It was Russia, not Japan, who intervened in Manchuria. British and Japanese policy in the East is defensive and pacific. It is to resist encroachments, not to make them. The old Liberal objection to European alliances was that they involved entanglement in European politics, and sacrificed British interests to designs with which the people of these islands had no concern. That the safety of India is a British interest nobody can deny. There is, of course, no danger of Japan taking Russia's place as a centre of Asiatic disturbance. But as a rival Power to Russia, and a triumphant rival, she becomes a force in Asiatic politics which cannot be ignored. An alliance between Japan and Russia would have been a source of anxiety to the Indian Government. The treaty which Lord Lansdowne has concluded is therefore the more valuable as a guarantee. England and France in Europe, England and Japan in Asia, are a combination which ought to ensure peace.

HERBERT PAUL.

THE GERMAN DANGER TO SOUTH AFRICA

DURING about two years the Germans have, at enormous expense in lives and treasure, been fighting the natives in their South-West African colony, and not only has no appreciable progress towards the pacification of the country been made, but the tribes in the German East African colony also have lately risen in revolt against their masters. As will be shown later on, there seems to be some organic connection between the two risings.

Germany's struggles in Africa are viewed with unmixed satisfaction by the German Social Democrats, and by many of Germany's neighbours. To thoughtful Englishmen, however, the disturbed state of Germany's African colonies must be a matter of the most serious concern, for it might have consequences to the whole of South Africa which nobody in this country can contemplate with equanimity. The rising in South-West Africa is incalculably dangerous to this country, and the restoration of peace at the earliest date concerns Great Britain even more than it does Germany.

The fact that there are only about four thousand white settlers in German South Africa, whilst about nine hundred thousand white people live in the British South African Colonies, shows that the problem of South-West Africa is of far greater importance to Great Britain than to Germany, and that the interest of Great Britain in peace in South Africa may therefore be said to be more than twenty times greater than is that of Germany. Consequently, it seems necessary to consider the present position of German South-West Africa in all its bearings, and to see what can be done and what must at once be done by this country in order to prevent the revolt of the natives in the German colonies spreading to British territory. It may, of course, be a difficult matter to re-establish peace in South Africa without hurting Germany's susceptibilities. Still, peace in South Africa is of such paramount importance to the British Empire that we have to do our duty by South Africa even at the risk of touching Germany's pride.

In order to be able to gauge the South-West African problem, we must cast a short glance at the history of that colony. In the seventies numerous Germans settled in Namaqualand and Damaraland,

and as both in South-West Africa and in Germany an agitation arose for making South-West Africa a German colony, the far-sighted Sir Bartle Frere, who at the time was Governor at the Cape, strongly recommended to the Home Government that the whole of the South-West African coast-line up to the borders of the Portuguese possessions should be taken under British protection in order to prevent it falling into German hands. The British Government, thinking it unlikely that Germany contemplated becoming a colonial Power, did not act upon Sir Bartle's advice. In the early eighties Lord Granville was asked by the German Ambassador whether the British Government laid any claim to what is to-day German South-West Africa. As an evasive reply was given, Germany resolved to profit by the hesitation shown by the British Government, and somewhat unexpectedly notified us that the South-West coast of Africa, from the twenty-sixth degree to Cape Frío, had been placed under the protection of Germany. Encouraged by the vacillation and hesitation of a Gladstone Administration, Germany took, in 1884, her first step towards becoming a colonial Power, and in the ensuing year she rapidly extended her colonial empire.

At present the German colonies extend over no less than 2,597,180 square kilometres, an area almost five times larger than is that of the German Empire. Nine-tenths of Germany's colonial area are situated in Africa, and the coloured population of Germany's African colonies is distributed over them as follows :

	People
German East Africa	6,000,000
Cameroon	3,500,000
Togo	2,000,000
German South-West Africa	200,000
Total	11,700,000

The foregoing figures show that the South-West African colony contains only one-sixtieth of the African natives who live under German rule. If we now look at the map, we find that each of the four German colonies in Africa adjoins a very important British colony. German East Africa lies between Northern Rhodesia and Uganda, Cameroon is the neighbour of British Nigeria, Togo adjoins Ashantee, and German South-West Africa touches Rhodesia, Bechuanaland and Cape Colony. Therefore it follows that, if the South-West Africa revolt should spread to the other German colonies in Africa, the very existence of all our most valuable African possessions would be endangered.

Although South-West Africa contains only a small number of natives, it has, during more than a decade, caused much trouble to Germany. In 1893 and 1894 Germany was at war with the Hottentots under Hendrik Witboi; in 1896 the Khauas Hottentots and Hereros revolted; during 1897 and 1898 Germany fought the Zwartbooi

Hottentots; in 1903 the Bondelzwarts rose; and at last in 1904 took place a frightful rising of the Hereros, who devastated the colony, murdered the German settlers by the hundred, and who still are unvanquished. Unfortunately, there is no reason for hope that Germany will soon be able to master the rebellious natives. On the contrary, the best-informed German officials and officers who have recently returned from South-West Africa are of opinion that the war may continue for years, and the Colonial Office in Berlin seems to share that view.

Germany herself has caused the present rebellion by the short-sightedness of her policy and by the incapacity and the harshness of her colonial officials. Imagining to found colonies, she created purely military settlements in various quarters of the world, and she administered and exploited the lands she occupied, not as if they were German property, but as if she was in an enemy's country. The purely military character of Germany's African colonies may be seen from the following table, which has never before been published :

INHABITANTS OF GERMANY'S AFRICAN COLONIES

	<i>Bona-fide</i> White Civil Population	White and Coloured Soldiers, Government Officials, Missionaries and Nurses
Togo	49	267
Cameroun	408	1,378
German East Africa	510	3,050
German South-West Africa	?	?
Total	967	4,695
Non-Germans	244	
Total Germans	723	

From the foregoing figures it appears that in those of the German African colonies for which detailed figures can be given there are to every white *bona-fide* settler, irrespective of nationality, five soldiers and officials, for the missionaries and nurses in the German colonies may be classed among the officials, whilst there are almost seven soldiers and officials to every inhabitant of German nationality. If a similar state of affairs prevailed in the British colonies we should have to maintain an army of several million men in South Africa alone.

The large army of soldiers and officials in the German colonies has to be fed, clothed, housed, and paid, and, as the average colonist cannot afford to maintain from five to seven soldiers and officials for his personal protection, the German Government has to defray the cost of these military settlements. In time of peace the colonies cost the German Exchequer on an average considerably more than 1,000,000*l.* per annum. The German Government pays, therefore, more than 400*l.* per annum for the protection of each of her 2,500 *bona-fide* colonists who live in all the German colonies. The foregoing figures are exclusive of Germany's expenditure in her Chinese sphere,

but if we include her expenses in Shantung in her colonial budget, we find that Germany spends upon her colonies 2,000,000*l.* per annum, or 800*l.* for every *bona-fide* German settler.

In the absence of *bona-fide* settlers, the German colonies in Africa produce little that is suitable for export; therefore Germany's trade with her colonies consists chiefly in the imports which are required for feeding, clothing, and housing the soldiers and officials, and the few *bona-fide* traders are chiefly occupied in catering for the soldiers. Hence the imports into the German colonies in Africa are perpetually more than twice as large as are the exports, notwithstanding Germany's strenuous efforts at increasing the export trade of her colonies.

The numerous German officials and soldiers in the colonies who, far from Germany's effective control, live in laborious idleness and consequent ennui, frequently fall a prey to their worst instincts, or they busy themselves by wantonly interfering with the civil part of the population, or by trying to earn military laurels by making unnecessary expeditions into the interior for 'punishing' natives. Therefore the white traders are dissatisfied with the treatment they receive, local revolts among the blacks occur frequently, and the wanton barbarities of men such as Leist, Wehlan, Peters, and Prince Arenberg have become of painful and universal notoriety. The *insouciance* with which the German Government treats the misdeeds of some of her official representatives may be seen from the recent reinstatement of Mr. Peters as Imperial Commissioner. Only in 1897 Peters was dismissed the service because he had executed his native servant, being suspicious that he had been too intimate with one of Peters's native concubines; because he had executed one of his concubines, who had been kept in chains and frequently been whipped by her master for having run away from him; and because he had declared war in the name of the Empire against a native chief whose only crime had been that he had refused to surrender some women who likewise had been whipped by the Imperial Commissioner, and who, in consequence of their ill-treatment, had fled to that chief for protection. The fact that this man has been reinstated but a few weeks ago shows the spirit in which the German colonies in Africa are administered from Berlin.¹

Not only did the German colonies in South Africa, and especially the South-West African colony, suffer from the indiscretion and the brutality of various individuals who abused their position and their power, but the general policy which was pursued by official Germany towards the natives was an incredibly short-sighted one. In South-West Africa Germany found various tribes which were hostile to one another. Utilising their differences, German officials concluded

¹ The wording of the sentence on Peters passed by the German courts may be found in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of July 23, 1905.

treaties of friendship and protection with the various chiefs, and these treaties were at first readily signed by the unsuspecting native potentates.

For a promised protection which, later on, only too often proved illusory, the natives were made to part with large and valuable tracts of their land, and year by year these treaties were amended by the addition of new paragraphs whereby, without any tangible *quid pro quo*, further stretches of land were taken from the natives. By these treaties continued acts of spoliation were to be legitimised in the eyes of the German Parliament and public. One of the negotiators of such a treaty told me that he felt heartily ashamed of himself when, with the threat of compulsion, he had to 'persuade' an old chief to sign his lands away, and that he felt all the time that the old man, notwithstanding his constant silence, clearly saw through the outrageous injustice and the meanness of the demands which were made upon him in the guise of a treaty of friendship and protection.

Finding out that they had not an adequate military force for preventing inter-tribal fighting, the Germans distributed arms to those tribes which applied for protection, but afterwards the delivery of these weapons was demanded, and this demand was naturally resisted, or at least resented, as a breach of faith. Thus, by their unending demands for land, mis-called treaties of protection, which cost the natives their land but failed to give them protection, by occasional ill-treatment, by what the natives considered to be breaches of faith, and by the official toleration of trading usurers who robbed the natives of their cattle, their most precious possession, a state of acute dissatisfaction was created, which grew from year to year. However, the constantly increasing danger was either not seen or was disregarded by the Government, which fancied that the natives could safely, bit by bit, be stripped of all their possessions.

Autumn 1903 brought on the present crisis. The Bondelzwarts, a tribe of only 2,500 people, revolted; and whilst part of the German troops who fought them were away from their usual garrisons, the Hereros, who number between 80,000 and 100,000 people, suddenly rose in arms and began to plunder the German farms and to massacre their inhabitants. This violent outbreak found the German authorities perfectly unprepared, for Prince Bülow declared on the 18th of January, 1904, in the Reichstag: 'The insurrection of the Hereros, which, in the course of a few days, has assumed menacing proportions, broke out without any reason of which even those who are thoroughly acquainted with the country are aware.' How violent and destructive this outbreak was, from the first, may be seen from the fact that Prince Bülow added: 'The fruits of the industry and of the perseverance of ten years are destroyed in the region of the insurrection.'

Thus the criminal levity with which, at the same time, the good-

nature and the lack of knowledge of the natives had been abused, and the security of the white settlers had been neglected, found a sudden and fearful revenge; but unfortunately that revenge fell on many innocent victims.

Colonel von Leutwein, who, since 1894, had been the governor of the colony and the commander of the troops, and who thoroughly knew the character of the natives and the immense natural difficulties which, in fighting the natives, the German troops would have to overcome in a trackless, partly waterless, and very unhealthy country, full of mountain fastnesses known to the natives but almost inaccessible to European troops, counselled peace, and warned the German authorities against entering upon an endless and probably fruitless guerilla war. However, the sensible advice of the expert on the spot was disregarded. It was thought that the German prestige required the complete defeat of the Hereros, and on the 11th of June, 1904, a new commander, General von Trotha, landed in Swakopmund and assumed the command over the German troops, who by then had been increased to more than 7,000 men.

The German soldiers, excellent as they are for fighting in Europe, are, by their training and by their bodily constitution, completely unfitted for colonial warfare. Not only did the German tactics prove to be quite unsuitable for South-West Africa, but the officers found it exceedingly difficult to convert their ponderous fighting-machine into agile individual units suitable for the man-hunt in the rugged mountains. Besides, the youthful, fair-haired, and fair-complexioned German recruits were the predestined victims to malaria and typhoid fever, which soon enfeebled and decimated the troops. Already, in time of peace, the mortality among the soldiers in South-West Africa had been very heavy. During 1898-99, for instance, 112 per thousand died in the colony, or had to be sent home as invalids. During the war the mortality from various diseases rapidly increased, and up to now the Germans have lost almost 2,000 men, a number which, in proportion to their total strength, is appalling.

Thus weakened and dejected, the bonds of discipline rapidly loosened, officers and men alike became weary and discouraged, and their nerves were completely shattered by the constant strain experienced in fighting an invisible enemy. Besides, the German troops suffered terrible privations, and it has been credibly asserted that numerous soldiers have died of thirst and of starvation. Thus the German troops quickly lost their military character, and became a rabble, notwithstanding the constant stream of reinforcements which rapidly brought their number up to 15,000, a number which certainly should have been more than sufficient to fight a tribe of 100,000 natives, with, perhaps, 20,000 fighting men, of whom only a small percentage is properly armed.

Time after time Von Trotha tried to surround the natives. How-

ever, time after time, his carefully arranged plans were foiled by the difficulties of the country, by the weariness of the officers and men, and by the agility and the determination of an enemy who, by constant ill-usage, had been made desperate.

Finding all his science and all his troops unavailing against the geographic and climatic difficulties of the country and against his determined opponents, General von Trotha tried, when it was too late, to adopt the policy which his predecessor had recommended, and endeavoured to negotiate with the natives; but as he did not possess that personal influence upon the natives which Von Leutwein was able to exercise, his attempts at making peace and saving the face of Germany were unsuccessful. Being deprived of the former governor, who had returned to Europe, and having besides lost in battle Colonel Leutwein's two most experienced officers, Captain von François and Lieutenant Eggers, the unfortunate general became desperate, and tried to frighten the Hereros into obedience by issuing, on the 2nd of October, 1904, a most extraordinary proclamation, which ran as follows:

I, the great General of the German soldiers, send this letter to the Herero nation. The Hereros are no longer German subjects. They have murdered and robbed, they have cut off the ears and noses and other members of wounded soldiers, and now they are too cowardly to fight. Therefore, I say to the people: Whosoever brings one of the chiefs as a prisoner to one of my stations shall receive 1,000 marks, and for Samuel Maherero I will pay 5,000 marks. The Herero nation must now leave the country. If the people do it not, I will compel them with the big gun. Within the German frontier, every Herero with or without a rifle, with or without cattle, will be shot. I will not take over any more women and children, but I will either drive them back to your people or have them fired on. These are my words to the nation of the Hereros.

The great General of the mighty Emperor,

VON TROTHA.

The foregoing proclamation—which is in so far a most interesting and most important document, as it shows the spirit in which Germany has administered the colony and has conducted the war against the natives—proved as unsuccessful as did Von Trotha's strategy, and the war of extermination which, without discrimination of sex or age, has since then apparently been waged against the whole Herero nation has not broken the determination of the natives to resist their unmerciful enemies to the utmost. Therefore the war is going on, and the plight of the German troops may be seen from the heaviness of their losses and from the desire of the authorities to increase the expeditionary corps in South-West Africa to 20,000 men, although those who know the country best doubt whether the ruined, roadless, and waterless colony can support such a host.

Not unnaturally, German Chauvinists have asserted that Germany has been unable to suppress the Herero rising because the natives are

receiving assistance from the adjoining British colonies, and the *Deutsch-Südwest-Afrika Zeitung* is alleged recently to have published the following statement, dated the 18th of June, which, it is said, was issued by authority of General von Trotha :

Of 150 Hottentots, driven by Captain Siebert in the engagement at Bissefort, on May 10th, over the British frontier, where they were alleged to have been disarmed and imprisoned, only seven remain in charge of the police. The British police let the rest go.

It is again confirmed that Witbois are at Lehutitu, near which place they are being supplied with arms by British traders.

Before answering these accusations it should be mentioned that this is not the first time that loud complaints have been raised by the Germans that the Government of Cape Colony refuses to allow large quantities of foodstuffs, clothing, and provisions to be passed overland into South-West Africa for the use of the German troops, and that the Colony likewise refuses to assist in Germany's military operations, but sells arms and ammunition to the natives.

It is not true that the natives in German South-West Africa have been, or are being, supplied with arms by British traders. That assertion has repeatedly been disproved by the British Colonial authorities, and a reliable German authority has recently stated that the Hereros are provided with arms by a renegade German trader. From the German point of view it is, of course, very disagreeable that British South Africa refuses to do Germany's business and to assist Germany against the Hereros. The British Colonial authorities can, however, not oblige Germany by their assistance, because they are mindful of the danger to which, by interfering in the struggle, they would expose themselves. Between Cape Colony and German South Africa there is no fixed geographical frontier, such as a river, but only an imaginary frontier line. That frontier line is about 1,500 miles long. Consequently, Cape Colony would require a very large army in order to effectively close her frontier against the Hereros for Germany's benefit, or to catch them when the German troops are driving them into British territory. Besides, the Hereros are closely related to tribes residing in the adjoining British territory, and if Cape Colony should resolve to co-operate with Germany, the friends and relatives of the Hereros living under our protection would, very probably, also revolt, and Cape Colony might find herself face to face with a rebellion the extent of which no one can foresee. For these reasons the German Government will have to reckon with the fact that the Cape Colony will remain neutral, and will not be able to assist in suppressing the rebellion which, notwithstanding the excesses in which the rebels have indulged, can hardly be called an unjustified rebellion.

After two years' incessant and merciless fighting in South-West Africa, the news has come to hand that a rebellion has broken out also in German East Africa, where, among 6,000,000 natives, several

hundred white settlers live, of whom no less than 360 are missionaries. Less than a thousand miles separate German South-West Africa from German East Africa, and African natives have been known to travel over much longer distances than a thousand miles. Consequently it seems by no means impossible that native emissaries or emigrants have found their way from South-West Africa into the German East African colony, and that they have told their brethren of their sufferings and of their continuous successes against their taskmasters. In German East Africa also the Germans have made themselves disliked, and fighting has been unpleasantly frequent between the Germans and the natives. Unfortunately only a little more than two thousand soldiers, of whom the vast majority are native troops, are available, and therefore the possibility that, in the absence of an adequate restraining force, the German East African colony will follow the example of German South-West Africa seems to be very great. It should be mentioned that the fear that the native revolt might spread from German South-West Africa to German East Africa was discussed in authoritative circles in Germany long before the recently reported outbreak actually took place.

The foregoing short sketch clearly shows how gravely Germany has mismanaged her African colonies, and how seriously she has compromised the security of all Europeans in Africa. In consequence of Germany's mismanagement a determined native revolt has broken out, which, unless it is promptly suppressed, may set the whole of South Africa in flames. Nobody can deny that the whole of South Africa, where nearly a million white people have their homes under the protection of the British Crown, is threatened with the gravest of dangers, and British statesmen should speedily make up their minds whether they ought to look on until the conflagration, which the Germans have lighted, will eventually spread to the British Colonies, or whether they will interfere in time in the interests of British lives and of British property, and establish, if needs be, against Germany's will, peace in Germany's African colonies.

Germany will find it exceedingly difficult to end the war, and there are two ways of ending it. Germany may continue to fight until the natives are beaten, but this event is not likely speedily to come to pass, and Great Britain can hardly allow that revolt and bloodshed in German South-West Africa should continue *ad infinitum*; or Germany may terminate the war abruptly by withdrawing from South-West Africa, or at least from those districts which the natives have made untenable for her. The latter solution, which appears the simpler one, and which may recommend itself to the Germans, would be as undesirable for Great Britain as is the former one, inasmuch as the natives in British South Africa might thereby be taught that they are the masters in South Africa, and that they can expel the

white settlers from Cape Colony and the other South African colonies as well. Therefore Great Britain could hardly passively contemplate such a withdrawal on Germany's part.

The time of inactivity and of observation is evidently drawing to a close, and Great Britain must now act in the defence of her menaced interests. The revolt of the natives in German South-West Africa is not a revolt against the whites, but it is exclusively a revolt against German rule, and therefore it would seem in the interests of peace for the whole of South Africa that German rule in South-West Africa should be brought to a close. It appears that the German Parliament is not in a temper to vote much longer enormous funds for the further prosecution of a hopeless struggle for a valueless country, and therefore Germany should be ready to accept the first opportunity which may offer for evacuating South-West Africa. Such an opportunity might easily be created by Great Britain, and Germany should be offered a small sum of money, say 100,000*l.*, or some small, out-of-the-way territorial solatium for her revolted colony, or her revolted colonies, to which peace would probably return as soon as the turmoil of German rule was replaced by the *pax Britannica*. By such a change all danger that the rising might spread all over the African continent would disappear.

If such an offer should be made to Germany, that Power might conceivably refuse to part with her unfortunate colony, or colonies, either requiring a sum which the British Government would not be prepared to pay, or refusing to cede South-West Africa and insisting upon continuing the war to the bitter end. In that event, a somewhat serious situation would arise, for Great Britain might find herself compelled to intervene in the settlement of the South-West African problem, even if such intervention should be resented by Germany.

According to international law, intervention in the domestic affairs of a country is *prima facie* a hostile act, because it constitutes an attack upon a country's independence, but it must be doubted whether this rule applies in the present instance. Also, according to international law, the first duty of a State is the duty towards itself and towards its citizens. The first duty of a State is, therefore, self-preservation, to which all other considerations must be subordinated. Germany's ill-treatment of the South-West African natives undoubtedly constitutes, not a private injury, but a public wrong; it is not only an offence against justice and humanity, sentiments upon which different nations and different individuals may differ, but also against public peace, against public safety, and against public justice. Consequently, Germany's proceeding in South-West Africa is of direct concern to all her neighbours who are interested in public peace, public safety, and public justice, and, naturally, most of all to the paramount Power in South Africa.

If a man destroys a public dam which protects my property against being flooded by water, I need not wait until my property is actually flooded or until the owner of the dam interferes, but I am entitled to interfere myself and to stop the man with the requisite force from continuing an action which eventually will do me harm. If my neighbour desires to destroy his house, he has a perfect right to do so, but he must not burn it, for, in doing so, he might burn also mine. If he burns his house, either the law and public authority, represented by the fire brigade and the police, will, if necessary, possibly enter his house and quench the fire; but if no police and no fire brigade are at hand, I have to do their duty and protect myself by an interference which, under the circumstances, is warranted. The man who thus is interfered with will very likely resent such interference, but his expostulation that he has a perfect right to destroy his property will not be listened to by the authorities.

The maxim *Expedit enim reipublicæ ne quis sua re male utatur* belongs to the law of all civilised nations, and this is the maxim guided by which the competent authority frequently and unhesitatingly interferes with private liberty in order to protect the interests of the community. In other words, private liberty is fully respected and protected by the law of all civilised nations, but that liberty is lawfully restrained when such restraint has become expedient and necessary in the interests of the generality.

If German South-West Africa were situated on a purely German island, Germany would possibly be entitled to argue that interference with the settlement of the native rebellion, which then might be considered to be a purely internal affair of Germany, was a hostile act on the part of this country. However, nothing except an imaginary line separates British and German territory in Africa, and the British and German native population. Hence the position of German South-West Africa closely resembles that which would be created if my neighbour should burn down his house. Unfortunately here the simile ends, for there is no international police and no international fire brigade which may quench the fire that threatens to consume South Africa. Of course this matter might be settled by some referee, supposing Germany should agree to arbitration, but the great danger is that the conflagration will have grown beyond control by the time the case has been settled by international law. Therefore Great Britain must take the law into her own hands and must act upon her own responsibility.

In view of the danger which lies in delay, Great Britain must act as rapidly and as energetically as is required by the threatening position. Germany may loudly protest and declare it an intolerable outrage that her freedom of action within her own colonies should be impaired by a foreign Power, but then she will have to be told with

all courtesy that it is a still more intolerable outrage that the lives of almost a million white British citizens should be endangered because Germany chooses to mismanage a worthless colony and to ill-treat her natives until they have risen in revolt.

The kernel of the Monroe Doctrine is contained in the words: 'We consider any attempt on their part [the European Powers] to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.' Similarly the British Empire should declare—and it has, owing to Germany's proceeding in her colonies, a perfect right to do so—that the extension of the German colonial system to South Africa is a danger to the peace and safety of that continent, and to act upon that declaration. Such interference in the interest of self-protection is by no means unknown to international law, and a large number of precedents can easily be furnished.

If Great Britain should decide to interfere in the solution of the South-West Africa problem, the German papers would probably declare that Great Britain was prompted by her rapacity in acting thus. Therefore it is necessary, before closing this paper, to cast a searching glance at the value of South-West Africa.

During the last few years the trade of German South-West Africa has been as follows:

		Exports from S.W. Africa	Imports into S.W. Africa
		Marks	Marks
1896		1,247,000	4,887,000
1897		1,247,000	4,887,000
1898		916,000	5,868,000
1899		1,399,000	8,941,000
1900		908,000	6,968,000
1901		1,242,000	10,075,000
1902		2,213,000	8,568,000
Total	Marks . .	9,172,000	Marks . . 50,194,000
Average per annum . .		{ Marks . . 1,310,000	Marks . . 7,171,000
		= £ . . . 65,500	= £ . . . 358,550

From the foregoing figures it appears that the imports into German South-West Africa over a number of years were, on an average, more than five times larger than the exports from that country. Therefore German South-West Africa is not a productive but merely a consumptive colony in every sense of the word. However, we cannot judge of the trade of a country merely by taking note of its extent. We must also investigate its nature, in order to be able to gauge its possibilities. Therefore the detailed statement of South-West Africa's foreign trade should be carefully examined. The following is the statement of the imports and exports, on private account, during the year 1898-99:

Private Imports		Private Exports	
	Marks		Marks
Conserves	580,620	Guano	773,000
Beer	362,240	Various	142,784
Timber and woodware	312,408		
Iron and iron wares	129,554		
Coffee	181,200		
Shoes	150,785		
Flour	221,090		
Rice	111,900		
Spirits	162,000		
Cigars and cigarettes	103,830		
Wines	117,366		
Cotton goods	305,211		
Various	1,071,129		
Total	3,812,343	Total	915,784

From the foregoing table it appears that the private imports of 1898-99 consisted chiefly of food and drink for Europeans, such as conserves, beer, wine, cigars, &c. The value of cotton goods, which ought to be the chief article imported for trade with the natives, was actually a smaller item than that of bottled beer, which is almost exclusively consumed by Europeans. On the export side of the account we find that German South-West Africa produces a little guano, which does not even come from the colony proper, and which soon should be exhausted, but that it produces practically nothing else which is of saleable value. Without the guano the exports of the colony would, in 1898-99, have been practically *nil*.

Now let us examine the trade returns for 1902, because that year was an exceptionally favourable one for the trade, and especially for the export trade, of German South-West Africa :

Private and Official Imports		Private and Official Exports	
	Marks		Marks
Rice, wheat, etc.	1,088,569	Cattle	1,023,637
Wine, beer, and spirits	964,284	Guano	853,890
Tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes	301,313	Various	305,446
Coffee	279,912		
Sugar	157,219		
Horses and cattle	236,840		
Meat, etc.	1,165,067		
Timber	174,027		
Cement and coal	418,510		
Clothing and dry goods	1,056,723		
Boots and leather ware	289,527		
Furniture	240,849		
Metal and metal goods	876,501		
Explosives	180,875		
Various	1,134,304		
Total	8,567,550	Total	2,212,973

From the foregoing statement, which gives an account of both the private and Governmental exports and imports, it appears that during a year of comparatively very good trading the character of the trade has hardly changed. Almost the whole of the imports appear to consist in food and clothing for European consumption, and items such as meat, beer, wine, spirits, furniture, which are almost exclusively for European use, again occupy a place of honour. Only part of the clothing, dry goods, &c., appears to be for native trade. The item metal and metal goods is probably connected with the Government railway.

If we now turn to the exports, we find that the export of guano has remained practically stationary between 1898 and 1902, whilst the export of cattle has suddenly acquired an importance which previously it did not possess. However, that export of cattle seems to be an anomaly, and it has probably arisen from the demand for cattle which sprang up after the Boer War, when the British Government bought everywhere in South Africa cattle for the repatriated Boers. Therefore the export of cattle from South-West Africa seems to be an exceptional event, whilst the export of guano will naturally come to an end with the exhaustion of the deposits.

From the foregoing it would appear that, measured by its trade and by its natural wealth and productive power, South-West Africa would not be a desirable acquisition for the British Empire.

It is true that copper is found in the interior of South-West Africa, but, although the existence of copper has been known for many years past, practically nothing has hitherto been done to produce it, because the unfavourable position of the copper deposits which occur in the inhospitable interior of the country makes the raising of the ore so expensive that it seems doubtful whether these deposits can commercially be utilised.

The facts supplied seem to show that Germany could afford to part with her South-West African colony without regret, and she should be glad to find an opportunity for getting rid of it, whilst Great Britain would accept the responsibilities which its possession would entail rather with misgivings than with enthusiasm.

Sir Bartle Frere was one of our ablest, one of our most farsighted, and at the same time one of our most ill-used imperial administrators. He foresaw and foretold Great Britain's struggles in Central Asia, but his warnings were not heeded, to our cost. He foretold the outbreak of the Boer War at the time when the Transvaal was in our grasp, yet Mr. Gladstone went on with his fatuous policy, which ultimately cost the Empire 20,000 lives and 300,000,000*l.* He foresaw the trouble which the Germans would cause us in South-West Africa if we should not take it under our protection, yet the Home Government was too supine, or too penny-wise, to act upon his

statesmanlike advice. Sir Bartle has died broken-hearted, but time has vindicated him in all he did and in all he advised. Let us only hope that his vindication with regard to the South-West African problem will not be so costly to us in lives and treasure as has been the vindication of his foresight with regard to the Transvaal.

O. ELTZBACHER.

POST SCRIPTUM.—Since the foregoing was written, the *Cape Argus* has reported that considerable parties of Boers, of whom some were members of the Johannesburg police and the late Staats Artillerie, under Commandant Odendaal, have crossed into South-West Africa, and it appears that the German authorities have been enlisting these men, who are British citizens, for the purpose of fighting with them the South-West African natives. It is to be hoped that the facts are not as reported, for to enlist within neutral territory, without the consent of the neutral State, is a clear and gross violation of neutrality towards that State. In every country, the right of levying soldiers belongs solely to the nation and to its Sovereign. Therefore, no one is entitled to enlist soldiers in British South Africa without the permission of the British Government. Those who levy soldiers in a foreign country, without being permitted to do so by the Government, alienate its subjects and violate thereby one of the fundamental national rights of sovereignty. For these reasons, it was the custom in all countries to punish with the utmost severity foreign recruiters, who were classed with spies and marauders, and immediately executed.

In the present instance, the enlistment of British citizens in the German Colonial forces, although they may ostensibly have been engaged as non-combatants, such as drivers, would be particularly unfortunate, because it may create the impression among the natives that Great Britain is aiding Germany against them. Hence this incident might do incalculable and irreparable harm, by causing a rising in sympathy among our own natives. Therefore, it seems necessary that the Government should insist that those British subjects who may have been engaged by the German military authorities should immediately be dismissed.

THE RUPTURE BETWEEN NORWAY AND SWEDEN

THE affairs of the Scandinavian Peninsula are or should be of much interest to the inhabitants of the British Isles. Many of us visit Norway, in particular, for our summer holidays ; for fishing, shooting, and to enjoy its bracing climate and magnificent scenery. The populations of both Norway and Sweden are akin to us in many respects, in religion, here and there in race and common ancestry, and also in love of freedom and of sport. So Scandinavia is our natural happy hunting and travelling ground of the north.

But there is one striking difference between the two countries, united until yesterday under one crown, that it is as well at once to note. While Sweden possesses a nobility and a limited franchise, and its Government in consequence smacks something of autocracy and class, Norway is to all intents and purposes a farming and peasant democracy. There are no Norwegian nobles, and 80 per cent. of its male population have a voice in the government of their country as against 30 per cent. of the Swedes.

This essential difference between the two countries, a difference at once national and political, is a factor always to be borne in mind in considering the causes that have led to the present Scandinavian rupture. Norwegians and Swedes, though near neighbours, and speaking to all intents and purposes one language, are neither politically nor socially homogeneous, and their close national intercourse may be said to be barred by a certain widespread and inherent incompatibility of temper.

Let us now consider how the rupture has come about. Full justice has not always been done to Norway, and her true position and rights are often misrepresented in the accounts of the situation that have appeared from time to time in the English papers. It might even be assumed from some of these accounts that Norway was merely a discontented and ungrateful province of Sweden, that she has even played the part of a surly and unreasonable rebel to a benignant monarchy. Nothing could be further from the truth. This misconception probably arises from ignorance of the exact facts of Norwegian

history, and particularly of the events of 1814 in their relation to Scandinavia.

Norway, as a Kingdom, has existed for over a thousand years, and even in the remoter ages of her history possessed a standard of culture that few northern nations could equal, as is witnessed by the old Norse laws and institutions, and by her ancient literature (the Sagas).

For nearly 400 years before 1814 Norway and Denmark were united under one crown, Christian the First, King of Denmark, being elected King of Norway and crowned at Trondhjem in 1449. But the foundation of the present trouble may be said to have been laid in 1814, at the time of the general upheaval caused by the Napoleonic wars, and the consequent re-arranging of the map of Europe. Denmark took the wrong side, as it turned out, and allied herself with Napoleon when his power was broken. Sweden, on the other hand, joined Russia, and so, when the Allies emerged victorious from the historic struggle, Denmark was punished by being deprived of the crown of Norway, which, by the Treaty of Kiel in January 1814, was proposed to be handed over to Sweden as a reward for Marshal Bernadotte's assistance against his former chief. Prior to this, Bernadotte, by a strange romance of history, had been adopted as Crown Prince of Sweden in 1810 by the childless King Charles the Thirteenth.

But the Norwegian people had to be reckoned with; and when tidings came of the Treaty of Kiel these hardy Norsemen promptly declined to be handed over to a new monarch in this cavalier fashion. A gathering at Eidsvold was held in February 1814, and Prince Christian Frederick, then a Norwegian Statholder, and afterwards King of Denmark, was appointed Regent. This was followed by a further meeting of a representative body of Norwegians, also held at Eidsvold, on the 20th of April, when the present constitution was drawn up, and on the 17th of May it was agreed to by all present amid a scene of great enthusiasm. On the same day Christian Frederick was chosen King.

After this events followed one another with some rapidity. Sweden proceeded to assert her claims by force, and Karl Johan Bernadotte led a Swedish army across the frontier; but the campaign only lasted fourteen days. After some unimportant skirmishing an armistice was agreed to, and the Convention of Moss was held on the 14th of August, at which the allies, England, Prussia, Russia, and Austria, were represented. This convention abrogated the Treaty of Kiel. Karl Johan agreed to maintain the Norwegian constitution, provided he was chosen King, and the Storting was again summoned to consider the question. Christian Frederick's courage, however, failed him, and he resigned and left Norway on the day the Storting met. There was now no further difficulty, and the Swedish King, Karl the Thirteenth, was elected King of Norway by the Storting on the

4th of November, 1814. The Crown Prince came to Kristiania and swore to observe the Norwegian Constitution, and the next year the Rigsakt, or Act of Union, was passed by the Storting. This Constitution has been sworn to by every succeeding King of Norway and Sweden up to the present day. It thus appears that the Constitution (*Grundlov*) approved at Eidsvold on the 17th of May, 1814, is the Magna Charta of Norway, the guardian of her political freedom, the basis of her union with Sweden, and the document to whose terms all differences between the two countries require to be referred.

Before touching more particularly on these terms, one interesting point of military history requires to be cleared up. Why did the military campaign last only fourteen days? And, it may be further asked, is not something due to the magnanimity of Karl Johan and the Swedish people in granting such favourable terms to an apparently conquered foe who made so poor a fight? But here again this scant summary of events does serious injustice to Norway. Karl Johan was an astute politician as well as an experienced soldier, and there can be no reasonable doubt that the Convention of Moss was a mutual compromise, and that Norway was very far from entering into it as a conquered Province. The result was partly owing to the pressure of the Allied Powers, partly to Bernadotte's anxiety to settle the matter without delay on the eve of the Congress of Vienna, and largely also to the fact that Sweden was not then fully prepared to carry on the war and compel the Norwegians to submission by force of arms. Karl Johan must have known full well the difficulty of a fight to a finish in the wild and thickly wooded mountains of Norway against so hardy and determined a foe. So he took what he could get at the time, probably less than he wanted, much to the disappointment of the Swedish governing classes. These had hoped for a union by which Norway would have become a mere province of Sweden. The whole circumstances of the case form, by the way, a singular commentary on Mr. Gladstone's romantic citation of the case of Norway and Sweden as an illustration of the blessings of Home Rule.

We now turn again to the Constitution itself. Here is its opening sentence:--'The Kingdom of Norway shall be a free, independent, indivisible and inalienable Kingdom, united with Sweden under one King, its form of government shall be a limited and hereditary Monarchy.'

Nothing can be clearer and more unequivocal than these words, which require to be kept always in view.

Taking the Constitution as a whole, it is a most remarkable effort of the statesmanship of nearly 100 years ago. It has been pronounced, on high authority, as 'the most liberal of constitutions, one of which any modern nation might boast.' Mr. Samuel Laing describes it as

‘a working model of a constitutional government, and one which works so well as highly to deserve the consideration of the English people.’ Under this Constitution, the same writer continues, ‘the Norwegian people enjoy a greater share of political liberty, and have the framing and administering of their own laws more entirely in their own hands, than any European nation of the present time.’

When things had settled down, Karl Johan tried to regain lost ground. Among other things he particularly wanted the power of absolute veto, which, under the Constitution that he had accepted, he did not possess. The sturdy patriots of the Storting resolutely declined to entertain his proposal, and to this day the merely suspensive royal veto remains one of the most important features of the Constitution.

On one occasion, for example, a few years after the union was entered into, the Norwegian Storting passed a Bill for the abolition of nobility, the country being too poor to maintain an aristocracy. Karl Johan took a different view. He looked upon this abolition as a blow aimed at his power in Norway, and twice refused his sanction. The Bill passed a third time, under the Constitution became law, and so the people’s will prevailed.

During the ensuing century and up to the present time several further attempts have been made on the part of Sweden to give the King greater power, and to bring the two countries into closer union ; but the Norwegians have always resisted these efforts, knowing full well the dangers of such a course for their independence. And here, it may be asked, who can blame them for such action, least of all we of the Anglo-Saxon race, who have fought and bled the world over for political freedom ?

It will be seen, then, that the King of Norway and Sweden can exercise his veto only twice. The Norwegian Parliament possesses a right unknown in any other monarchy. When the same Bill has been passed by three successive Storthings, it becomes the law of the land without the assent of the King (see section 79 of the Constitution). The King can thus delay a bill from becoming law for, say, seven to nine years. This should serve as a sufficient check upon any legislative assembly, while at the same time ensuring that the supreme will of the people shall ultimately prevail.

The present King has on two other occasions refused his sanction to measures passed for the second time by the Norwegian National Assembly—namely, the Bill for the admittance of the members of the Government to the debates of the Storting ; and the Bill for eliminating the symbol of the Union from the Norwegian national flag. Both these Bills on being passed for the third time became law. The present difficulty, which has culminated in the respectful dethronement of King Oscar by the Norwegians, has existed for

twenty-five years. Norway wants a separate Consular Service, which the Stockholm Government have declined to grant. The Storthing passed a law accordingly; it was duly presented to King Oscar by the Norwegian Cabinet at Stockholm; but the royal assent was unhesitatingly refused.

The Storthing then took a startling and unprecedented step. The resignation of the Ministry having been tendered and declined, the King knowing full well that it was impossible to get any one else in Norway to carry on the Government in face of the opposition of a united people, the National Assembly met on the historic June 7, 1905, and, in effect, formally deposed the King. The concluding words of the President of the Storthing, Herr Berner, on this momentous occasion, are worth recording. In the midst of an impressive silence, all standing up, the President moved the following resolution:— 'As the members of the Council of State had resigned their office, and as His Majesty the King had declared himself unable to form a new Government, and as the constitutional Royal power had ceased to be operative, that the Government which had just resigned should be empowered to carry on and exercise the authority (which they had formerly received from the King) in accordance with the constitution of the Kingdom, with the necessary alterations; that the Union with Sweden under one King is dissolved in consequence of the King having ceased to act as a *Norwegian King*.'

The resolution was unanimously carried. This action of the Norwegian Storthing has been described in one British journal at least as an 'unwarrantable provocation,' and it has doubtless amazed and offended a large section of the Swedish people, as well as deeply touched the pride of King Oscar. But the foregoing brief sketch of Scandinavian history has been penned to small purpose if it does not show that there is another side to this question; that another and a very different view can be taken of the resolution of the Norwegian Storthing. Their action is the expression, so far, at all events, as an observer can judge, of the deliberate will of a united and homogeneous people; evoked by ninety years of international friction, and finally culminating in (let us hope) peaceful but determined separation.

Neither space nor inclination permits of much further comment or speculation as to what will be the final outcome.

Norway, on the one hand, has shown great consideration for the feelings of the King, and respect and loyalty to his person in her offer of the Norwegian crown to some member of his family yet, if at all, to be indicated by him. On the other hand King Oscar has displayed much self-control and magnanimity in circumstances of unexpected difficulty. 'It is not intended,' said his Majesty, in a moving speech from the throne, 'to repel injustice by force.'

There we will leave it, feeling certain that the good sense and

political sagacity of our Northern neighbours will eventually find some peaceful and enduring settlement of this unhappy but apparently inevitable rupture : a settlement, let us hope, in which neither German Kaiser nor Russian Czar will have a hand. Negotiations are reported to be in progress ; a Norwegian plebiscite is said to be agreed upon. The horizon already begins to clear.

HENRY SETON KARR.

THE LIBERAL UNIONIST PARTY

[Concluded]

IN a previous article in this Review,¹ I examined as concisely and precisely as I could the history of the Liberal Unionist party. I reminded the reader that the Liberal Unionists had very reluctantly separated themselves from the Liberal party on the question of Ireland only, and that when taking this fateful step their leaders had repeatedly and emphatically declared their unswerving loyalty to the Liberal creed, and that even as regards Ireland, although rejecting Home Rule, they had persistently and consistently advocated a generous and conciliatory policy.

After a fevered interval, during which Mr. Balfour was engaged in a fierce and eventually successful struggle in the cause of law and order, that policy was gradually adopted by the Unionist Government. Mr. Balfour himself inaugurated the remedial legislation so vigorously pursued by his brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and afterwards by Mr. George Wyndham, after a short interval of coercion, which soothed the irritated nerves of the party of ascendancy.

Mr. Wyndham's programme was not more, but, indeed, a great deal less, than the programme which had been consistently advocated by the Liberal Unionist leaders, for its only items were the settlement of the land question and the question of higher education, the application to Ireland of a system of private bill legislation, the reorganisation of Dublin Castle, and, of course—the first duty of every Government—the maintenance of law and order. In short, there was not a single item in this programme which had not been fully approved by the Liberal Unionist leaders. Nevertheless, the revelation of Mr. Wyndham's policy caused a panic in the Unionist ranks, and the Government only saved itself from disaster by throwing Mr. Wyndham overboard.

Several causes contributed to this amazing *dénouement*. In the first place, a fierce and indeed internecine battle was being fought on the question of Free Trade. The Unionist party were engaged in the difficult operation of changing front in the face of the enemy,

¹ See *The Nineteenth Century and After* for August 1905.

and they not unnaturally resented the unexpected and, as they thought, the uncalled-for appearance on their flank of Mr. Wyndham and his Irish reformers. Secondly, Mr. Wyndham's policy had become identified with and tainted by devolution. 'What's in a name?' A very great deal in these days, when men are more impressed by phrases than by arguments. There is no reason why the abstract idea of devolution should inspire alarm, or have the proverbial effect of a red rag on a bull. It is merely a relative term—a question of degree. It may be small and harmless; it may be big and dangerous. The fact is that few of those critics who so wildly denounce devolution in the abstract understand what they are talking about. Generally they are supporters of Mr. Balfour, and therefore have approved his introduction of County Councils into Ireland. Consequently they have approved devolution, and are themselves devolutionist. Everything depends on the nature and extent of the devolution proposed. If devolution is in the form of extended powers to County Councils or of Provincial Councils, then I for one am a devolutionist; but if it takes the shape of a Parliament at Dublin, then I am not a devolutionist. The third reason of the unpopularity of Mr. Wyndham's policy was the mystery, if not secrecy, which enveloped it. Mr. Wyndham was too diplomatic, and evidently he hoped to educate his colleagues and party up to the required standard. If he had boldly led them up to the bogey and shown them how harmless it was, I do not believe they would have shied and thrown him.

The result was the complete triumph of the Extremists. The handful of Ulster members were, indeed, fortunate. During the twenty years of firm government, prescribed by Lord Salisbury, which was now coming to an end, they had been treated as a negligible quantity. Energetic, stubborn, and conscientious men, they had not ceased, in season and out of season, to raise their voices; but the Unionist Government turned a deaf ear to their complaints, their expostulations, and their gloomy prophecies—invariably falsified by the event. With dogged determination they persisted, and now at last the day of their triumph dawned. The Government, weak and divided; was on the eve of a critical division, and the votes of the seven Ulster members might possibly turn the scale. The latter realised the advantage of their position, and mercilessly demanded Mr. Wyndham's head. The Government yielded. Mr. Wyndham was sacrificed, his programme was repudiated, the Prime Minister gave assurances that the Government would not touch the burning question of higher education, and he anathematised devolution in terms which left the Extremists nothing to desire.

In my previous article I stated that two policies now hold the field, the policy of Negation and the policy of Home Rule. But can Home Rule pretend to hold the field? Is Home Rule a real

danger, or—if real—is it not so remote a danger as to be outside the pale of practical politics? Is it not merely a convenient bogey behind which a desperate Government hides itself, trusting for protection to the unreasonable fears which it inspires among the timid and ignorant?

Home Rule is no real danger at the present day. Mr. Asquith put the matter very clearly in 1902 when he said, ‘If we are honest we must ask ourselves this practical question: Is it to be part and parcel of the policy of our party that, if returned to power, it will introduce into the House of Commons a Bill for Irish Home Rule? The answer in my judgment is, “No.”’ Supposing that the new Government were mad enough to waste session after session in ploughing the sands of Home Rule, would not the rejection of their Bill by the House of Lords be a certainty? Is there, by the way, any similar guarantee against protection?

Undoubtedly a Liberal Government will and must be content, at least for the present, with a middle course: that is to say, with taking up the Irish question where it has been dropped by Mr. Wyndham, with settling the question of higher education, extending local government, reorganising Dublin Castle, and redressing other admitted grievances. In these reforms they ought to have the hearty co-operation of all true Liberal Unionists, who should gladly travel with them in the path of conciliation so far as they can go without sacrifice of their principles.

But, it may be asked, how can these questions be settled? For instance, how can the burning question of higher education be arranged in a manner acceptable to both Roman Catholics and Nonconformists?

I doubt if many people—on this side of the Channel—appreciate the urgency of this question, or realise the gravity of the injustice from which Ireland suffers. But in truth the position is becoming intolerable, and the grievance, if unremoved, will sap and undermine the very foundation of the Union. For if it be admitted that the Parliament at Westminster, by reason of party divisions or any other cause, cannot govern Ireland justly, how can the demand for Home Rule be resisted?

But this is the situation. All will admit that the education of the young is one of the gravest duties and responsibilities which a State has to discharge. And no one who is acquainted with the facts of the case can say that this duty is, or ever has been, adequately discharged in Ireland. The whole system of education is inefficient, confused, indeed chaotic. Much might be said regarding the defective condition of primary and secondary education, but at least something is being done, and money, if wasted, is not refused. I will therefore confine myself on this occasion to the subject of higher education, which is indeed a crying grievance, for in that direction little—practically nothing—is being done for the Roman Catholics

of Ireland. Why? Because England is a Protestant country, and her conscience, we are told, will not permit her in any way, however indirect, to encourage or assist higher education when that higher education is connected with the Roman Catholic religion, or when it is in the least controlled by Roman Catholic ecclesiastics.

Fortunately for our Empire, these theories are not enforced in other lands. If the same policy were adopted by the people of England elsewhere, then our right as a Protestant country to govern people of any other religion might be seriously impugned, for unless we can govern justly and impartially we have no right to govern at all. But this is not our policy elsewhere. Even in lands where idolatry reigns we do not—we cannot—enforce this policy, and we would not do so in Ireland if the English people thoroughly understood the case.

My object is in a few simple words to explain the nature and extent of the grievance, and to suggest a remedy which should satisfy Irish Roman Catholics without offending the conscience of English Nonconformists. I need not dilate on the necessity, in these days growing ever more urgent, of university education. The insufficiency of our Universities in number at least is generally admitted.

If this is the case in England, where so much has been done by private munificence and by the State, what must be the condition of Ireland, where the Roman Catholic population is debarred from higher education because the people are too poor to help themselves, and because the State practically refuses to assist any but Protestants?

Is this an exaggerated view of the case? What are the facts? What is the existing provision for higher education? Of the total population of Ireland, of 4,458,775, the Roman Catholics numbered in 1901 3,308,661, or 74·2 per cent., and the Episcopalian Protestant population 581,089, or only 13 per cent. How many of these enjoy the advantages of higher education? There is Trinity College, Dublin, and there are the three Queen's Colleges. Trinity College has an income of 38,000*l.* per annum, and the cost to the State of each of the Queen's Colleges averages about 11,000*l.* per annum. In addition these colleges are well provided—Trinity College splendidly provided—with excellent buildings and educational appliances.

Trinity College counts on the average 1,000 students on its rolls, of whom from eighty to ninety are Roman Catholics. Queen's College, Belfast, has 349 students, including seventeen Roman Catholics. Queen's Colleges, Cork and Galway, have respectively 190 and ninety-three students, of whom 118 and thirty-five are Roman Catholics. Such is the provision made by the State for the higher education of a Roman Catholic population of over three million souls.

But it will naturally be asked, Is this the fault of the State? Trinity

College and the Queen's Colleges are open to the Roman Catholics ; why do they not enter ? They do not, they cannot, enter because the religious difficulty intervenes. What is this religious difficulty ?

The religious difficulty arises out of the fact that these institutions do not offer the safeguards for religion on which the Roman Catholic people claim that they have a right to insist ; and therefore they have been condemned by Papal rescripts and by the pronouncements of the Irish bishops as a peril to faith, and the youth of the country have been forbidden to frequent them.

On this question the Royal Commission of 1903 very justly remarked that, ' whether the bishops [and they might have added the Vatican] were justified or not, the state of things was disastrous to the interests of education,' and they added that ' the result of the deadlock is that the Roman Catholics of Ireland, forming 74 per cent. of the whole population, are, as a body, unprovided with any adequately endowed university of which they are willing to avail themselves.'

• The Roman Catholic population of Ireland are essentially a religious people, and they will be guided by their bishops, however they may suffer materially. We may think them foolish and mistaken ; but every sensible man must admit—it is no use kicking against the pricks—that we must accept them as they are, and make the best of a difficult situation. Surely the fact that the Irish Roman Catholics will not surrender their religious convictions, and indeed hopes of salvation, to our ideas, does not relieve us of the responsibility of supplying them with higher education, even if it were not obviously in our interest that their ignorance should be enlightened and their prejudices dispersed ? Certainly it is in the imperial interests, as well as in the interests of Ireland, that this question should be settled, even though we may think that the bishops and the people whom they guide and direct are unreasonable.

But are they unreasonable ? Is it unnatural that they should object to the Roman Catholic youth being subjected to Protestant or agnostic influences, and educated in an atmosphere charged with hostility to their own religion ?

Let us put ourselves in the place of the Irish Roman Catholics. Supposing that there was but one college in Oxford or Cambridge, and that college the training institute of the Roman priesthood. Supposing that all the heads of the college and the leading professors, and practically all the undergraduates, were Roman Catholics, would a Protestant Englishman send his son to that college ? We know that very few would do so, for do not the Protestant Nonconformists of England consider it an intolerable grievance that their children should be compelled to go to schools under the management of the Protestant Church of England ? Again, a powerful argument in the present controversy on this side of the Irish Channel is that where the public money is expended there ought to be public control. Why is not this

sound rule applicable to Ireland? Why must Ireland be the one spot in the whole British Empire where the religious convictions of the vast majority of the population are to be held as of no account?

But, it may be asked, are the existing colleges so essentially Protestant? We may put aside Queen's Colleges, Cork and Galway, as negligible quantities, for in spite of the zealous service of the able and sometimes eminent men who have served as principals, professors, &c., educationally they are failures, and the large expenditure of State funds upon them is difficult to defend. The students of these two colleges number less than three hundred, yet they cost the State over 22,000*l.* per annum. Notwithstanding this large expenditure and their excellent buildings, libraries, and laboratories, they have failed to produce any educational results at all proportional to their cost. How can this expenditure be justified? Not on political grounds, for these colleges are repudiated by the Roman Catholic population for whose benefit they were established and endowed; and certainly not for educational reasons. Therefore there are solid grounds for the contention that these colleges, being a failure, should be disendowed and disestablished, or at least reduced to the status of high schools, and that the money which is being expended upon them should be utilised for the purpose of university education in Dublin and Belfast, where alone there is scope for such institutions.

There remain, therefore, only Trinity College, Dublin, and Queen's College, Belfast. Is the objection of the Roman Catholic bishops to these institutions unreasonable? Surely not, if they are essentially Protestant. In that case is it not reasonable that Roman Catholics should object to their sons being subjected to influences so hostile to their religion?

But can Trinity College and Queen's College, Belfast, be fairly described as essentially Protestant? Let us first consider the case of Trinity College. Trinity College has always been, and I confess to the hope that it will always be, a Protestant institution. "It was founded by Queen Elizabeth for the purpose of promoting education in Ireland on the principles of the Protestant religion, and faithfully has it discharged its trust. It is to-day as Protestant as it was only a dozen years ago, when Professor Mahaffy wrote in this Review that 'the present government and policy of the College (Trinity), though secular and admitting all persons to its honours, is distinctly Protestant,' or when, about the same time, Judge Webb, at a meeting of Trinity College Historical Society, declared that their university was founded by Protestants for Protestants, and in the Protestant interest. A Protestant spirit had from the first animated every member of its body corporate. At the present moment, with all its toleration, all its liberality, all its comprehensive-

ness and all its scrupulous honour, the *genius loci*, the guardian spirit of the place, was Protestant. And as a Protestant he said, and said it boldly, Protestant might it evermore remain.

Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, one of the ablest and most liberal-minded men who have ever sat on the Irish Bench, impressed on the audience that Judge Webb had told them truly that the university in which they stood was founded by a Protestant, for Protestants, and in the Protestant interest. And it is surely worthy of the attention of reflecting Englishmen of all creeds, who desire that Irish Catholics should live contented under British rule, that this same eminent Protestant lawyer, in his evidence before the Royal University Commission in 1902, advocated, as the only satisfactory solution of the Irish University question, a settlement which would grant to Irish Catholics perfect equality of conditions with those enjoyed at present by Irish Protestants.

Attempts have been made, and are still being made, to induce Roman Catholics to enter Trinity College, and thus to prove that their grievance has no real foundation. But note the composition of the governing body. To-day, as in all its past history, the supreme governing body, consisting of the provost and the seven senior fellows, is entirely Protestant. Four of the eight are Protestant clergymen, and all hold office for life. Among the junior fellows there is one Roman Catholic, but it has been calculated that, 'according to the average, he will have to wait nearly forty years before becoming a senior fellow and having a place on the governing body.' This body has also supreme control over the Divinity School of the Church of Ireland, and consequently Trinity College is not only Protestant, but Episcopalian, and Presbyterians are almost, if not quite, as reluctant as Roman Catholics to enter the university. Of 4,200 parliamentary electors of the university, 2,600 are Protestant clergymen.

This is the state of things, and few true friends of Trinity College wish to change it; and therefore the Roman Catholics are justified in doubting the sincerity of the plans which the governing body devises and encourages for attracting Roman Catholics within its walls. On this point I would quote from the speech made by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons on the 13th of April last :

Does my hon. friend on this side of the House, and those who agree with him on the other side, wish to turn Trinity College into an institution in which the majority of the professors and students should be Roman Catholics? I have never concealed my view that I should regard such a result with the utmost dismay. Trinity College has been by character and inception—actually by law and by statute for the greater part of its history, but since 1873 by character and inception—a Protestant institution. Many Roman Catholics, I am glad to think, have gained by its teaching; but the flavour, the atmosphere, as my hon. friend has called it, of the institution is, and always has been, Protestant. Is

there any Protestant in this House who sincerely wishes that to be changed? And if no Protestant wishes it to be changed, what is the only inference? The only inference is either that they are prepared serenely to say that Roman Catholics are to have no higher education, or they are prepared to have some other institution in which higher education can be given to Roman Catholics.

Is it any wonder that the Roman Catholics doubt the sincerity of the concessions? No; Trinity College is Protestant to the core, and generations will pass away before it can change its character. It is an institution of which Ireland, and, indeed, the Empire, have reason to be proud. May it be long before the axe is laid to the roots of this grand old tree.

And what about Queen's College, Belfast? Trinity College is Protestant and Episcopalian. Queen's College, Belfast, is Protestant and Presbyterian. Between the two institutions there is little sympathy and no relationship, and Queen's College finds no place in the University of Dublin. Queen's College, Belfast—I take the figures of the Royal Commission of 1903—has 349 students, of whom 302 came from the north. Of these 349 only seventeen are Roman Catholics. There is not, and never has been, a single Roman Catholic professor in the faculty of arts. And the reason why Queen's College, Belfast, is so flourishing an institution is simply this—because from the start it has been, from the religious point of view, in harmony with its environments—because Protestants can send their sons there without fear that their faith will be sapped by hostile influences. Let the English people realise this fact, and let them understand that education in Ireland must be denominational—that there is no such thing, and for generations can be no such thing, as undenominational education. All schools are more or less denominational, and the State does not refuse its assistance. Otherwise there can be no education whatever in Ireland. This theory is accepted and acted upon in respect to primary and secondary education. It is denied in the case of higher education only. However we may lament it, the fact remains that 'not all the water in the rough, rude sea' of argument and expostulation will wash away this ineradicable prejudice.

Thus it is that the Roman Catholics of Ireland, comprising three-fourths of its population, are excluded from the benefits of higher education. The consequences are evil and dangerous. The Royal Commissioners of 1903 reported that

the evils arising from the want of a higher education, truly academic and at the same time acceptable to the majority of the Irish people, are far-reaching, and penetrate the whole social and administrative system. The Roman Catholic clergy are cut off from university training. School teachers, too, have no sufficient motive to graduate. No university provision is made for the training either of primary or secondary teachers.

Very forcibly did Father Findlay state the case when he pointed out that in three years a generation of young men pass through a university, in sixty years twenty generations, and then asked what would be the condition of Ireland to-day, educational, commercial, industrial, and what would be the efficiency of her press, the standing of her public men, the general tone and level of her public opinion, if the last twenty generations of her ablest children had been trained to think and act with fully developed power.

And it was truly pointed out by Mr. Haskane during the recent debate in the House of Commons that the present system has produced a concentration of the higher education in the persons of the priests—for the priest is often the only educated man in the village—and that, although it is most important to induce the Roman Catholics as well as the Protestants to take their part in the administrative work of the country, yet they are shut out from competing for those positions. In this way, he added, 'we have produced in Ireland an amount of discontent among the young men such as was without parallel in any part of the kingdom. This was one great grievance.'

A very great grievance indeed—a grievance which creates a yawning gulf between the governed and the governor. Nearly all the well-paid appointments in Ireland are filled by Protestants, not because of the bigotry and prejudices of the Government, but because Chief Secretary after Chief Secretary has in vain tried to find qualified candidates among the Roman Catholics. For this dearth the policy of the shut door in higher education is responsible.

Have the Roman Catholics done nothing for themselves in this matter? They have. They have made great and, so far as they went, not unsuccessful efforts in the direction of self-help. Of these efforts University College, Dublin, is the monument. Fifty years ago the Roman Catholics of Ireland undertook to found a university, and after expending a quarter of a million, raised by subscription, they were obliged to abandon the attempt; but from the ashes of this Catholic university there arose the existing University College, which, under the direction of its accomplished president, Father Delany, of the Jesuit Order, is doing very valuable work. With scanty resources, a mean habitation, no library, an unpaid staff, and no funds for scholarships, it nevertheless competes most successfully with the well-endowed and thoroughly equipped Queen's Colleges.

Before the establishment of the Royal University in 1882 that college was entirely supported by the voluntary contributions of the Roman Catholics. Since that time, however, University College, though not recognised by the State, and receiving no aid from the public exchequer, receives an indirect endowment from the Senate

of the Royal University. That body, out of its income of 20,000*l.* a year derived from the Irish Church Fund, pays a yearly salary of 400*l.* each to fifteen of its fellows for the double duty attached to their fellowship of acting as examiners in the Royal University and of teaching at University College, or in all about 6,000*l.* per annum.

The existence of this endowment and its conditions were formally laid before Parliament in 1883, and again in 1885, and neither then nor since has it ever been called in question. For more than twenty years, with the full knowledge of successive administrations, whether Liberal or Conservative, this indirect endowment has been granted to University College, open, no doubt, to students of all religions, but controlled by Roman Catholics. It is too late, therefore, now to resist the claim for further endowment on the plea of principle. When the grant was made the alleged principle was given away, and the question of further endowment is now simply one of degree.

Such is the situation, and all will agree that, whatever the cause, it is an unfortunate and dangerous situation, and that the condition of higher education in Ireland, so far as the Roman Catholics are concerned, constitutes a scandal which should be quickly ended. How is this to be done? Several ways of meeting the difficulty have been proposed. Trinity College, with its proud history and great traditions, must not be touched, and therefore two schemes now hold the field. First, Mr. Balfour's proposal to abolish the Royal University, and to establish in its place two universities, one in Belfast and the other in Dublin, each undenominational, but still breathing an atmosphere congenial to the religious convictions of the mass of its students; and, secondly, the scheme of the Royal Commission—namely, a re-constituted Royal University, with Belfast College additionally endowed, and a college for Roman Catholics, liberally endowed and equipped, both colleges to be identically constituted as regards religious tests, to be largely autonomous in their educational work, but subject to the supervision of the senate of the university for the maintenance of a suitable standard of university education.

Unionists might indeed congratulate themselves if either scheme were adopted, but in the present state of public feeling these reasonable proposals are counsels of perfection which have no chance of acceptance. True it is that our leading statesmen on both sides would gladly adopt either plan, and thus redress a grievance which has become a festering sore in the body politic of Ireland, poisoning its blood and eating away the loyalty of its people. But, alas! our statesmen are helpless, for their followers will not allow them to have the courage of their convictions.

Mr. Balfour can do nothing. The party of ascendancy is too

strongly entrenched in his Cabinet, and another ministerial secession, however unimportant in itself, could not be endured, even if a weakened Government were not dependent for its existence on the votes of the Ulster members. Nor is there any hope that the question will fare much better at the hands of a Liberal Government, even with Mr. Haldane a leading member, for its Nonconformist and Presbyterian supporters have rooted conscientious objection to any concession which would tend to the augmentation of clerical influence.' 'A formidable—I fear an insurmountable—obstacle to the rendering of justice is,' said Mr. Balfour, 'the belief—and as I think the unfortunate belief—which prevails in this country, that this is simply a manoeuvre on the part of the Irish bishops to obtain control of Irish higher education.' Is this belief mistaken, unjust? If so, can it not be dissipated?

Justice has not been done to the patriotism of the Irish bishops in this matter. No doubt they would like, and at one time they may have hoped, to control higher education, but if so they have abandoned any such pretension as impossible.

Father Delany has pointed out that so long as tests were maintained in the University of Dublin and Trinity College, making them strictly Protestant and denominational the bishops claimed a purely Roman Catholic University, but now that tests have been abolished they have reduced their demand, and only ask that there should be given to the Roman Catholics a teaching university without tests, but so constituted as to be as satisfactory to Roman Catholics as Trinity College, Dublin, still remains to Protestants. In short, they simply ask for equality of treatment.

Is there a way out of this *impasse*? Cannot any compromise be devised on which there could be based a settlement which would be acceptable to the Roman Catholics without offending the conscience of our Nonconformist and Presbyterian friends in England and Scotland?

In my opinion a settlement can be effected on the following lines:

There now exists the Royal University of Ireland—merely an examining body. The Royal Commission have condemned it and declared that its existence, as an examining university only, seriously lowers the ideal of university education. But, however it cumbereth the ground, we cannot cut it down, for there would be such a babel of confusion over the disposal of the wreckage that confusion would be worse confounded. It is obviously our policy to find the line of least resistance, therefore let us not lay hands on the Royal University. For the same reason I do not propose, for the present at least, to end—I fear it is impossible to mend—the Queen's Colleges of Cork and Galway. The material which has to be shaped and fashioned is to be found in Queen's College, Belfast, and University College, Dublin, both

flourishing and successful institutions, although cribbed, cabined, and confined by 'the eternal want of pence.'

Queen's College, Belfast, now receives about 11,000*l.* a year from public funds, and its buildings, &c., are maintained by the State. The Ulster members loudly and justly demand increased provision in accordance with the views of the Royal Commission, which recommended that 'a liberal addition be made to the general endowments of the college,' and that the college buildings be considerably enlarged. Let this be done, and let the same justice be meted out to University College. Let the present subsidy of 6,000*l.* to the latter be increased in the same way and on the same grounds—that is to say, on purely educational grounds—as the concession which is made to Queen's College, Belfast. Let its buildings also be enlarged to the necessary extent, or, if this is impossible, let suitable accommodation be erected on another site.

To enable this to be done, no legislation is necessary; all that is required is that the funds at the disposal of the Royal University should be adequately increased, and that the distribution be left to the senate—which is composed of an equal number of Protestants and Roman Catholics—to be made on educational grounds only, and without reference to religious considerations.

Where is the money to come from? A great part might be saved out of the infructuous expenditure on the Queen's Colleges of Cork and Galway, but it might be thought fair to grant those institutions a *locus pœnitentiæ*—to allot them a certain number of years within which to mend or end. And surely the Irish development fund could not be devoted to a better purpose than the advancement of higher education?

Will the Nonconformists of England and the Presbyterians of Scotland allow this compromise to be carried into effect? They are not asked to agree to the establishment or endowment of a Roman Catholic college, but merely to allow the subsidy already given to the two existing colleges, Protestant and Roman Catholic, to be increased so as to enable them efficiently to discharge their educational duties. The education on which the money will be expended will be secular education, for it must be a condition that none of it will be used for religious instruction; that there are no tests; and that the college will be governed by a body on which laymen will preponderate, and, with its endowments, will be open to all, whatever their creed.

The Irish bishops will no doubt agree to these conditions in order to gain for their co-religionists the higher education which has been denied to them, while it has been lavished on the Protestants of Ireland. Will the Nonconformists of England and the Presbyterians of Scotland refuse to render this long-deferred justice and to redress a crying grievance—to remove a scandal which thirty years ago was

denounced by Mr. Gladstone, which Lord-Lieutenant after Lord-Lieutenant and Chief Secretary after Chief Secretary have deplored, and which has enlisted the earnest sympathy of men of such conflicting views as Mr. Balfour and Mr. Haldane? If England cannot govern Ireland justly, the death knell of the Union has surely struck.

These are no empty words. I emphatically believe in the truth of the warning given to me some eighteen years ago by Monsignor Persico, when that astute statesman was deputed by the Pope to report on the state of Ireland—namely, that the lasting peace and content of Ireland depend more on the satisfactory settlement of this than of any other question. Let Unionists carefully digest the remarkable words of Lord John Russell, uttered, it is true, some forty years ago, but which are just as pertinent to-day :

If we say that such are our religious principles, that we defy these demands for justice, then will come more fiercely than ever those demands for the Repeal of the Union which we all deplore. Either we will say that we will carry out the compact (of the Union) in the spirit which was declared at the time, and that we will fulfil the compact, not only to the letter, but with all that kindness and all that affectionate regard, and all that conciliation which Ireland should have from England : or we must say ‘that our religious opinions will not allow us to act with justice and equity towards Ireland,’ and then we must renounce the connection and the compact, and we must give them back their Legislature to enable them to decide for themselves as they think best. . . . I own that I consider this a dilemma from which you cannot escape. . . . If you will maintain the Union, you must convince the Roman Catholic people of Ireland that you will treat them as you treat the Protestant people of England. --“Hansard,” vol. 79, p. 1,011.

I have shown that this very difficult question can be settled. The other pending Irish questions are more simple, and can be dealt with by a conciliatory Government without danger to the Union. In short, there is much good and needful work to be done by a Liberal Government without touching Home Rule—work in which they are entitled to the co-operation of all Liberal Unionists who remain true to the policy of their party.

But will the Nationalist party reject the boons thus offered? I think not. That attitude was attempted in 1892 when Mr. Balfour introduced his Land Bill, but the Irish people would not tolerate so suicidal a policy, and it was abandoned. I think that both Mr. Redmond and Mr. Blake have very fairly explained their policy; Mr. Redmond, when dealing with the intention, erroneously imputed to Mr. Gerald Balfour, of killing Home Rule by kindness, and Mr. Blake as recently as the 21st of February last.

It is evident from these utterances that the Nationalist party will accept any concessions which are not destructive of the object which they have in view—namely, a parliament in Dublin, with an executive

government responsible to that parliament. They would prefer to reach the summit of their desire *per saltum*, but if that is impossible they will accept concessions which they think—erroneously, I believe—they can use as rungs in the ladder which is to lead them to their final triumph.

Finally, I return to the question, What are the Unionist Free Traders to do? My contention that the Liberal Unionist party has been broken up and dispersed, and that it has become merged into the Tory party, has been questioned and disputed, but is it not true? How do the Tariff Reformers differ from the Tories? On what single question are they at issue? Take the list of the Liberal Unionist Tariff Reformers. Compare them, man for man, with the most Tory of the Tories, and try to distinguish between the two. If there is a difference between their political opinions, what is it? The Liberal Unionists may continue to maintain a separate organisation, to wear the uniform, fly the flag, and occasionally beat the big drum of the old party—they may dine together to celebrate the triumphs of the past, but their day is over, and they have no future as an independent party.

We, the Unionist Free Traders, are the only survivors of the party which saved the Union. What, then, are we to do? What course are we to steer? What leader are we to follow?

We are few in number; we cannot lead an independent existence. If we are to live and work, we must join one or other of the great political parties, now that our own party has been broken up. The Liberal party is sound on the great question of the day—the question of Free Trade. It is round the flag of Free Trade that the momentous battle is to be fought, unless, indeed, Mr. Balfour and his followers retire from what they must now realise to be an untenable position, and leave Mr. Chamberlain and his stalwarts to their fate. The coming conference may furnish them with an excuse. If—as is highly probable—the Colonial delegates refuse to meet our Tariff Reformers halfway, will not Mr. Balfour be justified in abandoning Mr. Chamberlain and his policy? Might not the manœuvre be justified out of Mr. Chamberlain's own mouth? But such tactics would not satisfy Unionist Free Traders. They can never again trust Mr. Balfour on this vital question.

There are few questions of domestic politics on which a Unionist Free Trader need be at serious issue with the Liberal party. Home Rule is no longer an obstacle in the path of re-union. The Education question could be settled by compromise; indeed—paradoxical as it may seem—I believe that a satisfactory settlement could be effected by, say, Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Lloyd-George in half an hour. There need be no difficulty regarding many other items of the Liberal programme, which would, I suppose, include the housing

question, the drink question, the enforcement of economy, the evolving of a real army out of the chaos which Mr. Arnold-Forster has created, and, it is to be hoped, the reform of the House of Lords.

We are told—and the fallacy has so often been repeated that many may accept it as gospel—that Lord Lansdowne is the only statesman who can safely and efficiently control and direct the relations of this Empire with foreign Powers. In spite of the gloomy prophecies of the almost unanimous Unionist Press when he succeeded Lord Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne has proved to be an excellent, indeed in some respect an ideal, Foreign Secretary. Yet he has made mistakes. The Venezuela blunder and the costly useless hunt of the Mad Mullah may be forgiven, but those of us who know Morocco must lament the surrender of that rich country, which might have become the granary of the United Kingdom. The understanding with France is a great, and, if enduring, will be an inestimable blessing; but future generations, when they find the open door of commerce with Morocco shut in their faces, the Mediterranean practically a French lake, and the western ports of Morocco, which command our alternative route to India, fortified and occupied by France, may be inclined to ask whether a more skilful diplomacy might not have purchased the same benefit at a smaller price.

Lord Lansdowne is not indispensable. The seals of the Foreign Office would be at least as safe in the hands of a Rosebery or a Grey. Why, to take a case in point, should not our relations with Japan be as sympathetically managed by the Minister who was the first to place them on their present footing, by the Minister who refused to join the combination of European Powers which robbed Japan of the fruits of her victory over China? Let it be remembered that it was not a Liberal Foreign Secretary who allowed Russia to seize Port Arthur.

Japan and every other foreign Power knows that the present Government is under sentence of death, and that the agony cannot be much longer prolonged. They know that it has lost the confidence of the country. How can such a Government, why should such a Government, speak with authority in the council-chambers of the political world?

The question is not whether the present Government is to remain in power after the next General Election. Evidently the country has made up its mind on that point, and every day that the Government clings to office in defiance of the people that resolve grows more uncompromising. We are certain to have a Liberal Government. The only doubt is whether that Government will be strong enough to be independent. Surely all moderate men, whatever their politics, will agree that, in the interests of the Empire, it is essential that the next Government should be a strong, independent

Government, clearly knowing what it wants, frankly saying what it means, and fearlessly doing what it believes to be right. Is it not the duty of Unionist Free Traders to help in accomplishing this object, and is it not time that they should abandon their present attitude of armed neutrality, and boldly join their natural allies in the coming battle ?

WEST RIDGEWAY.



A MUNICIPAL CONCERT HALL FOR LONDON

THE demolition of St. James's Hall has left a gap in the musical and artistic, as well as in the political and social, world of London, greater and uglier than is represented by the big ugly hole in the block of buildings between Regent Circus and Piccadilly—which for several days, when all the rest had become a shapeless ruin, was spanned by the great internal arch that had for generations looked down upon those who were assembled there.

For many a year past St. James's Hall has been associated with music of the highest order, exquisitely rendered by the most cultivated of musicians on the most perfect of instruments, including the most perfect of all, the human voice.

For fashionable London its position was excellent, and unfashionable London used it occasionally, and liked it well enough. It held an audience somewhat too numerous to allow of all who were present to hear perfectly every kind of music, vocal and instrumental. And, on political occasions, when the body of the hall and the galleries from end to end were packed, it was rare to find a speaker who could make his voice penetrate to the upper gallery. But if the echoes of St. James's Hall could be awakened, it would not only be the music, but the sounds of almost every crisis in recent political history, and of every great event in the social life of England that would reverberate among them.

The gap has been made and none of the existing concert halls can fill it. They are deficient in one or more of the essentials of position, size, or acoustic qualities. Central London is now urgently in need of a permanent public concert hall—'public' as differing from the venture of some private company run for the purpose of dividends or of advertisement; 'public' also, in the sense of being under the control of a public authority, managed for the enjoyment, interest, and advantage of the whole community.

There are many thousands of those who live the lives of the poorer or poorest Londoners whom good music can touch, influence, encourage, and inspire as nothing else in this world can. And by enjoyment of

music they are as little likely to be pauperised as they would be by a full enjoyment of their rightful heritage of sun and air, of which the smoky atmosphere of London allows them only a mere fraction under existing conditions. Good music is a good and perfect gift. It blesses those who give and those who take. It longs for nothing more than a free expression of its own beauty. No one gives, and in the giving gets, more perfect sympathy than a good musician. There is no one who, with such absolute certainty as a good musician, can touch, and even create, the deepest, purest, and best emotions that rule the hearts of men and women of all classes, faiths, and races. There is a catholicity about music that knows absolutely no distinction between man and man, class and class, creed and creed, nation and nation. It is, *par excellence*, the healing art for every sad and sorry soul. There is no art in which the highest intellectual gifts can be more perfectly blended with deepest emotion. In the joy of music all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children can have their share. And the marvel is that whatever perfection the science and workmanship of modern times may put into our instruments, every atom of it is required to render adequately the conceptions of great musical composers—prophets in their own art—who wrote at a time when such technical perfection was absolutely unknown or thought of.

London, unique in the masses of its population, in the depths of its poverty, and the magnificence of its wealth, is also almost unique among the cities of Europe in omitting to provide a permanent home for either music or the drama, or for both, such as nearly every large town in England and in Europe generally has, for generations past, made an essential part of its municipal existence. A list has been prepared of some fifty continental towns, with populations ranging from the million one hundred thousand of Vienna to the thirty-two thousand of Coblenz, in every one of which land and buildings for music and the drama, or for both in combination, have been provided out of public funds to meet the requirements of a public whose enjoyment and education in art have been cultivated and increased by an expenditure which has added enormously to the intellectual assets of the community. A central concert hall, if it is to be fit for a permanent home of music in London, should be planned to be as acoustically perfect as possible, whether for a full orchestra and chorus, or for the voice of a single speaker. Ventilation, lighting, warming, and the general equipment of the building should all be carefully arranged. It is generally found economical, as well as convenient, to have a larger and a smaller hall under the same roof. In the dignity of its architectural proportions, and by the harmonious beauty of colouring and of design in internal decoration, the building must be made worthy of the purposes for which it is intended.

In 1898 a proposal was made to establish a permanent National

Opera House in London, and a petition was presented to the London County Council on this subject, signed by one hundred and forty of the recognised leaders in the world of music and of art. Such a universal expression of public opinion by those who had the power to form it, and the right to represent it, had probably never been known before. The opening statement in the petition was that in London, 'the richest capital in the world, there exists no means whereby the highest class of operatic music can be systematically brought within the reach of the great mass of the people.' The petition goes on to show how, in England, musical education is restricted, young artists discouraged, and the development of native art hindered by the lack of those opportunities which are freely offered in all the larger towns of Europe, and, it might be added, in many of the smaller ones also.

Among those who gave evidence on behalf of a permanent opera house in London, and emphasised strongly the educational influence of music, was Sir Hubert Parry, Director of the Royal College of Music, who described the English as a highly musical people, but as not having the opportunities that exist abroad for hearing the best music. Another witness was Mr. W. H. Cummings, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, which had then (1898) been established nineteen years, and had 3,600 students, about 900 of whom were intending to enter the musical profession as orchestral players, singers, and composers. Dr. Theodor Loewe, Director of Municipal Theatres at Breslau, sent in a written memorandum comparing the musical and dramatic facilities given abroad with those in England, and showing how audiences in London were limited by the costliness of the performances. He called attention to the large number of well-trained and highly gifted English musicians who go abroad to enjoy opportunities they cannot get in their own country. The petition so influentially signed received careful consideration by the General Purposes Committee of the London County Council, who in their report said that while 'we are not able to advise the Council to take any step towards establishing a permanent opera house at the expense of the ratepayers until the general public shall have acquired a greater interest in the question, we are of opinion that the encouragement of the higher forms of musical art is greatly needed in London, and, if accorded wisely, either by the State or by the Municipality, it would be attended with very beneficial results to the whole community.' They go on to say that 'not only is the British nation a music-loving nation, but the masses of the people are becoming more and more appreciative of what is generally known as good music.' Towards the end of the report the following clause is inserted :

In addition to the question of a permanent opera house as the nucleus of musical education, there is undoubtedly great need for some extension throughout London of facilities for hearing and studying high-class music,

and reference is made to what has already been done in this way by some of the London polytechnics. The report concludes with four recommendations, of which the second reads as follows :

That whilst unable to take action in the erection or subsidy of a permanent opera house, the Council is prepared to consider proposals for reserving a site in connection with one of its central improvements for the purpose of its being used for the encouragement of operatic music.

This recommendation was adopted and approved by the London County Council. The present proposal is not for an opera house, but for a concert hall, a proposal involving far less expenditure both for establishment and for maintenance than is necessary for the larger undertaking. But so closely allied are the sister arts of music and the drama, that nearly all the arguments used for a permanent home for them both in combination are available for the establishment of a home for one of them, if the time does not appear ripe, nor public opinion sufficiently formed, to warrant the inauguration of the larger scheme. Whatever may be the expansion of musical education in England in the future, at present only a small fraction of those who enjoy good concerts can appreciate the opera. And not only does a concert hall appeal to a wider and more varied public than an opera house, but, in England at all events, the opera has been associated with expenditure on so lavish a scale that it has always been the rich man's luxury, from which the poor have been practically excluded. The chief argument for the institution and maintenance of a central concert hall by those who represent London is that music of the best kind may be brought within reach of the poorer classes, whose enjoyment of it is far keener than most people would imagine.

It is safe to prophesy that the chief objection to any scheme of this kind, by which local public funds or public credit are to be used, will be a financial one. It will be said that the expense of providing education for the children out of public funds is great enough without giving them and their parents their amusements free. If it is the right of those who pay to call the tune, it must be the duty of those who call the tune to pay. There are at least two answers to this argument. One is that music is and has long since been officially recognised as something very different from an amusement. It is an important part of our national education. In November, 1893 at the request of the London Technical Education Board, the Committee of Council on Education, under section 8 of the Technical Instruction Act, 1889, sanctioned instruction in music—including singing and musical notation, and instrumental and orchestral music, as a subject of technical instruction required by the circumstances of the London district. And the increase of musical teaching in evening schools and polytechnics during recent years is very remarkable. In 1898-99 there were only 118 evening schools in which music

was taken, with 2,578 pupils, receiving 14 hours' instruction or over. In 1902-03 there were 235 evening schools, with 6,515 pupils. Recent figures on this subject are not for the moment available, but it is known that all along the line a very considerable increase has taken place.

In a memorandum drawn up in 1898 by Dr. Garnett, Secretary to the late Technical Education Board for London, figures were quoted showing the musical instruction given in various London polytechnics. The class entries in the Regent Street Polytechnic alone for 1897-98 amounted to 384, distributed over 1,884 individual students. The students' fees amounted to 1,465*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.*, the teachers' salaries to 1,104*l.* 13*s.* Among the individual entries were the following :

Individual Teaching

Pianoforte	487
Theory of music	21
Violin	263
Solo singing	292
Mandolin and guitar	389

Choral and Orchestral Training

Boys' choir	120
Select choir	50
Orchestral band	58

It is not pretended that all London polytechnics are on the same musical level as that in Regent Street, but, from many others, figures may be quoted to show that music is not regarded as a mere amusement, and, more than this, that the students themselves are ready to contribute largely out of their own pockets towards the expense of their musical training. Last (and with an apology for not having been put first), there are the institutions that turn out annually the largest number of finished players and singers, the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, towards the endowment of which big sums have been subscribed by the public; and there is also the Guildhall School of Music, besides many others it is impossible even to name in a short article on a long subject.

The success, indeed the very life, of such institutions depends upon the good work done by students being encouraged and stimulated by sympathetic opportunity being offered when the student has ripened into an expert. Sympathetic opportunity, of which the smallest but most necessary part is that the musician worthy of his hire shall get it, the larger part being the reward of giving to others of the fruits of the work he has done, and of the inspiration he has been given. Moreover, when our financial critic is abroad, he should face and answer the following argument. Nothing could be devised

financially more extravagant, or educationally and artistically more disastrous, than a system by which thousands of young London students are trained in music partly by the help of local public funds, and partly by the help of money privately provided by themselves, who, when they come to an age and to a degree of musical attainment when they might be expected to give back to the London public something in return for what they have received in musical education, are driven from London by the absence of inducements and facilities which are offered them in many provincial towns in England as well as in all continental towns of any importance. It is a very short-sighted and pennywise form of economy that maintains a system by which the cost of the raw material and of much of the labour expended on it is thrown upon London, while the use and advantage of the manufactured article is largely enjoyed elsewhere by those who have not contributed a penny towards the process of manufacture. And what does the financial risk, which will probably be made to loom so big, really amount to? In his evidence before the General Purposes Committee of the London County Council, Sir Alexander Mackenzie said that the grant necessary for the maintenance of a municipal opera house for London 'would represent something less than one-tenth of a penny in the £ on the rateable value of London.' Mr. D'Oyly Carte, one of the greatest authorities on such a subject, estimated the cost of putting up a suitable building, properly fitted, furnished, and equipped, at from 130,000*l.* to 150,000*l.*, and the cost of the site at 50,000*l.*, 200,000*l.* covering the whole. Considering what an opera house and its essential surroundings imply, it would probably be safe to halve the expense in an estimate for a concert hall, and, if Sir Alexander Mackenzie's figures are correct—figures which have not been questioned—this would mean that the upkeep of a concert hall for London would come to something less than the twentieth part of a penny in the £ on the rateable value of London.¹

Among those who have strongly supported the scheme for a new London concert hall is Sir Charles Villiers Stanford. He advocates it as one of the very best means of encouraging the art of music, and he refers to 'the policy which has prevailed in most of the larger provincial towns, where the municipalities have provided free concert rooms as part of their buildings, which have been largely utilised for musical performances.' He especially instances Yorkshire, where 'the provision of such halls as can be found in Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, Halifax, Sheffield, &c., has been a chief factor in making Yorkshire choral societies renowned all over the world.' He considers that a large annual income would be derived from letting a public concert hall in London for music and for other purposes, provided that it had good acoustical properties, was comfortably seated, and

¹ A penny rate over the County of London produces about 173,000*l.*

was not of excessive size. In provincial towns a large income is often made from public halls. The Liverpool Town Council derive an annual revenue of about 2,000*l.* from St. George's Hall. In 1903, at Glasgow, the gross revenue derived from the City Hall was 2,104*l.* and the net revenue 632*l.* From the St. Andrew's Halls at Glasgow in the same year the gross revenue was nearly 4,000*l.*, the net revenue being 1,821*l.* The average revenue from the St. George's Hall at Bradford is about 1,800*l.* If large sums are made in this way in provincial towns, the infinitely greater population of London will probably be ready to contribute in proportion to its size. In Leeds a very interesting and successful experiment has been made by the Corporation in the form of a series of municipal concerts in the winter months, conducted by the city organist, Mr. Fricker, in the town hall, the prices for admission ranging from one penny to one shilling. The first intention was to have merely organ recitals, but this was expanded by the spontaneous energy of Mr. Fricker into orchestral concerts, where good classical music has been given of an educational character, and the attendance in the sixpenny and penny seats has been exceptionally good, the shilling seats being only sparsely filled. The audiences are remarkably attentive, and listen eagerly even to symphonic music.

It will be said, and with perfect truth, that one central concert hall would be utterly inadequate for the requirements of London; that twenty or thirty of them would be wanted to wake up the music of six millions of people; in fact, that this proposal is but the thin end of the wedge; to all of which the reply to be made is that every one who loves music for its own sake, and believes in it as one of the most wholesome and regenerating influences, must devoutly hope that this is but the thin end of a big wedge. If this central concert hall is enthusiastically welcomed by Londoners; if it is recognised as an essential part of the life of our city, and as adding largely to the joy of living there, then the money difficulty will disappear as a morning mist before the sun, and men will wonder, as one after another our concert halls come into being, that the money risk was ever regarded as a serious obstacle by those who care for London. As it is, the London County Council does provide music for the people during the summer months in the parks and open spaces. No money can be better spent; but why, in the name of common sense, are we to stop the music at the end of summer, just at the time of year when, of all others, it is most needed, and when the long dark evenings offer the best opportunity for practices, rehearsals, and performances, and when anything that is inspiring and beautiful is specially wanted to dispel the gloom of the sombre approach of winter?

Imagine the chorus of indignation if the music of the well-to-do were at any time of the year interfered with, either in their own homes or in concert halls; the music which is one of the many luxuries

rendered possible for the leisured class mainly by the labour of those who have little leisure and no luxuries.

The financial objection, when closely examined, resolves itself into an assertion that London cannot afford itself, the experiment of a good permanent central concert hall, such as is enjoyed in scores of provincial and continental towns, and which, if it succeed, will be the pioneer of others in London's many centres; and that the ratepayers of London ought not to be asked to risk a minute fraction of a penny in the £ for this object: to 'risk' is the right word, not to 'pay,' because, if properly placed, well-built, and prudently managed, such a central hall ought to be self-supporting, and might easily, by being let for other as well as musical performances, bring in a considerable income, while giving full opportunity for cheap, good music to those who can afford to spend little to get it. The risk to the ratepayer is then reduced to the unlikely possibility of having to contribute a minute fraction of a penny in the £ towards procuring for the masses of the people the opportunity of enjoying one of the highest pleasures that men can have, the perfect gift of good music.

In regard to the cost of building and of maintenance, when once the central hall of music has been successfully started, and local public opinion demands its repetition elsewhere, in many parts of London it will be the adaptation and use of existing buildings, not, as in this case, the construction of new ones, that will be required.

To set up a high standard of music among the six millions of men, women, and children of all the various nationalities which contribute to the making of London—the one gospel which they can all accept—this means not only the raising of the musical ideal in concert rooms and music halls, but also a large increase in musical experts for our cathedrals, churches, and chapels.

It will act as a great encouragement to 'private enterprise' in its true sense, for it will be an influence gaining a welcome and sympathetic entrance into thousands of homes where the germs of good music already exist, gradually making the caricature and degradation of music unpopular and ultimately impossible. And 'private enterprise' in the money-making sense—to which, by some critics, the phrase is often unfairly restricted—will gain by a larger supply of more highly skilled performers whom the wealth of London can always afford to pay well.

If proof is wanted of the influence that national musical festivals may have on a whole people, widely scattered in country districts, there is the annual Welsh Eisteddfod, for which preparations are made and of which the memory remains in thousands of homes of that singularly emotional and poetic race.

It should not be forgotten that the sister arts of painting and literature are richly endowed out of public funds. There are our great national libraries, and year by year local public libraries are

multiplying, not only in towns but in country villages, many of them being supplemented by private munificence in gifts of books as well as of money.

In the same way large sums of public money are spent on picture galleries, at the head of them the National Gallery; and, of late years, in hundreds of elementary schools public money has been excellently well spent on pictures, many of them reproductions of the greatest works of art in existence. And in Whitechapel, the very heart of one of the poorest parts of London, school-rooms during holiday time have been turned into picture galleries, filled by crowds of working people, who eagerly take advantage of seeing hung upon the walls, lent by their owners, some of the greatest works of art which enrich the world.

A country's civilisation depends, not at all on the richest people in it being able to purchase for their own enjoyment the sights and sounds created by the genius of painters and sculptors, of poets and musicians, but it does largely depend on the opportunity being given, and taken, for art in its highest forms, by entering into the life of the masses of the people, to ennoble and purify it. And if there is one place more than any other where this influence is wanted it is in the midst of London, where only a distant echo of the poetry, the music, and the drama of country life, and of the beauty of its sights and sounds, can ever find an entrance.

FREDERICK VERNEY.

NOTE.--In the year 1900 a return was sent in to the London County Council from about fifteen polytechnics, colleges, and institutes, with a view to information being given as to the provision then existing in London for the teaching of music. Tables showing approximately the hours of musical study per week were sent in from educational institutions all over London. The Birkbeck Institution headed the list with fifty-five hours per week, followed by the Regent Street Polytechnic with twenty-seven hours, and by the South-Western Polytechnic with eighteen hours, besides other private and extra lessons not definitely stated.

*THE TRUE FOUNDATIONS OF EMPIRE :
THE HOME AND THE WORKSHOP*

THE question of physical deterioration, and the disquieting statistics which are coming to light in connection with it, must inevitably direct public attention with greater energy than heretofore to some of the national considerations connected with industrial life. Physique is a matter of capital importance as regards the status of any nation, and as such demands careful consideration from the State. It is regulated in the main by two fundamental factors, the home and the workshop. If it be admitted that true social progress lies in the uprooting of evils, not the cutting down of their surface manifestations, then it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the aim of all social reform lies in the establishment of conditions which render self-respecting family life possible. Free meals for hungry children is a much-debated question at the present moment, but it is highly doubtful whether such meals, plastered by the State, so to speak, upon the shaky foundations of an unsatisfactory home, will prove a satisfactory panacea for our social evils. We have to strike at the conditions which in the first place produce hungry children, and at the root of the mischief too often we find degraded conditions of labour, creating in turn a degraded home. It is to the home and the workshop, therefore, that our attention must be directed if we would judge social phenomena from a comprehensive and serviceable point of view.

The industrial revolution of the nineteenth century, like all other great changes, was a compound of good and bad. The upheaval caused by the introduction of steam has proved so vast and so far-reaching, that in some respects social phenomena themselves have had a tendency during the last fifty years to get out of hand, and to outstrip all efforts to overtake them. But the recognition that steam and electricity have imposed upon us certain conditions of industry against which it is useless to struggle in no way implies a lethargic and helpless acceptance of many evils at present connected with the manufacturing system. On the contrary, the more fully we realise the issues at stake, the more we shall labour to improve industrial conditions, the more we shall seek to counteract the bad and depress-

ing effects which factory life, unchecked, unrestrained, is bound to produce upon the men, and especially upon the women of England. Enormous improvements are possible even within the limitations of modern industrial conditions. If once within the will it will certainly not be without the power of the nation to ensure for our toilers that measure of personal dignity, health, happiness, without which neither individual nor national life can flourish. As the status of any given trade is high or low; as the conditions under which it is followed are good or bad; so will that trade, if the staple one of a district, leave its mark on the whole social life of the neighbourhood. If the trade is dirty, badly paid, or ill organised, so will its influence be clearly noted in the drunkenness and degradation of those who follow it. Most important of all, perhaps, if a trade is largely dependent upon the labour of women and children—especially of married women—certain most definite results can be predicated with absolute clearness. It is with this last aspect of the question—namely, the effect of industrial life on women and children, and its bearing on the home—that the present article is primarily concerned.

We are met on the threshold of our investigation by a query as to the causes which determine a girl's career to the factory. And simultaneously we are greeted by the wail of the housekeeper who protests her inability to find a kitchen-maid, and lays the whole blame upon 'those ridiculous Board Schools.' This complaint is so common that it is not undesirable to pause for a moment and glance at the circumstances which operate as regards domestic service.

In a district the staple trades of which afford much occupation for women, the pressure of circumstance, habit, and example will undoubtedly tend to drive girls into the factory. Their mothers have been mill hands before them, they know no other ideal, and the greater liberty more than compensates in their eyes for stinted food and often uncongenial work. But, so far as the servant difficulty is concerned, necessity rather than choice enters largely into the matter. It is too often forgotten by mistresses of the middle and upper middle classes that in many homes where the pinch of poverty is felt a child is obliged at the age of thirteen or fourteen to become a little wage-earner. The factory and the small shop are the only careers open to her. No child at that age is tall enough or strong enough to become a housemaid or kitchen-maid in a large establishment. The old-fashioned custom in large houses for the housekeeper to train little girls as stillroom-maids is practically a thing of the past, and at the best such a custom influenced but a few individuals on large estates paternally managed. Orderly and well-regulated domestic service is, broadly speaking, quite beyond the reach of the modern town-bred girl. Yet earn she must, and small wonder that she revolts at the miserable existence of the little underfed, overworked slavery in some disreputable lodging-house or beer-shop, and betakes

herself to the relative liberty of the factory. If there were a better realisation among mistresses of the extraordinarily unattractive conditions under which domestic service first presents itself to young and untrained girls, some concerted effort no doubt would be made to meet the difficulty. The average mother much prefers that her child should be a servant rather than a factory hand. She has, however, a not unjust horror of the conditions which obtain in the class of situation described above, and at thirteen there is little opening for service of a better type. Again, the expense of the small outfit which is required in order to start a girl in service is quite beyond the means of many poor parents—another fact generally overlooked by the party who talk as though the closing of the elementary schools would achieve a domestic millennium based on universal ignorance.

Whatever the proximate reason, once a girl has been absorbed by the routine of mill or workshop her lot in life is fixed. If the work is of a good type, well conducted and properly supervised, no harm may result. Though the conditions of factory life imply that she grows up to womanhood equipped with the most scanty knowledge of domestic and housewifely matters, many factory workers are often characterised by real dignity and independence of character—women in whose hands the fine traditions of the British working class wife and mother are well maintained. But when, on the contrary, girls work at a dirty or dangerous trade under employers whose sense of responsibility is torpid and indifferent, then the consequences are apt to be little short of disastrous. Degrading and brutalising conditions of labour, however bad they may be for men, are absolutely fatal to women. Too often every vestige of self-respect vanishes, womanly pride evaporates, and the individual is merged in the 'hand,' rowdy, dirty, lawless. Marriage, when it comes, implies but a dreary repetition of the story. The slattern wife drags up unfortunate children doomed to gravitate in the orbit of her own degradation, and eventually to repeat the self-same history. When we pause to reflect what the influence of the woman is, or at any rate should be in her home, the evils of such a state of affairs become increasingly manifest. Hence the ever-growing demand of the public conscience that, since factory life is the inevitable lot of many women in this country, their labour should be undertaken at least under conditions which do not result in moral and physical degradation for the future mothers of England.

It is calculated that not less than one-and-a-half million women are engaged in industrial establishments regulated by law, besides those employed in unregulated laundries and a large number of out-workers. According to the latest Statistical Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops, dated June 1904, at the close of the year 1903 there were 100,444 factories and 139,691 workshops

upon the Home Office Registers. From these factories and workshops 92,600 cases of accident were reported to the Home Office.

The above figures give one pause. Many pertinent questions are suggested by them as regards the conditions of life and labour they entail. It is not only a question of manufactures or commercial supremacy, it is the far more vital problem of whether possibly we may be manufacturing everything except men; anyway, men and women worthy of upholding the best traditions of the race. It may be remembered that a very soothing and roseate view of industrial life was advanced eloquently last year when Mrs. Lyttelton made her plucky and spirited attempt in *Warp and Woof* to bring before public notice some of the evils which attend the lot of dressmakers' assistants. The dispassionate official records mentioned above hardly uphold the theory that industrial life is necessarily a sort of frolic to the dance measure of its own machinery, and are worthy of more close attention than they receive at the hands of the general public.

It may be permitted to remind the reader that Factory Law regulates the labour of women, 'young persons'—i.e. boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen—and children. No child under twelve may be employed in a factory, but between twelve and fourteen children may work half-time, and a child of thirteen in possession of an educational certificate ranks as a young person—that is, becomes privileged to work from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M.

It is impossible to condemn too strongly the employment of a child of thirteen for a working day of twelve hours. The detestable half-time, it is true, may be looked upon as doomed, and is a dwindling factor in industrial concerns. The pitiful round of tired children alternating with weary minds and bodies between the drudgery of school and the drudgery of the mill will soon be a thing of the past. But much yet remains to be done. No child should be allowed by the State to enter a factory on any footing at the age of twelve. Its place is at school, and public opinion should keep it there if possible till the age of fourteen, so that mind and body may be given some chance of equipment for the battle of life. For what chance of physical, mental, or moral development is possible to a child whose growing powers are arrested at this critical age by the monotonous, heavy toil of factory existence? Truly the individualists and the champions of child labour who have been dying in perpetual last ditches as the standard of exemption has risen steadily, have in some ways curiously misunderstood the meaning of the term 'freedom.'

Undoubtedly it is a mistake to delay too long the age at which a girl or a boy is apprenticed to a handicraft. But the assertion that a child of thirteen is too old to learn a trade is a monstrous perversion of fact. At thirteen children might be permitted to work as half-timers if the circumstances of their parents render it absolutely impossible for them to remain longer at school. But that any child,

especially any girl of thirteen, should be allowed by the law of the land to work whole time, is a blot on the industrial scutcheon of England. Let it always be remembered that the cases of real need in which the child's wages are of vital importance to the family budget are few and far between. Too often child labour arises not from any real need, but is the direct result of thriftlessness, greed, or drunkenness on the part of the parent. The very fact that their pitiful earnings are easily forthcoming is a cause which in certain districts strikes at the root of paternal responsibility and helps to encourage and perpetuate that poverty which the child's wages are supposed to alleviate. It should not be difficult for organised charity to meet the cases of real need already mentioned. Money is well spent when it is devoted to helping a struggling family over bad times by ensuring for that family the greater economic independence which must ultimately result from the better developed minds and bodies of its children. Few facts are more remarkable when we come to look closely into the causes which have created and are perpetuating certain social evils than the small part played by true poverty in the matter. It is the line of least resistance, of ignorance, intemperance, and thriftlessness, which in nine cases out of ten reduces a family to the precarious condition of dependence on the wages of small children.

Mutatis mutandis, the arguments which can be brought against the employment of child labour apply with even greater force to the employment of the mothers and married women generally. And here again the same objections are urged by the individualists who claim industrial freedom for the children. The matter is, however, an even more serious one. If slow and lethargic, public opinion nevertheless has bestirred itself about the employment of children, whereas it has not yet grasped the full bearings of the problem as it affects married women.

The characteristics of a town or district in which married women are largely engaged in factory work repeat themselves with such monotonous regularity that they may be formulated without difficulty. In the first place we are confronted with severe poverty, a poverty from the pressure of which the married drudges, toil they ever so hard, appear to know no respite; next, we find a standard of domestic life so debased that every amenity of home is trodden under foot; third, the rate of infant mortality will be abnormally high; fourth, the standard of self-respect among the men will be proportionately low. Perhaps this fourth and last feature goes to the root of the whole matter. A nation, at least a great nation, must have certain ideals by which to live if it hopes to prosper in the world. Such prosperity is not to be obtained through the violation of the primary and natural law that the man is to work for wife and child, and the woman is to be the guardian of the home. If these relations are inverted; if the responsibility of the man as bread-winner is broken

down, if he adopts the easy doctrine that less effort on his part is necessary since his wife's wages may be counted upon to make up any deficiency in his own, what social conditions are likely to result from such a state of affairs? A plain answer to this question is to be found in the statistics of infant mortality which are forthcoming from the districts in which women's work is an economic feature. Such statistics, grievous though they are, speak only of those who die. They are silent as to the gamut of misery among those who live—the unfit children of toil—wearied women—drugged, neglected, demoralised, and bereft of every influence which makes for health of mind and body. Left to the precarious care of friends and neighbours when the mother leaves the four weeks' old baby to drag herself back to the factory, such children who survive, reared on bread, gin, and sugar, struggle through a miserable infancy, in many cases to swell the ranks ultimately of the pauper and criminal classes. The general circumstances of the family are as lamentable as those of the children. If the greatness of any nation is proportionate to the strength of its family life—and this proposition seems indisputable—it is deplorable to realise the character of any home from which the wife is absent all day and to which she returns in the evening, not for rest but to commence her belated housework. Little wonder that from the discomforts of such an establishment the husband seeks refuge in the nearest public-house, and that the wife herself knows no better place of relaxation. And, nevertheless, many good people complain that children drawn from such a home are not converted by the elementary schools into models of wisdom and admirable behaviour, and when such hopeless victims sink into the submerged tenth, querulously assert that it is all the result of education. Thus from generation to generation the vicious circle repeats itself, and for parents and children alike the dreary round of existence passes by, unrelieved by the blessings, unsanctified by the joys which wealth cannot give and poverty alone cannot take away. Meanwhile, the State looks on with a somewhat uneasy official conscience, but it has a direct concern in the matter after all. Empires are not built up on the offspring of denaturalised parents. Flat chests and rickety limbs will not hold adequate converse with the enemy at the gate. The physical deterioration and high infant mortality which mark the areas of women's labour are matters which sooner or later will be judged in their right perspective. Then perhaps the remedy will be forthcoming.

'But what of the hardships you would cause by forbidding the mother to work?' is the cry which is always raised when attention is drawn to these facts. 'Granted that her lot and the lot of her children is bad; without her wages the family would starve.' The reply to such a contention is that the perpetuation of a radically unsound economic position can in the long run benefit nobody. In

the most literal as in the highest sense, the soundest economic position for the married woman is the home, not the factory. It is to the advantage of everyone concerned, herself, her husband, her children, the State, that she should be kept in it. A man who is not in a position to support a wife and family should receive no assistance from public opinion in taking these responsibilities upon himself, least of all the public opinion which tolerates the wife as wage-earner. It is quite possible to arrive at a state of affairs in which women do the skilled and men the unskilled labour, thus completely reversing the position of bread-winner. But when Nature's Salic Law is thus set at defiance the industry of a district is in an inverted position, and the evils described above will grow and accumulate to an alarming degree. The town of Dundee affords a striking example of this contention, and is an object-lesson abounding in painful conclusions. Dundee, the centre of the jute industry, employs about 40,000 persons in the manufacture of this fibre; 30,000 of this total are women, who are engaged in both the skilled and unskilled branches of the jute trade. The skilled operatives receive fairly good wages and work under good conditions. The preparation and spinning of jute, on the contrary—most of which is unskilled work—is a very dirty and disagreeable process. The objectionable character of this branch of the industry is at once reflected in the status of the workers, among whom it is not surprising to find a very low standard prevalent, physical, moral, and social. All the evils resulting from the employment of female labour to which attention has been drawn in the preceding paragraphs figure largely in this town. The infantile death-rate is high, and the grievous neglect of young children consequent on the absence of their mothers in factories bears its inevitable fruit of delicacy and disease among those who survive. The investigations recently undertaken by the Dundee Social Union as regards the medical inspection of school children have brought to light most serious statistics of retarded development and stunted growth. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that Sir Archibald Hunter stated in a speech some time since that the worst recruits he had come across were drawn from the district of Dundee. Worst of all, the men who are accustomed to their womenkind undertaking the skilled labour of the jute trade accept the situation with nonchalance, and acquiesce in these conditions of labour fraught with such serious consequences to themselves and their families. It is as an illustration on a large scale of evils which are common elsewhere in a minor degree that this town is remarkable. The conclusion of course is irresistible—the employment of married women in factories in any considerable numbers is hostile to the health, morality, and sobriety of a district.

All the arguments which tell against child labour apply with double force to the employment of mothers. With the latter as with the former, such wages help to create and perpetuate the poverty they are supposed

to relieve. But the best proof that the labour of married women, as of children, in factories rests on an artificial basis, and too often panders to the most worthless elements in society, is the fact that in districts where the standard of masculine self-respect is high the men themselves will not tolerate it.

There is poverty in Glasgow and in Paisley as in Dundee [writes Mrs. H. J. Tennant], but its cure is not felt to lie in the employment of mothers. The father accepts the obligation of bread-winner; he is ashamed that his wife should work outside his home. 'If a Glasgow lad wearies o' work he must marry a Dundee lassie.' There poverty conjures excuse, and a man is not ashamed to claim his wife before her time in hospital is over, that she may come out and earn his bread. Exceptional, it must be hoped, are such cases, but at least the system which breeds them is not, and what some towns claim as a necessity others will not tolerate, in their rejection disproving the need.

In the light of the above facts, the plea of the individualist, so far as mothers are concerned, assumes a new character. The State interferes in cases when liberty tends to become licence, and in the same way it is bound to interfere when freedom resolves itself into the right, however unconscious, of the strong to oppress the weak. Wholesale and drastic legislation on the subject perhaps is not advisable, the more so that some of the greatest cases of hardship lie without the scope of the Factory Act. The industrial Hinterland of the home worker, euphonious but most misleading term, is a fruitful field of evil. Legislation unsupported by public opinion would, under such circumstances, tend to drive the married women more and more into the ranks of the worst-paid, worst-organised sections of female labour. A more effective control of outwork and the development of Trade Unions among women may ameliorate some of the worst features of sweating. In all questions of this kind, however, a point sooner or later is reached when moral ideals, rather than legislative enactments, become the profitable factors, and true reform lies in the spread of the former. It is a question for conscience quite as much as for Parliament, and the creation of an adequate public opinion is the best weapon with which to fight the abuse. It is only by raising the whole tone of society and morality that men and women in every class can be brought to realise the evil and the menace of any system which degrades motherhood and strikes at the influence of the home. Nevertheless, in one particular the State for its own sake might interpose with advantage. The prohibition of factory life to any woman within at least three months of her confinement would result in untold benefit to the health of mother and child alike. It should surely not prove beyond the wit of our legislators to devise some system of insurance whereby any hardships arising from this compulsory abstention from work might be obviated for the family.

Turning now to another side of the question: for unmarried girls factory life is a legitimate, and in many cases an inevitable career.

There is a large preponderance of female population in this country ; the last census returns showing the women outnumbered the men by over one and a quarter millions. Here, of course, the position is totally different. When marriage is, on the face of it, impossible for a vast number of girls, it is the clear duty of public opinion and the State to throw no obstacles in the path of an independent life for such women. They are forced by the very facts of the case to work for their living, and effort should be concentrated in raising the standard of employment and wages, so that the means of a decent self-respecting livelihood may be within their reach. The preoccupation of the State in this matter, therefore, is twofold. Its first duty, so to speak, is to keep the ring, so that women who are compelled to support themselves, and the quality of whose work is as good as that of men, should not be thrust aside, badly paid, and badly treated on the score of their sex. Secondly, the State as guardian of the nation's prosperity must look to it that no employment, from the ranks of which large numbers of wives and mothers are after all drawn, shall be conducted under conditions tending to unfit a woman for those primary duties for which Nature has destined her. At the best of times a life of fierce industrial competition must press heavily on a woman. From the ideal point of view nothing could be less desirable, morally and physically, than the routine of mill and factory. If circumstances render such a career inevitable in this unideal world, at least its disadvantages should be reduced to a minimum. Hence the Health and Safety clauses of the Factory Act, which constitutes the industrial charter of women in this country, and with one exception regulates their labour in big industries.

The laundry industry is but partially regulated by the Act of 1901, and occupies a singularly anomalous position in this country. It ranks third on the list of women's industries, only yielding place in importance to the textile and clothing trades. Over 82,000 women and children are engaged in the 7,000 odd laundries which come under State inspection. But as the census returns of 1901 show that over 200,000 persons (the overwhelming majority of which are women) pursue this calling, the magnitude of the trade becomes at once apparent. No occupation has undergone a more profound modification than laundry work, thanks to the advent and spread of machinery. But in spite of a complete change in conditions, State control has by no means kept pace with this prodigious development.

Laundry work is heavy and trying under the most favourable conditions. In the first place, it involves heavy manual labour undertaken in a damp hot atmosphere, and incessant standing on wet floors. The hours of work are also excessively long when the exhausting character of the business is taken into account. Even in laundries which come under the scope of the Act, women may work fourteen,

young persons twelve, and children ten hours a day, not inclusive, but exclusive of meals. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that in accordance with the invariable rule that bad conditions of labour create a bad class of operatives, laundry workers are too often remarkable for roughness and intemperance. Laundries connected with private houses and institutions, where washing is not conducted as a trade, are wholly free from inspection. Three further classes are exempted from the provisions of the Act. First, laundries attached to institutions whose inspection is otherwise provided for; second, laundries attached to charitable and religious institutions; third, domestic laundries, in which members of the same family and not more than two outsiders are employed.

The conditions of small domestic laundries often leave much to be desired; but the law of the survival of the fittest is operating in their case, and such establishments are rapidly giving place to the modern steam laundry, with plant and equipment requiring special buildings. Far different, however, is the case of the convent and charitable institution laundries, which up to the present have evaded legal control. A large number of religious establishments, especially reformatories and rescue homes, have laundries attached to them in which the inmates are employed. Such establishments make a considerable revenue by their washing, and are serious competitors with the ordinary steam laundry. The circumstance, therefore, that on the ground of their 'religious' character they are free from all regulations and can work overtime at will in the most insanitary of conditions, is primarily a gross injustice to the secular laundries. Such establishments have, however, up to the present time strenuously and successfully resisted State control. It may be laid down as an axiom that whenever an institution or charitable body declines to show a balance-sheet and shrinks from inspection, that body automatically puts a black cross against its own name. To shrink from inspection is to make a *prima facie* case for its necessity. Whatever objections religious institutions may have advanced with some show of reason in the old days against masculine inspectors, no such plea holds good since the organisation of the feminine staff. It is absurd to claim that a visit from one of the lady inspectors, women whose lives are as much consecrated to a career of service and devotion as those of the sisters themselves, can introduce a discordant element into the institution. On the other hand, it can only be supremely obnoxious to many people on religious grounds that the name of Christianity should be invoked as a shield for insanitary conditions, dangerous and unfenced machinery, and excessive hours of work. There is too much reason to fear that abuses of a grave character often exist in the uninspected religious laundries. According to Lord Lytton, the first Government inspection of the religious houses in France in 1892 brought to light many evils—children of from seven to eight years of age being made to work twelve

hours a day, and instruction of so inadequate a character given that women often left the convents between the ages of twenty and thirty unable to read, write, or follow any profession. As far as the penitentiary establishments are concerned, it is to fly in the face of all experience to imagine that the status of the girls can be improved so long as they are allowed to work under bad conditions. Many well-managed institutions and convents are quite prepared to accept the principle of inspection and do not shrink from it. The present exemption therefore only benefits the unfit and ill-organised. The pressure brought to bear by the Irish party on the Government in 1901 led to the abandonment of the clause regulating the religious establishments. It is well to notice to what political section the nation's thanks are due for the continuation of this abuse.

Apart from this exemption, the existing Factory and Workshop Act, when its provisions are loyally carried out by masters and workers alike, is on the whole a good law. A factory in which the letter and spirit of the Act are upheld will receive no embarrassing attentions from the Inspectorate. But the usefulness of the Act turns upon the question of adequate administration. In order that the law should be administered in anything approaching an ideal way a large increase is necessary in the Inspectorate, and in particular the number of lady inspectors should at least be doubled. Under existing circumstances the staff can only deal with gross cases of abuse, and the other and valuable side of the work, which consists in levelling up moderate conditions to a really desirable standard, has necessarily to remain in abeyance. Since, however, it is very probable that the salaries of nine additional ladies would prove too costly a burthen for a country which squanders millions in incompetent administration, it is not unreasonable to plead that the staff of Miss Anderson, the principal lady inspector, should be augmented by the services of at least six women inspectors, two of whom should have medical qualifications. Where the health and safety of tens of thousands of women and children are concerned, it is increasingly necessary that expert advice should be brought to bear upon their work, particularly when such women are engaged in dangerous trades. The assistance of a woman inspector who was a trained doctor would be of the greatest value in many directions.

A question of great importance, so far as the harmonious and successful working of the law is concerned, arises over the *personnel* of the Inspectorate. It is essential that work of this character, abounding as it does in delicate and difficult situations, should be undertaken by men and women, not only of ability, but of culture and education. In the best sense of the term a Factory Inspector should be a man or woman of the world—a person of tact and judgment, possessing that breadth of view which comes from long acquaintance with cities and men, and who will command the confidence of work-

people and employers alike. The Home Office would do well to disabuse itself of the idea that expert knowledge of one particular manufacturing process, whether gained as manager or as man, fits an inspector for the general responsibilities of his or her post. On the contrary, persons appointed on such grounds alone may find themselves involved in all manner of difficulty when once off the beaten track of their own speciality. Under such circumstances, situations may easily arise when the opinion of the master is more valuable on a given technical point than that of the inspector, and friction and anomaly consequently result. General training and the mental and moral outlook which comes from education in its best sense are more essential to an inspector than expert knowledge divorced from the broader experience of life. The personal equation is above all others the one that tells, and if the authorities are wise it is the one on which primarily they will insist. The law, of course, is strong enough to impose its will on the employer, and in the case of recalcitrant and reactionary masters it has no choice but to do so in the most vigorous manner possible. But the interests of all persons concerned are best served not by coercion, but by friendly co-operation, and a highly qualified Inspectorate of men and women whose judgments the masters themselves respect is the main step in achieving this result.

No article dealing with the industrial concerns of women would be complete without some reference to the ugly circumstances which occasionally attend dismissals. Intimidation of the worst character often rules in factories and workshops, where both spirit and letter of the Act are deliberately set at defiance. The pressure brought to bear upon employees by unworthy masters is a painful but not uncommon feature of industrial life. Many women refuse to make a just complaint to an inspector, or to give evidence at a prosecution, for fear of the consequences such action might entail. Cases of summary and vindictive dismissal following on truthful replies to an inspector are reported again and again. Strange to say, the law has no power whatever to protect a worker who thus suffers for a refusal to commit perjury. It is, again, one of the anomalies in which English legislation abounds that terrorism of this kind, having for its aim the evasion of a measure designed to promote national health and well-being, can be pursued without the smallest inconvenience to the employer. The brunt of such behaviour almost invariably falls upon women, who, owing to poverty and weakness, are the least able to stand up for their rights. The State can only deprecate such behaviour. It cannot punish the offender or indemnify the victim. Where the law professes itself helpless, however, private organisation has stepped in to fill the breach. The Industrial Law Committee, founded in 1898 with the cordial support of the then Home Secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley, now brings very practical assistance to the sufferers from such intimidation. The object of this committee is by the

administration of an Indemnity Fund to render pecuniary assistance to any woman (or boy or girl under eighteen) who has been discharged for giving truthful evidence to an inspector. Steps are taken by the Society to find a new post for the dismissed person, and the wages earned in the previous situation are paid until such fresh employment is obtained. Still further, the Committee seeks to spread information as to the legal protection of the industrial classes by means of correspondence, lectures, and the distribution of literature. It is difficult to overrate the services of such an organisation as this, which by its modest and unsensational methods is able not only to uphold, but actually to render effective a great legislative enactment. The proper administration of the law and the promotion of further reform are the principles which sum up its policy. With wider scope and influence the Industrial Law Committee would be in a position to render increasing services not only to the weak and helpless victims of oppression, but to the nation, of whose industrial law it is the best champion.

For it is this national aspect of factory life which demands an attention it seldom receives. It is imperative at times that we should lift the whole question out of the acrimonious atmosphere of trade disputes, wages and regulations, and survey it in its broader Imperial aspects. The foundations of Empire are at stake in this matter, the Empire whose purple is a mockery unless it prove a symbol of the strength and righteousness of its people. And strength and righteousness alone can come from the health and sanity of the whole body politic. Veld and prairie, mill and factory, go to make up that great whole. No divorce between these two sides is possible if both alike are to flourish. Each has to gain in breadth of view and experience from the other, especially in that wider sympathy which comes from kinship with a large and diverse family. The worker is the true Empire-builder. Hence we must look to it that here in the homeland, where the pressure of life is inevitably heavier than in the Colonies, we too are raising a race of men and women worthy to claim kinship with the strong young nations of the new worlds.

A heedless and despairing acquiescence in the many difficult social problems of our time can only prove fatal to the whole development of the British Commonwealth. If, in Burke's immortal words, England is still to remain 'the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith,' it behoves us to see that on our altars burns the fire of a national life from which true illumination may spring—no flickering flame half choked by the ashes of indifference, of misery, of injustice.

VIOLET R. MARKHAM.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A SCHOOLMASTER at one of our greater public schools is considered, I suppose, by certain sections of popular opinion, one of the least qualified of people to discuss any branch of education. It is the fashion—perhaps it has always been the fashion—to say that at the greater public schools, such as Eton, little work is done, and that what is done is useless. The saying of Mr. Lowe that it is Eton against education, and that Eton always wins, is not forgotten; and the number of people who maintain that they never did a stroke of work at school is quite remarkable. Yet a man's reminiscences of his boyhood are proverbially deceptive; a piece of work successfully shirked, an adventure which ended in the block, remain in the memory when many exercises carefully done and many weeks of virtuous and uneventful occupations are totally forgotten. I remember being present some time ago at a dinner given to an eminent Etonian who in his speech referred to his life at Eton. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'when I was at Eton I was a very idle little boy.' 'What a lie!' murmured a near neighbour to me, a distinguished man and a contemporary of his at Eton; 'he was a most awful sap!' We may suspect that this Etonian is not the only one who in his later and busier days comes to regard the years of his youth, not without some secret satisfaction, as years of merry and incorrigible idleness; and that what Byron said of Peel at Harrow, that he always learnt his lessons and never got into a scrape, is true of many another great man who perhaps would not like to confess it. A schoolmaster may, at any rate, be forgiven if he doubts the memories of those who assert that they learnt nothing at school, and if he believes that his predecessors were not so dishonest as to make no attempt to educate their pupils' minds, nor so inefficient as to be unable to make their boys do any work.

It is undeniable, however, that the curriculum of public schools not so very long ago was somewhat narrow, and that little attention was paid to subjects which are now rightly regarded at most schools as of great importance. Of no subject is this more true than that of

history. The late Professor H. L. Withers, in an interesting lecture on the teaching of history in the nineteenth century—a lecture which has been recently published—showed that up to the time of Arnold of Rugby ‘history was practically not taught as a subject at our public schools and universities.’ The consequent ignorance of some members of former generations is illustrated by the story, quoted in a recent biography, that the Duke of Wellington was once seriously asked by one of his aides-de-camp whether he had ever met Queen Elizabeth. Even after Arnold’s headmastership history made but slow progress at schools other than Rugby and perhaps Harrow. The Public Schools Commissioners in 1864 reported that ‘there was in general little systematic teaching of either history or geography,’ and that ‘the proper degree and method of teaching history, or of requiring history to be learnt at school, are matters not settled by general practice, and upon which, indeed, English schoolmasters seem to have arrived at no very definite conclusions.’ The report goes on to quote the really astounding statement of the headmaster of Winchester: ‘I wish we could teach more history,’ he said; ‘but as to teaching it in set lessons, I should not know how to do it.’ Since that time some progress has been made, but our progress has been slower than that of other great countries of the world. In all German schools, for instance, whether they be classical or semi-classical or non-classical, the time allowed to history and geography is never less than three hours in school each week, and this is exclusive of work done out of school. Every period of the world’s history is studied, not once, but at three different stages during the boy’s career; and every teacher of history is a skilled specialist. No school in England, so far as I know, approaches the completeness of the German system; and by no means all have even one trained historian on their staff. In France there has been of recent years a marked improvement in the teaching of history; as a rule not less than three hours in school each week are given to its study, and all the history teachers are trained men. In America there has been considerable discussion on the best methods of teaching history. A Committee of Seven was recently appointed by the American Historical Association, which, after inspecting the chief schools not only in America but in Europe, drew up a most elaborate report on the teaching of history in schools, a report which is already beginning to have its influence.

We are still probably, in the organisation of history, in the methods of teaching it, in the supply of trained teachers, and in the time allotted to it, behind the other chief nations of the world; and when we examine the systems of other countries we must confess that we have much to learn from them, whilst they are quite frank in telling us with some emphasis that they have little or nothing to learn from us. A French book on the teaching of history labels all our methods as mechanical. So recently as 1899 the American Committee

of Seven reported on the history-teaching in our public schools that 'the most noticeable features were a lack of historical instruction, a common failure to recognise the value of history, and a certain incoherence and general confusion.' A book published two years ago in America on history in schools, whilst giving chapters on the history-teaching in France and Germany, ignores England, because in our country the recognition of its importance has been tardier than among Americans, and the methods of teaching it are held to be inferior to those in America. And if we want critics who are nearer home, there is the judgment of Mr. Bryce: 'History is of all subjects which schools attempt to handle perhaps the worst taught.'

Yet, despite these strictures, I believe that those most qualified to judge would agree that considerable improvement has taken place in recent years in the teaching of history. Many schools have one master who can devote a large part, if not all, of his time to the teaching and the study of history. More time is devoted to it by the boy pursuing the ordinary curriculum, and greater facilities are given to those who have an aptitude for it. The Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board recently issued a report on its examination for the higher certificates—for which the highest forms in a large number of public schools enter—summarising its impressions of the work done by the schools during the existence of the Board. In the report on the work done in history during the last twenty years the Board refers to a decided improvement on such points as the style and relevance of the answers, the knowledge of geography, and the better choice of text-books; and further evidence of the improvement is shown by the fact that though the standard of distinction has been raised, the numbers gaining distinction have decidedly increased.

Moreover, the importance of history is being recognised in public examinations. Under the new army regulations a knowledge of the outlines of the history of England and the British Empire is compulsory, whether for the qualifying or for the leaving certificate; and in the competitive examination, history—comprising English history and a period of European history—is one of the alternative subjects. The Cambridge Syndicate, in their recent report, made a period of history one of the alternative subjects for the Previous Examination and though that report was made the occasion of a vast correspondence, no one, I believe, attacked this particular proposal. The time, then, does not seem inopportune for an attempt to discuss what history can and cannot do in the public schools, and to locate the position which history should occupy in their curriculum.

What, then, can the study of history do? I suppose all people will recognise the supreme value of history in encouraging and in stimulating an intelligent patriotism—a pride and interest in one's own country, in its character and in its institutions, and a wish to be of value to it. Not only is it the duty of every country to cherish

the memory of those who have done it great service in the past, but there is no sharper spur to a noble ambition than the example of great lives, and no better means of making a man realise his responsibilities towards his own generation and towards those that succeed it. It was a saying of Burke's that those who never look back to their ancestors will never look forward to their posterity; and all will agree as to its truth. Moreover, there are special reasons why an Englishman should learn the history of his own country. One may be pardoned for thinking that no people has a nobler or more inspiring story. Again, our history has a continuity which is lacking in that of many other countries. We have no cataclysm like the French Revolution of 1789; we were never divided into the three hundred discordant States which composed Germany in past centuries. Bishop Creighton, in his Romanes lecture, showed that we have preserved our national character throughout the ages. The mediæval, the Elizabethan, and, we hope, the modern Englishman all show the same individuality, the same initiative in action, the same independence in thought and speech, the same practical sagacity, and, on the whole, the same power of conduct. The men who drew up Magna Carta were guided by the same practical wisdom, the same desire to avoid abstract questions and to deal with proved abuses only, as the men who drew up the Petition of Right in 1628 or the Declaration of Rights in 1688. Drake and Nelson showed the same glorious self-confidence, the same daring initiative, and the men who won Crecy, and Poitiers, and Agincourt were not essentially different from the men who won the many victories of the Peninsular war, or who endured the hardships of South Africa. Again, we have preserved our national institutions, and I venture to think that no one can fully appreciate them who has not some knowledge of their history. To take only two illustrations. To study the present government of France we have only to study the Constitution as drawn up in 1871, or, at least, we need hardly go further back than the great Revolution. To study the American Constitution we need hardly go back more than one hundred and thirty years; but in studying our own there is no limit. Our Parliament, it may be said, dates from the reign of Edward the First; but to understand it fully we must go back to the Witenagemot of the Anglo-Saxons, or even to the rude form of assembly described in the *Germania* of Tacitus. Again, who can hope to understand the Church of England without some knowledge of its history and of the part that it has played in English life, and who, after all, were able to interpret its position better than those two great historians, Stubbs and Creighton?

Every Englishman is proud of his country; he has learnt to be proud of his Empire as well. Our conquest and government of India, for instance, is unique. To have conquered and to have ruled, on the whole with such extraordinary success, such extraordinary wisdom,

and such extraordinary justice, a continent containing some three hundred millions of people of conflicting characters and traditions, is a feat unparalleled in the annals of the world. What a large part the history of India would have played in the education, for instance, of the Germans, if they and not we ourselves had been the conquerors! And yet we are, as a nation, still, I suppose, curiously ignorant of the history of the Empire. It was a matter of wonderment to Macaulay that whilst every schoolboy—Macaulay's schoolboy was, of course, an exceptional one—knew who imprisoned Montezuma and who strangled Atahualpa, probably not one in ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, could tell who won the battle of Buxar; who perpetrated the massacre of Patna; whether Sujah Dowlah ruled in Oude or in Travancore; or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman. Even a professed historian might hesitate to answer offhand such questions as these; but I doubt whether the majority of English gentlemen some sixty years later could answer very much easier questions than these upon the history of India.

We are accustomed, with some complacency, to reflect upon the haphazard and accidental way in which our Empire was built up; but we do not wish to lose it in the same way. We may be ruined by ignorance in the future, and history shows us that we have suffered from it in the past. Cromwell's cruelty in Ireland, for instance, was partly due to his ignorance of Irish history, to his thinking that the Irish people and the English settlers had lived amicably together, and that the rebellion of 1641 was an entirely unprovoked massacre; and the memory of Cromwell's cruelty at Drogheda and Wexford still helps to embitter the relations between England and Ireland. Again, England's loss of the American Colonies was due partly to her ignorance; her ignorance of the history of the American Colonies caused her to misunderstand their character and helped to bring on the war; the ignorance of her soldiers with regard to the geographical conditions of America helped to make that war disastrous. We all know how Newcastle, who was responsible for the Colonies for some twenty-five years in the eighteenth century, was said to have kept a roomful of unopened American despatches, and was so ignorant that he did not know that Cape Breton was an island, and proposed to send an expedition to help Annapolis without knowing where it was. Our statesmen now are no doubt better informed; but a recent correspondence would seem to show that a distinguished Professor of Greek and a Member of Parliament is still unaware that a New Zealander is not the same as an Australian; whilst a Cabinet Minister, recently resigned, had to confess in the House of Commons to an ignorance, which he described as colossal, of India.

No subject ought to be more interesting and more fruitful to an Englishman than a knowledge of the history of the Empire, of the great men who helped to form it, of the dangers through which it has

passed, and of the endless varieties of government and of race which characterise it at the present day. And no one, I suppose, will deny that problems of vast magnitude will have to be solved by a future if not by the present generation; that some knowledge of the conditions and causes that have produced those problems is indispensable; and that such knowledge can best be obtained through a study of history and of historical geography. In all parts of the Empire will come problems of federation, of defence, of fiscal and political union; the future of India alone presents problems with regard to population and government of appalling magnitude; in our country there are problems of capital and labour, of poverty and luxury, of education and religion which will tax the greatest statesmen. To expect schoolboys to have the knowledge and the judgment necessary to form an opinion upon such problems is of course absurd; but is it absurd to endeavour to give them the foundations of knowledge upon which they can build later, and the habit of looking at questions from more than one point of view, and of trying to understand the history before suggesting the solution of a problem, which I believe to be the most valuable part of a training in history? 'It is sheer presumption,' says Frederic Harrison, 'to attempt to remodel existing institutions without the least knowledge how they were formed, or whence they grew; to deal with social questions without a thought how society arose; to construct a social creed without an idea of fifty creeds which have risen and vanished before.'

I am aware that these observations appear trite and may seem hardly worth the making: and yet we cannot say that our schools act upon them. It is significant that the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations Board should, in the summary report already referred to, state that the work in English history is still inferior, on the whole, to that in Greek and Roman history. Again, I have tried to obtain information as to the periods of history studied in the upper forms of some of our leading schools. At one school no history is apparently taught at all, except to history specialists. At another no English history is taught in the higher forms, and at several English history is only studied every third year. At another the upper forms never get beyond 1689 in English history, and only devote every third or fourth term to it. Reforms are being made in most schools, but it cannot be said at present that the importance of British history is fully realised in our public schools, or that its study is in perhaps the majority of schools arranged upon a satisfactory system.

Still, most schools teach, in a greater or less degree, the history of England and of her Empire. Not many, however, endeavour to teach the history of Europe, and hardly any in the systematic way in which it is taught in Germany and France. Yet some knowledge of European history is, or ought to be, indispensable. For one thing, though we have been affected to a smaller extent than other nations

by external influences, yet we have been affected ; and it is difficult to understand certain periods of English without some knowledge of European history. Again, some politicians are rather proud of dilating upon our insularity, upon the splendid isolation in which England lives ; but if our insularity is made an excuse for ignorance of other countries it is not without its dangers. It is ignorance which leads to a certain contempt of other nations, a contempt which is apt to make us indifferent as to what other nations are doing or thinking, and may cause us to learn some day that we have been living in a fool's paradise. The self-confidence born of experience is one thing, but the self-confidence born of ignorance has led us into many a disaster, and may lead us into many more. It is ignorance, again, which makes us appear so superior in our dealings with other nations, and so overbearing in our demands. Of this there are not wanting instances in our history. Cromwell, it will be remembered, demanded of the King of Spain that he should grant freedom of religion in his dominions, and freedom of trade in the New World. 'You might as well have asked for his Majesty's two eyes,' was the reply of the astonished ambassador. Lord Grenville, in a famous example of the didactic despatch, actually suggested to Talleyrand when Napoleon proposed peace in 1799—as the best and most natural pledge of the reality of peace—the restoration of the Bourbons ; and received the prompt rejoinder from Napoleon that George the Third could hardly fail to recognise the right of nations to choose the form of their government, since it was from the exercise of this right that he held his own crown. And, at the present day opinions are expressed upon, and advice is tendered to, foreign nations, in public speeches and in the Press, which show absolute ignorance of their traditions, development, and sentiments.

Moreover, ignorance makes us unsympathetic. The surest way to create sympathy between two nations is to impart to each a knowledge of the other's past and of the other's heroes, and we should try to read the history and to look at the heroes of other nations from their point of view. It is inevitable, perhaps, that every nation should exaggerate its own achievements and belittle those of its enemies or its allies. Thus, in the history of the Hundred Years' War we linger over the successes of the Black Prince, the French over those of Du Guesclin and Joan of Arc. We hardly do justice to the part played by the Spanish in the Peninsular War, the French historians to the part we played in the Crimea. The English and German accounts of Waterloo, and the English and French accounts of the Alma, differ fundamentally. Again, it is almost impossible for a man to be an unprejudiced judge of his enemy, and we must not depend overmuch upon contemporary judgments. We must not believe all the exaggerated stories told of the harsh treatment which inoffensive Englishmen received in Spain in the days of Philip the Second ; if we wish to

admire the heroic achievements of the Dutch in the seventeenth century we must not accept such stories as that of the broom at the mast's head told of a man so modest as the great Tromp; if we wish to understand the French Revolution in the eighteenth century we must beware of Burke and his *Reflections*. We should try to do justice to other nations, to learn that in order to appreciate the doings of our own country it is not necessary to depreciate those of others. Read without prejudice, the history of no country can fail to arouse one's interest and one's sympathy in its future destinies, and it is a matter of regret that the schoolbooks of many nations should increase rather than diminish mutual dislikes.

A study of history, then, may enable an Englishman or an English boy to take a more intelligent, a more sympathetic, and a more tolerant view of other nations. But it may do still more. It provides, for instance, information which—as Bishop Stubbs has said—is ‘part of the apparatus of a cultivated life.’ It widens a boy's horizon. It brings a boy into contact with some great English classics. It may do something to help a boy to form a right judgment upon the great issues of human affairs, which, according to a great historian, should be the aim of the study of history. Moreover, I suppose that one object of education is to give a boy intellectual tastes and interests which he may develop in later life; and history may be a most valuable instrument for awakening in a boy such interests and for encouraging such tastes. In saying this, I do not intend for one moment to undervalue the importance of other subjects; indeed it is to be hoped that the intolerant and ignorant spirit which sometimes characterises educational controversy may soon pass away—the kind of spirit which asserts that the study of the classics is merely the unintelligent learning of unreasonable rules of grammar, or that French prose is so like English prose as to provide no intellectual training, or that the study of Science is merely the committal to memory of names which are a barbarous compound of Greek and Latin, or that history is the dull repetition of obscure dates and geography of obscure places. No one, for instance, who knows anything of the past is likely to underestimate the influence of the classics on many of the best minds; no one who has ever seen work in a scientific laboratory is likely to underestimate the training in some form of science. But it is also true that the boys who really matter, the boys who are capable of enjoying and profiting by the things of the mind, will not all enter the intellectual life by the same avenue, and the great fault in the public schools of the past was that only one avenue was open; and no charge was more frequently made in the past against public schools than that a boy often left school without any sort of intellectual interest.

A liberal education [writes picturesquely a recent writer] is like a great circle of arching trees, through which the sunlight pours down upon the fountains and green turf. As one stands in this circle one looks on every side

down long radiating avenues, stretching in shadowy vistas, each leading to some bower or palace too faint to be descried. In this central ring the boys are gathered, dropped as it were from the skies. They are shown the flashing waters and the flakes of sunlight that stir softly in the grass beneath the branches. One by one they look round them, and their eyes travel along the spacious avenues. This will attract the imagination of one, that of another; one by one they start out along their chosen paths.

To some, I think, the chosen path will be that of history. And the great advantage is that the path of history has many cross-paths which connect it with other subjects. By no means all boys are gifted, for instance, with the literary sense. Many boys do not appreciate as they ought their own literature; some may even think with George III.—who prided himself on being a typical Englishman—that Shakespeare contains ‘much sad stuff,’ though, like that monarch, they may not dare to proclaim it. And these boys, if they cannot appreciate their own, are not likely to appreciate the beauties, for example, of Greek literature; yet it by no means follows that they should cease to be interested in the Greeks. If they read the history of Greece intelligently and with the aid of text-books which are not a mere abridgment of dull facts; if they read parts—and large parts—of Herodotus and Thucydides, not so much as literature but as history; if they read the later history of Europe, and begin—however dimly—to realise the influence of Greek thought throughout the ages upon politics or philosophy or poetry, their interest may be aroused in the Greeks, and like Petrarch, they may learn to venerate even if they are unable to comprehend their literature.

Or again, it is not everyone who is gifted with the artistic sense, and appreciation of the great masters in painting is not instinctive with the majority of Englishmen. I remember being in the Accademia at Venice when a distinguished English soldier was in the gallery. I saw him go into the little room where the masterpieces of Giovanni Bellini are preserved. A moment afterwards he reappeared. ‘There is nothing but Madonnas in that room,’ he said gloomily to his companion, and walked disconsolately away. Here, again, history might help such a one. If a person has studied the history of the Renaissance period, he could not fail—even if he was inartistic—to take an interest in the evolution of the art of the Renaissance, and in its various forms as developed in the different States; and he might have learned why the pictures of Bellini’s period are chiefly religious. My point, perhaps, is obscure, but it is this: Through the study of history, a person may have interests in a people without understanding its literature, or may appreciate buildings and pictures though he may be without the feelings of an artist.

A study of history should again, above all, develop broadness of judgment and broadness of sympathy; and it ought to do something to break down the self-sufficiency—not only confined to the English

boy—which labels every subject that is not congenial as ‘rot.’ And a taste for history once acquired is a taste for life. It is at once one’s delight and despair that one can never hope to exhaust all periods, and hardly hope even to acquire sufficient material to know intimately one epoch. Fuller knowledge, new evidence, cause one ever to revise one’s judgments of men and of events, and to look upon subjects from ever fresh points of view.

But, it may be urged, if the study of history is to provide all this information and to arouse all these interests, is not an ideal teacher required and an ideal boy? Parents are decidedly of opinion that in our public schools every teacher is not an ideal one, and schoolmasters decidedly of opinion that though each parent thinks his boy an ideal one, all boys are not ideal. How can any one teacher be expected to supply the encyclopædic knowledge, the enthusiasm, the imagination, the breadth of view, the variety of interests, the clearness of intellect and lucidity of expression required? And then some boys, by heredity or by home training, are, in Matthew Arnold’s phraseology, such Philistines or such Barbarians that they will never have any intellectual interests at any period of their lives. Others are too stupid, or perhaps too superior, or too much devoted to other subjects to profit by history; and how can any one teacher be equally successful with both the stupid and the clever, the imaginative and the prosaic, the idle and the industrious boy; to stir, as Mr. Asquith said of Jowett, intellectual lethargy into action, and yet be able to reduce intellectual conceit to a condition of abashed silence?

I do not profess to find an answer to these arguments, and most masters are too conscious of their own deficiencies—and of those of their divisions—to deny their force. But, after all, they apply to the teachers of all other subjects in a greater or less degree; and a teacher, if he is keen and a believer in the value of his own subject, though he may exaggerate the power of that subject when in the hands of what he regards as an ideal teacher, probably is himself doing more good than he thinks himself individually capable of achieving.

Again, it may be urged that the parents who write about public schools and their failings often seem to expect their sons to leave school with the intellectual tastes and activities of a cultured man of forty. A distinguished educationist has said that there are some studies which must be left till, and some tastes which ought to be developed after, the school career is over. Is not history, it may be urged, one of these studies? Probably most people will agree that it is not. For one thing, history is not an easy subject for a man to take to casually in later life, even if he is a man of leisure. It is not easy for a man who begins by knowing little or no history to construct a framework into which he can fit new knowledge, nor will it be without considerable mental effort. Moreover the grammar, the elementary facts of history, ought to be learnt at an early age

when some measure of coercion can be applied. The Prime Minister is of opinion that the only way to enjoy any work of literature is with one's foot on the hearth ; and probably the majority of us, when we have any leisure, would never read in any other way. One can understand a man reading Homer in that position, though it is almost inconceivable that he would be prepared to study the verbs in $\mu\mu$. Similarly, though one might read Macaulay with pleasure with the foot on the hearth, one would hardly begin to learn the dates of the kings of England or of France, unless indeed one had the same passion for exercising one's memory as Macaulay himself. There may be a few, like Cato, who will begin learning Greek at the age of eighty, or a few, like Mary the Second, who will begin to learn constitutional history when over thirty ; but it may safely be affirmed of the great majority that they will do nothing of the kind.

That history will provide for all boys useful information, and may give to some tastes and interests for their later life, will, I think, not be denied. But after all the chief object of education is to develop, to discipline, to draw forth the powers of the growing mind, and any subject which fails to do this must occupy only a subordinate place in any scheme of education. And it is often asserted that history cannot give the brain any intellectual exercise or discipline. That seems to have been the opinion of the Public Schools Commissioners in 1864, for in their report they say : ' To gain an elementary knowledge of history little more is required than some sustained but not very laborious efforts of memory ; it may therefore be acquired easily and without any mental exercise of much value.' That is the opinion of so attractive an historian and so experienced a teacher as Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher of Oxford, who apparently—from the preface to his recent *Introductory History of England*—regards the study of history as merely the acquisition of information, and as no instrument of education. Of course, if a boy is regarded as a sort of pitcher to be filled up with a certain number of useful facts, history will remain merely an exercise for the memory ; but it seems to me that the study of history can be made, and should be made, a most valuable instrument for teaching a boy to express himself on paper in his own language. This can be done through written answers to questions and through historical essays. It is sometimes forgotten what a great variety of questions may be asked. Some, of course, may be set merely for the purpose of testing a boy's knowledge ; each question may require only one word as an answer, or three or four lines. Questions which are set for this object ought only to require short answers, not so much because they may take up too much of the boy's time if they are longer, but because otherwise they take up too much of the master's in looking over. But history questions should, as a rule, have as their object not merely to elicit a boy's information, but also to test and develop his abilities. The object of a history question should be to

teach a boy in a limited time how to disentangle from a mass of material the particular facts which he requires ; how to arrange these facts so as to bring them to bear upon the particular question in the most effective order ; how to argue from facts, or how to use them as illustrations, so that he may state his opinions convincingly and keep to the point ; and finally, how to express his meaning concisely, forcibly, and attractively. The boy who can write an answer with these characteristics will at any rate have learnt an accomplishment which will be of value to him in after-life ; but I do not for a moment pretend that all boys can be taught. The answers of some boys are always dull ; other boys seem incapable of keeping to the point, or will, at the end of an answer, arrive at precisely the opposite conclusion to that which was intended when they began. Some are without any sense of style, others err from excess of it. Some boys, when they catch sight of any question which does not require a bald statement of facts, think that if they cover a sufficiently large area of paper with rhetorical and empty sentences they have done all that is required, and others will narrate facts instead of using them for argument or illustration. But I think that practice in these questions always leads to improvement, and that they do provide a valuable mental training.

And the questions themselves should show variety. They may be on constitutional points and require great clearness and accuracy of statement ; or a comparison or contrast of two reigns or two careers which require a boy to arrange points of similarity or difference ; or an estimate of the greatness of some statesman or general ; or a character-sketch ; or an exposition of the causes and results of a particular policy or a particular war. Of course the time limit of these questions differs ; a question may require an answer of a quarter of an hour or an answer of an hour. The Oxford and Cambridge Higher Certificate Papers generally provide good examples of the former class. Take, for instance, such questions as these on the Tudors and Stuarts : Was Henry the Eighth a despot ? Contrast the ecclesiastical changes under Henry the Eighth with those under Edward the Sixth. Which made the worse mistakes, the Protector Somerset or Mary ? How far was the Spanish War under Elizabeth due to religious differences and how far to commercial and other considerations ? 'The Great Rebellion was primarily a religious war.' Discuss this statement. What made it seem likely at the outbreak of the Civil War that the Parliament would soon overpower the Royalists, and why did this not happen ? Compare the foreign policy of Oliver Cromwell with that pursued by England under Charles the Second. Is it your opinion that Cromwell's rule as Protector was marked by (a) ability, (b) consistency ? Give illustrations. Which contained more points of novelty, the Bill of Rights or the Act of Settlement ? Some of these are of course hard questions, and would only be suitable

to boys in the upper forms of schools ; but even in the middle and lower forms questions should always be set which will exercise the reason as well as the memory.

Again, for boys who are in the highest forms or who are making history one of their chief subjects, an answer of three-quarters of an hour is an admirable intellectual exercise. When the division is quite a small one—some eight or nine—it is a good plan for each boy to read aloud his own answer and for the others to criticise it at the end ; boys are generally aware of one another's shortcomings, and some lively discussion is often the result. When the division is a large one, each boy can exchange his answer with that of his neighbour and write a criticism upon it. The weak boys improve from the example of others ; and the slack boy is generally put on his mettle when he knows the fate in store for his production. Some of the papers set at the scholarship examinations are good examples of the type of question required. Take, for instance, such questions as these from the papers of an Oxford College on ancient history : Compare Pericles with the younger Pitt. Which did more injury to Athens, Cleon or Nicias ? Illustrate from Greek history after 413 B.C. the strong and the weak points of the Spartan character. 'Alexander the Great was no mere vulgar conqueror.' Discuss this view. At what date in Roman history do you suppose there was most order and prosperity in Italy ? Can Cicero be justly called the hero of a nation ? Why has the age of the Antonines been deemed one of the brightest periods in the world's history ? Or on more modern history : 'The Revolution of 1689 was one of the accidents of history.' Discuss this view. 'Louis the Fourteenth was the evil genius of his time.' Discuss this. Why was the eighteenth century a period of great Continental wars ? Compare and contrast Walpole and the elder Pitt. 'The events are great, but the men are very small.' Discuss this phrase used by Mirabeau of the French Revolution. To what extent is it true to say that England played the main part in the struggle against Napoleon ? Illustrate from the campaigns of 1797 and 1815 the main principles of Napoleon's strategy.

Again, if one has a keen division and one which is not large, it is a good plan to choose some book, get some fifty pages read each week, and set questions upon it. Such books—when the boys have to read a good deal—should not be burdened with a mass of facts, and should be stimulating and provocative books, books having decided opinions which a boy may either attack or support. It is the fashion now to decry Macaulay, but his *Essays* are excellent for this purpose ; their very demerits make them all the more suitable ; and if the teacher himself is a Tory, there is no danger of Macaulay's prejudices passing without comment. Boys like the certainty with which Macaulay—as was said by Leslie Stephen—hits a haystack ; not till they are much older will some of them begin to agree with Matthew Arnold

that—if the change of metaphor may be excused—Macaulay's chief characteristic is a perpetual semblance of hitting the right nail on the head without the reality; and even Matthew Arnold admitted that Macaulay is pre-eminently fitted to give pleasure to all who are beginning to feel enjoyment in the things of the mind. Or a book may be taken such as Mr. Oman's *Seven Roman Statesmen*, in which opinions are always forcibly expressed, though professed Roman historians do not always agree with them.

Besides these questions there are historical essays which a boy does out of school. The looking over of these essays will be found a severe tax on the teacher's time. Personally, I am of opinion that to look over a boy's essay with the boy by your side is much more expeditious, effective, and interesting than to give the essay back with written corrections; one can talk quicker than one can write; one can find out how much a boy has read or thought before he wrote the essay, and the boy is, after all, obliged to listen to your criticisms, whilst he is not obliged to read them. But if a boy takes trouble it is difficult to look over an essay in under ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; and with the large divisions public school masters often have, this will mount up in the aggregate to many hours. A master, however, can get over this difficulty by only setting some four or five essays in each term, and this number is quite sufficient.

In these essays the object should be that a boy may be able to utilise the knowledge which he possesses already besides the knowledge he may derive from lectures or a text-book. Above all, it is through essays that a boy may be introduced to historical classics, and references to chapters or pages in such books should always be left in the school library. The subject for the essay should be set so as to allow of some originality of treatment and of some definite conclusion, and to allow some scope for some general reflections either at the beginning or at the end. For instance, the period may be the Renaissance and the Reformation. An introductory essay might be, 'Is it true to say that the period of the Renaissance and Reformation witnessed greater changes than any other period of which we have any record?' Of course no boy will know enough to give an adequate answer to such a question; but a boy, if he knows anything about any other important period, can make up an essay by comparing two periods only. The next essay might be, 'Contrast the characteristics of Venice and Florence at the period of the Renaissance; how far is it possible to compare Venice with Sparta, and Florence with Athens?' A third might be, 'Compare the characteristics and the influence of Erasmus and Luther.' And the fourth might be, 'Was Charles the Fifth a failure?'

Or again, one may be studying the expansion of England; an introductory essay might be, 'In what respects does the British Empire differ from all other Empires of the past?' A second, 'Did

England deserve to lose America ?' A third, 'Compare the work done by Clive, Warren Hastings, and Wellesley in the formation of our Indian Empire.' A fourth, 'What were the chief developments in the Empire during the Victorian Era, and what will be the chief problems which will confront the Empire in the future ?' In some of these subjects hints will be necessary from the master as to how the subject should be treated, but for boys in the highest forms the fewer hints that are given the better.

And besides this type of essay there is the historical essay prize, such as exists at most schools, or such as that inaugurated last year by the Royal Asiatic Society for the encouragement of the study of Indian history. A boy who is a candidate for such a prize is left to his own devices, has to read for the essay on his own account, has to arrange his material, develop his plot, and arrive at a conclusion without help from others ; and the training is a valuable one.

It will be apparent that what has been written in this article applies rather to the older than to the younger boys in a public school ; this is due chiefly to the fact that my own experience has been with the former and not with the latter. But I am also inclined to think that history cannot be made such a valuable subject with the younger boys as it can be with those of more mature age. I am very far indeed from thinking that history should be neglected either at the preparatory school or in the lower forms of public schools ; but its object should be, perhaps, to stimulate the imagination and to supply the boy with some elementary information rather than to train the reason. Probably also geography—taught, of course, not in the old mechanical way, but according to the methods described, for instance, in the new journal of the Geographical Association—ought to play a much larger part than it does in the lower forms of many schools, and history might be content with what it has if more time is found in schools for this kindred subject.

With regard, however, to boys in the higher forms, I think that with most of them history ought to be an indispensable subject, and with some one of their chief studies. We may take, first of all, the case of those boys who are going to the university. There are probably in every school some boys of real ability who, though they are fairly proficient with their classical work, have little taste or capacity for pure scholarship, but considerable interest in and capacity for history. For this class of boy a most excellent combination exists at Oxford, though I think that a similar combination is not so easy at Cambridge. A boy can, without neglecting his classics, find time at most schools—if some exemptions from ordinary school-work are allowed—to read a good deal of history during his last two or three years at school, and to write a variety of historical essays ; and if he is very promising he can try for a history scholarship or exhibition, and most colleges offer one or more of these. When he reaches Oxford

he can give up Honour Moderations—which present few attractions to a boy of the type described—get through Pass Moderations in his second term, and then read for the School of Literæ Humaniores, which, with its mixture of ancient history and philosophy, is acknowledged to be the best in either university; and probably the boy who has combined classics and history at school will have a more mature mind than the boy who has read classics exclusively, and will therefore be able to read for this school at an earlier stage. In the fourth year the History School may be taken, when it will be found that the history training and the knowledge acquired at school will be most valuable. Such a training will provide—for a certain type of mind—as good an education as any in the world. A few are pursuing it at Oxford at the present time, and it is to be hoped that in the future more will follow their example.

Then there are the boys who will read other subjects at the university—classics, or science, or law, or modern languages. Probably most people would agree that for them some study of modern history is advisable, for it may be their last chance of reading it, and the practice in writing essays and in answering questions will be valuable to them, whatever their future line of study. Besides these, there are others who are going to read history at Oxford and Cambridge—a large number, for history is already the most popular subject at Oxford, and is becoming increasingly popular at Cambridge. For these it is a great advantage to have some grounding in historical methods and ideas before they go up to the university, and perhaps for their last term at school it is wise for the majority of them to make history their principal subject. But, after all, history will be the staple of their future study at the university, and they must beware of devoting too much time to it at school. They had far better combine history with other subjects—with the study of the classics or of modern languages, or some form of science, or a combination of these.

A second class consists of those boys who are not going to the university at all. There are the boys, first, who go into the Army. For them elementary English history is a compulsory subject for the Leaving or Qualifying Certificate, and more advanced English history with a period of European history and a military biography is an optional subject for the competitive examination. For many boys going into the Army I believe that history would be the most fruitful subject they could take up—fruitful, not in marks, but in interests for their later life; and it is to be hoped that the prophecy of an eminent headmaster which I heard expressed at a recent meeting, that practically no boys would take it up because of the low marking in the subject, and the more confident prediction of an assistant-master in the columns of the *Times*, that no sane boy would take it up, will be unfulfilled. Then there are the boys who are going into business. Most people would agree that the boys whose education stops at the

age of eighteen or nineteen ought to be treated differently from those whose education ends at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three ; and that in some public schools, at all events, the interests of the former class are apt to be overlooked. And yet in some ways they are the more important. After all, most boys when they go to the university obtain intellectual interests even if they have none at school ; but it is the boy who goes into business straight from school who is most loud in proclaiming that he took away from school nothing which could rouse his intellectual tastes and sympathies. For these boys it seems to me that a special course of studies should be devised for their last year or two at school, and that in the course opportunities should be given for boys to take up history as one of their main subjects.

I have omitted from this analysis one class of boy ; the class of boy who does not want to work, and apparently has no aptitude for any subject whatsoever—a sort of intellectual tramp, who will trudge from one subject to another in the hope that it will require a little less work than the preceding one. I do not think that history provides an effective casual ward where such people can be dealt with as they deserve. But, with the wider choice of subjects now given at most public schools, I believe that the number of boys of this class is diminishing and not increasing ; few things can be more desirable, for these boys too often grow up to swell the class of rich vagrants, the class of thoroughly idle, unintelligent, selfish people, whose existence in any numbers is, as history shows, always a misfortune and sometimes a disaster for any nation.

It is not within the scope of this article to discuss the fifty-six questions which were enumerated, with regard to the organisation and methods of history teaching in schools, in a recent French treatise. I have merely endeavoured to show that history can and ought to have an important place in any school curriculum. I expect really that the vast majority of people would agree that the study of history is one of the most necessary elements in the education of boys, and for that matter of girls as well, and that neither in every boys' school nor in every girls' school does it yet occupy the position which it ought to possess. If this dissatisfaction will produce reform the future is rosy ; for the public schools have hitherto produced the governing classes in this country, and if the governing classes of the future could approach the problems of the Empire with the knowledge and the judgment and the sympathy produced by an historical training, the public schools will have done a service to the nation which not even their most persistent cavillers could deny.

C. H. K. MARTEN.

‘THE TRIAL OF JESUS’

THE appearance of Giovanni Rosadi's *Trial of Jesus* in its English version has been eagerly anticipated by those not familiar with the Italian tongue; for we were informed that the work was the result of a precise and exhaustive study of Talmudic literature and of Roman law as applied to the trial of Jesus Christ. The translator announced in his Preface that the author was antagonistic to the higher criticism, the work of ‘sciolists and pedants’—a work which, as applied to the Old and New Testaments, ‘has proved an amazing blunder.’

Both these expectations have been disappointed.

In this article we propose to deal only with the actual legal trial before Pontius Pilate; and on examination of the book we find this important and essential division of the subject is disposed of in a few pages in a single chapter—and that without any reference whatever to *Majestas*, the specific charge on which Jesus was arraigned before Pilate.

In regard to the ‘higher criticism’ we are met by the inconsistency, on the one hand, of an aping of the forms of that style of criticism, and, on the other, of a putting forth of baseless tradition as though it were reliable evidence.

With the view of keeping this article within reasonable limits, we propose to restrict ourselves to the *legal* action taken by the Roman authorities in the trial; for it is on this point specially that the work in question falls short of our expectation. Amidst a large amount of irrelevant and therefore superfluous matter, with some of which we could readily dispense, the actual *legal* trial of Jesus Christ before Pilate is reduced to eleven pages (235–245)—a very small proportion in a book containing three hundred and thirty pages.

In the Gospels the whole record of the *legal* trial is condensed into a few verses in the third and fourth Gospels (St. Luke xxiii. 1–4; St. John xviii. 28–38). The other two evangelists have not set down the actual sentence delivered by Pilate. These few verses, however, of St. Luke and St. John place before us in a few masterly strokes the whole scene.

But the arrest of the Lord in Gethsemane was also conducted under legal forms, as we hope presently to show.

With these two subjects, then, let us deal, and with them only—viz. the arrest and the actual trial and sentence. These two we maintain to have been conducted in due legal form, according to the provisions of Roman law, as customarily administered in the provinces in the first century.

THE ARREST

This, says Signor Rosadi, was

the execution of an illegal and factious resolution of the Sanhedrin. The intention was simply to seize a man and do away with him. The arrest was not a preventive measure such as might lawfully precede trial and condemnation: it was an executive act accomplished in view of a sentence to be pronounced without legal justification. (Page 117.)

But surely the local authorities everywhere are within their right in arresting any person whose action is likely to lead to a breach of the peace; and this was certainly the fact in the case in question. Jesus had for some time past been preaching doctrines antagonistic to those recognised by the ruling powers among the Jews and accepted by the people at large. He had many times severely reproved the Pharisees, the popular party; and He had taught that there should be a resurrection of the dead, a doctrine which was in conflict with the tenets of the Sadducees, the party that was in power at that time. The world had gone after Him. Breaches of the peace had already occurred—at Nazareth an attempt had been made to cast Him headlong from the hill: at Jerusalem the Jews had endeavoured to stone Him: he had proclaimed Himself king, He had claimed to be the Messiah, He had even asserted Himself as the great I Am; and in view of the vast concourse which had escorted Him on the previous Sunday across the Mount of Olives, it was judged that danger to the public peace was imminent. Obviously, apart from the *motives* which prompted the act, the ruling powers had ample justification for the arrest.

And the Sanhedrin possessed full power for the purpose. The Romans, wise in their generation, like our own Government in India, allowed the full exercise of judicial functions to subject nations, provided that no conflict arose with the Roman law itself. In Jerusalem the Sanhedrin was supreme, saving the rights of the procurator of Caesar, whose official residence was at Cæsarea, and who usually left the high priest in charge of the religious capital of Palestine.

The power of the Sanhedrin was exercised deliberately and in due form—not tumultuously, but legally. A council, apparently lawfully convened, was held on the Wednesday, at which were assembled the chief priests, scribes and elders, and Pharisees. This Council had decided on the arrest of Jesus with the view of committing Him

for trial. There was ample warrant for the arrest, according to the forms of Jewish law.

Further, the arrest was carried into effect with the co-operation of the authorities both Jewish and Roman. The Sanhedrin issued their warrant for the apprehension, and sent the Temple guard to carry it out. And in order that there might be no failure they took the precaution of applying to the Roman governor for the assistance of a military guard.

Now Rosadi (page 119) denies that the Sanhedrin had the power to issue a warrant for the apprehension of Jesus :

In no case could the arrest made at Gethsemane proceed from an order regularly given, for the simple reason that the Sanhedrin had no power to issue it. As an effect of the conquest of Palestine the right of inquiry and of arrest in capital charges was reserved to the conquering power (Rome), and the Jewish authority could not therefore order the arrest of Jesus, who was charged with a capital offence.

But this was not so. No charge had yet been made ; but they might well plead fear of a breach of the peace. Besides which the Jews did really possess the power to take action in criminal cases, and to inflict punishment, short of passing a death sentence. Hence the arrest of Jesus as a precautionary measure at Passover time for the preservation of the peace was strictly within their power.

They took extreme precautions against any interference with the execution of their warrant. The arrest was made by night, and in a secluded place ; for they dreaded a popular rising on behalf of the prophet of Nazareth. To make all things sure, a large force of officials, both Jewish and Roman, was told off for the purpose.

These are described contemptuously (page 116) as a ‘rabble,’ and are assumed to be so few in number that when St. Peter made an attempt at rescue by his assault upon Malchus, Signor Rosadi remarks : ‘the resistance might have continued, and victoriously, owing to the affection and confidence animating the Apostles.’ But in reality successful resistance was out of the question, for there were but two swords against an armed band—or rather two armed bands. ~

The constitution of this armed band is limited by Rosadi to an escort obtained by Judas from the chief priests and Pharisees (page 120) ; and, he adds, ‘they had no control over the Roman soldiery.’ Of course not. Yet Roman soldiers were present in the garden that night, as St. John distinctly states ; for he speaks of ‘a band of soldiers, and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees.’ He distinguishes between the two bodies who took part in the apprehension of Jesus—the military force and the civil.

The military force was a cohort (*σπεῖρα*), under the command of a captain (chiliarch or tribune). The full complement would have amounted to six hundred men ; but we need not suppose that the whole force was present, though there were probably more than one

hundred, or else a centurion would have sufficed as the commanding officer.

The civil force consisted of officials (apparitors) of the Sanhedrin, or, as St. Luke more precisely describes them, 'captains of the Temple,' i.e. the Temple guard, the Jewish Temple police. While the soldiery were armed with swords and spears (ὄπλα), the police were provided with staves or rods; and being now engaged in night work, carried with them also lanterns and torches.

This was a formidable force—a combination of Jewish and Roman officials—the one body empowered to carry out the orders of the Sanhedrin, the other to watch proceedings in the background, and to take action only in the event of any interference with which the civilians could not cope.

This is made very plain by St. Luke and St. John.

Yet Rosadi denies the official presence of the military, and makes the absurd suggestion

that some Roman soldiers found themselves at Gethsemane on that Thursday evening, attracted thither by mere curiosity. St. John mentions the officer who is supposed to be Roman because he and the cohort alleged to have been his helped the captain and officers of the Jews to bind Jesus. An intervention arising from mere curiosity would, however, have no judicial value, and would resolve itself into nothing more than an anecdotic detail of an idle and imaginative character. (Page 123.)

THE TRIAL BEFORE PILATE

We take this, as well as the arrest, to have been conducted with due respect to the forms of Roman law as administered in the provinces.

Passing over, as not pertinent to the purpose of this article, the brief examination or *præjudicium* of the case by Annas, the committal of the Accused for trial by the Sanhedrin, His trial before Caiaphas, and His unjust and illegal condemnation, we come to the proceedings before the procurator.

The chief priests, accompanied by a multitude, bring Jesus before Pilate, and make an attempt to secure a confirmation of their sentence of death just passed. They hoped to obtain this without delay or question. But Pilate was an official directly responsible to the Emperor, and he declines to deliver judgment blindfold; he insists on a formal charge being brought against the prisoner. Accordingly the actual and only legal trial begins.

Rosadi disposes of this, the most important part of the whole proceedings, in eleven pages (chapter xvii.), limiting himself to a brief statement of the words of St. John and St. Luke, and making no reference whatever to the crime of *majestas* or high treason, into which the charge ultimately resolved itself.

We do not vindicate the conduct of Pilate, for he allowed himself to be overborne by the clamour of the priestly party, with the populace

at their back. We pity this Roman judge, driven hither and thither for two hours in the face of a fanatical mob thirsting for blood ; we despise him for his cowardice ; and we consign his name to eternal infamy for his unjust condemnation of the Innocent.

Yet we must concede that his intention, at the outset, was to do justice.

He begins with a demand for a formal charge : ‘ What accusation (*κατηγορία*) bring ye against this Man ? ’ This question answers to the *nominis delatio* of the Roman criminal procedure, the next step being the formal arraignment of the defendant, *nomen deferre*. Christ’s judges (now become His prosecutors) shelter themselves behind an evasion : ‘ If this man were not an evil-doer, we should not have delivered Him up unto thee.’ It disturbed and annoyed them that Pilate should be dealing seriously with the case. They did not want a *recognitio causæ*, but merely the procurator’s assent to the judgment already pronounced by themselves, and his acceptance at their hands of the Prisoner for capital punishment. But Pilate was inexorable. His phrase ‘ What accusation ? ’ (*τίνα κατηγορίαν*) was a technical term of law ; their word ‘ evil-doer ’ or ‘ malefactor ’ (A. V.) was indefinite—*κακοποιὸς* was not a technical term—it did not convey any definite charge of which a Roman judge could take cognisance. Hence Pilate refers them to their own courts, ‘ Take Him yourselves, and judge Him according to your law.’ Ordinary malefactors, whether guilty of felony or misdemeanour, could be tried in these Courts, and be punished by the scourge, by fine, imprisonment or excommunication ; it was not necessary to bring such offenders before the Roman bench. ‘ But,’ they reply, ‘ He is guilty of death,’ and ‘ it is not lawful for us to put any man to death.’

The prosecutors have claimed capital punishment. This determines Pilate to take the case into his own hands. As a Roman, imbued with a respect for law and order, he will not send to execution even a Galilean peasant without some evidence of his guilt. The previous proceedings he treats as null and void, and he enters upon a *recognitio causæ* ; the trial begins *de novo* ; he insists upon a formal charge of the commission of some actual crime, some breach of Roman law.

Thus pressed, the Jews present an indictment with three counts :

We found this man

Perverting our nation ;
Forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar ;
Saying that He Himself is Christ a king.

This is the *accusatio*, the *criminis delatio*.

Pilate, in his official capacity as Governor of Judæa, was accustomed to take his seat on the bench and decide points of law ; and with that familiarity with legal procedure which brings the faculty

of rapid decision, he quickly revolves the three charges in his mind, and at once fixes on the third.

The first charge, that of perverting the nation, was void by reason of vagueness, unless substantiated by evidence of some overt act.

The second, that of forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, was false. The loyalty of the Accused was beyond suspicion. Both at Capernaum and at Jerusalem He had been accustomed to pay all legal dues.

The third charge, however, was one which it was impossible to ignore, for it alleged a crime—the crime of *majestas* or high treason—the most serious offence which it was possible to commit.

This offence, anciently known as *perduellio*, was at this time termed *crimen læsæ majestatis*, and comprised any act injurious to the sovereign power of the Roman State. Under the Republic the offence was alleged as committed against the Senate and the Roman people. Under the Empire the laws *de majestate* were extended to the person of the Emperor, who was regarded as uniting in himself all the offices of the ancient Republic.

At the time of the Crucifixion Tiberius was living in retirement in the island of Capri, indulging in infamous lusts, and leaving the government of the Empire to Ælius Sejanus, who worked the laws *de majestate* in such oppressive fashion that no one was safe from prosecution.

A charge, therefore, involving high treason against the Emperor was one which it was impossible to overlook. Accordingly Pilate, as St. John relates, 'entered again into the palace, and called Jesus.' This seems to be the process called *citatio*. In Rome and in the provinces this office was performed by the *præco* or crier, and the examination was conducted by the *quæstor*. But Pilate, being only a procurator and not an imperial legate, has no *quæstor*, and therefore examines the Accused in person. In Roman law this step is the *interrogatio*.

Pilate asks 'Art Thou the King of the Jews?' The true answer to this question depended upon the sense in which the word 'King' was used. Hence the reply of Jesus, 'Sayest thou this of thyself?' *i.e.* Is it your own question as Roman governor of Judæa, representative of the Emperor? 'Or did others tell it thee concerning Me?' *i.e.* Is the question prompted by the Jewish priests? If the first, then Jesus was innocent; if the second, then He was guilty; for while He disavowed high treason against Cæsar, He claimed, as against the Jews, to be the Son of God, the King of the Jews.

From this answer Pilate sees plainly that the question in dispute between the prosecutors and the Accused was a matter that concerned merely the law of Moses—it was an ecclesiastical cause which the chief priests could decide for themselves; but as the crime of *majestas* had been formally alleged, Pilate feels himself bound to continue the

examination of the Prisoner. 'What hast Thou done?' What defence do you set up?

Our Lord's defence amounts to what the English law defines as 'Confession and Avoidance.' Confession: 'Thou sayest it; because I am a King.' Avoidance: 'But My Kingdom is not of this world.'

Now Pilate understands the whole question. The kingdom claimed by Jesus of Nazareth is a spiritual kingdom, an empire in the clouds; the claimant is a religious enthusiast, a Jewish fanatic; He is no rebel; the charge of high treason has not been sustained. The Prisoner is innocent.

Pontius Pilate comes forth from the Prætorium and faces the accusers and the populace. He pronounces a sentence of acquittal: 'I find no crime in Him.'

Of the justice of his sentence he is so certain that he announces it three times (St. John xviii. 38; xix. 4, 6). The trial is at an end—the Prisoner should have been released from bonds, and the Court ought to have been cleared.

With the rest of the proceedings this article does not deal; they were a series of irregularities and illegalities. The trial of Jesus ends with the sentence of acquittal.

But Signor Rosadi treats these after proceedings as though they formed part of the trial, and comments thus upon the whole case: 'That He was tried cannot be said, for who were His judges, and when did they judge Him? Not they of the Sanhedrin, for they had not the power, nor did they claim it. Not by the Roman magistrate in the Prætorium, who heard no single word of evidence, sought not a single proof, weighed not a single pleading, *observed not a single form*' (page 295). Again (page 301) 'Not one of the simple and rational forms of the Roman trial was observed in condemning a prisoner to death. . . . There was in fact no sentence.'

If Giovanni Rosadi's *Trial of Jesus* is to become a work of permanent value—if it is to be regarded as justifying the flattering criticism that it displays 'an intimate knowledge of both Jewish law and Roman law.' it seems advisable that it should be, in parts, subjected to revision.

SEPTIMUS BUSS.

AN INDIAN RETROSPECT AND SOME COMMENTS

IN a recent much-criticised speech Lord Curzon took occasion to observe that 'public opinion in order to exercise a vivifying and steadying influence must be suggestive.' Public opinion in India, as in most other countries, must always be the opinion of her educated classes, who, happily, as time goes on and they become better informed, evince a more accurate appreciation of the motives and actions of Government. Unfortunately, owing to the peculiar conditions of the country, in matters affecting the different communities there is great divergence of opinion, although on general questions the uniformity is surprising.

Naturally 'public opinion,' in so much as it professes to be the opinion of the general public, is not so effective and does not carry the same weight as it would otherwise, were the nationalities of India more homogeneous or more willing to approach special interests in a spirit of compromise. Under these circumstances the standpoint of an independent observer is often of greater value.

Twenty-five years ago I offered to the public in the columns of this Review 'Some Indian Suggestions for India,' which attracted at the time a certain amount of notice from the authorities here, and which even the Indian Government did not think unworthy of consideration. Many of these suggestions have since been translated into fact, and the country has unquestionably made considerable progress within this period on the lines then forecasted.

A glance at the work done and an attempt to indicate the points which still require reform or improvement will not, I imagine, be without interest at a juncture when the consolidation of the Empire appears to be a subject of moment, or wanting in that quality of 'suggestiveness' which makes criticism useful.

To judge of the change that has come over the spirit of the administration one has only to look half a century or so back. In 1844 an English writer in the *Calcutta Review* pronounced that 'exposure of evil was the prevailing horror of the Anglo-Indian Government.' This failing can hardly be attributed nowadays either to the Government of India or the provincial Governments, for they often invite

moderate and reasonable criticism, and do not allow themselves to be over-ruffled when it is neither the one nor the other. This in itself is an advance which cannot be too highly estimated.

One of the severest indictments framed against the system in force in the middle of the last century was by Sir Henry Láyard, traveller, statesman, and diplomatist. Journeying in India in 1858, whilst the Mutiny was still unsuppressed, he described the East India Company's rule in words which deserve quoting. 'We have done nothing,' he said, 'to form a bond of sympathy or to create mutual interests. The people we govern are treated like a distinct race inferior to us. They are excluded from all share of government, they can never rise to anything beyond inferior posts. . . . Under it money-lenders . . . make their fortunes and enjoy them; but the cultivators are reduced to the utmost poverty, our rule having utterly destroyed the native gentry.'

It is a startling thing to say, but it is nevertheless a fact, that from the horrors of the Mutiny came the salvation both of England and India. The downfall of the Company's *régime* and the assumption of the government by the Crown, with the proclamation which ushered it in, marked an unprecedented awakening in the political conscience of a dominant nation; for England then began to realise her obligations and responsibilities towards the inhabitants of her great dependency, whose safety is now recognised as essential to her own existence as a world-Power. The new system of administration proceeded on different principles, and was based on an equality of rights among all the subjects of a common sovereign.

Twenty-two years later, when I placed my 'Suggestions' before the public, this recognition had already borne substantial fruit. Offices of emolument and trust had been tentatively opened to the natives of India; they were represented in the councils of Government, and greater regard was paid to their opinions and feelings on public questions.

The legislation during this period—between 1858 and 1880—save in one respect, had all an ameliorating tendency. The one exception relates to the exaction of Government dues, of which more further on. Since 1880 the country has witnessed still greater changes. In the face of these facts it would be absurd to say the Indian Government has not kept in view the principles and pledges of the Queen's Proclamation. The hand moves slowly, sometimes too slowly, the pendulum oscillates backwards and forwards, but the ultimate trend is in the direction of improvement. Naturally the slow progress does not evoke much gratulation among the educated classes, and the desire to keep them indefinitely *in statu pupillari* is regarded with more than impatience.

Among the subjects to which I had drawn attention in 1880 were the bankrupt condition of Indian finances, the stringency of the

revenue laws, and the necessity of improving the status of the peasantry of Bengal and of broadening the Councils. The advance in these directions is most striking.

Public revenues have augmented within the last decade by several millions ; instead of a hopeless deficit there is a real surplus, and that without any substantial retrenchment, and in spite of the creation of new departments. The salt tax, on the onerous nature of which I had ventured to dwell at some length, has been appreciably reduced. Although a part of this prosperity is no doubt due to a somewhat uncertain factor, namely, the price of opium, it must be ungrudgingly acknowledged that the financial outlook at present is most favourable. Nor can it be denied that, generally speaking, the resources of India during the last twenty-five years have been carefully husbanded and often strenuously safeguarded, whilst the strong attitude taken up against dragging her into the vortex of the fiscal controversy raging in England shows that her interests will not be allowed to be sacrificed on the altar of ' imperial ' policy.

The improvement of the police, which still forms a serious blot on British Indian administration, has been taken in hand ; a department of commerce has been inaugurated from which great hopes are entertained for the country ; whilst the establishment of a model farm and an agricultural college in the province of Behar is an indication of growing interest in the scientific development of that industry on which the prosperity of India as a whole mainly depends. And the comparatively recent appointments of Inspector-General and Directors of Agriculture point to the same conclusion. When one compares the meagre work performed so far by the Indian Government bureau in promoting agriculture with that done by similar departments in other countries the contrast does seem remarkable. In the United States the Department of Agriculture collects valuable information from all sides, relating to the cultivation of land, the products suitable for different kinds of soil and the best method of increasing its productiveness, and distributes it freely among all classes. It is to be hoped that under the new system the agricultural prosperity of India will become an object of solicitude with all classes.

As regards taxation, although its general incidence remains unaltered, in many respects considerable relaxation has been afforded to the tax-paying public. Similarly one observes with gratification the attempt recently made ' to free the land revenue administration from the evils of excessive rigidity,' and ' to introduce in its stead an elasticity sufficient to ensure in times of agricultural calamity that the burdens of the cultivating classes should not be aggravated by any unreasonable insistence on the demands of Government.'

The resolution enunciates an admirable precept, but in the absence of some modification in the law it is permissible to doubt if it will lead to any practical result. Evidently the full effect of the revenue

policy of 1859 is not sufficiently realised. I therefore venture to quote my remarks on this subject in 1880 :

The rigour with which the land tax is exacted all over India, regardless of all questions of droughts and floods, bad or good harvests, has conduced to no small extent to the present impoverishment of the country. In those parts where the permanent settlement is in force the rule of law is, that in case of a default committed by a zemindar in the payment of the *jamma*, or tax, by the sunset of a day fixed, his estate is liable to be sold by public auction. The strict enforcement of this peculiarly harsh rule has acquired for it the popular designation of the 'Sunset Law.' Anyone who has ever had to deal with its practical working must be aware of the numberless cases of ruin and beggary which have been occasioned thereby, and the infinite amount of trouble it causes to many. . . . A simple direction from the Board of Revenue to the revenue collectors against the strict enforcement of this law, even if it should be considered advisable to retain it on the statute book, may in some degree benefit the people.

A few years ago departmental rules alone might have been sufficient for the purpose of amelioration, but matters have now become distinctly serious. If the realisation of land revenue, irrespective of every consideration of hardship, be not the sole object of revenue administration, if the prosperity of the agricultural and landowning classes be a primary matter for the attention of Government, in that case some further and more effective measure to relax the stringency of the revenue laws seems imperative.

As regards the peasantry of Bengal, the Act of 1885 effected a considerable improvement in their status and condition. But the warning which I gave in 1880, and which I repeated in Council when the measure was under discussion, passed unheeded. 'The time,' I had said, 'seems to have arrived when the Indian Government should make up its mind, in spite of the opposition evinced in certain quarters, to confer transferable rights on the ryots holding occupancy tenancies. Care should, however, be taken to prevent the peasantry from being bought out, or swamped by speculative vakeels or greedy bunniahs.' And this is exactly what has happened. In many districts the occupancy holders of 1885 have ceased to exist; their holdings have passed into the hands of money-lenders, or *mokhtears*, whilst they themselves have become degraded to the condition of 'labouring cultivators,' which is a euphemism for serfs.

Again, for an alien Government like the British, the existence of a stable, propertied class whose interests are bound up with its durability and permanence is of vital importance. The necessity, therefore, of taking legislative measures for the protection of such a class from the inroads of usurers and money-lenders seems obvious. In Bengal, the zemindars with whom Lord Cornwallis made the Permanent Settlement in 1793 soon disappeared, and their places were taken by their servants or by the ministerial officers of the Revenue Courts. The reason of this *débâcle* is a matter of history. These, again, have

made way for modern money-lenders. Under the existing system there is no stability whatsoever. Families rise to affluence in one generation, in the next they are paupers. In one district alone, in the course of forty years, four families have followed each other in rapid succession in the possession of the same estate. And this is not confined to Bengal. The same process of continuous destruction goes on wherever there is no restriction on the alienability of land. No one, I think, would contend that the present condition of things is conducive to the benefit of Government.

The introduction into India of the principle relating to freedom of contracts without any restriction or qualification, and without any consideration of the peculiar conditions of the country, has been of the greatest disservice to the people. In India, neither education nor intelligence is by any means uniform; the ignorant peasant is hardly able to cope on equal terms with the astute bunniah, or the ill-informed zemindar with the clever mahajan. The disastrous consequences of a rule which has not been successful even in England can easily be imagined.

The reasons which led to the enactment of the Punjab Land Alienation Act apply with equal force throughout India; and its policy may be extended, with great advantage to the people as well as to the Government, to other parts of the country. But in case it may not be considered expedient to introduce a measure of that kind in provinces where the conditions are not similar to those in the Punjab, I would strongly urge that the civil courts should be vested with a discretionary jurisdiction to refuse to put up land to sale in execution either of a decree on a mortgage or of a simple money decree. The property might be placed in the hands of a receiver for the realisation of the debt from its rents and issues; but it should not be sold, unless both creditor and debtor are in accord on the matter. The suggestion does not aim at the absolute prohibition of alienability; its only object is to prevent a sale *in invitum*. As orders of the nature suggested would be subject to revision by the Appellate Court, there need be no apprehension of an arbitrary exercise of the power to the detriment of any interest. It may be said that such a provision will have the effect of lowering the value of land. The same argument, among others, was advanced against the Punjab Land Alienation Act, but wise statesmanship prevailed against legal quibbles and class interests. If the suggestion is accepted, the owner, of course, would be able to borrow less, and the lender would be willing to advance less. But would either be a loser thereby in the end? The measure would have this beneficial tendency that the land would remain in the same family for generations, and the feeling of security this would engender would give rise to a true spirit of loyalty and a real interest in the development of their property. I remember one instance where the Government of India, by an executive order, set aside a

sale, the effect of which would have been to render homeless a large body of proprietors in the Upper Provinces who had held the land for generations.¹ There seems no reason why the principle acted upon in that case should not receive legislative recognition.

At one time the Government made special grants of land to Sepoys of the Indian Army by way of reward for meritorious services. They were meant as permanent provision for the soldiers' families, and under the name of English jageers (in contradistinction to the old Mogul grants) existed principally in the district of Shahabad, whence the Company's Sepoys were mostly drawn. After the death of the original grantees, there being no restriction on alienability, the lands soon passed into the hands of money-lenders; and this was one of the chief causes of the rising in that district.

I would also suggest that the civil courts should be empowered to go behind contracts, and either to refuse to give them effect, or to vary them if upon inquiry they are found to be unconscionable or harsh. This rule has been lately introduced in England. A similar measure seems to me to be urgently needed in India.

In dealing with the causes which lead to the pauperisation of the affluent classes in India, I had omitted to notice one fact, which did not strike me so forcibly then as it does now after an experience of twenty-five years. It is the harassing litigation in which Indian families become involved at some time or other, and from which they rarely emerge without total or partial ruin. It is an evil that has grown up under British rule, it is fostered by British laws and institutions. An imperative duty, therefore, seems to rest on the British Government to provide some remedy for it.

In most families, the servants, be they agents, stewards, or clerks, find it their interest to foment disputes, and to instigate the members to carry their quarrels into courts of justice. Outside stand lawyers of all grades to conduct their cases, and the mahajan to supply them with funds. Wealth soon changes hands, and the rich man of to-day is the pauper of to-morrow. Can any man with the well-being of the country at heart view with complacency this disastrous state of affairs?

It must not be forgotten that whilst in England, besides law, there are other avenues which lead to wealth and distinction, in India, from the circumstances of the British rule, there is practically only one profession in which the rewards are worth striving for. It is not surprising, therefore, that English education has turned all the national energy and intelligence into one groove. The profession of law has thus outgrown the requirements of the country. Within the last twenty-five years, as trade and commerce have developed, a new class of cases, which were practically unknown before, has sprung up, especially in the chief centres of population. These cases are certain

¹ This was in 1874, during Lord Northbrook's viceroyalty.

to increase in number, and will in time draw to themselves the talent and application of the legal classes. Litigation likely to cause the disruption of families will cease to be the sole occupation of those who at present, willingly or unwillingly, devote their time and labour to steer it through many channels, and the Government can safely, without fear of raising an outcry, take steps to minimise the evil. If courts of arbitration, as in olden times, composed of the most respected members of the native communities, were established for the adjudication of family disputes, and the ordinary courts of justice were to discourage such disputes from being dragged before them, an inestimable boon would be conferred on the people.

In the case of large estates a great deal may be done by the head of the district or of the province. In a country like India such action is invariably welcomed by the people, and should be taken without hesitancy, and without the slightest fear of wounding susceptibilities or rousing the hostile criticism of any section or class. In a notable instance the interference of the then Lieutenant-Governor was the means of saving a large estate from destruction, and the family from ruin.

In this connection I should like again to call attention to the tax on justice in the shape of court fees, which enables the rich litigant to harass his less-favoured opponent with comparative impunity, and which in numerous cases prevents the poorer classes from seeking redress in courts of law. The stamp duties levied on civil litigation enable the Government not only to meet the entire cost of judicial administration throughout the country, but also to make an annual profit of 62 lakhs of rupees (over 400,000*l.*). If any reason of State not clear to an outsider stands in the way of abolishing this anomalous tax, I would suggest that some portion of the surplus might be utilised for the purpose of improving the judicial branches of the public service, which certainly need strengthening and improvement in the matter of emolument and prestige. The administration of justice is the strongest feature of British rule, and forms, in many respects, its greatest claim to the loyalty of the general population. No means therefore, I submit, should be neglected to enhance its efficiency. A great step in this direction would be gained if district judgeships, instead of being reserved exclusively for members of the Civil Service, were thrown open to barristers of standing and experience.

The Councils, to use the official phraseology, have been 'enlarged,' the element of election, although within narrow limits, has been introduced, the right of interpellation has been given to the non-official members, whilst the practice of indicating the general policy of Government, on certain occasions, affords facilities for calling the attention of the authorities to matters of real grievance which otherwise would either escape notice or be left to irresponsible journalists to ventilate.

In 1880 there were only two Indians on the Viceregal Council. Now there are six. Three, if I mistake not, are nominated, whilst the other three are elected by the Provincial Councils. In these also there has been a proportionate increase of Indians, whilst the principle of election has received a larger recognition. A recent critic of Lord Curzon's policy has said that the elected members in the Legislative Councils 'sit there merely to play the part of the chorus in a Greek tragedy.' This criticism, however trenchant, is hardly just. The part of the elected members, it is true, is small, but it is certainly not unimportant, for their interpellations and speeches serve to indicate the trend of educated public opinion. The Councils contain great possibilities of development, and will probably in time become transformed into fairly representative bodies. But for that consummation several elements are needed : not merely a larger appreciation on the part of the rulers of the altered conditions of India, but also a generally broader conception of civic duties among the educated classes, and mutual toleration and a spirit of compromise among the different communities.

The question of education has during the period under review occupied a large share of attention. Primary education has received generous help, whilst a new scheme has been formulated for giving the State a certain control over the university system. Although the change recently initiated has been severely criticised in many quarters, it is much too early to predicate with any certainty its probable consequences. To an unbiassed observer some modification was inevitable ; public interest had in many instances been so subordinated to extraneous and irrelevant considerations, that an attempt on the part of Government to obtain a more effective control over the higher education of Indian youth had become almost certain. At the same time it is difficult not to have some sympathy with the general opinion that the preponderance of the official element among the governing bodies of the universities is a measure of doubtful expediency. Personally I think it a mistake to endeavour to educate the youth of the different nationalities of India according to one uniform method. The difference in their ideals, religious standards, and ethical needs makes the task of maintaining the line of advance at an even pace for all the communities well-nigh impossible. For this reason I have consistently advocated denominational universities, and suggested that the Hindoos, Mahomedans and Christians should be educated and trained according to their own ethical standards, the Government if necessary laying down certain rules for 'hall-marking' the products of these universities for purposes of State-employment. As each community possesses sufficient nucleus for starting denominational universities, no real difficulty stands in the way of giving effect to the suggestion, and I believe that

before many years are over the idea will force itself on public attention.

The machinery with which the Government of India carries on its legislative work is of great importance to the people, and they naturally take exceptional interest in its constitution. The Legislative Department, as a general rule, is presided over by an English lawyer of eminence; who starts upon his duties with very little knowledge of India, of her people or her institutions. By the time he begins to gain a workable insight into these necessary elements of useful legislation his term of service expires, and he makes room for some one else equally able and eminent, but equally unacquainted with the country and its requirements. No amount of outside 'coaching' can, under the circumstances, compensate for the deficiency in that essential requisite. The plain course would be, to have at the head of the department a trained lawyer of wide Indian experience, who would bring to his task the combined knowledge of English law and Indian institutions. But in the multiplicity of interests the plain course is almost always the last course which a Government is disposed to take.

The larger employment of the natives of the country in the higher departments of administration is the subject of perennial discussion and constant heart-burning. In 1880 I had ventured to make in this connection certain suggestions which a few years later assumed a practical shape. Since the recommendations of the Public Service Commission one or two of the higher administrative posts have been opened to Indians. Naturally the educated classes are not satisfied with the advance in this direction. It becomes necessary, therefore, to try to understand from their point of view the real cause at the bottom of this feeling. I may observe here parenthetically that I am not one of those who think that Home Rule for India is within the range of practical politics—certainly not for many years to come; even if the Indian nationalities had attained a degree of solidarity sufficient to make self-government possible, the outside conditions are such as to make the idea seem almost insane, for her safety from foreign aggression in the present condition of the world lies in her connection with England. And if England is to guard her against foreign encroachment and outside ambition, and assist her in developing her resources and directing the energies of her peoples in the channel of modern progress and eventual unification, Englishmen, soldier and civilian, who give her their services must receive due remuneration for their labour. Nor can anyone expect that England, to use the famous phrase of the Arab conqueror of Egypt, 'should hold the horns of the cow while somebody else milks it.'

Having so far indicated the Englishman's point of view, I now proceed to state the case on the other side. However stationary

Indian civilisation may be, the civilised nationalities of India are not behind any Western race in adaptability for progress. In the process of adaptation through which they have been passing under British rule there has been much suffering, the history of which remains yet to be told. Families have been swept away, old institutions have disappeared leaving gaps still to be filled, but they have now reached a stage when it would be idle to hope the country can much longer be governed on the assumption of racial inferiority. Nothing surprises one so much as the light-heartedness with which some Englishmen talk of British rule never becoming popular in India, and the surprise increases when we consider the adulation that is paid to the Colonies. British rule certainly is not popular—that, however, is not the fault of the people; they recognise generally that its permanence is vitally essential to their well-being. But races with a great past behind them can hardly brook to be kept for ever in tutelage, or assent without demur to be stamped permanently with the mark of inferiority. Considering the value of India to England, I think it behoves every Englishman to try to make the rule of England popular, and to evoke that spirit of ‘manly comradeship’ to which reference was made the other day at Cambridge by a distinguished Anglo-Indian.

As English education advances, as qualified and deserving Indians for the service of the State, according to the present standard, increase in number, and as they understand ‘those principles of justice and equity which have made the British constitution an example to the world,’ the claim to a larger share of offices of trust and emolument—certainly to a larger recognition of eligibility—will become more insistent. And wise statesmanship and the interests of good government will compel attention to such claim.

In saying this I must not be supposed to advocate the exclusion of Englishmen from any branch of the public service in favour of Indians, for I consider the existence of Englishmen in the different grades of the official hierarchy, apart from any question of efficiency, as conducive to the maintenance of a wholesome influence on ‘the general *morale* of the administration. And it is for this reason that I deprecate the growing depletion of the English element at the Bar in India. But what I do advocate is that Indians of undoubted merit and ability, of integrity and character, should not be debarred from any office under the State; that no place under Government should be regarded as the peculiar monopoly of any race; and that no distinction should be made in the matter of State patronage on racial grounds. The British Government which stands foremost to-day in the profession of the principles of toleration, equity, and justice, should not in their application be behind the former rulers of India. Under the Mahomedan rule a Hindoo could rise to any position in the State; in the chief Mahomedan principality of modern India

a Hindoo holds the office of prime minister. The Hindoo principality of Jeypoor, I understand, employs a Mahommedan in the same capacity. Turkey and Persia send their Christian subjects as envoys to foreign States. There is no reason why the British Government should allow itself to appear as less liberal or less advanced than any Oriental Government. As regards the unfitness of Indians generally for certain offices, it is one of those convenient theories by which vested interests try to protect themselves from outside invasion. Neither the Indian Government nor the Government at home would be a loser by utilising the services or the counsels of competent Indians.

I have reserved to the last the Mahommedan question, which, to my mind, forms to-day, as it did twenty-five years ago, by far the most pressing problem of Indian administration. The Mahommedans constitute without exception one of the most loyal nationalities of India. They feel that their moral and social regeneration, their educational awakening, their material development depend on the stability of British rule. The very circumstance that the British Government is non-Moslem, and is consequently obliged to maintain, in spite of a somewhat nervous dread of the so-called 'orthodox' party, a neutral attitude towards the different sections, is regarded as a strong factor in the advancement of the people. At this moment seventy millions of Mussulmans acknowledge the sway of His Majesty. In another quarter of a century, at the rate at which their faith is spreading, the number will amount to considerably more. This important community—as history goes probably the most important only a short time ago—has suffered the most under British rule. It has steadily declined in wealth, prosperity, influence, and all the elements which conduce to development and progress, and yet there is no indication of a stop in the process of declension. The causes of this deplorable state of things were traced by me in an article which I contributed to this Review in 1882.² On the materials contained in that paper the Central National Mahommedan Association, of which I was secretary at the time, presented in 1883 a memorial to the Indian Government. This memorial was finally dealt with by Lord Dufferin in 1885, and the conclusions arrived at were embodied in a resolution which is regarded by the Mahommedans of India 'as their Magna Charta.' But class interests in that country are strong; and the Mussulman generally is not an adept in the art of ingratiating himself with the official classes. Nor does he possess the means of making his voice heard in powerful quarters. The very fact that he has so far stood aloof from political agitations has caused him a disservice. As a consequence, preferment and honours rarely come his way. In spite of the progress in English education made within the last quarter of a century, their share of public offices is neither com-

² In the August number. The article was headed 'A Cry from the Indian Mahommedans.'

parable to their numbers nor to their legitimate aspirations. If the Government of India were to insist on a strict compliance on the part of the local authorities with the principles and provisions of Lord Dufferin's resolution, it would contribute to a material improvement in their position.

But the Mahommedan problem cannot be solved by merely giving them a few more posts under Government. Their ruin as a prosperous and progressive community is due to far deeper causes, and needs far more serious remedies. It began with the confiscations of the Inam Commission in the early part of the nineteenth century; it has been completed by the recent pronouncements of British courts of justice upsetting one of their most cherished institutions, which is interwoven with their entire religious and social life, and on which rests the whole fabric of their prosperity as a people.

Under the law of inheritance prevailing among the Mahommedans, the property of a deceased person is liable to be divided among a numerous body of heirs. An unqualified application of this rule would mean the absolute pauperisation, within a short space of time, of Mahommedan families, and prove utterly subversive of national and individual well-being. No permanent benefaction nor the continued existence of family influence or prestige, without which progress is out of question, would be possible. Accordingly, it was ordained by the Lawgiver of Islam that a Mahommedan may lawfully 'tie-up' his property, and render it inalienable and non-heritable by devoting it to pious purposes, or, to use the language of Mahommedan lawyers, 'by dedicating it to the service of God, so that it may be of benefit to mankind.' This is the well-known rule of *wakf*, universally recognised and acted upon throughout the Mahommedan world. The endower is entitled to designate any pious purpose or purposes to which it may be applied; and either to constitute himself the trustee or appoint any other person. Now, the Mussulman law declares in the most emphatic terms that charity to one's kith and kin is the highest act of merit, and a provision for one's family and descendants, to prevent their falling into indigence, the greatest act of charity. Accordingly, family benefactions, or *wakfs*, providing for the maintenance and support of the donor's descendants, either as the sole beneficiaries or in conjunction with other pious objects, have existed for the last thirteen centuries, and all sects and schools are unanimous in upholding their validity. The institution is traced to the Prophet himself, who created a benefaction for the support of his daughter and her descendants, and is, in fact, placed in the same category as a dedication to a mosque. As perpetuity is essential to a lawful *wakf*, when it is made in favour of descendants it is often expressly provided that on their extinction the benefaction would be for the poor. But even when there is no such provision the law presumes that the poor are the ultimate beneficiaries. When the dedication is initially

for the maintenance of descendants, provision is invariably made for other pious purposes, such as the support of religious worship, performance of religious ceremonies, and the upkeep of schools and hospitals. From this it will be seen how utterly uncongenial, if not incomprehensible, the Mussulman law of *wakf* must be to an English lawyer. Perpetuity is the essence of a Mussulman dedication or *wakf*; perpetuities are abhorred by English law, and any settlement which savours of it is bad on that ground. Charity to kith and kin is the pivot round which revolves the religious and social life of the Mahommedan, and is one of the most pious of purposes to which he may consecrate his worldly goods. To an ordinary English mind, remembering the phrase 'charity begins at home,' it is a matter of ridicule; and to an English lawyer it has an appearance of fraud.

In India numbers of Mahommedan families owed to the institution of *wakf* their existence, wealth, and influence which preserved the properties from disintegration and division, and protected them from the hands of money-lenders. They maintained places of worship, supported schools and dispensaries, and afforded material help to Government in times of stress and difficulty.

The validity of family benefactions was accepted by the British courts of justice until recent times, and eminent judges, like Sir Edward Ryan and others, gave it emphatic recognition. But the knowledge or appreciation of Mahommedan law became rarer and rarer as we approached the 'eighties, and the fetish of the English rule against perpetuities loomed bigger and bigger in the judicial mind. The money-lender, who sits at the gate of every prosperous family, watched his opportunity; whilst the vakeel saw a rich harvest before him ready for his legal scythe. The younger members of the Mahommedan family pledged their right of maintenance to the mahajan, who, on failure of repayment at the proper time, brought the inevitable action to set aside the dedication, and have the share of the debtor ascertained and sold for his debt.

The High Court considered that, not only was he entitled to his money, but that the benefaction was liable to be set aside as contravening the English rule against perpetuities! The matter came up on appeal, and the Privy Council, differing from the lawyers of Islam, who have upheld the validity of family benefactions for many centuries, considered the Mussulman Lawgiver could hardly have intended that a valid dedication could be made for the endower's descendants under the name of *wakf*, when no charity was in reality contemplated. It is clear that the whole difference arises from the use of the word 'charity' in the English and not in the Mahommedan sense. The effect of this ruling, which has naturally caused great alarm, not to say resentment, throughout Mahommedan India, has been most disastrous. It has already swept away many Mahommedan families, whilst the few still intact are in a state of jeopardy. But what is

most deplorable is that in pronouncing against family endowments the courts of justice have also invalidated the provisions for auxiliary pious purposes.

The only way out of this *impasse*—the only way in fact by which the further impoverishment and decadence of the Mussulman people can be stopped—is for the Legislature, in their interests as well as in the interest of the State, to validate by special enactment this particular branch of the Islamic law, with any provision it may consider expedient to safeguard against fraud. And the statesman who succeeds in placing such a measure on the statute book will be regarded by a nation as the chief instrument of its salvation.

AMEER ALI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON HIS 'GABIONS'

SOME years ago I had the pleasure of publishing Sir Walter's account of the antiquities and curiosities at Abbotsford, taken from a MS. catalogue called by him *The Reliquiæ Trotcosienses*.¹ This MS. contained also the following notes hitherto unpublished regarding his books, which, though only a fragment, will, I think, be of interest to many. I venture to repeat part of the description—given in the article already published—of the library at Abbotsford to show how his precious books, the most valued perhaps of all his *gabions*, were housed by Sir Walter. The word *gabion* is declared by him to mean 'curiosities of small intrinsic value, whether rare books, antiquities, or small articles of the fine or of the useful arts,' and with this definition in the absence of any more lengthy information—such as might have been looked for from the pen of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck—we must content ourselves. That Sir Walter's love of *gabions* was lifelong we have ample testimony. Already in 1771 his little 'den' in George Square 'had more books than shelves—a small painted cabinet with Scotch and Roman coins—a claymore and Lochaber axe given him by old Invanahyle,' &c., and this was the germ of the library and museum at Abbotsford to which there is constant reference in his correspondence in later years, and which was a source of the greatest interest and pleasure to him. During the sad days of failing health in 1830, when those around him were anxious to persuade Sir Walter to rest from more serious work, the preparation of a *Catalogue Raisonné* of his treasures, to be called, as planned in happier days, *The Reliquiæ Trotcosienses*—would, it was hoped, interest without fatiguing him. For a short time the result verified these hopes, and Sir Walter threw himself into the congenial occupation with his old zest; too soon, however, he felt it to be his duty to resume his harder task, and *The Reliquiæ*, unfortunately for us, remained unfinished.

We must now, with Sir Walter, enter the Abbotsford Library, which he thus describes :

¹ *Reliquiæ Trotcosienses*, or the *Gabions of the late Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq.*, so called in playful allusion to the *Antiquary*. See article on 'The Gabions of Abbotsford,' by Mrs. Maxwell Scott, in *Harper's Magazine* for April 1889.

'The Library is rather more than forty feet long by eighteen feet broad. It is in appearance a well-proportioned room, but unless varied by some angles it would want relief, or, in the phrase of woman-kind, would be inexcusably devoid of a flirting corner. To remedy this defect an octagon is thrown out upon the northern side of the room, forming a recess which, corresponding to the uses of the whole apartment, contains two book presses with doors of latticed wire. These are meant to contain books of small size and some rarity which would otherwise run the risk of being lost or mislaid. . . . I have found it the best way to reserve some five or six cases which can be locked up at pleasure for the security of such books as are peculiarly valuable as well as those which for any reason seem unfit to be exposed to the general class of readers. . . . To return to the description of the library. Its roof—on a level with that of the Hall—is sixteen feet high and the presses rise to the height of eleven feet, having a space of five feet accordingly between the top of the shelves and the ceiling. This was a subject of great anxiety to me. A difference of six feet in height all round a room forty feet long would have added greatly to my accommodations. But on the other hand, a bulky and somewhat ancient person climbing up to a height to pull a book down from a shelf thirteen feet high is somewhat too much in the position of a sea-boy on the dizzy shroud. Indeed, being one of those who hold that good people are valuable as well as scarce, I have remarked with anxiety that the lives of such worthies as myself are often embittered, if not ended, by the consequence of a fall from the steps of their own library staircase. . . . I remember wasting my invention in endeavouring to devise a mode of placing my volumes in an order easily attainable for the purpose of consultation. But I never could hit upon an idea more likely to answer than imagining a librarian who, like Takus in Spenser, should be in point of constitution "an yron man, and made of yron molde." He should be a creature without hopes, views, wishes, or studies of his own, yet completely devoted to assist mine; an unequalled clerk with fingers never weary, possessing that invariable local knowledge whereby my volumes, like the dishes at King Oberon's banquet, should draw near and retire with a wish. I have never been able to find for myself a mechanical aid of such a passive description, and the alternative to which I am reduced is the working room and study, in addition to my library, where I keep around me the dictionaries and books of reference which my immediate needs may require me to consult. The Library, properly so called, contains only one picture, that of a young Hussar officer² *nearly related* to the proprietor, and which is worthy of attention as it is painted by the eminent historical artist, William Allan.' Here ends the portion of Sir Walter's MS. which

² The portrait of Sir Walter's eldest son, the second Sir Walter Scott.

has been already published. We will now turn to the books themselves.

'Upon the system of utility there are many books,' says Sir Walter, 'the real use of which in an antiquarian collection is so small as to reduce them to the class of gabions, volumes, that is, which are not prized for the knowledge they contain but for some peculiarity that renders the individual copy unique, like that of the celebrated "Boccaccio." When we are informed that the facsimile of the celebrated Boccaccio which sold for 100*l.* at the Roxburgh sale can be obtained for about 5*l.*, and is different from the inappreciable original or true copy only in the position of a single letter, we are tempted to suppose that the curiosity is scarce worthy of the difference in price. Thus the original will in no respect be more valuable than a broken earthen jar or an old broadsword or javelin corroded with rust and disowned by the modern fashion of the fight, but valued because supposed to have belonged to the Roman Agricola or the Caledonian Galgacus. Both are curious gabions upon George Ruthven's system, and neither is anything more. I do not intend to make a proper collection of such printed gabions as I may happen to be possessed of, nor do I think that Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns, although classed as an antiquary, is at all fit to unveil the treasures which would charm a bibliomaniac, or discover to the uninitiated the peculiar properties upon which the value of the books in such a collection is likely to depend. I have indeed some books worthy of being marked with a twice or thrice repeated "R."³ But, tell it not in Gath, I have often forgotten the peculiarity which adds the choice flavour to the article, as befell the man in the Arabian tale who forgot the charm of "Open Sesame." My treasures are useless to me, because the spell is lost which is the mainspring that gives access to them. I shall not, therefore, dip deep into this species of lore nor attempt to show my knowledge where it is possible; I might only display my ignorance. In branches of information I would only say that my collection of historical works relating to England and Scotland in particular is extensive and valuable. For example, few English chronicles are sought for in vain, as indeed the reprint by the London booksellers, although, owing to the giddiness of the public, it has somewhat failed as a commercial venture, renders it inexcusable for any person terming himself a collector to want any of those valuable and inexpensive volumes. Nothing indeed is more apt to extract a sigh than the recollection of the catalogues we have seen and the prices of former days. For example, I recollect that a catalogue of black letter books, chiefly beautiful copies of reminiscences of chivalry and chronicles of black letter, was offered to me as curator of a library of considerable extent and renown, and I am ready to gnaw my nails to the quick

³ For Raro.

when I remember what a lot might have been purchased for less than 30*l.* This sum would now be esteemed a price not more than sufficient for one of the number. One of our curators was a man of sense, taste, and interest, and from all these considerations his influence had great weight when he objected to filling up our shelves upon the principle of Don Quixote's collection that perished in the celebrated *auto-da-fé* in his native village. My proposition was not entirely rejected, but being admitted only to the extent of 5*l.* or 6*l.* it served to purchase a valuable sample of the works which were refused. They were, in fact, the sweepings or remainder of the curious collection of books formerly belonging to the celebrated Messrs. Foulis, printers, of Glasgow.'

'In like manner Mr. Lamb, Vicar of Norham, in his reprint of the curious and contemporary poem of Flodden Field, afterwards reprinted by Henry Weber, has a lamentation upon the fate of a poor student who is unable to pay 5*l.* or 6*l.*; for the Chronicles of Hollingshead and others, much to the affliction of Norham, were currently purchased at the above prices by the late John Kemble, Esq., of Covent Garden Theatre. There is, however, a way of viewing the subject which we are convinced would have pleased the philanthropic clergyman. Mr. Kemble, when the changeful taste of the public and the unjust persecution of a party of the town had injured a fortune honourably acquired in his own art, was in his later days respectably provided for by the sale of his collection. His library had been formed in his more wealthy times by the assistance of considerable wealth added to great scholarship, liberality, and knowledge of the subject. This curious library, being the most complete collection respecting the history of the British drama, was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire at a price so liberal as to insure the original proprietor the comforts which no one who knew him would have endured to think of his wanting, while they gained for the halls of Chatsworth a literary treasure worthy of the house of Cavendish. To this great collection I had the honour of contributing a copy which my friend Mr. Kemble had never even seen of Settle's *Emperor of Morocco*, the first English play illustrated with prints. This circumstance was so offensive even to the great John Dryden that, as his biographer Johnson observes, his invidious criticism is thereby greatly envenomed. It was given to me by the Rev. Henry White, of Lichfield, and I question if there is another fair copy in the world except that in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. I mention this because a collector founds a fame not only upon the treasures which he possesses but upon those curiosities which have passed from him. So I need scarce add that I am happy that anything which has been mine should have changed its destination so much for the better.'

'To begin with my remarks on those books which still remain with me I must notice that the lower line of the Library is occupied by a

handsome cabinet, also wrought out of Rokeby yew, and serving to contain an exact cast of the poet Shakespeare taken by Mr. Bullock from his monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.¹ This, having been erected by the players who were his companions in life and executed under their eyes, was likely to be the most exact resemblance. The interior of this cabinet contains some manuscripts of various value and a small unadorned snuff-box, made of the wood of the celebrated mulberry tree, enclosing the following inscription commemorative of the kind friends who bestowed it on the present proprietor :

This box made out of the wood of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, originally the property of David Garrick and by him given to Robert Bensley, Esq., is presented to — ——— by Mr. Thornhill, who acquired it by inheritance.

This remnant of the Jubilee bears the arms of Shakespeare cut upon the lid, and must be considered no doubt as a gabion of great curiosity.

Two presses on the left hand of Shakespeare's cabinet contain a miscellaneous collection of dramatic pieces, being modern reprints, as well as a great number in those small quarto forms which was the original mode of publishing plays at the Restoration and for several years afterwards. There is a complete collection of Congreve's original pieces, and those of Dryden might, without much trouble, be rendered perfect. One circumstance is to be remarked, that the original offences quoted by Collier against the profanity and indecency of the stage are completely verified by these copies of the *éditiones principes*, although even the second edition in its alterations from the first shows some bungling attempts at repentance, indicating shame at least if not remorse. It is believed that a small sum of money and some time bestowed in rummaging the London catalogues, and some trouble given to collation and comparison of editions, would make this branch of the collection an interesting and curious one.'

II.—'L'ANTIQUITE EXPLIQUÉE ET REPRÉSENTÉE EN FIGURES
PAR DOM BERNARD DE MONTFAUCON.'

'This superb copy of a most copious and valuable work, the merits of which is acknowledged in all parts of the world, is here bound in fifteen volumes, scarlet morocco, in which case it reached the author as a present from his Most Excellent Majesty George the Fourth of happy memory. Anyone who had the honour of having access to the person of that most excellent prince will pardon the vanity which recalls his kindness in this and other instances. "Twas meant for merit though it fell on me."

¹ The bust of Sir Walter by Chantrey now occupies Shakespeare's place.
Vol. LVIII—No. 644

III.—‘LIBRI CLASSICI CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.’

‘This edition, which comprehends all the approved classics with many other Latin authors, with notes of the best commentators extending to 139 volumes and splendidly bound, was the gift of Archibald Constable and Company by way of handselling the new library at Abbotsford. Between author and bookseller, such as they were in our day, this exchange of courtesies might be compared to that of Lintot thrusting upon Pope a well printed edition of Horace, and requesting the bard to amuse himself by turning an ode during the time of a temporary stop on the ride to Oxford. It must be owned that the splendid gift was bestowed in the present instance on an author not very worthy of it, for -

Long enamoured of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page,
Long have I loved to list the barbarous chime
Of minstrel harps and spell the Gothic rhyme.

I am, however, as sensible of the value of the treasure thus kindly put within my reach as I was of my old friend Dr. Adams’ words, who used to say I might be a good scholar if I would give competent application. At any rate, the superb present of Messrs. Constable and Company set me up in the line of classical antiquities, and I may add to it a few volumes of old favourites, companions of my earlier studies, which I do not care to part with, although the place is amply filled by this complete edition.’

IV.—BALLADS AND POPULAR POEMS.

‘My readers will probably expect that I should mention some curiosities in a line which might be thought peculiarly my own. Accordingly, on opening a locked press the first book in which I find an immense quantity of such gear is six volumes of stall copies of popular ballads and tales. The memorandum in the first leaf of these which here follows appears to have been written as far back as 1810, which throws the date of the collection to a period at least thirty years earlier. “This little collection of stall tracts and ballads was formed by me when a boy from the baskets of travelling pedlars. Until put in its present decent binding it had such charms for the servants that it was repeatedly and with difficulty wrested from their clutches. It contains most of the pieces which were popular about thirty years since, and I daresay many that could not now be purchased for any price. W. S. 1810.” To this opinion the author has great reason to adhere, especially when he considers how very soon tracts become [obsolete?], after having been degraded into stall editions. In fact the very circumstance which seems to assure their

antiquity is a sign of their being actually in a modern edition. This may be gathered when we consider that the lower sort of printers became stocked in the beginning of last century with all those black letter types which were originally used by the artists of a superior degree. This is the reason why the most ordinary tasks, dying speeches, ballads, and the like were now performed with the black letter, which has served the highest purposes of the trade from Miller and Chaplin down perhaps as low as Watson. However, this desultory and juvenile collection comprehends many articles, some not elsewhere to be found, indispensable to the history of Scotch printing.'

V.

'This is *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, being a collection of the best merry ballads and songs that are now fitted to all humours, each having their proper tune for either voice or instrument, most of the songs being new set. It is announced as being in five volumes, the fourth edition. It is, however, made up copy from more editions than one, though very tall and uniform, and, accordingly, at the time when I became proprietor of it, a remarkable instance of the insane degree in which the passion of a bibliomaniac sometimes exerts itself. This appears from the documents which are bound up with the volume. The following documents relate to the attempt to condiddle, as it is technically termed, this copy of D'Urfe's Pills out of Mr. —, by whom it was disposed of with other stock of Mr. Blackwood's in winter and spring 1819. The thief or condiddler had a check of conscience, or rather was seized with an apprehension of disclosure, which occasioned his returning the volume, of which I became the possessor. The auctioneer's advertisement is long and too tedious to insert. The letter of the unfortunate condiddler is peculiar and worthy of insertion. Copy of the letter received with D'Urfe's Pills :

What demon possessed the mind of him who is now supplicating forgiveness for the offence committed in carrying off these volumes he cannot pretend to say unless it was the mean and paltry desire of the perusal. But he humbly prays that he may be forgiven for this almost atrocious act of deliberate robbery, and hopes that Mr. ——— will take no more notice of the subject, and, thanking him for so kind and private an intercession, he ventures to sign himself (once mean, but now, he hopes, reclaimed)—VILLAIN.

It is impossible to pass this document without remarking how often men in a moral point of view are willing to exchange popular opinion and self-applause for an equivalent as adequate as a mess of pottage compared with the birthright of Esau. The editor of D'Urfe's Pills, as his collection is elegantly styled, enjoyed a certain sort of half-reputation, and was partly celebrated, partly ridiculed, by Dawson, Dryden, and other Augustan writers at the end of the seven-

teenth century. He was a musician as well as a poet, and his collection goes to prove two curious facts : first, that a variety of songs falsely called Scotch—for example, '*Tw'as Within a Mile of Edinboro' Toun*, and others besides—were, in fact, composed for the players ; secondly, that it is a mistake to suppose that the English had no style of national music, although they have suffered it to drop almost out of memory. A great number of tunes which are of genuine English origin are to be found along with the music in the *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. The tunes of the *Beggar's Opera*, so many of them at least as are of English origin, go to establish the same proposition, and show in what a short time a nation may be bullied into the abandonment of its own music.'

VI.—'JOHN BELL'S BALLADS AND TALES.'

'These ditties, of which there are some repetitions, are another copy of reprints of the ancient stall editions of popular vaudevilles. The North of England has at all times afforded a rich collection of such minstrel poetry, and Mr. John Bell, who, if not now deceased, has at least relinquished trade as a printer and bookseller, had a good deal of the spirit dear to an admirer of the old minstrelsy. He called his little shop upon the quay at Newcastle his *Patmos* and his *Anchorite's Cell*. The author of *Chevy Chase* was his *Magnus Apollo*, and even his children were an evident token of his love of minstrelsy, being christened by such chivalrous names as *Spearman Bell*, *Percy Bell*, &c. Nothing could more gratify the father than the opportunity of preserving and reprinting some of the lines which of yore cheered the heart or inflamed the passions of canny Newcastle. When Mr. Bell retired from the business I became purchaser of his stock in trade, which of course added no less than forty or fifty volumes, valuable as reprints, to the contents of the locked press already mentioned.'

VII.

'I find in the same crypt a collection containing three volumes of old ballads collected from the best and most ancient copies extant, with introductions musical and critical. This collection is the more curious, as, excepting perhaps the commentary of Addison upon *Chevy Chase*, it contains the very first attempt to treat the productions of the popular muse, or in other words the ballad poetry, as a proper subject of criticism. The public even in the time of the *Spectator* was so far from esteeming *Chevy Chase* as worthy of the pains which Addison bestowed upon it, that he was ridiculed out of the intention of examining in the same manner the simple beauties of *The Babes in the Wood*, to which modern poets have so often and so justly paid a tribute of panegyric. The editor of the octavo collec-

tion, therefore, is the first who boldly avowed the taste for ballad poetry already sanctioned by Addison, and since his time correctly and elegantly illustrated by Bishop Percy, who has been equally careful in editing the fragments of it which remained and applying the same to the illustration of Shakespeare and other legitimate subjects requiring annotation. It cannot be said that the editor of these three volumes has in any degree either the taste, learning, or powers of composition of Bishop Percy, but he has exerted himself, and man can do no more.'

VIII.—'THE TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY, OR A COLLECTION OF CHOICE SONGS, SCOTCH AND ENGLISH, IN FOUR VOLUMES, BY ALLAN RAMSAY.'

'This copy of a memorable work has for me the recommendation contained in the following inscription, which the reader will hardly fail to appreciate. "This copy of Allan Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* belonged to my grandfather, Robert Scott, and I was taught *Hardikanute* by heart before I could read the ballad myself." *Automethes*, which I have also, and Josephus's *History of the Jews*, added to this collection, made my library. *Hardikanute* was the first poem I ever learned and the last I shall ever forget.'

'Having spoken of the *Tea-Table Miscellany* in some remarks upon Scottish ballad poetry not long since published, I shall here only observe that it is difficult to say whether the poetry of Scotland is most obliged to Allan's memory for making verses (he and his ingenious young friends) to known tunes, or to complain of him for rendering these originally intended for the tunes no longer applicable, and consequently rendering them obsolete. The question is perhaps somewhat difficult of decision.'

IX.

'The three thin volumes which next occur are necessarily extremely rare, being Lettish Minstrelsy collected by the Rev. Gustavus Foubertman, pastor of Ruien, in Livonia, printed at his own private press and never published. The collector of these very curious popular songs was a Livonian clergyman who had no more types than would set up one sheet of his work at a time, which he afterwards wrought off with his own hands. They are, therefore, extremely rare, as the impression could not but be exceedingly small, and as, besides, they were never designed for sale. I owe this copy to the friendship of Mr. Robert Jameson. These curious volumes were lately for some weeks in possession of Dr. Bowring, who has made some translations showing the tone and simplicity of Lithuanian relics. Mr. Jameson, to whom I was obliged for this work, is a collector and editor of the Popular Ballads and Songs from manuscripts and scarce editions, with

translations of similar pieces from the ancient Danish language, and a few originals by the editor. One remarkable discovery was originally made by Mr. Jameson, and has not perhaps been sufficiently attended to by the *docti sermones utriusque lingue*. It is the near resemblance between the ballads of the Scottish and those of the Danish people, a resemblance so very accurate as almost to lead to the conclusion that the bards of the one nation have simply been copyists of the other. To this subject we shall have occasion to recur when on the subject of Danish Minstrelsy. Before quitting the press with which we are now engaged, we may observe that it contains almost the whole of the publications of Joseph Ritson, a most industrious and zealous antiquary, though unfortunately he suffered himself to be led far astray in some of the idle debates wherein antiquaries are apt to involve themselves further than discretion warrants. Some of poor Mr. Ritson's publications which have been lost by fire are here preserved, and this renders the collection interesting.

'Turning north-westward from the depository of old ballad poetry the visitor inspects the projecting space, which is described as an octagon, having room for two presses, both of which are furnished with doors and locks on the plan of the others. We must here notice that though it would be a vain attempt to arrange a library of ordinary size according to its subjects, yet this can be attained in a small degree when the subjects treated of are handled in volumes of the same size, resembling each other in height and taking their place on the same shelf. The press whose contents were last treated of was chiefly occupied by popular poetry, and that to which we now turn on the right of the octagon is occupied by two sets of books of both of which I have been a collector. The first of these presses may be distinguished by the general term of Demonology, a subject upon which as much wild nonsense has been published as on any other known to me. But I do not mean to abuse the patience of the reader by going very deep into the matter.'

'Here is a very curious edition of a very curious book, being *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, or a choice collection of modern relations proving evidently against the Sadducee and all Atheists of this present age that there are devils, spirits, witches and apparitions, from authentic records, attestations of famous witnesses of undoubted veracity, to all which is added that marvellous history of Major Weir and his sister, with two relations of apparitions at Edinburgh, by Mr. George Sinclair, late Professor of Philosophy in the College of Glasgow.

Mr. George Sinclair is in respect of demonology much the same sort of author that the Rev. Mr. Glanville was in England. Both were persons of some sense, learning, and education, which gave them a degree of credit beyond their powers of understanding. The vulgar

suppose that circumstances perfectly extrinsic are nevertheless essential to the credit of the witness. Thus, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Benedick says : ' I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it ; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.' In the same manner the vulgar are naturally of opinion that they have rendered their tale indubitable when they have said that their authority was an Oxford Scholar. Glanville, I remember, was the first author who by his mode of applying logic gave me some idea of the practical use of that art of reasoning. Mr. George Sinclair, the author of *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, was a person of considerable knowledge in relation to the manner in which he employed it, and his character upholds, among the ignorant at least, in some degree the popularity of his metaphysical doctrine. Numerous editions for the use of the common people have been at different times, and some very lately, reprinted. I had never seen, though I had long looked for, a copy of this edition printed by Reid in 1695, which is undoubtedly the original, until Mr. David Laing most kindly and handsomely made me a present of this copy. The following articles in the first edition are omitted in the later ones :

First. The dedication to George Scaton, Earl of Winton and . . .

Second. The copy of a Latin encomium upon the work and the author by Patricius Sinclair.'

Third. A note of the author himself on the Cartesian Philosophy.

Fourth. A Preface to the Reader, consisting of fifteen pages, concluded by what Mr. Sinclair calls *Carmen Stelitenticon*.

Of these variations one point is rather curious. In the dedication the natural philosopher gets completely the better of the metaphysician, for the professor of philosophy expands upon his admiration of Lord Winton's family descent, his prudence and his heroic valour, and also his extensive coal-mines, an extract from which passage may amuse the reader, it being indeed an exquisite morsel—a morsel of exquisite pedantry :

This treatise is called *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*. But I have ascertained that by your transcendant skill you have discovered an invisible world far beyond what any of your ancestors could do I mean your subterranean world, a work for a prince. There Dadalus for all his skill would mistake the way. What running of mines and levels. What cutting of impregnable rocks with more difficulty than Hannibal cut into the Alps. *Qui montes rupit aceto*. What deep pits and air holes are digged. What diligence to prevent damps which kill man and beast in a moment. What contriving of pillars for supporting houses and churches which are undermined. What floods of water run through the labyrinths for several miles by a free level as if they were conducted by a guide. How doth art and nature shine together, which shall advance your Lordship's interest most ? What curious mechanical engines has your lordship, like another Archimedes, contrived for your coal works and for drawing coal sinks. What a molinuous rampier hath your lordship begun and nearly perfected for a harbour of deep water even at high-tide. . . .

'Mr. Sinclair has, besides the above *morceaux*, given another instance in which he has mixed his dissertations upon the certain sciences with visionary studies, and treatises upon hydrostatics, containing a short history of coal, are mixed up with a cock-and-bull story of a demon or fiend which haunted the house of one Gilbert Campbell, a merchant of —, in Galway. The book is dated 1672. With regard to Mr. Sinclair's collection of ghost stories, it contained what has at all times been desirable in such matters—a curious and detailed account of a good number of tales concerning Gothic superstition not to be found elsewhere, and some that are famous to this day in Scottish history and tradition. I am informed that a copy which came to the hammer sold as high as 4*l.*; and, in evidence of its rarity, Mr. Constable long regretted an example which he possessed and which disappeared through the intervention, as was supposed, of such a demon as we have formerly mentioned, such as at the present day more frequently haunt the shops of booksellers than the huts of weavers.'

X.

'THE DISCOVERY OF WITCHES, AN ANSWER TO SEVERAL QUESTIONS LATELY DELIVERED TO THE JUDGES OF ASSIZE IN THE COUNTY OF NORFOLK AND NOW PUBLISHED BY MATTHEW HOPKINS, WITCH-FINDER, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WHOLE KINGDOM, LONDON 1647.'

'This work I conceive to be scarce, as well as the print prefixed, where may be seen Matthew Hopkins, by whose evidence a number of old women were consigned to the stake, two of whom are presented in the portrait along with him, besides portraitures of their imps, of which we are informed the names R. Hem Quazer, Pye Wackett Peckt in the Crown, Grizzle, Greedy Gut, Sack and Sugar, Vinegar Tom, &c., all of whom were drawn in such hideous shapes as show the course of imagination of those who devised their names. For Hopkins's character and fate, see Dr. Gray's notes upon *Hudibras Pomponatius*, his work upon enchantments being full of abstruse philosophy.'

'BASILAE. THE CERTAINTY OF THE WORLD OF SPIRITS FULLY EVINCED BY THE UNQUESTIONABLE HISTORIES OF APPARITIONS, OPERATIONS, WITCHCRAFT, VOICES, &c., PROVING THE IMMORTALITY OF SOULS, THE MALICE AND MISERY OF DEVILS AND THE DAMNED, AND THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE JUSTIFIED. WRITTEN FOR THE CONVICTION OF SADDUCEES AND INFIDELS BY RICHARD BAXTER, LONDON 1691.'

'This collection, which in point of authenticity may be classed with those of Glanville and Sinclair, builds its evidence upon the character of the worthy dissenting minister, Richard Baxter, whose

doctrine was distinguished among the dissenters that no sect of religion might be free from the disgrace attending follies of this nature. The book has had its day of popularity, but the reverend author is now rather pitied than credited for the prodigies which he has amassed together. Those who collect books of such a nature will, however hardly choose to be without one upon which a pen has been employed which, in its day, has been so celebrated.'

Here end the notes, and the further history of Sir Walter's gabions remains untold.

M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EPISODE IN VIENNESE COURT LIFE

THE unique episode of Court life in the eighteenth century, that is associated chiefly with the names of the Emperor Joseph II. and of the Princess Eleonore Liechtenstein, is probably as little known outside Austria as if the actors were not a great European ruler and a remarkable member of the proudest aristocracy in the world.

The subject of this sketch belonged to a *coterie* of five great ladies, who for more than twenty years enjoyed the friendship of the lonely and sad-hearted Emperor. A collective friendship of this sort does not at first sight appear either romantic or dangerous; yet at one time, through no conscious effort on her part, the Princess Eleonore did awaken feelings of a more tender nature in the young Emperor. It is not the least extraordinary feature of their mutual relations that, without the usually inevitable alternative of a complete rupture, the sovereign's attempt at courtship ended simply in his tacit acceptance of the fact that the lady would remain his friend only on condition of being nothing more.

The Princess Eleonore Liechtenstein was the daughter of Prince Aloys I. of Oettingen-Spielberg, one of the numerous German princes who wielded almost absolute sway over their Lilliputian dominions. He is described as a kindly and cultured man, but apparently he did not concern himself much with his motherless daughters. His wife, a daughter of Duke Leopold of Holstein-Wiesenburg, died soon after the birth of Eleonore, leaving her husband, besides this infant, only one other child, a daughter, Leopoldine. When Eleonore was four years old, the sisters were sent to a French convent near Strassburg, where they remained nine years. There they learnt French and almost forgot their mother tongue, which Eleonore afterwards much regretted. They did not learn much besides, except church embroidery and to 'set' relics, but the nuns' training must have been wholesome, for both sisters afterwards gave proof under most trying circumstances of sound religious principles and of a sobriety and excellence of judgment not very common in that age. They both, too, had that appetite for good reading which, if genuine, is not in need of artificial stimulus. In 1758 they went back to the paternal

'schlosz'—in those days of bad roads, slow communications and aristocratic isolation, scarcely a lively residence for young girls. Two years afterwards a great change took place in their life. One of their mother's sisters, who had married the Duke of Guastalla and had no children, died, and left them, besides money, large properties in Lombardy and Moravia. They had suddenly become great Austrian heiresses. Their father at once took them to Vienna and presented them to the Empress Maria Theresa, who was their kinswoman, her grandmother, the Duchess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, having been born an Oettingen. The young girls found other relations among the Austrian aristocracy, and were readily adopted in Viennese fashion as the 'Poldi' and the 'Lori' by the young 'princesses' and 'contessen' of society. They naturally saw a great deal of the charming family group of which the beautiful Empress was the centre. Visitors to Vienna will recall the countless portraits in public and private galleries of Maria Theresa with her mild-faced husband and some or all of her thirteen children, in which all these fair-haired, handsome, stately, young people look so like each other that one suspects that one brother and one sister must have sat for the rest. In 1760 none were yet married, and the court was the scene of gaieties of all descriptions, in which the Oettingens shared.¹

Within the year both sisters were married: Léopoldine to Count Ernest Kaunitz, son of the famous Chancellor Prince Kaunitz; Eleonore to Prince Charles Liechtenstein. The Liechtensteins were 'Reichsfürsten' (Princes of the Empire) and among the first noble families in Austria. The head of the house (Prince Wenzel), uncle to Eleonore's husband, was a great personage. His joint properties in Germany, Moravia, and Styria comprised twenty-four towns, 760 villages, forty-six castles and 164 farms, and were inhabited by a million of people. He had filled great offices under Charles VI. and Maria Theresa, and helped to save the monarchy in the critical times of the War of the Austrian Succession. His nephew was a brave and distinguished soldier, an honourable and fair-minded man, but absorbed in his profession, fond of the company of men, and, though he appears to have fallen in love with the young heiress, as he was intended to do by persons interested in both parties, he was scarcely the man to satisfy the natural cravings for sympathy of an ardent young creature such as Eleonore was. It appears to have been rather due to her sterling worth of character than to the existence of any very ideal feelings between them that the marriage on the whole turned out happily. Eleonore had the sense of duty and proud scorn of the smallest breach of wifely loyalty that still characterise most of the ladies of the old Austrian nobility. But she wore the stern panoply of virtue with easy, natural grace, and from all accounts must have

¹ *Aus dem Hofleben Maria Theresias.* Nach den Memoiren des Fürsten Joseph Khevenhüller. Von Adam Wolf. And other works.

been a very fascinating woman. She was not, indeed, a striking beauty, but very pretty and, though small, perfectly well-proportioned in figure. She had a lovely complexion and much play of countenance, and combined great dignity of deportment with perfect ease of manner. Her extreme liveliness, her eager interest in life, her easy flow of talk, her impulsiveness, and the freshness of her thoughts and impressions gave perpetual charm and variety to her society.

During her early married life the Princes Charles—'die Karlin,' as she was familiarly called in society—spent some part of the year in her own home, Meseritsch, a castle in Moravia, built on a rocky eminence. She was often alone for months together with her husband and the children, who soon brought additional happiness and fulness to her life. She loved an open-air life; she was strong and active; rough roads and steep mountain paths had no terrors for her. She often accompanied her husband on long shooting expeditions, and occasionally had a shot at the big or small game that abounds in that thinly populated country. Her strong taste for reading developed in these quiet times, and we hear of her listening with delight while her husband read out some current epoch-making book, such as *Gil Blas* or Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, while, unsentimental as she was, she confesses to having wept in secret over the sorrows of Clarissa.

It is from her voluminous letters to her dearly loved sister that these details are taken. Their correspondence was particularly full and uninterrupted during the Kaunitzes' long residence at Naples, where the Count filled the office of Austrian Minister from 1764 till 1778, the true reason of this appointment being that the discerning eye of Maria Theresa saw in the discreet young Countess a fitting guardian to her giddy daughter, the Queen of Naples.

It was during these years that a crisis took place in Eleonore's married life, that put the utmost strain on her principles. A friend and comrade of her husband, Count Odonell,² became passionately attached to her, and paid her the flattering homage of a man of rare tact and delicacy. He was even older than her husband, who was her senior by fifteen years, but an extremely fascinating and agreeable man. Eleonore was flattered and touched, and suddenly became aware that her own heart responded all too readily to the feelings she had quite unconsciously awakened. She soon perceived that her husband's jealousy was aroused, and though she was able to set his mind at rest, her own remained a prey to secret thoughts of her admirer and to the consequent reproaches of a sensitive conscience. Her letters to her sister show the conflict through which she passed. Those of Léopoldine are models of wisdom and tenderness. She cannot bear to show the full extent of her anxiety, but still warns her sister

² I have been able to identify this gentleman with Connell O'Donnell (died 1771), son of Hugh of Larkfield, co. Leitrim, who married Flora, daughter of John, Count Hamilton, Austrian service, mentioned in Burke.

against possible danger. 'Do not think, dear sister, that an attachment of this kind can remain undecided; it progresses without our being aware of it. . . . Trust in God, keep very busy, avoid solitude. . . .' Eleonore acted on this advice, and she was finally rewarded by a complete victory over herself. Count Odonell, when he saw that his attentions were endangering the young couple's happiness, behaved like a man of honour and sought safety in voluntary banishment from Vienna. The Empress, who probably had some inkling of the matter and was not loth to meddle with the private concerns of her subjects, at his request relieved him of his Court appointment and sent him, as Governor of Transylvania, to the very utmost limits of her empire. Three years later he returned to Vienna, and then frequently met the Princess Eleonore, who no longer felt any embarrassment in his presence. He died the following year.

Though Prince Charles appears to have been subject to occasional fits of jealousy, his wife's conscience ever after this episode was quite clear, and a few words of good-humoured banter on her part sufficed to restore harmony between them. He must, however, have often tried her patience severely, for though he was not at that time rich for a man of his rank, he was very extravagant and lost large sums of money at cards, so that they were frequently in financial difficulties. His father's death in 1771 put an end to this. He succeeded to the large 'seigneurie' of Krumau, in Moravia, with a population of 22,000. This became the usual summer home of the Princess and her children, while the Prince joined them whenever his military duties would allow.

The winter and spring were always spent in Vienna, where Eleonore, both from her position and the natural ascendancy of her cleverness and exuberant vitality, soon became one of the leaders of society. She shared this leadership, as has been said, mainly with four other ladies. They formed a *côterie* so distinct and so well known in contemporaneous society that they were simply designated as 'the five ladies' or the 'Fürstinnen.' Professor Wolf gives a rather quaint summary of the traits they had in common: 'They were all married, of unblemished reputation, pious, faithful to their husbands and to their father confessors, fearless in speech and action ('freimüthig'), not averse to amusement, of lively parts and amiable disposition, and closely united by bonds of blood and friendship.'³

Theirs, indeed, was the perfect ease and freedom of intercourse that can only exist where people's antecedents are very similar and they have many things in common. To some minds such intercourse is more attractive than the greater variety and freshness of more mixed society. It may be incidentally remarked that to this day society in Vienna makes on strangers the impression of being merely

³ *Fürstin Eleonore Liechtenstein* : 1745-1812. Nach Briefen und Memoiren ihrer Zeit. Von Adam Wolf. 1875.

a large *côterie* of this description, with a fringe of outsiders, belonging to the lesser nobility or to the official world, who are frigidly tolerated.

'The five ladies' were the Princesses Clary and Kinsky, both daughters of the 'Reichsgraf' Hermann von Hohenzollern-Heckingen, and cousins to the Oettingen sisters; the Princess Leopoldine Liechtenstein, *née* 'Comtesse' Sternberg, whose husband, the eldest brother of Prince Charles, became, on his uncle's death, the head of that great house; the Princess Eleonore, and, on her coming to Vienna, the Countess Kaunitz, who afterwards became the Princess of that name. The Princess Clary, whom to know was to love, as Eleonore said, had been a great beauty in her youth; she was the eldest of the society, and in some sense its head and secretary, to whom the Emperor Joseph usually addressed the letters he frequently wrote to the 'five ladies.' The Princess Kinsky, a good-humoured, gay, rather garrulous lady, kept a great house in Vienna and entertained on a great scale. The Princess Leopoldine Liechtenstein also saw much company; her parties were reputed to be the most brilliant in Vienna. She was of a more cautious and reticent disposition than the other ladies, and a more unmixed admirer of the Court.

The ladies lived close to each other in Vienna in the old aristocratic quarter of narrow streets and handsome though often dingy 'palaces,' as the houses of the nobility are called. They met at least once every week; later, when the Emperor had become an habitual visitor, three or four times, usually between eight and ten in the evening. Cards were never played, though this was the general custom in Vienna as in most capitals at that time; there was no music and seldom any reading aloud, in no case when the Emperor was present. The sole amusement was conversation, which, to judge from the letters that have been preserved, ran on a great variety of topics: current events, Court incidents, general conditions, the literature of the day. A picture represents the five ladies as sitting at a round table, the Emperor being in the act of entering the room; they are dressed very simply, each is engaged in some piece of needle-work, and a small lamp on the table appears to give but scanty light to the apartment.

The *côterie* naturally attracted general notice, the more so as no other woman ever had access to it and the ladies' husbands kept aloof on principle. The aged Prince Khevenhüller, the French Ambassador Durand and his successor Breteuil, appeared a few times, but the ladies showed them very plainly that their company was not desired. Prince Kaunitz also made some vain attempts at ingratiating himself. Only three men found favour with the ladies, and they retained it as long as they lived: Field-Marshal Count Lascy, Count Rosenberg, who held an important place at Court, and the Emperor Joseph.

That monarch found one of the few pleasures of a singularly unhappy life in the society and friendship of the 'Fürstinnen.' The general features of Joseph's strong and interesting personality and of his chequered reign are known to all readers of history. Overwhelming as were the difficulties with which he had to contend, impossible as was the task he set himself of substituting the action of his sovereign will for the slow processes of historical evolution, yet his difficulties were increased by his personal failings. A man cannot conciliate the instincts of an absolute monarch with the aspirations of an ardent reformer, nor the strongest sense of justice in the abstract with the arbitrary violation of old rights and liberties whenever they prove inconvenient.

In the letters published by the historian Arneth¹ and in those now appearing under the auspices of the 'Historische Commission der Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften,'² most of which by the way are written in appalling French, we have interesting glimpses both of the real nobility of his mind and of its perhaps inevitable limitations. In writing to his brother Leopold, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, his great friend and confidant, he alludes 'to the task God has given him in placing him *in the service* of fifteen millions of men.'

The strain of optimism that generally runs through men of reforming tendencies was apparently wanting in Joseph. The following passage of a letter to the Grand Duke Paul of Russia—the later Emperor of that name—and his wife, reveals the mind of a benevolent and despondent autocrat, who, in spite of vaguely liberal tendencies, cannot rid himself of the sense that his subjects are helpless minors whom it is their sovereign's duty to make good and happy :

24 Février 1781.

. . . . Vous voulez bien aussi m'encourager sur les difficultés de mon nouvel emploi. L'idée de pouvoir faire du bien et de rendre heureux ses sujets est sans doute le plus beau et le seul côté flatteur de la puissance, tout comme il est l'aiguillon le plus puissant pour tout âme sensible et honnête, mais quand en même tems l'on sait que chaque fausse démarche occasionne le contraire, que le mal est si facile et si rapide à faire, et que le bien est si difficile et tardif, et que même de sa nature il doit l'être, ne pouvant s'opposer que lentement pour être solide dans un vaste Etat, alors cette douce illusion se diminue de beaucoup, et il ne reste plus que la satisfaction qu'on porte avec soi, et par laquelle on a la douceur incomparable de se savoir en bonne compagnie quand on est seul, et de le chercher, toute considération personnelle à part, et de ne faire que ce que le bien général de l'Etat et du grand nombre exige.

Another extract from this letter is worth quoting as expressive of a wish to get beyond the shams of life and of that sense of having a

¹ *Maria Theresia und Joseph II. Ihre Correspondenz sammt Briefe Josephs an seinen Bruder Leopold.* Herausgegeben von Alfred Ritter von Arneth. (1867.)

² *Joseph II. und Graf Ludwig Cobenzl: Ihr Briefwechsel.* Herausgegeben von Adolf Beer und Joseph Ritter von Fiedler, wirkli. Mitgliedern der Kais. Akademie der Wissenschaften. Wien, 1901.

Providential mission to fulfil that has possessed so many arbiters of the fate of others :

S'il y a trop de philosophie à tout cela, si j'ai trop ôté le manteau royal, la couronne et le sceptre, et que j'ai fait voir à Vos Altesses Impériales le souverain tout déshabillé et devant son valet de chambre, qu'Elles m'en pardonnent aux principes que j'ai toujours eus, de remonter à la source primitive de chaque chose et de tâcher de voir sans fard et sans apprêt chaque être et chaque chose dans son état naturel. Je ne m'en trouve pas pour cela plus malheureux, non. Chaque être, me dis-je, est créé pour remplir une place pendant un certain intervalle d'années sur le globe. Eh bien ! Je suis une de ces marionnettes que la Providence, sans que j'aie pu choisir ni demander ni la rechercher, s'est plu à mettre à la place que j'occupe, afin que je fasse mon temps.

The reader of the life and letters of Joseph II. is frequently reminded of a great ruler of our own times. His strenuous activity, his extreme mobility, his devotion to military matters, his remarkable versatility, his attention to detail, his fondness for the rôle of musical and dramatic critic, above all a strange mixture of cynicism with genuine idealism, are so many points of resemblance with William II. of Germany.

In his domestic relations Joseph was no less unfortunate than in his public life. His first wife, Isabella of Parma, whom he truly loved, died of smallpox after a three years' marriage, which would have been happy but for the young princess's singular presentiment of an early death. He lost his only child, a daughter, at the age of seven. He married a second time to please his mother, but could not bear his second wife, Maria Josepha, a daughter of the late Emperor Charles VII., who was a good, well-intentioned woman, but perfectly devoid of any charm of person or mind. His caustic answer to his mother, when she begged him to write oftener to his wife during his frequent absences, speaks volumes for his poor estimate of her :

Le 5 Juillet 1766.

Elle (Marie Thérèse) pardonnera si je n'écris point à mon épouse ; mais vent et pluie ne sauraient seules remplir une page ; si jamais je trouve matière, je le ferai.

When Maria Josepha too died of smallpox in 1767, it was popularly believed that she was not really dead, but had retired to a convent to escape the misery of her married life.

During the fifteen years in which Joseph shared the government of the Austrian lands and of Hungary with his mother (1765-1780) there was perpetual friction between them, with occasional crises of a serious nature and proposals to resign from both sides. As early as 1765 Eleonore writes of him as 'that poor prince, truly to be pitied, who never will be happy himself, nor make others happy.'

It was in 1770, when he was twenty-nine years of age, that the Emperor, besides going a good deal into general society, began occa-

sionally to frequent the little circle of ladies, which had already formed itself, and in which he was at first only admitted on sufferance. Gradually he got into the habit of coming more frequently till he became the centre of the little company. When harassed and preoccupied, as was often the case, he was not inclined for animated conversation, and the ladies were at a loss how to rouse and amuse him. On other occasions he would himself encourage them to speak their minds freely on all kinds of subjects, and enjoy the lively repartee which was never wanting when Princess Eleonore was present. While they however, as good and true women, took themselves and their opinions very seriously, it is well they were happily ignorant of the Emperor's view of these conversational skirmishes, as expressed in a letter to his brother Leopold in reply to the Grand Duke's evident caution against female society :

Le 13 Mars 1775.

Je pense comme vous, et je crois aussi que de s'y attacher est le comble du malheur ; mais de les voir, de les fréquenter, de voir leurs petites manigances, cela est amusant, et j'avoue que je m'en donne souvent la comédie. Ce sont des brise-raison pour la plupart, et comme souvent elles ont de l'esprit, il est plaisant de voir comment elles habillent leurs sophismes et préjugés toutes les fois qu'on vient, la raison à la main, leur démontrer autre chose. C'est alors qu'au moment qu'elles sentent qu'on les mettrait, comme on dit, les pieds à la mer, qu'elles s'emportent, . . . enfin tournent la conversation.

The Emperor, however, was not always as cool as in this letter he represents himself to be. Eleonore was four years younger than he was--a brilliant young woman at the most seductive age ; her liveliness and gaiety cheered him, and her independent spirit was not the least of her charms. He fell under her spell ; his manner changed ; he was by turns reserved and cool, or eager and devoted, like every man who truly loves and cannot declare his love. The Princess became aware of the feelings she had awakened. She was both flattered and startled, but this time only her vanity, not her heart was touched. Countess Kaunitz was extremely alarmed, and sent her much good advice, which the younger sister appears to have always taken in good part. Her husband, who at this time was usually with his regiment at Pressburg, showed signs of displeasure. Eleonore behaved admirably ; no crisis took place, no dramatic scenes occurred ; with the natural dignity of every good woman and the supreme ease of manner of one of high descent, she gave the Emperor to understand that the only change which could come in their mutual relations would be to place a greater distance between them. Proud as she was of being the daughter and wife of German 'Reichsfürsten,' she purposely emphasised her position as 'subject' with regard to Joseph. When the Emperor ventured to propose a secret correspondence, she indignantly refused, adding that if he wished to write it must be by post, and that the best news he could send her would be that of her husband's promotion in the army.

She did not join the annual party at the Imperial castle of Laxenburg, and was much relieved when her husband took her to their new home at Krumau. In 1772 the Ernest Kaunitzes came to Vienna, and the presence of her sister was an additional safeguard to Eleonore.⁶

The best proof of the discretion shown by the Princess Eleonore lies in the fact that she continued to enjoy the favour of the Empress Maria Theresa, who frequently invited her to intimate gatherings at Schönbrunn and Laxenburg. Eleonore was not as anxious for these invitations as the Empress doubtless supposed. Though there is no doubt that she was perfectly aware of the prestige which the Emperor's friendship gave her, she was all through life impatient of the artificiality and the restraints of Court life. As a very young woman she writes to her sister on receiving an invitation to Laxenburg: 'I would have liked to refuse, but could find no pretext for doing so. For me to live at Court would be a sure means of sending me to another world; what *gêne*, what embarrassment, what ennui! One can never say what one really thinks or feels.'

In her letters from Laxenburg in 1786, where a large and brilliant company was assembled and they were 'swimming in amusements,' as she expresses it, she says: 'I am immersed in Court life. Wit, feeling, and fancy are forbidden things at Laxenburg, but the whole world is enchanted. . . . I would like to tell you something new, but nothing breaks the monotony of our life. It is dreadful to be always with sixty people, whose thoughts you don't know.' In another place she says: 'During my whole life the atmosphere of a Court was antipathetic to me.' This antipathy was largely due to her proud and independent character. On one occasion (1779) the Emperor came to Eisgrub, the seat of the head of the Liechtenstein family, where Eleonore was staying; she had some real or fancied cause of displeasure against him, and treated him with such coolness that he left that same night. A lady of this description is not likely to feel happy amid the prescribed round of pursuits and pleasures of a residence at Court.

The independence that was a salient trait in the Princess was,

⁶ Though Wraxall, the contemporaneous traveller and author of *Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna, in the years 1777, 1778, 1779*, is not generally considered a reliable authority, there is no reason to doubt his testimony to both the charms and the virtue of Princess Charles Liechtenstein. He says: 'Her person is pleasing, and though her features cannot be esteemed regular, their expression is admirable. Her mouth is peculiarly beautiful, and over her whole figure is diffused an air of modesty, intelligence, and dignity rarely blended in any woman. She possesses, besides an enlarged and cultivated mind, a fund of amusing conversation and powers of entertaining, as well as improving, very superior to the generality of her sex in Vienna.' He adds that 'her sense of what she owes to her family and herself, added to a religious and serious turn of mind,' were her safeguards amid the dangers of her position. 'She is the object of his affection and friendship,' but nothing more. 'It is in her conversation that Joseph finds the most pleasing relaxation from public business, as well as from private disquietude.'

however, curiously blended with a remarkable craving for the shelter and safeguard of her husband's presence and authority. In a letter to her sister dated the 30th of June, 1772, she deplores her separation from him, and says: 'It is a bad thing; I get accustomed to a certain independence while yet I am made to wear a yoke ("mit meinem ganzen Wesen für das Joch geschaffen bin").'

Prince Charles was no less independent than his wife, and he quarrelled more than once with his imperious sovereign. Eleonore invariably took her husband's part. This added to the complications of her singularly chequered relations with the Emperor.

In 1780 the Empress Maria Theresa died, and Joseph was at length able to execute fully his long-cherished schemes of reform. It does not lie within the scope of this paper to enumerate the various daring and radical measures taken by Joseph to introduce a strong centralised bureaucratic government, with equal justice for all, toleration of the Protestant and Greek religious bodies, and German as the official language of the Empire. These measures concern us only in so far as they affected the Emperor's relations with the 'five ladies.' As might be expected, they met with scanty approval. The Princess Eleonore was the 'leader of the opposition.' Her mind and that of the philosophical Emperor ever remained at opposite poles. The movement known as the 'Aufklärung,' which had so deeply influenced him, always appeared to her as an emanation of the evil one. Clever as she was, she committed the mistake which Anatole France qualifies as a mark of stupidity: 'rien n'est bête comme de boudier l'avenir.' Her attitude of mind towards the future was 'sulky.' Besides, as a German 'Reichsfürstin' she clung to the feudal and federal institutions of the Empire, to the autonomy of its various States, with their chartered privileges; her pride no less than hereditary instincts revolted against absolutism and the mechanical rule of a subservient bureaucracy. It is more surprising that her womanly sympathies were apparently not awakened by the Emperor's 'passionate pity' for the sufferings of the poor, to which all his biographers bear witness. There is no reason to suppose that this was owing to lack of kindness of heart; it was probably due to the same causes that make most of us more callous than we should be to sorrows that do not come under our immediate notice, and also in some measure to a recoil from the sickly sentimentality and unreal philanthropy of the school of Rousseau.

The ladies were, however, most deeply grieved by the attitude of Joseph towards the Church. It is, perhaps, not generally known how very near he came to playing a part similar to that of Henry the Eighth with regard to Rome. As an instance of the strained relations between the Vatican and the Emperor, his action on one occasion may be cited. He sent back a letter he had received from the Pope unanswered, with the remark that it could not possibly have emanated

from his Holiness, and that he hoped the author of the forgery might be duly punished. Although this particular incident may not have reached their ears, the constant friction between Joseph and the Papal See was apparent enough to fill the mind of devout Catholics with alarm. Joseph the Second considered it his duty to sweep away abuses in the Church as well as in the State. Here, too, he took no half-measures. In eight years he suppressed 700 convents and reduced the numbers of 'religious' by 36,000. (True 1,324 convents remained in existence, with 27,000 monks and nuns.) He opposed the influence of the Papacy, and forbade his Austrian subjects to go to the German college at Rome. He made severe laws against unworthy priests, reduced the incomes of the higher clergy, regulated public worship, and ordered the removal of side altars, votive offerings, and unnecessary ornaments in the churches.

The ladies looked upon these and similar measures either as persecutions, such as the early Christians suffered, or in any case as acts of intolerable interference with Church matters. Perhaps vague fear of a complete rupture with the Pope like that of the Church of England in the sixteenth century added to their anxiety, for Countess Kaunitz wrote to her sister (7th of July, 1781): 'When a sovereign decides on dogmatic matters he establishes a royal primacy like that in England.'

Neither her arguments nor the more passionate protests of her sister ever had the smallest influence with the Emperor. It is worthy of notice, however, that in her opinion of the Jesuits Countess Kaunitz came nearer to agreement with Joseph than on most matters. In 1769, on the death of Pope Clement the Thirteenth, she wrote: 'May God give us a good Pope! The Jesuits are intriguing to get a Pope after their pattern. Truly it would be better for religion and peace if they did not exist. God certainly does not need the Jesuits. Twelve poor fishermen founded our religion. . . . It is an insult to God and the Church to believe that this or that order is indispensable.'

The Emperor had indeed good cause to distrust the Jesuits. Their bitter hostility was one of the main causes of the revolution in the Austrian Netherlands that broke out in 1786 and ended in the final loss of that troublesome possession to the Austrian Crown in 1789. These latter years of Joseph's reign were crowded with misfortune of all kinds.

His health, which had been slowly failing, broke down completely during the unfortunate Turkish campaign in 1788. He insisted on sharing in the hardships of his men, and suffered severely from exposure, fever, and, more than all, from the want of success that attended his arms. He was obliged to return to Vienna in the autumn of that year, leaving the command of the army to the far more competent hands of Laudon. Hungary, which more than any other part of his heterogeneous empire had resented the attempt at amalgamation,

was in an increasingly dangerous state. The unfortunate Emperor was obliged in his 'paternal love,' by a formal act of repeal dated the 28th of January, 1790, to cancel all the changes he had made since 1780, and also to send back the crown of Hungary from Vienna to Pesth. It is a melancholy thought that the same problems which Joseph the Second vainly tried to remove rather than to solve more than a century ago, have baffled the more patient and statesmanlike efforts of Francis Joseph and his advisers, and that the declining years of that monarch are equally saddened by heart-breaking disillusion and gloomy forebodings.

The repeated blows of fortune 'slowly pushed the Emperor into his grave,' as an Austrian writer expresses it. In all history there is scarcely a more pathetic figure than that of Joseph the Second dying in the prime of life—he was only forty-nine—with the agonising sense of apparent failure in almost everything he had undertaken for the good of his people, shunned even by his brother Leopold, who refused to come to Vienna and share the government with him, by his sister Christina, who with her husband Duke Albert of Saxony had been governor of the Austrian Netherlands and could not forgive him the unwise policy which she believed had led to the revolution, surrounded only by his nephew Francis, the gentlemen of his household, and male attendants. The news of the taking of Belgrade on the 6th of October, 1789, was the last ray of sunshine in his life. Yet he writes sadly to his brother: 'Yesterday a *Te Deum* was sung; incredible numbers of people were in the streets and gave way to rejoicings such as I have never witnessed. This lasted the whole night; every house was illuminated, bands of musicians marched through the streets, and I, unable in my miserable condition to rejoice at anything, went to bed at eight o'clock, but my cough kept me awake. In this way I spend my wretched existence.' And in December he writes in a similar strain: 'I am the most unhappy of living men; patience and resignation are my only motto.'

The five ladies assembled daily to discuss the reports from the Emperor's sick-bed, and several of them accompanied the clergy to the entrance of his room when they brought him the Sacraments of the dying. The last note which he wrote was addressed to them and brought by Count Lascey on the evening of the 19th to the house of Princess Franz Liechtenstein, where they were gathered. Early the next morning death released their imperial friend from his sufferings.

Even at this supreme moment the Princess Eleonore scarcely did him justice. Her reference to him in a letter to her daughter shortly before his death is painfully tinged with bitterness, for which, however, she had special cause, as will be shown presently. Later in life, when time and experience had softened the asperities of her character, and also when she had learnt to judge him by comparison with his feeble successors, she spoke with more appreciation. The

following year already she wrote thus to her daughter: 'The poor late Emperor often made us furious, but what spirit, what life, what fire, what sense of justice he brought into everything! At that time there was always something new to talk and write about; now everything seems struck by paralysis.'

The same campaign that certainly hastened the death of the Emperor made Princess Eleonore a widow. When war broke out with Turkey, Prince Charles got an important command in Croatia, but his troops were insufficient; he could not even rely on a portion of them—the Croats. He accomplished little, and was obliged to make one of those backward movements which the enemy is apt to interpret as a flight. He fell ill and had to resign his command. His wife, accompanied only by a man and a maid, undertook the difficult journey to Agram, where he was lying. He recovered sufficiently to be taken back to Vienna, but his health was broken and he suffered bitterly from the Emperor's evident displeasure. His appointment as titular Field-Marshal without a word of mention of his forty-one years of military service could not allay his sorrow nor his wife's anger with the Emperor. The Prince lingered on till the 21st of February of the following year, when he died, to her great grief. In a letter of condolence to Countess Kaunitz the Emperor, however, spoke emphatically of the loss that he and the State had sustained in the late Prince.

The end of the reign of Joseph closed the brilliant epoch of the life of Eleonore. The ladies' soirées continued for a time, but they had lost their chief interest and significance. The Princess ceased to play a conspicuous rôle in society. She, however, saw her old friends very frequently, and remained in touch with the world of politics and fashion by numerous personal links. Her sister's only child, Josephine Kaunitz, married the then rising statesman, Count Clement Metternich. The match was considered a poor one for the great Austrian heiress, for the Metternichs were 'outsiders,' being of old Westphalian nobility. The bride's aunt, however, was very partial to the astute diplomat, who paid her becoming homage, but she did not fully trust him, and scarcely approved of his appointment as Chancellor at the early age of thirty-six.

As the mother of six children, of whom five were sons, there was no lack of colour and interest in Princess Eleonore's widowed life. Her imperious disposition enhanced the difficulty of her relations with her high-spirited sons, who objected to have their careers and their wives chosen for them by their mother. They were all born soldiers, but Prince Charles, the eldest, was forced into the civil service, and Wenzel, the second, into the Church. Both were desperately wild. Charles settled down for a time after his marriage, and held important appointments under the Emperor Francis, but he afterwards got entangled in an affair of honour with a North German

church dignitary whom he met at the house of the Jewish banker Arnstein, whose wife, a charming and perfectly virtuous woman, held a much-frequented salon, celebrated afterwards as a favourite resort of Wellesley, Talleyrand, Humboldt, and Nesselrode during the Congress of Vienna. (That it was at the same time severely shunned by the ladies of the Austrian aristocracy need not be said.) Prince Charles was killed in this duel, leaving a young wife and child. Wenzel, after being a scandal to his cloth for some years, at length was relieved of his vows and became as good a soldier as he had been a bad priest. The other three brothers at once adopted the profession of arms, and during the long series of wars with the French, which with intervals of ignominious peace lasted for nearly twenty years, the Princess was scarcely ever without a mother's poignant anxiety for her soldier sons. In 1794 one of them—Francis, a lad of eighteen—died of his wounds while in captivity with the French. The others were frequently wounded or made prisoners. They were all three in the army which capitulated at Ulm, that Austrian Sedan, in 1805. It may easily be imagined what Princess Eleonore's sufferings were during those terrible years, and how keenly her pride and patriotism were wounded by the downfall of the German Empire and the humiliation of Europe under the galling tyranny of Napoleon.

The chief joy of her declining years, as indeed of her whole life after that child's birth, was in her only daughter, Josephine, married in 1782 to Count Harrach, a distinguished and cultured nobleman, who managed his large properties in Bohemia, Moravia, and Austria proper in an enlightened and public-spirited manner. His wife appears to have been a delightful woman, with a fine mind and character, and marked musical talents. (The Emperor Joseph was so charmed with her voice that he wrote a paper on the art of singing, '*Réflexions sur le Chant*,' especially for her.) The marriage was happy but childless, and Josephine devoted much of her time to her mother, who lost her dearly loved sister in 1795. In spite of some differences of opinion, the relations between mother and daughter were marked by the mutual tenderness that is a source of exquisite happiness in the somewhat rare cases where it exists in perfection. The expressions of passionate affection quoted by M. Wolf put the reader in mind of Madame de Sévigné's letters to the less responsive Madame de Grignan. A couple of extracts will suffice to show this side of Eleonore's nature :

Only a word, my beloved daughter, to tell you how heavy my heart is because you are gone—you, my joy, my happiness, my life.

God be with you on your journey, and make you happy. As regards myself, you know that my thoughts and wishes are always with you. Our love, my precious child, my only, my best friend, be our comfort, our support, our refreshment, and all in and with God, for apart from Him there is no happiness.

In a woman of such healthy sincerity as the Princess Eleonore, there is no doubt that an utterance such as the last quoted was not an empty figure of speech. Her religion was not merely a round of outward observances. She was always an obedient daughter of the Roman Catholic Church ; but if she had been a narrow bigot, she could not have made the following striking statement : ‘ When one sees the bishops, how they think only of money and lands, one must acknowledge that religion is only preserved by a miracle.’ Comparatively early in life she wrote (in 1792) : ‘ Happiness lies only in ourselves ; we seek it in vain in the bustle, the distractions of the world, in rank and wealth ; as regards myself, I can sum up all philosophical reflections on this subject in these two sentences : *Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.*’ And in 1801 : ‘ I endeavour to make this my task, to look at matters with prayer, gentleness, and consideration, and to promote whatever is good.’

She died peacefully, after a short illness, on the 26th of November, 1812. In spite of mental limitations and some faults of character, she is, taken all in all, a noble figure, noble in her obedience to duty, in her independence of judgment and conduct, in her life-long struggle with those elements in her strong and passionate nature which she knew to be hostile to the high principles that she professed with unquestionable sincerity.

S. I. DE ZUYLEN DE NYEVELT.

BETWEEN TWO TRAINS

A small railway station, 10 A.M. A cold July morning. A group of farmers possess the platform with their dominant presence. A young labourer, with a calf in a string, half hidden by the signal box. An old man is doddering up, bowed over his stick. A few village passengers on seat in shelter.

FIRST FARMER (*local dialect strong*). Nasty cold marning as ever I saw. I warn't coming out wi'out my top-coat, and so I tell 'ee; and I had a couple o' glasses o' whisky afore ever I got into the trap. 'Tain't weather to come out wi'out summut, be it, Mr. Moreland?

MR. MORELAND (*a very large farmer; fifty; in dress and manner a good impersonation of a bluff country squire*). Well, I took a glass myself (*indulgently*). What, Mr. Hooper (*to another*), no great-coat?

SECOND FARMER (*huskily*). Got it on in flannel. (*Bell rings.*) Ten minutes late already. Why, here comes Mr. Steerwell!

[A smart, active man in clerical undress comes up with pleasant greetings, for the moment interrupting the old man, who was going to speak.]

MR. MORELAND. You run it pretty fine, Vicar! Lucky for you she's a bit late.

VICAR. I was having a word with the road surveyor below, with my eye on the signal.

MR. MORELAND. One eye on this world and the other on the next, eh? (*All laugh.*) Well, 'Lisha (*to the old man*), and what do you want, then?

ELISHA DAX (*ragged moleskins, very aged fancy waistcoat, frayed cotton jacket*). I d' hope, zur, as you'll do what you can wi' 'em so as they'll let I stay. It do go agin my stomach fur to go into th' House.

MR. MORELAND (*expostulatory*). Now just you look here, Dax. Your wife's dead, and there you are, alone, in a good two-roomed cottage. Don't you be all for yourself like this. There are other people in the world beside you. You've had it——

ELISHA. Fifty-one year come Michaelmas, zur, and ten on 'em reared in them walls; and rent paid reg'lar to the day up to last year, as I got a bit behind along o'——

MR. MORELAND. And you're six months back already. And

where's this year's rent coming from, I want to know? Sons? You ought to know 'em better than that! It's job enough to get sixpence a week out of 'em towards your 'lowance, I can tell 'ee. Here I am (*with an air of injury*) with two thousand acres o' land and not a cottage as I can put another soul into! And those—(*coughs*)—those *Radical* papers going on about overcrowding!

VICAR (*gently*). Besides, Elisha, you don't know how much better off you would be. Mr. Welldone, the chairman, was——

MR. MORELAND. Oh, by the way, Steerwell, how did they settle about that by-game at the Welldones? Maud swears she was shunted. What does Mrs. Steerwell say?

VICAR. Oh, my wife is on Miss Moreland's side about it. It's to be settled at the Hardings' this afternoon, I believe.

MR. MORELAND. You'll be there, of course?

VICAR (*shakes his head with a smile*). Been hiring Tallard's trap a little too often lately.

MR. MORELAND (*with vigorous geniality*). Nonsense, man! Always room for you and Mrs. Steerwell in the waggonette. We'll call for you at three. Can't get on without you two. But I tell you what it is, Steerwell. What with their tournaments, and their visits, and their dinner-parties, and the rest of it, my wife and Maud are fairly run off their legs. I shall have to send 'em down to the sea to pull 'emselves together a bit, and come back fresh for the shooting parties. Society is really too——

VICAR. Oh, of course, in your position, but —— (*He indicates the old man good-naturedly.*)

MR. MORELAND. Now, 'Elisha, just you take my advice. All your life you've done as you was bid, and I'm sure you've come off well wi' doing it. Don't you go getting nasty *now*. Just bringing ill-will upon yourself for nothing!

ELISHA. Ay, 'tis a bit late for I to begin wi' that game. But I d' hope as you gen'lemen 'll have mercy——

MR. MORELAND (*provoked*). But, man, this is business! Of course, if I want the cottage——

VICAR (*with gentle reason*). Of course, Elisha, if Mr. Moreland *wants* the cottage——

MR. MORELAND. Here she comes! Now, then, be careful with that calf! (*Looks angrily at young labourer, who has edged indiscreetly forward in his wish to overhear the conversation.*) Where's Hoffle, then? Why isn't he here?

GEORGE DAX (*a big-limbed young fellow of twenty-three, in cowyard clothes, mucky to the knees*). Please, sir——

MR. MORELAND. Well, some of you will hear a word about this when I get back! You're coming back by the 11.40, too, aren't you, Steerwell? Organ again, I s'pose. Lord help our pockets! In you get.

VICAR (*getting in with a laugh*). Nothing very bad this time, I hope.

[*Passengers take their seats. The calf is put in. The train moves off, leaving the only alighting passenger, a fair, well-dressed, tailor-made young woman, with a smart travelling-bag in her hand, confronting the young labourer on the platform. The old man has turned his back, and is hobbling slowly away. The two look at one another with imperfect recognition.*]

EDITH BARNES (*About twenty. Two years' service in a rich London family. Quite capable of taking care of herself. After a longish pause.*) Well ?

GEORGE. Well, here you be, then.

EDITH (*ill-pleased*). You can see that, I s'pose. And what brought you here ?

GEORGE. Got Jim Huffle for to gi'e me the job o' taking down that theer calf as I've bin and put in, just a-puppuss for to meet 'ee.

EDITH. I wish you hadn't, then. Haven't you better clothes than them ? And the dirt ! Up to your knees ! And your hands !

(GEORGE. Just you see I a-Sunday—)

EDITH. Sunday ! Here, take hold of this, then. (*Gives him the bag.*) Where is it they're living ? How's mother ?

GEORGE. Better a bit, she war this morning. Cross this here stile, and it bain't but two fields.

[*He makes an awkward attempt to put his arm round her at the stile.*]

EDITH (*indignant, and relapsing into her native tongue*). A-done now, will 'ee, ye girt fool !

GEORGE (*sulkily*). Ain't you got nothing better for to say to I nor that, and me not seed 'ee going on two year ?

EDITH. No, I haven't, so there ! If you'd made up your mind to come to the train you might have made yourself *decent*, at any rate.

GEORGE (*ruefully*). A' couldn't get off fur to do it. 'Twas only along o' Jim Huffle : and measter's main put out wi' ut as 'tis.

• EDITH. And serve you just right, too !

• [They go on in silence, she in front, he following with the bag, till another stile lands them in the village street. He stops at the first house.]

EDITH. It isn't never *here* !

GEORGE (*sulkily*). 'Tis, then. I be off work arter five. You come out, will 'ee ?

EDITH (*taking her bag*). There ! Do go away. Here's someone coming down the street.

GEORGE. 'Tain't only Miss Gollup at the Post. And what odds do it make ?

[*She turns from him and goes up a couple of steps to a cottage abutting on the road. It is thatched, with walls*

of timber and rubble. A slight lean forward gives it a look of senile decay, which is increased by the patchy scaling off of whitewash and plaster. A stout woman comes out, with scanty hair uncombed and dress half-open in front. She is yellow and shrunken, her attitude that of a person unable to stand upright without pain.

MRS. BARNES. Why, Edith, so you be come, then! (*She holds out her arms joyfully.*)

EDITH (*submitting to the embrace*). I thought you was ill! Oh, yes, I'm glad you're better, but — (*Looks round with disgust.*) However did you come to get *here*? So they bain't all of 'em at home?

MRS. BARNES. Oh, yes, they be, my dear, all on 'em. There's two wi' Mr. Moreland along wi' father; and Jack, he's——

EDITH. Oh, there, mother, don't 'ee go on wi' ut! *All of 'em! And in this bit of a hole!* (*Looks round small and squalid room, humid with fetid exudation from walls and floor.*)

MRS. BARNES. But you've got your young man wi' ee, my dear. Ay, he were round this morning a-axin' if you was coming! Come in, then, Jarge, along wi' her. Ay, there was tears at parting, warn't there, then? That was afore ever us thought o' leaving Middleham for to come here.

EDITH. And proper fools you was! What! For to leave a good house like that——

MRS. BARNES. What could us do, my dear? 'Twas along o' what I wrote to 'ee. A handful it were, too. Just as much wheat as a boy could put into 's breeches pocket. Well, right or wrong, us had to pack. But there! I've got 'ee back for a day and it'll be your ault, Jarge, if you don't coax her over for to stay. Yes, I've bin main bad, my dear. Summut wrong wi' my innards, as doctor says. It's along o' being about a bit too soon arter a baby. There, I don't vally a-telling of ut afore you, Jarge, seeing as——

EDITH (*angry*). *Don't* you go on like that, mother. All seven of 'em at home! And you and father! And where am I to sleep, then?

MRS. BARNES. Oh, we'll find room for 'ee, my dear, never you fear. There's two bedrooms; one ain't not so very big, but we do call it a room. And——

EDITH. And where do Henrietta and Ellen go, then?

MRS. BARNES. Well, there's the biggest along o' we wi' the two little 'uns, and——

EDITH. And do *you* think as *I*——

MRS. BARNES (*soothingly*). There, my dear, you be tired. I'll make 'ee a cup o' tea. I've a-got the kettle on, as I thought as you'd come. And, Jarge, do you go outside for a bit, will 'ee? She's a bit

upset wi' ut all. I'll call 'ee in again so soon as she's had a drop o' tea. We be like that, Jarge, all on us, whiles we be.

GEORGE (*sullen*). Ay, so it do seem.

[*He goes out and stands leaning, round-shouldered, against a fence outside. ELISHA DAX hobbles up.*

ELISHA (*with an assumption of authority*). What be you a-doing, then, Jarge? You'll have the foreman arter 'ee. Why hain't you in the yard?

GEORGE (*savagely*). You mind your own business, then, will 'ee? Ain't it enough as father have a-got to pay sixpence a week for 'ee already, wi'out your coming a-meddling wi' I?

ELISHA (*indignant*). 'Tain't no way fur to speak to your grandfeyther, that bain't. Scores o' times I've a-gone wi' a pinched belly for to put bread into the mouths o' your feyther and the rest on 'em!

GEORGE. Well, *they* didn't ax for to be born, none on 'em, I'll go bail. And if you'd a let 'em starve you'd a had the coroner down on 'ee pretty sharp, I can tell 'ee.

ELISHA. What's come o' the Ten Commandments, then? You just tell I *that*.

GEORGE. I do know 'em a sight better'n a drunken old fool, as can't write his own name, ye can't. You talk to I as belong to choir and-- — Shut up, ye old Workus!

ELISHA. Don't you call I *that*, you young limb, or I'll up an' tell passon, I wull (*crying*).

GEORGE. And who's a-going to believe 'ee, d'ye think, ye spiteful old toad?

MRS. BARNES (*at the door*). Come in, Jarge. Don't you mind her airs. Gals is like that. You take hold of her and give her a kiss, like as you did when you parted. She'll come round.

EDITH (*as George comes in*). Just let him come *anigh* me, that's all! I don't want no more of 'ee (*to GEORGE*), and so I tell 'ee. A-coming down and disgracing me afore the gentry that way!

GEORGE. They was off in the train, everyone en 'em, afore ever I come anigh 'ee; and you do know it, ye false hussy.

EDITH (*furious*). Just you hark to 'un, mother, a miscalling of I afore your face! (*To GEORGE*). Don't you never say a word to I again, you——

MRS. BARNES (*crying*). Now don't 'ee go on like that, you two! And me as was a-thinking as ther'd be a place for 'ee now, wi' your old grandfather a-going to the House. And as you might have bin guv out in church this next Sunday as ever is. (*She sits down and sobs.*)

GEORGE. Ay, and I nigh as good as told——

EDITH (*blazing up*). You told! You! Then you just up this minute and tell whoever 'twas as you be a drunken liar! You! Look at him!

GEORGE. Ay, *look*, if you be minded to look. I come honest by the clothes *I've* a-got on my back. You be main fine! Can you say as much as that?

MRS. BARNES (*frightened*). You be a-going a bit too far, Jarge.

EDITH (*white with anger*). Mother, you hear 'un? I swear as I'll never speak one word to 'un again, not so long as I do live. Bain't *that* enough for 'ee (*to* GEORGE)?

MRS. BARNES. Oh, I've a-got that pain again in my innards! Oh, 'tis terrible bad, it be! (*Bends forward in a cramp of agony.*) Oh, dear, dear! And I was a-thinking as a bit of pleasantness was a-coming to I. (*She cries piteously.*)

EDITH (*frightened*). Don't 'ee, then, mother. (*To* GEORGE.) Get out o' this, you swine, will 'ee? (*She follows him out, casting the words after him into the street.*)

GEORGE (*goes down the steps doggedly*). I never axed for to be born. I do know *that*.

[*He walks away, then turns round, hearing a jeering laugh behind him. A sturdy young woman, almost in rags, is walking up the street, a hay-rake on her shoulder and a baby of a few months old cuddled against her bosom. The white sun-bonnet shows forcibly the nut-brown tan of her face and bare neck. She is a field-woman all over. Her laugh flicks his temper like the swish of a nettle.*]

'LIZA HACK. Gi'ed 'ee the chuck, then, Jarge? Don't sound like coortin', that don't.

[*GEORGE takes no notice. He looks dangerous, like a sulky bullock, capable of one vicious plunge. Then, as she stops in front of him.*]

GEORGE. Keep off, then, I tell 'ee (*savagely*).

'LIZA. Don't be a fool, Jarge. I bain't afear'd of 'ee. You ain't the fust as a young 'ooman have a-throwed over.

GEORGE (*bitterly*). No; you was made for that, the lot of 'ee. But 'tis t'other way about sometimes, it do seem (*looking spitefully at the baby*).

'LIZA (*laughs and gives the baby a hug*). So 'tis, then. Well, us do get over it; and you'll get over it.

GEORGE. Ay, wi' an ounce o' sparrer-shot in my skull, same as Jack Baxter.

'LIZA. Now don't 'ee talk that way, Jarge. 'Tain't *all* black wi' no 'un. And see! The words warn't out o' my mouth when the sun did pop out. See, then, baby! Pretty sun!

GEORGE. Ay, 'tis the baby wi' you now. Much you do care for the man.

'LIZA (*philosophically*). Well, I were fond on 'un once, and 'tain't no fault o' mine that he runned away from 's word. I dare say I'd

bin as good a wife as another 'un. But there, 'tis life. Us ain't a-going fur to shut our eyes agin the sun, when the sun do come out, be us, baby ? (*Baby crows and clutches at her gown.*)

GEORGE (*unable to resist the desire of expansion*). 'Tain't the gal so much as the chance. There's grandfather have a-got to trot, and the cottage on measter's hands ; and he'd a-guv it to I, if so be I was a-going fur to marry. 'Cos he do favour I, along o' me being bred up wi' shorthorns and knowledgable like. And now he'll put in summun wi' wife and childer, and there wun't be another cottage empty not till the Lord knows when ! (*The idea is too much for him. He turns and kicks viciously at a bit of dirt.*) I'll go for a soldier, blarmed if I don't.

'LIZA. Hark ! There's the train. He'll be round in five minutes, and then you'll hear summut.

GEORGE (*recklessly*). I don't care. 'Twas the one chance for I o' having things a bit comfortable ; and I've bin and lost it.

'LIZA. Now you listen to I, Jarge. Just you go back to your work reasonable-like, afore he comes up. And next time as he's in a pretty fairish temper you up and ax 'un for the cottage.

GEORGE. And a lot I'd get wi' doing that ! Tell me to go to hell, as like as not.

'LIZA. Not if you do do as I tell 'ee. You look a bit knowing, as if it were all right wi' you and whoever the gal is. And ten to one he won't ax.

GEORGE. And when he do come to find out as there isn't no 'un there'd be a pot a-b'iling over, and so I tell 'ee.

'LIZA (*with good-natured contempt*). Oh, you be a girt lumping fool, Jarge ! Why, ain't there Mary Stone, wi' her eyes half out of her head a-looking arter 'ee ?

GEORGE. Mary Stone ! I wouldn't touch her, not wi' that hay-rake o' yourn.

'LIZA. Well, she ain't the only 'un. Flora Boyd, then.

GEORGE (*coming closer to her*). Thank 'ee for nothing, 'Liza, if that's yer advice. Come, ain't there another yet, a bit nigher to I at this minute nor either o' them two ? Be quick wi' ut. Here they be, coming round the corner, measter and passon both ; and that dratted old wosbird of a grandfather o' mine along of 'em, as there's no knowing what he wun't say for to get hisself let to stay. Out wi' the word !

'LIZA. And—and *baby*, Jarge ?

GEORGE. I'll take the pair on 'ee (*largely*). See how he do stretch hisself to I, as you do hold un up !

'LIZA. Well, I won't say no, Jarge.

[*They look at each other. Her colour rises.*]

GEORGE (*suddenly struck with a misgiving*). But what'll passon say ? And me in the choir and all !

'LIZA. Never you fear *he*, Jarge. Speak to the *measter*, I tell 'ec. You get the *measter* o' your side and the *man* 'll follow right enough. And now I be off. [*She slips away as the party of three come up.*]

MR. MORELAND (*sternly*). What are you doing here, Dax? Why aren't you at your work?

GEORGE. Please, sir, I had summut for to say as wouldn't keep. Me and 'Liza Hack has made it up fur to ax you for grandfather's cottage.

VICAR (*aghast*). You and Eliza Hack!

MR. MORELAND (*laughing heartily*). O-h-h! *That's it, is it?* 'Liza Hack! *I saw her steal away as if she'd heard the hounds.* Well, she's a likely heifer enough. You shall have it, George. D'ye hear that, 'Lisha?

VICAR (*serious*). Well, George, I suppose I must congratulate you. (*To ELISHA DAX.*) Elisha, I am sure the young couple will have your good wishes. I hope they may live to bring up a family like yours, boys for my choir, regular attendants at church, and——

MR. MORELAND. And good strapping labourers for my farm, boys and girls. That's the ticket! Who's this coming out of Barnes's cottage?

GEORGE. I heerd say, sir, as Mrs. Barnes's daughter, as is in service in London, was a-coming down to-day.

MR. MORELAND. Well, I'm—— How they do dress, these girls!

EDITH BARNES (*comes up, bag in hand, and bows slightly in the direction of the vicar; she speaks with the tips of her lips, mincingly and self-respectingly*). My mother wished me to leave word at the vicarage that she would be glad to see the doctor, sir, in case you should be going to the dispensary; but, seeing you——

VICAR (*heartily*). That's quite right. I'm going down, and will leave word. I hope your mother is not worse. You are staying with her, I think?

EDITH BARNES. She is not so well as I could wish, sir. I am sorry not to be able to remain with her. I have to return to town to-day, and am now on my way to catch the fast train at Cowham. •

[*She again inclines her head and walks on.*]

MR. MORELAND (*to the old man*). Well, 'Lisha, that's what I call pleasantly settled. You go out, and your own grandson comes in. D'ye hear that?

ELISHA DAX. Ay, I do hear. The young ain't no mercy on the old.

D. C. PEDDER.

NATURE GARDENS

THERE are two main kinds of flower gardens in the United Kingdom, just as there are two kinds of cricket, Amateur and Professional cricket. There is the pleasure game and the pleasure garden, and the business game—dull and monotonous—and the business garden, also dull and monotonous. In other words there is the garden that a man contrives for his own pleasure and recreation and the garden which, when he is too busy, too lazy, or too wanting in initiative, he pays his gardener to make and manage for him.

We all know what sort of garden that is. It was already in existence in pre-Victorian days and it flourished greatly all through the great Queen's long reign. It has been abated, but not sensibly reformed, during the æsthetic renaissance of recent years which has done so much for other branches of our domestic art. Go where we will, by road or rail, in these islands, we see the professional garden, the gardener's garden; flower-beds of various shapes, round, oblong, square, slug-shaped and ribbon-shaped, cut out on an area of flat turf. Into these unlovely receptacles are crowded, in mid-May, pot plants which have been kept alive through the winter, under glass, with artificial heat.

By the middle or end of June, these beds become dazzling masses of colour, mostly very inharmoniously combined on a background of green turf. With the first frosts of autumn these great bouquets of blossom fade and fail and are presently removed, and the bare beds are dug over, neatly raked and so left—to remain objects about as inspiring as new-made graves in a green churchyard, till summer comes round again. If the owner can stand the cost, the beds are filled with bulbs and spring-flowering plants, to make a show in the spring months, but the expense is considerable and the effect but poor. I do not allege that this is the only form of English gardening, but it is still the main stand-by of the professional gardener, and I maintain that it is expensive and that it is inartistic, for crude masses of colour against green turf can never be beautiful in any æsthetic sense, that, if it is a joy to any one, it is a short-lived one, for it only begins at Mid-summer and is over in October. It therefore sins against the canon of our greatest writer on the making of gardens, Francis Bacon, who

laid it down that *Ver perpetuum* should reign in the English garden, perpetual Spring, and that it should be full of plant life from January to December. Our English gardens of the sort I have described are, moreover, damp under foot in wet weather, unsheltered in winds, and quite unshaded from the sun.

After all, we must come back to the question, what do men seek in a garden? Do they want only a place where flowers grow and blossom, a mere botanical garden, or do they desire to set apart a piece of land in which they can take their pleasure at all seasons of the year? I think that is the best definition of the garden that we love. It should be a place in which we can take the air at our ease and comfort, in which we can walk, lounge, saunter, sit, talk, read, and even take a meal: a roofless room, with flower-spangled turf for carpet, shrubs and flowering plants for ornaments and pictures, and the warm sun itself for fire hearth. Flowers in this garden should be rather accidents than essentials. Such a garden deserves the name it got from the old writers—it is a ‘pleasance’ rather than a flower garden, and one would like to see the word revived.

Let us define our ‘pleasance’ more at large. It should afford shelter from cold winds and shade from the sun in the summer heat. There should be nooks where the pale suns of winter should be refracted and others where the heat from the summer sky should be intercepted. It should be dry underfoot, and the air should be free of exhalations from a damp and ill-drained sub-soil; the walking should be smooth and soft, and the footstep noiseless, never on rough gravel that grates underfoot. This acre of the earth’s surface, or this quarter of an acre, or this tenth part of an acre—for its size is no essential consideration—should be a microcosm, a little world in itself, a concentration, within its tiny limits, of all which the natural world holds to delight us. The mountain, the wood, the river, the lake, the waterfall, even the marsh, should all be repeated in little, and on these mimic hills, in these tiny forests, and by these miniature streams, pools, and marshes, should grow and bloom the very flowers, plants, and ferns which are natives of the rocky mountain range, the lake side, the forest glades, the river bank, and the marshy plain. They should grow as they grow in Nature, now profusely, now singly, now in groups, amid congenial herbs and grasses, mosses, ferns, and reeds.

Two objections may be brought against a garden of this kind—first, that it would be extremely costly; secondly, that it is nothing else than the gardening of Japan. The first objection is not a real one. The prime cost of laying the foundations of what may be called a nature garden need be no greater than the levelling, draining, turfing, and laying out of any other garden, and its up-keep would be infinitely less. No greenhouses would be required, no artificial heat, no highly paid staff of skilled gardeners, and no heavy annual expenditure for shrubs, bedding plants, and seeds.

The second objection is better founded. It is in point of fact a garden laid out on the lines of the Japanese. And what of that? If the Japanese have discovered the true principles of gardening, and make their gardens on right lines, we have no alternative but to follow them. We have adopted, before now, the gardening ideals of many other nations : of the Italians with their balustraded terraces, their rows of sky-pointing cypresses, their glistening marble statues and broad, paved stairways, leading from terraced walks to the garden plane below. We have borrowed the Spanish way of gardening, which, at its best, is a garden of shaded walks, in the Eastern fashion, amid the scent of jasmine and orange flowers and roses and clove gillyflowers, with fountains and water runlets everywhere, and intricate knots of box edgings to the flower beds. We have had Dutch gardens in England, with their paved pathways and formal beds, fishponds and canals, and box cut into grotesque shapes. All these gardening ideals are good in their kind, but the Italian and Spanish gardens have never found a congenial home under these Northern skies. They require the climate of Spain and Italy. The Dutch way of gardening better suits our climate, and perhaps its formality our order-loving temperament—it is the only foreign garden form that has been thoroughly naturalised, for the stately gardening of the French *Le Nôtre* has never been popular in England, and the most beautiful and famous of our old country-house gardens are in the Dutch style, or in a free English modification of it.

We need, however, have no shame in borrowing from any one, for if we English have taken ideas from abroad, we have given as good as we brought. The so-called 'English garden' is known everywhere on the Continent. The English garden as understood abroad is, properly speaking, not a garden at all, it is a method of laying out the whole of the grounds near a house in the free fashion supposed to suit with our free institutions. It is, in point of fact, the system of landscape gardening which those famous English innovators, William Kent and Lancelot Brown, better known as 'Capability Brown,' practised and published to the world in the eighteenth century. Their idea was to convert the surroundings of an English country house into the semblance of a landscape by Nicolas Poussin or Claude Lorraine—the two most approved landscape painters of that day. The garden itself made but a small part of their great schemes of reform—hillocks which interfered with a picturesque point of view were levelled, brooks were dammed into lakes, vistas were cut through distant woods, rising ground was levelled into plain, shrubberies and tree groups were planted where Poussin would have painted masses of foliage. Artificial ruins were built in imitation of the broken arches and towers that Claude sometimes puts in the middle distance of his pictures.

If we come to look into it, this English landscape gardening is

nothing less than doing on a large scale what the Japanese are daily doing on a very small one. The Japanese strive to make of their gardens a landscape in miniature, to repeat, in an area of a square rood, all that charms them in Nature at large.

There need therefore be nothing startlingly new in the idea of a nature garden to Englishmen—we are but applying established principles of our own discovery, and we shall certainly not blindly copy the Japanese—for instance, we could not, except at enormous cost of money and time, follow them in employing the dwarf pines and oaks which they use to mimic forest trees—nor should we repeat the stone lanterns and other ornaments which they set at the crossing of their garden paths, and which have a symbolical meaning to them alone. These things, realities to them, would be as much shams to us as when a London citizen sets up a plaster cast of *Don* or the God Terminus in his suburban back garden.

As to the making of a nature garden, it is of course a matter wherein there is as much variety possible as in Nature itself, but the choice, and preparation of the ground—the foundation, so to say, of the superstructure—are the same in every case. As for size it may vary. I consider half a rood—say twenty yards by thirty—a fair size—a larger area involves much expense, and a much smaller one is but a toy. If the ground is a dead level, it costs the more to mould it into hill and valley and plain. If it slopes to the north or east it is too cold for successful gardening. The ground should not be in the neighbourhood, and in the shadow, at any hour of the day, of tall trees. If there is no protection to the north and east, something in the nature of wind-screens must be raised—a wall, or paling, or a thick hedge of evergreen, but this latter is slow of growth. The screen, of whatever kind it be, should be six to twelve feet high, according to the size of the area to be enclosed. All these requirements given, there is one more—and that is a water supply. Every garden requires water, but, for a nature garden of the kind here intended, a stream of water must trickle through of not less than two to six gallons per minute. This will supply a tiny meandering stream, a miniature lake, a marsh, and a cascade that may be called a water-trickle, but it will serve to bestow a certain air of reality and it will give life and verdure to those mosses, ferns, and water-loving plants that will thrive nowhere but in air sprinkled by drops of falling water.

The work of preparation cannot well be seriously begun until a rough sketch of the garden has been made, or, better still, a model in clay or plasticine, but, while this is being done, it would be well to begin by paring and drying and burning the whole surface to the depth of three or four inches. When this is done, the humus surface should be removed and heaped outside the limits of the proposed garden. Then the lines of the paths and of the courses and situations of the stream, lakes, pools, and marshes should be pegged out, and

deep stone drains made underneath all the paths leading, with a good fall, to an exit outside the plot of ground to be worked.

Now begins the real work, and I admit that it is neither easy, nor work to be undertaken by any one not endowed with the artistic spirit and some habit of observation and some imagination. If it were a garden of my own that was in making, I would rather entrust the doing of this part of the job to a boy or girl of fifteen, with a faculty of sketching or modelling from Nature, than to the best of professional gardeners without that knowledge and talent, for it is nothing else than the composing of a landscape, the moulding of it out of earth and stones, the planning of the relative positions of rivers, lakes, plains, hillock and mountain range— all in miniature—and all so combined that they will seem like a bit of Nature's self, harmonious in line and light and shade—as Nature always is—from whatever point of view it is regarded.

The tools wherewith the landscape is to be composed are the labourer's pick and shovel, the materials the bare earth, and some cartfuls of large rough stones, and the stream of water I have already spoken of. When all is duly moulded into landscape shape, the paths made, the water-courses, the lakes, marshes and cascades dug out, every place where water is to run, or stand, must be lined with a water-resisting cement.

The surface soil which has been heaped outside must now be brought in and the ashes of the burnt weeds spread over it.

The paths are still to be carried across the stream, summer-houses built, and seats and tables made. This is carpenter's work; unless it is desired to carry the paths over the water-courses across roughly built stone arches, by no means a costly operation if the mason is reasonable and will consent to work with unhewn stones.

I think that in a garden made in this manner in this country care should be taken to avoid the note of Orientalism; the bridges should not be the high-backed little bridges of China or Japan, or the summer-houses of the architecture that we see on porcelain cups and saucers. A British nature garden should represent, imitate, and interpret our British nature, and the water ways should be crossed by such means as our own rustics use, sometimes by nothing but a stout plank with a hand rail, sometimes, when the water is shallow and broad, only by smooth stepping stones. When all this is ended, the water can be admitted and the labourers dismissed.

The easier work of planting and sowing now remains. It must be borne in mind that, as the nature garden is a landscape in little, so everything which grows therein must be in proportion and in little too. The Japanese, as I have said, effect this by dwarfing forest trees to the size of pot plants, and planting, on a mountain side, a wood that can be covered by a dinner napkin, with the mountain itself no taller than a man. The proportion is so duly maintained

that the eye is deceived into looking at it as a forest-clothed mountain range, and this is not so much artifice as art and somewhat in the same line as the art whereby Turner shows us all the magnificence of Alpine scenery with mountains no loftier than walnut shells, on a canvas ten inches square.

We know nothing of the art of dwarfing trees in the Japanese fashion, and the few specimens brought to us are said to have required scores of years to arrive at the appearances of picturesque senility they have attained. Gardeners, however, know that if a plant be denied free root growth, afforded plenty of light and air, and is rooted in poor soil, its growth is arrested while its health is in no way impaired. Every one must have noticed how forest trees, deciduous and conifer, seedling in waste and stony places, on rocky cliffs, or the edge of ravines, with no lack of light and air, have grown in years but not in size, remaining dwarfs while sometimes taking on a very picturesque branch-spread and possessing the gnarled trunks and knotted boughs of aged trees. I know of no one who has tried the experiment, but I am pretty sure that nature-dwarfed trees of this kind, removed into pots and judiciously pruned in roots and branches, would continue to thrive if treated as Nature has treated them so far. This is how I think woods and forests might be repeated in our nature gardens.

Every plant and fern in the garden must be dwarfed in like manner to the trees, and, to this end, two means must be employed: the soil must be artificially made poor and stony, and plants must be selected of an exceptionally dwarf habit. A plant drawn up into a tall, straggling habit by deficiency of light, or developing into excessive luxuriance in too rich a soil, will, so to say, throw the whole composition out of scale, and be, in artists' phrase, 'out of the picture.'

So far as the choice of plants is concerned, there are two courses open to the nature gardener. He can either use none but selections from the flora of the British Islands, or he can procure hardy flowering plants from every quarter of the world. The first course recommends itself to me in theory as being in artistic accordance with an English nature garden, but in practice it would be tame and would shut out many families of plants indispensable to such a garden. For example, we could use Alpine plants, many of which are dwarf by virtue of long habit of growth under the very conditions mentioned above, the stonecrops among many others, and the saxifrages. We have but one narcissus in this country, the daffodil, and it is not of dwarf growth, but in the mountainous region that looks on the Bay of Biscay and the Western Atlantic are found some half-dozen species of this genus, such as *Triandrus*, *Johnsonei*, and *Bulbocodium*, more delicate in shape and colour than our native Lent lily and some of them no taller than a snowdrop or a dog violet; so too with the iris family, we have but three or four kinds in these Islands and none of them dwarfs.

To make a heap of stones and earth resemble a real mountain it is necessary to do more than pile up several barrowfuls of stones, rocks, and earth. Every mountain on the earth's surface has grown to its existing shape through the long processes of time. The air, the sun, and plant growth decompose the rock surfaces, and rains wash their substance down towards the valley below in the form of mud or sand. Hence almost invariably the upper cliffs on a mountain are bare and precipitous, and the earth and broken rock accumulate in a gentler declivity at their base. Where the soil is deep on this talus, or slope, grow the Alpine forest trees, and sometimes these sloping upland lawns are covered with turf greener than emerald. Where the bare scarped rock first meets the slope of the talus is the chosen habitat of many plants peculiar to the mountain side. Wherever a river flows at the foot of a mountain it washes away this slope of *débris* and the mountain side is left bare and rugged to the water's edge, and plant growth is found only here and there in clefts and crannies on its rocky surface.

All this must be imitated in the mimic mountains and valleys of the nature garden, and flowers only planted in their appropriate habitat. Let us suppose, for instance, that a range of hills is formed, and at its foot a mimic river is made to flow. The stream would flow, wide and slow and shallow, through a plain at the mountain foot. Where the river runs at some distance from the mountain side, the talus would reach down into the plain. The plain itself would be marshy, with occasional overflow from the river, and the water-course would narrow as it passes through a narrow gorge, with the hill side on one bank, and a rocky eminence on the other. Here the water might flow over a rocky ridge more swiftly, forming rapids, having sliced off the talus and left the hill sides, on either bank, precipitous and rocky. Such a valley, such a plain, such a marsh, and such a gorge with a rapid stream flowing through are common incidents of mountain and river scenery.

Each bit of hill and plain so laid out will serve as appropriate habitat for its special plants. On the bare rock itself lichens will establish themselves with time. Where it is damper, mosses could be made to grow, and, in the clefts and crannies, all that peculiar vegetation which is found only on rocky surfaces. Dwarf mountain forms of the sedums, the scorpion grasses, the star-worts, and saxifrages should be planted on the gentler slopes, green with the finer grasses, and, mingling with them, place will be found for the flowers which grow in the talus of lofty hills, the globe-flower, the sky-blue gentians, the edelweiss, the silver thistles, the rampions, the mountain columbines, the many dwarf campanulas, and the various mountain forms of pinks and primulas, and in the marshes flowering rushes and sedges, the grass of Parnassus, snake-weed with its rosy blossom, cotton grass, reeds, and the yellow iris. The pools and deeper water of the marshes

will afford congenial homes for water lilies of several kinds, and many of those floating water plants whose blossoms have a strangeness and a beauty that the flowers of the dry ground seldom possess. The margins of the stream are fit haunts and habitats for scores of river-bank haunting plants, notably for some kinds of iris that never thrive so well away from water.

The choice of plants for a nature garden is indeed as universal as the world itself. There is, however, one restriction to be observed—a nature garden should contain none but natural plants. The so-called ‘florist’s flowers,’ charming and beautiful as they are in the artificial garden to which they rightly belong, have no place here. All the flowers which have been tricked by conditions not in Nature must be omitted, however showy they are in comparison with Nature’s own children; all the hybrids, double flowers, and improved ‘varieties’ must be kept out, not because they are not beautiful—but because their presence in a nature garden brings in a false note. Even the rose and the carnation in their double form—the queens and princesses among them all—must be kept out.

Our gardener’s ideal of a flower bed is a ‘fine display of bloom,’ of a single plant a ‘nice shrubby growth.’ These ideals are not the nature gardener’s. He gets plenty of bloom, but he strives not for ‘display’ but for harmony. He gets colour with a steep river bank crowded with yellow primroses in bloom and each individual flower repeating its image in the water mirror below. He gets it when he has planted a dell a yard across thick with squills and blue bells among the grass.

Another law of the nature garden is that plants must not be removed when they have done flowering and a fresh succession ‘dumped’ down in their places. One object of the nature garden is to provide the exact conditions of exposure, soil, dryness, or humidity which suits a plant and there to let it live its life, there to let it put forth its green leaves in spring and its blossom in summer, there to wither and die down, if its way is to wither and die down, in winter.

To bring this about, to produce dryness of the soil in one place, damp in another, full exposure here and comparative shade there, some of Nature’s own processes must be imitated.

Hills and mountains are not, as casual people might suppose, great heaps of earth and rock set down on the world’s surface at random. They are, for the most part, rocky formations thrust upwards by some internal force; elevations which have slowly crumbled down into their present shapes, and the soil, that covers them in part, is but a skin. Wherever the subterranean stratification of solid rock slants in one direction, in that direction will the accumulation of the under-soil rainwater drain. So it comes to be that the higher parts of hills are mostly dry and that water-springs, or even brooks, gush from the lower declivities of the hill sides. This condition of things may

be easily imitated in little ; flat stones, jointed with cement, may be laid half way down in the centre of the stone heap which forms the hill range, and set with a gentle inclination to one side in such a way as to hold the water in a subterranean cistern and pour it out little by little in springs and fountains—just as happens in Nature.

Nature is complicated and subtle in her contrivances and we have as yet not nearly guessed all her cunning. In making a nature garden we are entitled to use every artificial contrivance we can devise in order the better to arrive at her effects. To this end I would carry some part of the water supply underground in leaden pipes to the highest point of the mountain range and let it trickle out through perforations in the conduit. This will imitate the dew and rainfall of the mountain top, always greater there than in the plain below.

In the sandy drifts and levels of river sides and by the sea shore many curious and interesting plants grow that will thrive nowhere else so well as when they can burrow with their roots deep into the sand drifts on the river side, or the salted, shelly, sea-sand above high-water mark. Here sea-pinks, the horned poppies, sea-lavender, and many other plants still more beautiful, of foreign provenance, will grow and thrive. I do not propose a brackish lake or pool, though the thing is perhaps within the resources of an enterprising gardener, but a few handfuls of bay salt mingled with sand brought from the shore would give a soil in which many sea-side plants would more than hold their own.

I have said that, in making such British garden pleasantries as are here suggested, British scenery should be reproduced, but to do this need not narrow the gardener's scope—for every county in the United Kingdom can supply its different landscape, every geological formation its scores of varieties. Limestone, red sandstone, chalk, granite, oolite, and volcanic rock all give mountains of different formation and different shape, and each has a more or less differing flora.

There remains now to be considered only the question of shade from the severe heat and shelter from cold winds. The plot of ground is too small for the natural shade of trees, which also, if of their full size, would dwarf the whole garden ; therefore there is nothing for it but a summer-house. It should be constructed as simply as may be, with trellised sides, overgrown by honeysuckle and wild roses, and should have a heavy roof with low eaves, of thatch or shingle stone, to intercept the sun's rays. The south of England cottager's porch should be the model. It should be set on rising ground in the corner where the eastern and north walls of the enclosure meet. A second summer-house with boarded sides and with a similar roof for shelter from wind and rain should be set in the opposite corner of the garden.

As for extraneous ornament of any kind it is wholly inadmissible, so likewise are iron seats or tables or any shams in the way of iron edgings of paths, taking the shape of tree twigs. The seats should be

of wood, not painted green, but left with a coating of boiled oil of the natural colour of the wood. Sham rusticities such as seats and tables left with the bark on are not to be thought of. A sun dial I would have—it is near to Nature's own timepieces, the moving shadows of hills and trees—but its gnomon and numerals should rather be set and drawn upon a wall than fixed upon a pedestal in the garden walk. As for the walks themselves they should resemble in width and direction those footpaths and ways through field and meadow which our forefathers have trodden out since the time of the Heptarchy. I never could understand the virtue of gravel in a garden. It not only grits most unpleasantly under foot, but is never so harmonious with turf or flowers as the rich brown of the natural earth. A foot-beaten, earthen pathway is dry underfoot in all weathers, as well as pleasant to walk on, if a stone drain runs underneath it and if a little sand is mingled with the earth of which it is composed.

This account of the nature garden, with the limited space at the writer's command, is suggestive only. The possibilities of nature gardening are almost infinite. No two such gardens need be alike either in composition, or in contents, or in size. Although I have suggested a garden hardly larger than a drawing-room, such a garden would increase in interest and in beauty with every increase in its area.

The chief obstacle in the way of the popular adoption of the nature garden in our country lies in the initial difficulty of laying it out, and of engineering it when designed. I suggest that the design and formation of such gardens should be a special subject of study in the new school of women gardeners. Here if anywhere might be found a new profession for women.

OSWALD CRAWFURD.

QUEEN CHRISTINA'S MINIATURE PAINTER

IN December last the Swedish Minister had an article in this Review relating to Queen Christina, but there is one special interest that the Queen has for English students to which but little attention has been given, and which is not alluded to in that article. Queen Christina was a notable patron of art, and had attached to her Court several portrait painters, one of whom was an Englishman. Comparatively little has hitherto been known respecting this English painter, Alexander Cooper by name, and some recently discovered facts respecting him may be found of interest. He was a brother of Samuel Cooper, the greatest miniature painter that the world has ever seen, whose works are the finest ever achieved in this particularly English branch of art.

Horace Walpole tells us that Alexander Cooper was the nephew of John Hoskins, and the brother of Samuel Cooper, and that he 'went abroad, resided some time at Amsterdam, and at last entered into the service of Queen Christina.' He adds that he 'painted landscapes in water-colours, as well as portraits,' and refers to a landscape with the story of Actæon and Diana, which was in his time at Burghley, but is now no longer to be seen there. The great connoisseur had in his possession a miniature of a lady which was, he considered, the work of Alexander Cooper, and at the Strawberry Hill sale it was sold for two guineas. The only other reference that Walpole makes to Cooper is in connection with his note on Henry Hondius, the engraver, where he states that Hondius, in 1641, engraved a print of William, Prince of Orange, from a painting by Alexander Cooper. Beyond this information we can only gather a scrap or two from the compilers of biographical dictionaries. One tells us that the artist resided for a time in London with his brother; another that he was born in 1605, and was therefore four years older than Samuel Cooper; and a third that he left England when quite a young man, and never returned to this country.

To this somewhat meagre collection of statements we have been able, lately, to add considerably, as the result of investigation in

State archives in Holland and Sweden, and facts have been revealed dealing with a part of the artist's life hitherto unknown. The history of his career in Sweden commences in 1647, but we have a little information concerning his work in 1632 and 1633. During those years Cooper was resident at the Hague, and was painting a series of portraits for the King and Queen of Bohemia. These delightful little miniatures are now the property of the German Emperor, and are set in a series of twelve circular discs, which fold one over the other, and form, when folded together, a little pile about a couple of inches high. The top and bottom discs bear the royal crown and monogram and the date 1633, in white on a black ground, and at the back of each portrait, in the same coloured enamel, are the name and age of the person whose portrait is contained in the disc at the date, and also the record when it was painted. The edges of all the discs are enamelled in the same way in a pattern of transverse lines in the Bohemian colours. The portraits of the Elector Frederick and his English wife are thus inscribed: 'Frederick R.B., ætat. 36, 16. August, 1632,' and 'Elizabeth R.B., ætat. 36, 9. August, 1632.' The one of the King was painted in the very year of his death, as on the 28th of November, 1632, he died of an infectious disease he had contracted at Frankfort, which took him off at Mainz as he was on his way into Holland to his wife and children.

The other portraits in the series represent the children of this amiable and accomplished royal pair, but three of them, those which should represent Prince Gustavus, Prince Edward, and Princess Sophia, are no longer in their frames. It is quite possible that they were never executed, but it seems more likely that they have been lost. All the rest are, however, in their place, and are delightful portraits of children, serious, thoughtful, and grave. On each one is inscribed the age of the child and the date on which the portrait was painted. The eldest son, Charles, was painted on the 22nd of December, 1632, when he was fourteen years old. He was the prince who was so enthusiastic a supporter of English drama, who quoted Shakespeare freely, and translated and acted in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*. Prince Rupert 'of the Rhine' was but twelve when his portrait was taken on the 27th of December, 1632, and his brother Maurice, equally distinguished in the English civil wars, was a year younger, and was painted on the 6th of January, 1632. Philip, who was killed in battle in Germany when twenty-three years of age, was painted on the 26th of October, 1632, and was five years old at the time. Of the other four sons we have no portraits. The eldest, Frederick Henry, was never painted by Cooper, having been drowned in 1629; the fifth son died in infancy; and, as just stated, the portraits of Edward and Gustavus are missing. The disc that should contain the one of Prince Edward is inscribed 'Ætat. 8, 6th of October, 1632,' and that for Prince Gustavus 'Ætat. 1, 4th of January, 1633.'

There are portraits in the series of three of the daughters—Elizabeth, the friend of William Penn and of Descartes, and the lady to whom the latter dedicated his *Principia*, painted when she was thirteen, on the 26th of November, 1632; Louisa, afterwards Abbess of Maubuisson, who was painted at the age of ten, on the 8th of April, 1632; and Henrietta, afterwards Princess of Transylvania, who was but six when her portrait was painted on the 7th of July, 1632. It would have been specially interesting to Englishmen to have seen the portrait of the youngest daughter, Sophia, as she it was who was the ancestress of the Hanoverian sovereigns, and of the dynasty that now occupies the throne of England. The disc that should contain her portrait is inscribed 'Ætat. 2, 14th October, 1633.'

These portraits tell us that Cooper was a pretty frequent visitor at the lodgings of the 'Queen of Hearts.' It is probable that shortly after that time he was in England, for there are two miniatures in Holland by him representing James the Second as a young lad, which must have been painted either about 1647 or when James was on a visit to Scandinavia during Cooper's residence in that country. It is probable that Cooper went to Stockholm in 1646, and in 1647 his name appears as 'Abraham Alexander Cooper, the Jew portrait painter.' This entry gives us two fresh facts respecting the artist. Until it was discovered we were not aware of his first name, nor of his Jewish nationality; but it is clear that his talent counteracted any disadvantage of his Semitic origin. By the 5th of July he had become portrait painter to Queen Christina, and the orders to the Treasury appear in the archives, signed by the two treasurers of the kingdom of Sweden, ordering payment of his year's salary of 200 riksdalers. The payment appears to have been made on the 10th of the same month, and the receipt in German is still preserved; but it is interesting to notice that Cooper signs it 'Alexander Cooper,' having, it is clear, dropped his first name.

There was another portrait painter employed by Queen Christina at the same time, known as Dawid Beck, and in an entry dated the 15th of September, 1647, there is a note of a payment to be made to Cooper of 200 riksdalers on his present year's salary account, and to 'Dawid Beck' of 150, the two men being grouped together as her Majesty's portrait painters. There are other entries in succeeding account-books of similar payments, most of them being made 'on account,' and it is clear from them that the artist's allowance increased year by year, but that it was inconvenient to pay him his full stipend at one time. In 1650 he appears to have had an extra sum given to him as a signal mark of the favour of the Queen, the record being as follows: 'October 16. According to the letter of Her Royal Majesty our gracious Queen, dated the 15th of this month, orders are given Secretary Samuel Nilson to pay portrait painter Beck 300 riksdalers silver, which her Royal Majesty has graciously appointed

him for gala dress at her happy coronation. *Mutatis Mutandis*, for Portrait Painter Cuper.'

From the date of this special payment information as to Cooper's connection with the Court has to be obtained from another set of archives. His stipend in future was not paid through the Treasury as it had been hitherto, but through the Court cash accounts, and this would seem to imply a somewhat closer connection between the portrait painter and the Queen. He received 1,200 dalers for his stipend in 1651, his companion Bock (or Beck) having 900; and about that time he appears to have painted a portrait of the Queen, which was presented to 'Adjutant-General Niclaes Desmel, of General Königsmark's army,' mounted in a gold chain and locket. It appears likely that the artist painted several portraits of Queen Christina. Two certainly were painted for one of the royal princes, and it seems possible that the person who commissioned them was the nephew of Queen Christina, who shortly afterwards became King in her place. Amongst a bundle of papers marked with the date 1652 are two accounts sent in by Alexander Cooper to Grypsholm, and filed amongst the accounts of the royal household. They may be roughly translated as follows :

What I have done for your Royal Highness, my gracious Prince and Lord.

For five paintings in miniature, at 40 riksdalers	200
For crystal glasses to them	28
For the case for the bracelet	5
For the other bracelet, diamond and gold	70
For wages to Mon. Duwall for work done by him	10
For Mr. Munckhofen's painting in oil	40
	<hr/> 353

Your Royal Highness's obedient and faithful servant,
ALEXANDER COOPER, painter for her Majesty the Queen of Sweden.

The other is as follows :

Another for your Grace, Highness, and Duke, for miniature and oil works.

One painting for your Highness and Duke, which Monsieur Tanbe received and took with him into France	40
Two pictures of Her Majesty, which your Princely Grace received	80
Still another of your Grace for Count Magnus which you had	40
Still a small one for bracelet	40
Still two more, made ready for you	80
Still one of the Queen in oil, for your Princely Grace	20
	<hr/> 300

ALEXANDER COOPER.

The Count Magnus mentioned in the foregoing account is evidently Count Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie, whose portrait Cooper painted, and to whom he wrote a very pathetic letter importuning the Count that he would give orders for the payment to the artist of his salary

for 1651 and for half of 1652, which was due to him. In this letter, which is copied into the archives, Cooper states that he was, 'through the good will of God, ill and confined to his bed, and in the greatest need of the money.'

Just before Queen Christina abdicated, Cooper was set to work to paint a portrait of the new King, Charles the Tenth, and there are many references in the minutes of the Treasury Board, to which volumes we have now to go for the quoted references to the artist's career, respecting presents of gold chains, medals, and portraits that 'ought to be given' on the occasion of the ceremonial to the various ambassadors. He appears to have prepared at least three portraits of Charles the Tenth, two of which were set in diamond étuïs, and one of them, we are told, was given to the French Ambassador in 1654. After King Charles had been formally placed upon the throne Cooper received further commissions, having evidently entered the service of the new monarch. There is an original order, bearing the signature and also the seal of the King, preserved in the Treasury books, ordering Cooper to make three portraits of his Majesty, and dated the 3rd of July, 1655. All three appear to have been set in diamond étuïs, and were given away as presents in the following January—one to the Swedish Ambassador to Russia, Gustaf Bielke, another to Major-General Fleetwood, 'who went to England,' and the third to the Danish Ambassador, Major-General Wilhelm Drakenhelm. There are, so far as can at present be found, no further references to portraits of Charles the Tenth by Cooper in the Swedish archives, but there are a series of applications for arrears of stipend due to him after Queen Christina's departure, for portraits of the Queen and for other work. A receipt entirely in the handwriting of the artist is fastened on to one of the pages of the book of accounts, and is, so far as we are aware, the only scrap of paper in existence bearing the artist's own signature. It is as follows :

Meijn herr Rent Meister
For die drey Schildereyen
müet ick hebben, 126 ¹⁰/₁₂
het stück tot, 46, Reichsdal.
Al. Cooper
E

During all this time Cooper was resident in Stockholm, and in 1652 there is a reference in the tax-books of the city to his address. He is spoken of as 'Mons. Cuper,' who lived 'in the house of the surgeon in the inner quarter of the city,' but he was declared as being 'free from all taxes,' and it is therefore possible that, as a Court official, he was exempt from such charges, or in receipt of a special favour from his Sovereign granting him this privilege. In 1656 he left Sweden for Denmark, and entered for a time the service of King Christian the Fourth, painting the portraits of his four children, now preserved in the royal collection, and executing other commissions for the King; but in 1657 he was back again in Stockholm, and there he appears to have resided during the remaining three years of his life. He died in 1660, in the early part of the year, somewhere before March, although the record of his decease does not give the day nor the month of his death. It declares in pathetic language that he died 'at his rooms in the inner quarter of the city, alone, while at work, and with his brush in his hand.' It would therefore appear as though he was overtaken by some sudden illness while in pursuit of his professional work.

This is not the place in which to enter into any criticism of his painting, nor is it needful that these pages should contain any list of his works. It may, however, be stated that in many respects his miniatures resemble those of his far greater brother, Samuel Cooper, but they are stiffer and more formal in composition, and harder and rougher in technique, than are the works of Samuel, while the colour scheme is always somewhat weaker than that adopted by the greater brother. For many years the works of the two brothers have been confused, but when once the striking differences between them are realised it is impossible for a connoisseur to be deceived. Very few miniatures by Alexander Cooper are known, and those that exist are for the most part in Holland or in Sweden. There are beautiful signed works belonging to the Queen of Holland, and two in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam. There is a portrait of Gustavus Adolphus, in the possession of the King of Sweden, which must have been painted before 1632, as the King died in that year, and which was therefore done before we have any trace of Cooper being in Sweden. It is a signed portrait, and unmistakable in its characteristics. Another portrait of the same monarch is at Gothenburg, having been presented to the museum by the descendants of a general to whose ancestors it was given by the King himself, and with it in the same museum is the portrait of Count Magnus, to whom Cooper addressed the letter that has been referred to. Two works by the artist are in the Whitcombe Green collection; there is one in the royal collection at Windsor, two or three are at Montagu House, two belong to Earl Beauchamp, and there is one at Welbeck Abbey.

There are several of his portraits in Finland, and there is a series

of pencil drawings attributed to him in a private collection in London, but beyond these works very few can be definitely attributed to this little-known artist. It is curious that not one of the portraits that he painted either of Queen Christina or of Charles the Tenth is known, and, so far as we know, they do not exist in either of the important private collections in Sweden, most of which have come under our inspection. It is possible that they were most of them given away to ambassadors, and in the hands of their descendants they probably still remain, although it is very likely that the name of the artist responsible for these portraits is not attached to them. None of the portraits of Queen Christina preserved in England can be attributed to Alexander Cooper, so far as we can at this moment state. It would be interesting to surmise the reasons that attracted him to the Court of Sweden, and it is possible that the portrait he painted of Gustavus Adolphus may have come under the notice of Queen Christina, and have led to his receiving an invitation to work for her.

We know so little of the careers of the miniature painters of the seventeenth century that, when fresh information comes to light, it seems desirable that attention should be directed to it. Close investigation may perhaps some day reveal some similar scraps of knowledge regarding the far greater brother, Samuel Cooper, so frequently mentioned by Pepys in his *Diary*, and to whose hand we owe the grandest examples of miniature painting that have ever been executed.

May a word or two be added in this connection, expressive of a great regret that in England there is no national collection of miniatures, no proper representation of this most interesting art? The half-dozen examples at the National Gallery serve but to reveal the poverty of the great collection in this respect, and, although there is a collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, it can in no sense be considered as a representative one, nor does it include any of the finest works of the greatest English masters. The collection at Hertford House is fairly representative of French miniature painting, and is supplemented by the fine French miniatures and enamels in the Jones Collection at South Kensington. There are, it is true, a few English miniatures at Hertford House, one or two of quite excellent quality, and there are half a dozen at the National Portrait Gallery, but there is no national collection that will set forth the merits of this noble art. The hope may perhaps be expressed that some day one of the great art collectors will leave his miniatures to the nation, and so give a nucleus around which other treasures can be gathered.

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.

HOW POOR-LAW GUARDIANS SPEND THEIR MONEY IN SCOTLAND

A FEW notes and figures concerning the management of a Poor-house in Scotland may afford a useful contrast to the description of Poor-law administration which appeared in the last number of this Review.

The Poor-house in question is the joint property of sixteen rural parishes; there are no manufacturing towns in the district, which is a purely agricultural one, with some fishing villages on the coast.

It is managed by a representative committee and provides shelter and comfort for the inmates in a manner which is satisfactory to them and economical for the public purse.

The original cost of the building has been entirely paid off, and the combining parishes have for some time been receiving an annual bonus of 1*l.* per share on each original share held by them—165*l.* was returned last year.

The accommodation of the house is not limited to the paupers of the sixteen combined parishes. Other parishes may take advantage of it to rent beds or send boarders; but they are charged more than the average cost of maintaining a pauper, so that the cost to the combined parishes is considerably reduced. Thus whilst the average cost of the ordinary paupers last year was 4*s.* 1*d.* each per week, the combined parishes were able to keep their ordinary paupers at a weekly cost of 3*s.* 6*d.* each, and the cost of a lunatic pauper to the combined parishes was only 6*s.* 7*d.* per week against the average of 7*s.* 1*d.* weekly.

Last year thirteen parishes not in the combination made use of the house, and their contributions amounted to 738*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* The figures for the last five years show that the average number of inmates was 110. The average inclusive expenditure over the same period was 1,714*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* This gives an average expenditure for each inmate of 15*l.* 11*s.* 9*d.* per annum.

The following summary shows the total expenditure for the year ending May 1905 :

	£	s.	d.
Maintenance	892	13	0
Medical attendance and medicine	61	17	4
Management	333	8	10
Upkeep of buildings, furniture }	246	10	1
Ground rent, taxes, &c. }			
• Special expenditure on lunatics	326	17	9
Special charges (9 <i>l.</i> 12 <i>s.</i> on funerals)	9	13	8
Total	1,871	0	8

For this sum 106 paupers were maintained, of whom about forty were lunatics.

The total cost for an ordinary pauper for the past year was 8*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; for a lunatic pauper 18*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* There has been an increase in the expenditure of recent years. In 1900–01 an average of 114 inmates cost 1,551*l.* 0*s.* 2*d.*; each inmate therefore cost 3*s.* $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* per week or 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* per annum.

In 1904–05 an average of 106 inmates cost 1,871*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.*; this shows a weekly expenditure of 4*s.* 1*d.* for each inmate, or an annual cost of 10*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.*

This increase of over 1*s.* per week is almost entirely due to the action of the Local Government Board, which has insisted on an increased dietary, with the result that the inmates of the Poor-house are undoubtedly better fed now than the average working-class families in the town where it is situated.

Even before the new dietary was introduced it was thought that the inmates of the house were as well fed as many of the ratepayers who were taxed for their support. Maintenance includes the usual items; the total amount was 1,210*l.* 3*s.* This includes a sum of 120*l.* 16*s.* for fire and light; clothing and bedding cost 131*l.* 13*s.*; firewood used in the house, 9*l.* 10*s.* For shoemaking, including wages and materials, the total was 44*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.* The rest of the account is made up of bills for articles of food.

Of the total of 1,210*l.* 3*s.* there was transferred to other branches special provisions for lunatics, board of officials, &c., a sum of 317*l.* 10*s.*, leaving, as in the statement in a previous paragraph, 892*l.* 13*s.* The extra provisions for lunatics cost 200*l.*

Management includes the salaries and wages of

Governor and Matron.

Chaplain.

Secretary and Treasurer.

Auditor.

Account Checker.

Organist.

Nurse.

Cook.

• Laundrymaid.

The incidental expenses under this head—printing, advertising, stationery, books, postage and receipt stamps—were under 22*l*.

A piece of ground is rented near the house and the paupers find a healthy, pleasant and profitable occupation in cultivating it. Last year the expenditure, including rent of the ground, was 66*l*. 18*s*. 4*d*., and the income was 123*l*. 9*s*. 7*d*., showing a surplus in favour of the house of 56*l*. 11*s*. 3*d*.

The inmates who are able to work are also employed in chopping firewood. Last year under this head the income was 316*l*. 12*s*. 10*d*. ; expenditure, 264*l*. 2*s*. 3*d*. ; profit, 52*l*. 10*s*. 7*d*.

Enough has now been said to show that a Poor-house can be managed without squandering the money of the ratepayers. The admirable results which I have described are entirely due to the excellent management of the committee and officials of the house. The paupers are well looked after and treated in a kindly and considerate fashion. There is no exaggerated dread of the house amongst the poor.

I have not dealt with the questions of vagrants and outdoor relief, but I may say that they are treated in the practical and sensible manner which prevails in the administration of the Poor-house.

ALEXANDER BAIRD.

THE WOOING OF THE ELECTORS

At the General Election the party in Office throws down its superb challenge to the party in Opposition. 'We appeal,' they say, 'to the solemn judgment of the nation on the issues between us which affect its most vital concerns.'

This invoking of the final decision of the electors in the affairs of the country, raises at once a question of political morality as well as of constitutional practice—the relations between a member of Parliament and his constituents. Is a member of Parliament a representative or a delegate? Is he but an agent sent to Parliament to state the views of his constituents, or may he exercise his own independent opinion, even against the will of those to whom he owes his seat in the House of Commons? Edmund Burke dealt with this question of the relations between the desires of the constituency and the votes of the representative on the hustings at Bristol, during the General Election of 1774, in a speech that is memorable in political literature.

It ought [he says] to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication, with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him, their opinion high respect, their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfaction to theirs; and above all, in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But [Burke goes on] his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure; no, nor from the law and the Constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you not his industry only, but his judgment, and he betrays instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinions.

Burke was elected for Bristol in 1774 for no higher reason than that his political opinions, so far as they had been publicly expressed, were the political opinions of the majority of the constituency. In 1778 he voted for two Bills, one relaxing some of the restrictions on Irish trade, the other removing some of the civil disabilities of the Roman Catholics. Both these votes were in conformity with Burke's honest convictions. But they were directly in opposition to the material interests and the religious opinions of the people of Bristol

Accordingly he fell into disfavour with his constituents, and, however honourably his unpopularity had been incurred, it was inevitable that he should be brought to account on the first opportunity. This was afforded by the General Election of 1780. In a noble speech from the hustings in defence of his action he exclaimed : ' I did not obey your instructions. No : I conformed to the instructions of truth and Nature, and maintained your interest against your opinions with a constancy that became me.' He went on, in passages of wonderful eloquence and rare nobility, to declare that he did not stand before them accused of any venality or neglect of duty. ' No,' he cried, ' the charges against me are all of one kind : that I have pushed the principles of general justice and benevolence too far, further than a cautious policy would warrant, and further than the opinions of many would go along with me. In every accident which may happen through life—in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress—I will call to mind this accusation and be comforted.' But the popular prejudice against Burke, a prejudice aroused by his liberality and broadmindedness, was too strong to be resisted. The great statesman and philosopher was compelled to retire early, badly beaten, from the contest !

The electors of Bristol have been condemned for political intolerance. A century and a quarter has passed since then—one hundred and twenty-five years of steady progress in political enlightenment, and in the growth of the sense of public duty—questions, less vital and fundamental, arise for settlement, yet where to-day is the constituency ready to elect a representative, however honest, however great a genius, who is opposed to its political views ? There is nothing more certain than that Burke would be expelled by Bristol in the twentieth century as in the eighteenth, if his opinions were distasteful to the majority of the electors.

In no constituency will the plea be accepted that the representative must be allowed to decide for the interest of the voters against their prejudices. It is not only that in this conflict of one mind against many the prejudices are more likely to exist in the representative than in the constituents. There is someone wiser than Voltaire and wiser than Napoleon, said a great man of the world, *C'est tout le monde*. But our representative system is a check not on the people, but for the people. The function of the House of Commons is to protect the people's rights and extend their interests ; and as under our democratic system the people are absolutely free to vote as they please and for whom they please, it is inevitable that they should constitute themselves, in each constituency, the supreme judge as to the man best fitted faithfully to discharge a trust that means so much to them ; and their judgment, though often crude and vague, is also usually right.

It would be a travesty of the high sense of public morality and public duty which now prevails to say that a member of Parliament

is expected to throw his honour and conscience to the winds, and support measures which he abhors because they find favour with his constituents. The representative stands not in such an attitude of servility towards the constituency. He votes, of course, according to his convictions. Once he is elected he may, if he pleases, entirely change his politics, and cross the floor of the House of Commons without referring back to the constituency as a delegate in a like difficulty would be bound to do, and do immediately, to the body or society of which he was chosen the spokesman. The constituency has no control over him. They cannot at once deprive him of his authority and position, as a society or other body can recall and supersede a delegate. But the representative who votes according to convictions which are out of harmony with the political principles of the majority of his constituency must be ready heroically to pay the penalty for this conflict of opinion and judgment—the penalty of being summarily dismissed, like Burke, at the earliest opportunity. In a word, the representative is discarded by the constituency for the very same reason that the country discharges a Government at the General Election—incompatibility of political temper.

Goldsmith, in his well-known lines, gently reproves Burke as one

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

On the contrary, it would be truer to say that Burke was politically undone because he gave his great talents to the service of mankind rather than to party. Goldsmith uses the word 'party' in a disparaging sense. His idea of party politics seems to have been that it was a game unscrupulously played for the stakes of more power and influence, greater wealth and station; and there are, even to-day, many who hold the same opinion. Undoubtedly the inspiring force of party is a sincere desire to improve and benefit mankind. Of course there are politicians, with little principles and few scruples, who become party men for low and selfish objects. But all the party movements—Conservative, Liberal, Radical, Nationalist, Free Trade, Protection—are each an honest effort, however mistakenly, to effect the greatest good of the greatest number. As to the ultimate object, all parties are agreed. It is the secondary matter of the methods by which this common end had best be attained that creates the fundamental differences between parties, and excites mutual antagonisms.

'Party,' says Burke, 'is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavour the national interest upon some particular principle upon which they are all agreed.' But Burke himself was a most indifferent party man. He had that stern independence of judgment which, as it refuses to yield even in details, is a prolific cause of sectional differences, and is fatal to the unity of purpose that is essential to a powerful and efficient party organisation. The

theory advanced by Burke that a member of Parliament ought to be returned unfettered by political pledges, as it is his bounden duty to exercise his free and independent judgment, irrespective of the constituency's opinions and desires, on the public questions that arise for decision, is an exalted counsel of perfection that perhaps would make a demand too stern and unbending for human nature under any form of constitution, however utopian or perfect. In a country governed like ours by the party system it is impossible of acceptance.

The country being divided politically into two chief groups of thought, Liberal and Conservative, the machinery for the promotion of political principles and party interests by party organisation is mainly supplied by the great rival caucuses: the National Conservative Union, and the National Liberal Federation, aided by subsidiary bodies for the promotion of particular interests, such as the Cobden Club and the Tariff Reform League. The systems of these organisations are practically similar. There is a branch, as a rule, in each constituency. The branches elect the council in the borough or the county. These councils send delegates to the central executive in London, which exercises supreme power. Each body has its permanent political agent in every constituency. Each body also has gentlemen continually 'on the road,' political bagmen, as it were, bringing round to the constituencies the newest and most attractive samples of Liberal or Conservative principles.

The caucus, on its importation about a quarter of a century ago from the United States, was condemned as a most mischievous element in public life. It was contended that under it the free expression of the will of the electorate would be impossible. Local initiative and the independence of the constituencies would be crushed out of existence by this formidable engine of political tyranny. The electors would become a passive, unthinking mass, under the dominion of the central organisation, and would place not only themselves but the destiny of the nation, the course of which depended on their votes, in the hands perhaps of unscrupulous party leaders. In truth, the highly developed and powerful central party organisation was an inevitable stage of our political development. The necessary adjunct of a constitutional system like ours, the two fundamental principles of which are democracy and party government, is the party organisation for the education of public opinion—that subtle power by which politicians are controlled, directed, ruled—and for the purpose, above all, of having its forces disciplined and ready to take the field at the great battle of the General Election, on the outcome of which depends the supremacy of the one party or the other in the House of Commons for a term of years, and of the paramount influence of the one set of political principles or the other in the government of the nation. Moreover, the influence of party organisation has on

the whole been beneficent. To it is due the healthy political vitality of the country. It has brought into politics, education, system, discipline. It has aroused the democracy to an interest in public affairs, and by the awakening of thought and the propagation of ideas it has given the democracy coherent and steady political convictions. Unorganised public opinion, with its aimless ebbing and flowing, its tendency to divide into numerous particular or sectional factions, with wild and visionary schemes, would have led in time to the weakening of the party system, and, in consequence, to the instability of the constitution of which the party system is the foundation. But party organisation has contributed to the strength and security of the State by the convergence of the various streams of political thought into two main homogeneous channels, with settled principles and with objects that are practicable and moderate. The fight for party predominance is not, as I have already said, a sordid struggle for the prizes of office. It is a contest for the power of putting into operation the political ideas which each party honestly deems essential to the wellbeing of the community. It tends to a serious treatment of political questions, and to the exercise of the franchise as a matter of conscience and duty. By it voters, generally, have been taught the supreme lesson that the nation is greater than the constituency; that local and sectional claims must rank subordinate to national issues, that the great end is the solution of vital and urgent social problems affecting the whole community.

The offices of the various party organisations are busy centres during the General Election. In electioneering, as in military campaigning, good generalship at headquarters is of paramount importance. Large staffs of officials are engaged at each office all day, and all night too, very often, under the direction of an able and astute commander-in-chief, attending to the numerous messages, requesting advice or more material aid, from the party champions in the constituencies. Munitions of war, in the form of piles of posters, pamphlets, leaflets, squibs, and cartoons, of a general party character, are despatched all over the country—the local needs of the contest in each constituency, such as the address to the electors, the publication of facts, contradictions, and squibs of particular interest to the constituency, being provided by the candidate. Most of this enormous mass of general electioneering literature is distributed gratis by the central bodies. If a charge be made, it is only what suffices to cover the bare cost of production. Moreover, special advocates, glib of tongue, fully equipped with every fact that tells in favour of the cause, are sent to constituencies which are either weak in speakers or are hard pressed by the enemy, or where an early victory would influence the final issue of the general campaign.

In the constituencies every wall, with its posters and cartoons, is a profession of political faith. Election leaflets fall like snowflakes

on every household. It is a time of great local excitement and commotion. Earnest party adherents fill their windows with election cards. In every street there is an amusingly mixed display of the cards of the rival candidates. Friendly neighbours, hitherto ignorant of each other's political principles, are surprised to find themselves on opposite sides in the campaign. There are lively public meetings in the local halls; at the street corners and in the bars of the public-houses the merits of rival policies are eagerly discussed. From house to house the candidates, each attended by his most influential supporters, wend their different ways, introducing themselves personally to the electors, canvassing for votes and influence with a persuasive blending of courtesy and familiarity.

Macaulay, it is interesting to note, was opposed to canvassing. During his contest for the representation of Leeds in 1832, he refused to ask a single elector personally for his vote.

The practice of begging for votes, is, as it seems to me [he said], absurd, pernicious, and altogether at variance with the true principles of representative government. The suffrage of an elector ought not to be asked or to be given as a personal favour. It is as much for the interest of the constituents to choose well, as it can be for the interest of a candidate to be chosen. To request an honest man to vote according to his conscience is superfluous. To request him to vote against his conscience is an insult. The practice of canvassing is quite reasonable under a system in which men are sent to Parliament to serve themselves. It is the height of absurdity under a system in which men are sent to Parliament to serve the public.

Candidates, no doubt, would be glad to be able to dispense with canvassing altogether. It must be a repugnant task to sensitive natures to have to follow the traditional seductive ways of the candidate, to kiss the babies, or at least to pinch their cheeks or chuck them under the chin. Indeed, there is a widespread feeling that canvassing ought to be included in the practices which are declared by statute to be corrupt and illegal at elections. But its effect on the issue of the contest, especially in constituencies where the parties are rather evenly divided, is sometimes decisive. The feeling of many electors is that in their votes they possess a favour to bestow. Accordingly they like to be asked for it, and the candidate who comes to their houses, hat in hand, soliciting their support, gets it.

In days gone by even candidates with the highest sense of virtue and honour, public and private, had to woo the electors by a lavish expenditure of money. William Wilberforce, the champion of the freedom of slaves, paid 9,000*l.* to the electors of his native town, Hull, which first sent him to Parliament in 1780.

By long-established custom [he writes in his 'Memoirs'], the single vote of a resident elector was rewarded by a donation of two guineas, four were paid for a plumper, and the expenses of a freeman's journey from London averaged 10*l.* apiece. The letter of the law was not broken, because the money was not paid until the last day on which election petitions could be presented.

Lord Cochrane stood as a Whig for Honiton at a bye-election in the spring of 1806 against Augustus Cavendish Bradshaw, who sought 'a renewal of the confidence of the constituency' on accepting a place in the Tory Government. Bradshaw had paid five guineas a vote at the former election, and on this occasion expected to get returned unopposed at the reduced rate of two guineas, but on the appearance of Cochrane in the field he was compelled to raise his bounty to the old figure. 'You need not ask me, my lord, who I vote for,' said a burgess to Cochrane; 'I always vote for Mister Most.' The gallant seaman, however, refused to bribe at all, and got well beaten in consequence. How he turned his defeat to account makes an amusing story. After the election he sent the bellman round the town, directing those who had voted for him to go to his agent, Mr. Townsend, and receive ten pounds ten. The novelty of a defeated candidate paying double the current price for a vote—or, indeed, paying anything at all—made a great sensation. He writes in his 'Autobiography of a Seaman':

Even my agent assured me that he could have secured my return for less money, for that, the popular voice being in my favour, a trifling judicious expenditure would have turned the scale. I told Mr. Townsend that such payment would have been bribery, which would not have accorded with my character as a reformer of abuses—a declaration which seemed highly to amuse him. Notwithstanding the explanation that the ten guineas was paid as a reward for having withstood the influence of bribery, the impression produced on the electoral mind by such unlooked-for liberality was simply this—that if I gave ten guineas for being beaten, my opponent had not paid half enough for being elected; a conclusion which, by a similar process of reasoning, was magnified into the conviction that each of his voters had been cheated out of five pounds five.

In the October following there was a General Election. Cochrane was again a candidate for Honiton, and although he had said nothing about paying for his votes he was returned at the head of the poll. The burgesses were convinced that on this occasion he was 'Mister Most.' Surely it was impossible to conceive any limits to the bounty of a successful candidate who in defeat was so generous as voluntarily to pay ten guineas a vote! They got—not a penny! Cochrane told them that bribery was against his principle. What the trustful electors said about their representative would not bear repetition here. But there was another dissolution a few months afterwards, and the gallant seaman did not dare to face outraged Honiton.

It was not often, however, that the burgesses of old were outwitted by a candidate. A story that is told of the Irish borough of Cashel affords an illustration of how the voters usually scored. The electors, locally known as 'Commoners,' fourteen in number, were notoriously corrupt, and always sold their votes to the highest bidder. It is curious to note, by the way, that it was for this

constituency that Sir Robert Peel was first returned to Parliament in 1809. The usual price of a vote in Cashel was 20*l*. The popular candidate at one election, anxious to win the seat honestly and not to spend a penny in corruption, got the parish priest to preach a sermon at Mass on the Sunday before the polling, against the immorality of trafficking in the franchise. The good man, indeed, went so far in the course of his impressive sermon as to declare that those who betrayed a public trust by selling their votes would go to hell. Next day the candidate met one of the electors and asked what was the effect of Sunday's sermon. 'Your honour,' said he, 'votes have risen. We always got 20*l*. for a vote before we knew it was a sin to sell it; but as his reverence tells us that we will be damned for selling our votes, we can't for the future afford to take less than 40*l*.' The borough was ultimately disfranchised for bribery and corruption.

Bribery did not always mean the direct purchase of votes for money down. Many whimsical methods were employed to influence voters, without running any great risk from the law, which do credit to the ingenuity of candidates and their agents, if they sadly tarnish their reputation for morality. Cheap articles were bought from the voters at fancy prices, or a valuable commodity was sold to them at a fraction of its value. At an election at Sudbury in 1826, a candidate purchased from a greengrocer two cabbages for 10*l*., and a plate of gooseberries for 25*l*. He paid the butcher, the grocer, the baker, the tailor, the printer, the billsticker at equally extravagant rates. At Great Marlow an elector got a sow and a litter of nine for a penny. Brinsley Sheridan was so fond of peas, during his successful contest at Stafford at the General Election of 1784, that he bought them at 2*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*. per quart. Candidates also developed curious hobbies for buying birds, animals, and articles of all kinds during the house-to-house canvass. Some were enthusiastic collectors of old almanacs; others were passionately fond of children's white mice. 'Name your price,' said the candidate. 'Is a pound too much?' replied the voter. 'Nonsense, man,' said the candidate, 'here are two guineas.' Rivers of beer were also set flowing in the constituencies. The experience of the Earl of Shaftesbury (the philanthropist and friend of the working classes) was common. As Lord Ashley he contested Dorset in the anti-Reform interest at the General Election of 1831, which followed the rejection of the first Reform Bill, and was defeated. His expenses amounted to 15,600*l*., of which 12,525*l*. was paid to the owners of inns and public-houses for refreshments—'free drinks'—to the people.

In those days, when bribery was flagrant and avowed, no limit could be placed to the possible cost of a seat in the House of Commons. In many an election success was won or defeat sustained at the price

of bankruptcy and ruin. The most expensive contest in the annals of electioneering was the famous fight in 1807 for the representation of Yorkshire. The candidates were Lord Milton, son of Earl Fitzwilliam (Whig); the Hon. Henry Lascelles, son of Lord Harewood (Tory); and William Wilberforce (Independent). The poll was taken in the Castle yard at York in thirteen booths, which, according to the then existing law, were kept open from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. for fifteen days. Wilberforce and Milton were returned. The total number of electors polled was 23,007, and the three candidates spent between them 300,000*l.*, or about 13*l.* for each vote polled. It is hardly surprising then to read in the debate on the Reform Bill of 1832 the contention that a vote was private property, and that to take it from a man without compensation was as much robbery as to deprive a fundholder of his dividends or a landlord of his rents.

All this but emphasises the present purity of the wooing of the electors. The various stringent Acts against bribery and corruption carried in the latter half of the nineteenth century have not been passed in vain. In 1854 bribery was made a misdemeanour. Formerly election petitions were tried by a Committee of the House of Commons. Often the decisions were partisan, and directly in the teeth of the evidence. Under an Act of 1868 two judges of the High Court try petitions, and report to the Speaker. After the General Election of 1880 there were no fewer than ninety-five petitions impugning returns on grounds of bribery, intimidation, or personation, and most of them were sustained. After the General Election of 1885 there was not a single petition. Between these electoral contests a statute was passed—the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883—which has done much to make Parliamentary elections pure. It extends bribery to payments to voters for refreshments and travelling expenses. It fixes a maximum scale of electioneering expenditure—varying in amount according to the character and extent of the constituency—and requires each candidate to make a statement of his expenses to the returning officer within thirty-five days after the election. The General Election of 1880—the last election in which expenditure within the law was practically unlimited—cost the candidates over 2,000,000*l.*, or about 15*s.* for each vote polled. The General Election of 1885, the first held under the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883, cost only 1,026,646*l.*, or 4*s.* 5*d.* for each vote polled. The tendency of the expenditure is still downwards. According to the Blue-book issued in connection with the last General Election, that of 1900, it appears that only 777,429*l.*, or 214,146*l.* less than the maximum scale allowed by the Act of 1883, which in this case was 991,575*l.*, was spent by the 1,103 candidates who fought for the 670 seats of the House of Commons in that electoral campaign. As

3,519,345 votes were polled out of 6,730,935 then on the register, the average cost per vote was 4s. 4d.

Still the question is sometimes asked in all seriousness: Is electioneering really any purer now than it was in the days before the first Reform Act? It is admitted that constituencies are no longer deliberately and frankly purchased. But it is said that the old blunt barefaced forms of corruption have simply given place to newer and subtler methods of bribery, which are just as dishonourable to dispensers and receivers, and just as dangerous to public morals. A candidate does not buy a constituency; he 'nurses' it. In other words he tries to secure the good will and support of the electors by liberal subscriptions and donations to various local objects. These objects divide themselves into two classes—religious and philanthropic, sport and amusements. Is a new peal of bells required for the parish church? Does the chapel aspire to a steeple? Is the Young Men's Christian Association in want of a gymnasium? The open-handed candidate is only waiting to be asked in order to supply these needs. Then there are football clubs and cricket clubs to which the candidate is expected to give financial assistance; and give it he does, willingly and proudly, for, says he, is it not the duty of public men to encourage the national sports and pastimes? It would seem indeed as if the old tradition that a vote is a saleable commodity, and that Parliamentary elections are held, not that the country may be governed in accordance with the wishes of the people, but that electors may get payment in one way or another for their votes, still to some extent survives. It asserts itself, at times, in very impudent forms. A candidate who was asked to relate some of his experiences during the contest says:

I have a vivid recollection of one incident. I was visiting an outlying committee-room when three men came up to me, one of whom said, 'Look 'ere, guv'nor, we're not going to vote without beer.' This observation aroused my anger to such a pitch that I gave them this answer—'Now, we'll have a talk about this. In the first place you'll have no beer. That's plain. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send you down to the polling-booth in the only carriage that is available—it was pouring at the time—on one condition. That condition is that you'll vote for my opponent.' The men were so astonished that they actually walked to the polling-booth in the rain and voted, not for my rival, but for me.

There are even audacious demands on the purse of the candidate. They range from five shillings for getting a voter's clothes or tools out of pawn, to a five-pound note for sending an invalid supporter to the seaside. But these attempts to blackmail the candidate are indeed exceedingly rare. According as the franchise has been broadened, according as the property qualification for a vote has been reduced, the purer have elections become. This is due to some

extent no doubt to the risk that is run by the candidate in any attempt to evade the law against corrupt and illegal practices, and to the nature of the constituencies, which are now so large that the purchase of a sufficient number of votes to decide the issue is beyond the capacity of any purse. But we possess in the sturdy pride and self-respect of the working classes generally, as well as in their sense of public duty, a guarantee that they do not petitionally extend their hands for doles in return for their votes. Happily there is no gainsaying the seriousness and disinterestedness with which the franchise is now exercised. The electors go to the polling-booths animated by a genuine and serious public spirit, which is really one of the essential qualities of a nation's greatness.

Moreover, party organisation, which, as I have shown, is the dominant influence in our public life, makes a representative largely independent of the whims and caprices of his constituency. In truth a member of Parliament in these days is not so much the representative of a constituency as the delegate of a political party. What is the first step that is taken by a man who has an ambition to enter Parliament? He goes to the headquarters of his party and says that he is ready to carry its standard in any constituency for which it may get him accepted as the party candidate. He knows that if he were to go independently to the constituency, and declare that he belongs to no political party, that if returned to Parliament his votes will be directed entirely to the good of the nation irrespective of party considerations, he would be scoffed at and derided as a crank. The self-chosen candidate, the man who says he is above party, makes no appeal to the electors. It is the great party organisations that bring into touch candidates in search of constituencies and constituencies seeking candidates. 'You choose a member indeed,' said Burke to the electors of Bristol; 'but when you have chosen him, he is not member for Bristol, he is a member of Parliament.' It is true to-day that the man who comes out at the head of the poll is not member for Bristol; he is a Liberal or a Conservative member, a Free-trader or a Tariff Reformer. He is the man who best embodies the political opinions of the majority, and as such he is elected to support the principles of one political party or the other in the House of Commons. So generally is this recognised that to give political pledges is no longer thought inconsistent with the duty or derogatory to the character of a Parliamentary representative. In truth, the atmosphere of a country with free Parliamentary institutions is unfavourable to the return of representatives unfettered by pledges. Occasionally, the representative may be hard pressed by local interests and local calls, but as a rule these are regarded as subsidiary to party interests, to the supreme aim of

each party to obtain control of the machinery of Government. The secret of success in the wooing of the electors to-day is not the distribution of blankets or church steeples ; it is not even wit, wisdom and eloquence in the candidate or complete independence of judgment in public affairs ; it is staunch adherence to one party ticket or the other ; it is conformity with the political opinions of the majority of the constituency.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE
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AND AFTER



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GERMANY AND WAR SCARES IN
ENGLAND

Intra muros peccatur et extra.

I

ENGLISHMEN and Germans have never crossed swords in hostile array on the battlefield. They have stood shoulder to shoulder, as allies, in resisting with arms in hand the overweening ambition of Louis the Fourteenth, the 'Roi Soleil,' and of that modern scourge of mankind Napoleon the First. Sprung from the same stock; having similar aims of culture, Germans and Englishmen can do a great deal, in peaceful rivalry, for the spread of general civilisation. Nothing is, therefore, more to be deplored than the systematic stirring up of jealousy, hatred, and downright enmity between two kindred races which yet may, some day, have to meet a common danger.

For the present, no doubt, the vaulting ambition of an autocratic northern Power has fortunately overleapt itself in the Far East. But historically it is a well-known fact that whenever foiled in the West, Russia, after a short time, has turned towards the East; and when

finding, for the nonce, great obstacles there, has once more made a push towards the West and the North. This dangerous seesaw policy, which has brought about the annexation and oppression of the most multifarious races—among them many of a higher development than her own—may yet be repeated, if the present internal movement in Russia does not achieve a thorough success. As it is, the struggle between the two forces is still raging, undecided, in the fiercest manner possible.

In spite of the most harassing financial straits, the Russian Government has already decreed the employment of 20,000,000*l.* for the rebuilding of the lost fleet. Before the war with Japan, that fleet was numerically superior to that of Germany. So was, and still is, the French fleet. Now, geographically, Germany is wedged in between France and Russia. France, for more than four hundred years, has never ceased to attack her eastern neighbour and to tear pieces of territory from him, often basing her aggression upon German internal dissensions. Of Russia it is well known that, in spite of outward friendliness between monarchs, her military and bureaucratic oligarchy looks with an evil eye upon anything like real German unity and power. Hence Moltke thought that his nation had to be prepared for the possibility of 'a war with two fronts.' That attack, if it came, would, of course, be made from the land side as well as from the sea—in the Baltic and in the German Ocean.

Does it not stand to reason that a country so placed is in need of a proper protection of its coasts? What Englishman would, under similar circumstances, object to such a measure for his own country?—more especially so if the threatening Powers east and west of it were positively in alliance with each other. Richard Cobden, the most decided opponent of large military armaments, once said that, if it were necessary for the security of England, he would not hesitate to grant a navy budget of 100,000,000*l.*

Germany has developed a considerable industry and oversea trade, and has acquired a few colonies. That, too, makes for the necessity of naval protection. It is often rightly said that England, in case of a great war, must keep her communications at sea open, lest she should be starved out in food. The same holds good for Germany, who has to look to the inlet near Hamburg for free conveyance of provisions from abroad. For all that, the German fleet is still not only at a vast distance from the enormously superior English navy, but even far behind that of France, whilst Russia is intent upon rapidly rebuilding her own. Yet, though France is the nearer neighbour to England, and though numerous wars have been fought between her and this country, nobody here has ever thought of calling upon France to stop her yearly increasing naval armaments.

Let it not be forgotten that the appeal for the creation of a German

fleet has not originated with the present Emperor, but that it dates back to more than sixty years ago, to the time when the great national upheaval for the establishment of German freedom and union was nearing its revolutionary outbreak. We all then were agitating for the creation of a navy. Our poets, Herwegh, Freiligrath, and others of the Liberal and Democratic party, enthusiastically sang for that cause. They even looked upon it as an additional means of freeing the nation from the shackles of its petty princely tyrannies by widening its political horizon.

Das Meer wird uns vom Herzen spülen
Den letzten Rost der Tyrannei,
Sein Hauch die Ketten weh'n entzwei
Und unsre Wunden kühlen.
Das Meer, das Meer macht frei !

Kühn, wie der Adler kommt geflogen.
Nimmt der Gedanke dort den Lauf;
Kühn blickt der Mann zum Mann hinauf,
Den Rücken ungebogen.
Und in den Furchen, die Columb gezogen,
Geht Deutschlands Zukunft auf.

So Herwegh. And Freiligrath, in not less passionate words, saw with his mind's eye, in 1844—four years before the great German Revolution—the national colours (black, red, gold), which then were treated as a symbol of high treason by our despotic princes, waving from the masts of a coming German fleet. His prevision came true when the nation burst its shackles. The National Parliament of 1848-49 decreed the formation of a navy; and black-red-gold actually waved from the masts of the few vessels got together amidst the storms of the popular upheaval.

But what happened when a German merchant vessel came to this country with that national flag? The mob tore it down and trampled it in the mire. And Lord Palmerston made a satirical inquiry from the English Consul at Bremen as to what 'pirate flag' that banner was!

When the German movement for freedom and unity was drowned in blood by reactionary monarchs, they, to their lasting disgrace, brought the few vessels under the hammer. Only many years afterwards, under urgent circumstances, a faint attempt of forming a fleet was renewed in Prussia, until, under the present Emperor, greater advance was made. It was not, and it is not done even now, without much legislative difficulty—so little does the nation think of making the navy a means of offence; least of all, against England, whose political liberties were often enough, in former times, held up by German Liberal Constitutionalists as an example to be followed. Did not Schiller already say, in his 'Invincible Fleet,' when celebrating

the triumph of England, the happy possessor of the Magna Charta, over the Armada of bigoted Spanish tyranny :

Hast du nicht selbst, von stolzen Königen gezwungen,
Der Reichsgesetze weisestes erdacht ?
Das grosse Blatt, das deine Könige zu Bürgern,
Zu Fürsten deine Bürger macht ?

To-day, Germans gifted with any statesmanlike foresight, and otherwise out-and-out opponents of the *Regis voluntas suprema lex* doctrine, must see that the men of 1848-49 had wisely anticipated what is being done now—even as the German Parliament of those days, which assumed sovereign power for itself, and which in 1849 was dispersed by force of arms, had, after all, to be reconstituted in 1871, though unfortunately with much-restricted privileges. Aye, I do not hesitate to assert that if a Republic were established in the Fatherland, its naval policy would still have to remain the same.

II

Having lived in this country—which has become my second home—for the greater part of my life, I may be allowed to say that if there were any intention on the part of the German Government to attack England, I would be the first to denounce such a scheme. The German people itself would rise against the mad attempt. But there is no such intention, no such desire. Everybody in Germany laughs at the false alarm.

At the same time, the nation will not permit itself being dictated to from any Power abroad as to the measures it may, or may not, take for its own security on land or at sea. Nor will it listen to the suggestions, so often framed in more or less offensive language, concerning the conditions of peace it had to insist on, in 1871, after a life-and-death struggle with a Power from which Germany had suffered so often, and so deeply, for centuries past. Nothing contributes more to an estrangement between Germans and Englishmen than the incessant repetition of such importunate hints, coming from a country which holds under its sway the sixth part of the inhabitable globe, in all parts of the world.

It need scarcely be added that the repetition of suggestions about the retrocession of Alsace-Lorraine has all the worse irritating effect since the establishment of the 'cordial understanding' between England and France. It looks like a hidden threat of a future war. For my part, I, with the vast majority of our countrymen, sincerely wish for friendly relations between Germany and France. And I know that among the younger French generation, and among the best and most thoughtful Republicans, the idea of revenge has gradually been losing ground. That idea is cultivated now mainly by those who wish to overturn the Republic in the Royalist, or Imperialist,

and Clerical interest. True French Democrats know that any war with Germany, whether successful, or—what is by far more likely—unsuccessful for France, would either saddle her Commonwealth with a military Dictator, who soon would ripen into an Emperor; or bring about, through defeat, the overthrow of the existing free institutions by way of revenge upon what would then be held to be Republican inefficiency. Such an issue would be deplored by German Liberals and Democrats; for they look upon the continuance of the neighbouring Republic as a useful instrument for progress in their own country.

Let me add—strange as it may appear to many—that the very fact of French military ambition having had its outlook on the Rhine barred, since 1871, by an iron wall, has been a blessing in disguise to the Republic itself. Its citizens have thus been induced to devote their energies to the internal development of the Commonwealth against the repeated contrary attempts of the Boulangers and the Delcassés. In this way the very Treaty of 1871 has turned out a benefit to the Republic. Into its reconstitution Bonapartist France had only been beaten by defeats on the battlefield; and its final establishment was decreed in the National Assembly by a majority of but one!

For those in this country who often purposely, or unwittingly, make bad blood in Germany by trying to revive the out-dying spirit of 'revenge' and 'revindication' in France with their talk about Alsace and Metz—of old, parts of the German Empire—it may not be amiss to bring to recollection an important historical fact. It is, that France under Royal, Republican, and Imperial Governments had for more than four hundred years made aggressive wars upon Germany, and exerted herself to loosen, or to dissolve, the bonds of the national unity of that neighbouring country. All means to that end seemed good enough. Whilst remaining herself attached to the Church of the Roman Arch-priest, and having her nocturnal St. Bartholomew massacres and 'dragonnades' at home, Royalist France egged on Protestants against Catholics beyond her frontier for the purpose of mutual destruction. In the same way, Catholic France encouraged the so-called 'infidel' Turks to wars against the German Empire, so that she herself might have things all the more easy in her conquering designs towards the Rhine.

When revolutionary France arose in the name of the noble principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, one of the early declarations of her Assembly was to this effect, that 'each State within the German Empire was a separate national body' ('*un Corps de Nation séparé*'), and that, consequently, no assent of that Empire was required for annexing such a separate body to another country—namely, to France. In accordance with that doctrine, the territorial 'enclaves' in Alsace, which still belonged to Germany even after the annexations accomplished by fraud and force under Louis the Fourteenth, were by

a simple stroke of the pen declared to be French. It was the moderate Girondists who carried that astounding measure. The Jacobins, wishing to deal before all with internal affairs, at first resisted it. When the violent act of seizure had been completed, France declared war against a single German State; craftily trying, in this way, to keep the remainder of the German nation from common defence.

The establishment of a 'Rhenish Republic' was at first alleged by France to be her sole aim. No sooner, however, had she thus got a footing on the Lower Rhine than that Republic was annexed by her. The Rhine had for centuries been asserted by her writers to be the 'natural frontier,' though by race and by speech, as well as by old historical connection, Alsace had belonged to the German nation, and the Vosges mountains formed the real natural frontier; a boundary being always better constituted by dividing mountain ranges than by water, which is an easy means of communication.

Under Louis the Fourteenth the so-called '*pré carré*,' the square formation of France, was said to be her true and legitimate object. The Alps, the Pyrenees, the Atlantic, and the Rhine were to be her boundaries. But when the arms of Louis the Fourteenth had become victorious, he pushed his frontier even beyond the Rhine; and then the new theory was proclaimed that 'the plain of the right bank of the Rhine was strategically necessary for France.'

Under Napoleon the First, the territory of the French Empire was extended not only to the Rhine from its upper to its lower course, but as far as Lübeck, on the Baltic. At the same time he established vassal States of his Empire, like the Kingdom of Westphalia, and a Grand-duchy composed of Frankfurt and neighbouring German territories. To cap the whole, he formed the 'Rhenish League,' which he gradually extended to Mecklenburg, on the Baltic, and to Saxony, on the Russian frontier.

Napoleon being overthrown, there was a good chance for Germany recovering the possession of Alsace with its kindred population and its strategical importance for future defence, in case of a renewed French aggression. It was Russian and English diplomacy which prevented that restitution. The Duke of Wellington was a chief agent in the opposition to German claims.

Can we wonder, then, that the French hankering after the whole Rhine frontier should have been expressed during the whole time of the Bourbon Restoration, as well as under Louis Philippe? There were secret negotiations between the Tuileries and the Czar, at the time of Charles the Tenth, for the object of gaining the Rhine frontier for France, and—be it well marked—Constantinople for Russia.¹ The Paris Revolution of July, 1830, stopped that intrigue. Yet, under the 'Citizen King,' Bonapartists, as well as moderate Republicans of the school of the 'National' and of the Democratic party of Barbès,

¹ See Louis Blanc's *History of Ten Years*. •

never ceased clamouring for the Rhine frontier. Often members of all these incongruous parties were found combined in the same conspiracies against Louis Philippe, because he dared not venture upon a war for that conquering design.

In 1840, when M. Thiers, the Orleanist statesman, was at the head of affairs, there was suddenly an imminent danger of such a war. A Syrian question, in far-off Asia Minor, was to offer the pretext for making a hostile movement upon the Rhine. In presence of the explosive force of public opinion in Germany—as signified by Nikolaus Becker's well-known *Rhine Song*—that French movement collapsed. But it was destined, sooner or later, to come up again. So it did immediately after the advent of Louis Bonaparte to power—even as early as 1849.

In that year M. de Tocqueville, that academic political philosopher, whose real character seems to be little known, actually accused German Democrats of 'opposing that tendency of the French people to extend itself to the Rhine' (*cette tendance du peuple français à s'étendre vers le Rhin*). On that ground he literally defended the arrest and imprisonment, contrary to the law of nations, of the diplomatic envoy of a German democratic Government, which the writer of this present article happened to be in June 1849. In a posthumous work of Tocqueville's, *Personal Reminiscences*—written for his friends and published only a few years ago, against his original wish—it came out, moreover, that he, the alleged Republican, had secretly been in constant relations with the Royalists and the Ultramontanes, and had even been in favour of a re-election of Louis Bonaparte after his first term of presidential office.

I forgo entering into what happened previously to the declaration of war by France in 1870, though I could say much on that, too, from personal experience. Even among distinguished exiled Frenchmen, intimate friends of mine, whose Republican cause I defended in public, I had privately often cause to reprove their aggressive inclinations. Be it enough to say that, after the war of 1870-71, a man like the apparently mild Academician and once Foreign Minister of the Republic, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, avowed to me, in a prolonged correspondence, that he, too, claimed the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Atlantic, and the Rhine as the correct frontiers of France. In vain did I point out to him that this meant the incorporation of the greater part of Switzerland, all the German lands on the left bank of the Rhine, all Belgium, and a slice of Holland.

Victor Hugo, also, had after the German civil war of 1866—which ended in the ejection of our Austrian provinces—already claimed a 'territorial indemnification' for France on account of the 'aggrandisement of Prussia.' At the outbreak of the war of 1870—which, again, in accordance with an old would-be subtle policy was declared by Napoleon the Third, not against Germany, but against

the King of Prussia—a son of Victor Hugo wrote in his paper that the Prussians will be sent back across the Rhine '*avec un coup de pied dans le derrière.*' Years after the 'Terrible Year' the poet himself still asserted that, 'before there can be a Golden Age of everlasting peace, there must be a last war which will bring Mainz, Trier, Koblenz, Köln, and Aachen into French possession.'

I would not have gone into these significant facts were it not that there are writers in this country who never cease busying themselves, even under the garb of friendship, with preaching the retrocession of Metz, or who write up anonymously the exploded doctrine of the 'natural frontier' of the Rhine. The effect upon the relations between Germany and England is a deplorable one.

III

In the face of the historical survey I have rapidly given above, it will easily be understood what a feeling was created in Germany in 1870 by the unfriendly, nay, in some instances, openly hostile attitude of a considerable number of men in England, both among the Conservative and among a section of the Radical party, which latter followed a Positivist leader of the school of Auguste Comte. It was a sad sight, in those days, when at a meeting held at night on Trafalgar Square the demand was formulated for sending out 40,000 English troops in aid of France. Amidst the lurid light of torches the seething mass then rushed into the very enclosure and into the arched passages of the Parliament Houses, where this demand was repeated with wild outcries. I was personally present in both cases, and nearly came into dangerous bodily conflict with some ruffianly fellows who recognised me as a German. With a degree of deep sadness I thought of the inconceivable folly of men who egged the crowd on to a policy which, if adopted, would have sealed the fate of those 40,000 English troops in a trice.

Need I say what an impression such occurrences made in Germany, whose Press is always fully informed on foreign affairs?

When Alsace and a small part of Lorraine were reunited to Germany—which, for the future possibility of a renewed attack on the part of France, would mean the saving of perhaps 100,000 troops to the German army—many voices in England were raised against that provision of the Treaty of Frankfurt. Then Germans all the more bitterly remembered what had happened after the overthrow of Napoleon the First, through the influence of the Duke of Wellington, to whose aid Blücher had come on the field of Waterloo.

They remembered, too, the scene in the House of Commons during the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1863-64, when the news of an alleged Danish victory at sea evoked a stormy outbreak of jubilation. Yet the legislatures of Schleswig and Holstein had, for many years before

1848, often protested against the harshness of foreign dominion. In 1848 the German population of those Duchies raised an army of its own for the purpose of recovering its ancient constitutional rights, and its representatives had sat in the National German Assembly at Frankfurt in 1848-49. It was by the treachery of King Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia and other unworthy German princes that Schleswig-Holstein was once more surrendered to Denmark.

* Again, in the 'sixties, the Diets of those Duchies resumed their protests against the oppressive foreign rule. Two chief leaders of the Schleswig Parliament, Hansen and Thomsen-Oldensworth, wishing to lay their grievances before the English Government, but fearing to do so under their own names, lest they should be arrested under a charge of high treason, sent memoranda to that effect, in secret, to London, where I had to transmit them to Lord John Russell, the then Foreign Secretary, and to vouch for their genuineness. Upon this Russell addressed remonstrances to the Government at Copenhagen, warning it of coming danger if it did not alter its ways.

But when, in 1863, the storm broke loose, and the people of the Duchies, supported by the whole German nation, demanded their rights both on national and even dynastic grounds, the English Cabinet actually approached Louis Napoleon for the purpose of an attack upon Germany. It was Mr. Gladstone who, having been in favour of that plan, himself revealed this fact years afterwards in one of his essays. The French Emperor, however, nettled by a previous refusal of the English Government to make common cause with him during the Polish insurrection of 1863, declined the proposal of fighting in the interest of Denmark in common with England. This, I am sure, saved this country from another terrible risk; for at that time all Germany, including Austria, which then was still an integral part of it, was so enthusiastic for the deliverance of Schleswig-Holstein that, if our princes had hung back, a revolution would have brought them down on their knees, as in 1848. The millions of soldiers whom Prussia, Austria, and the remainder of the German States had at their command would, beyond doubt, have disposed even of a combined French and English attack.

The efficiency shown in 1870 by the German army had one excellent result as regards England. It was said of that army—with the usual exaggeration of a smart epigram—that 'the schoolmaster had won its battles.' This saying was caught up here, and led to a better system of popular education. The awful neglect which had prevailed until then may be seen from the now almost incredible statistics of previous years, as regards the schooling of those toiling masses which constitute the vast majority and the backbone of a nation. Suddenly Germany was, in this respect, pointed to as a model. That turned out, so far, to the advantage of England. In Germany, where

the desire to learn from England whatever there is good there has always been a zealous one, the reform of the English popular instruction was observed with much hearty interest. In such matters the Teutonic temperament may truly be said to partake decidedly of the cosmopolitan, really humanitarian, character without any admixture of considerations of self-interest. Anyone acquainted with the tone of the German Press, or of German specialists in the various branches of knowledge, and their periodical organs or works, will readily confirm this indubitable fact.

Again, however, it was to be regretted that though the efficiency of the well-educated German army had been the indirect, or rather the direct, means of leading to a reform of the English school system—which practically had, until 1870, been no system at all—there followed very soon a series of alarmist outcries against an alleged German invasion danger. Pamphlets and articles appeared in the *Battle of Dorking* style. I made the acquaintance, years afterwards, of the author of that pamphlet, a well-known English general of considerable merit, but of somewhat eccentric ways. I have no doubt that he meant to urge his countrymen to a reform of their army system, which again may be described as very unsystematic and unfit for a great modern war with better prepared nations. Having myself often expressed a similar opinion for many years past, and holding, on principle, that it is every able-bodied man's duty to defend his country, I can easily understand the object of the writer of the *Battle of Dorking*.

But the means he employed were questionable, indeed, in the highest degree. He gave the watchword and the signal for a display of enmity against Germany, the echo of which has reverberated ever since. In Germany, it is true, these alarms were for many years simply treated as amusing signs of an incomprehensible nervousness. England has, until recently, been at issue with France on a good many questions which, as in the case of Egypt and Fashoda, might, under certain circumstances, easily have resulted in a hostile encounter. Even now, I should say, those who believe that feelings of the old kind are extinct beyond the Channel. With Russia, who has pushed her frontier and her troops up to the very frontier of Afghanistan, from which she even tore off a considerable bit of territory, in spite of the alliance of the Ameer Abdul Rahman with England, a danger of a future conflict remains a permanent one. With the United States of America the Government of this country had been, but a few years ago, on the verge of war on account of a frontier question in South America.

But where are the causes which would inspire Germans with a wish to invade England? On the other hand, what legitimate reasons could Englishmen have for an attack upon Germany? Is it because she takes proper defensive measures for her coasts on the Baltic and

the German Ocean, and for the protection of her mercantile fleet? Or because she develops her industry and trade for her teeming millions of inhabitants? If so, would that not be also a cause of war between England and the United States of America, with their rapidly swelling number of people, their vast increase of exports, and their new claim, under President Roosevelt, of having a strong hand in world politics?

But if such considerations were to prevail, into what barbarism of national hatred and hostility would all civilised nations be sunk once more!

IV

I have discussed this matter of invasion scares with not a few English friends and others, and have usually found the only excuse for their expressed alarms in the extraordinary want of knowledge as to simple facts and statistics. They generally repeated what they had read in the writings of those mysterious political Mahatmas who, under all kinds of fictitious names, sow enmity among Englishmen against Germany. Sometimes, perhaps, one and the same anonymous prophet clothes himself in different masking raiment. Then the poor reader says sorrowfully to his equally alarmed brother: 'Look here! There must be a great deal in this invasion peril; for do you not see how one patriotic warner after the other turns up with exactly the same views?'

No doubt they are the same views; but perhaps, now and then, of the self-same man, only he has several *aliases*.

Among these professedly patriotic monitors the careful reader could sometimes detect one who strangely makes light of Russian designs in the Near and the Far East—nay, who has actually served the cause of Russian advance in the direction of Constantinople, of Afghanistan, of the Persian Gulf, and India. With a casuistry learnt in, or worthy of, the most Jesuitical school of theology, such a non-descript writer seeks to hypnotise Englishmen into a belief of a German invasion danger, so as to give, in the meantime, free leave of action to a real enemy of this country elsewhere.

A German proverb says: 'Wie man in den Wald schreit, so hallt es wieder heraus.' These never-ceasing excitements against Germany as 'the enemy' bring forth the bitter fruit of odious productions on the other side. Among these must be reckoned a recent novel, *Der Weltkrieg*, by August Niemann, which has appeared in an English translation as *The Coming Conquest of England*.

To say it at once, however, this novel has been taken in Germany itself as little seriously as possible. No person in his right mind dreams there of an invasion of this country. The German Press has treated the fanciful romance in question as a work to which not the slightest political significance is to be attached. A great many of

its elaborate details are indeed simply exhilarating in their patent impossibility.

In the party politics of his country the author confesses himself an ultra-Bismarckian. 'Our German self-consciousness,' he writes, 'is not older than Bismarck.' For him the history of the German Empire of yore does not seem to exist. He has never heard of the patriotic sentiments expressed by our Minnesingers, or by such a master-singer as Hans Sachs. He does not know anything of men like those who fought in the war of liberation against Napoleon the First for the restoration of a whole, united, and free Germany; of men who suffered martyrdom for that cause afterwards in prison and exile in the time between 1815 and 1848; of men who bled in numerous struggles during the storm and stress of the German Revolution, when a National Assembly sat at Frankfurt, in which there were members of all the States of the Confederation, from the German Ocean and the Baltic to the frontier of Hungary and the Adriatic.

All these men had, no doubt, in the opinion of Mr. Niemann, no patriotic feeling, no German self-consciousness. That feeling existed alone in the man who once wished, during the popular movement in Germany, to 'see all great towns, as hot-beds of rebellion, razed to the ground'; who declared the national colours of the Fatherland to be merely symbols of sedition; and who in 1866 brought about the ejection of one-third of the territory and population of Germany from the common country, in consequence of which the Slav danger has become a most threatening one in that Austria which for a thousand years had been an integral part of Germany, as much as Yorkshire is of England. Bismarck, who began as an ultra-reactionary junker or squire-arch; who, however, was gradually driven, after 1866—when Germany had been torn by him in what he himself afterwards called a 'fratricidal war' into three pieces—to enlarge the scope of his designs and of his ambition; Bismarck, who, when he was ousted from his post as Imperial Chancellor, tried his worst, from feelings of angry disappointment, in interviews with foreign journalists and in various speeches, to loosen once more whatever bonds of union he had himself created in the Confederated Empire: he, forsooth, first had alone the true sense of German *Selbstgefühl*!

Against such an assertion it is difficult not to write a satire. How if an exile, who remembered having been tortured in prison and narrowly escaped from court-martial bullets, had so acted from personal feelings of anger?

An extreme Bismarckian, the author of the *Weltkrieg* is also a pro-Russian. In the Preface he speaks with high glee of how he sees, 'in his mind's eye, the armies of Germany, France, and Russia moving forward against the universal foe whose polypus arms encircle the globe.' Then he begins his novel with a scene in the Imperial Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, where the Grand Dukes, Ministers,

and other notabilities actually form the plan for the invasion of England, in set speeches which remind one rather of the theatre than of a political council. So he places Russia in the forefront of what he approves as a design. Nor can there really be any doubt that, for a long time past, Muscovite Autocracy has formed schemes for bringing England down from the pinnacle of her greatness.

But when Mr. Niemann introduces the Russian Minister Witte as one of those who advocate the war for the conquest of India and the overthrow of England by means of an alliance with France and Germany, he makes rather a bad shot as regards the special political leanings of the cautious ex-Finance Minister and recent negotiator of the Portsmouth Treaty. He even puts into the mouth of that cool calculator the curious statement that 'the Christian idea of mankind, being destined to form one flock under one herdsman, has found its first and most distinguished representative in our illustrious monarch,' Nicholas the Second. Mr. Witte, as preacher of the universal dominion of the Czar, is a somewhat unlikely portraiture.

In reality, *The Coming Conquest of England* is a love story between a German officer, who, odd to say, has gone to India as a commercial traveller, and an English lady, with a brute of a husband, and with political ideas as unlikely in an Englishwoman as one could well imagine. In that novel, the conquest of England by Russia, France, and Germany only takes place, so to say, incidentally; and then the world breathes freely again, being liberated from the incubus of what once was British world-dominion. Yet, how the overthrow of England was brought about by foreign armies—of this there is scarcely any detailed indication in the bulky book. We hear of a battle between the German and the English fleet, and of a landing on the Scottish coast; also of the landing of a great French army and of some regiments of the Czar near Hastings—a very original idea, no doubt. But beyond a few words that these troops had appeared there is no description whatever. It is all of the most shadowy kind.

However, the conditions of peace are: the cession of India to Russia; of Egypt to France, who also gets Belgium; whilst Germany is content with the simple annexation of Antwerp. This, again, is rather badly invented, seeing that the majority of the Belgians are not French, but Flemish—that is, Low German; and that the Belgians as a whole do not want in the least to be annexed to France. Gibraltar is to go to Spain. In Africa, Germany is to get some compensations. The Netherlands are to form a Federal State of the German Empire. The Boer States are to become independent once more, but under the 'suzerainty' of Germany—'in the same way as their relation formerly was to England.' As to this latter point, the author evidently does not know the text of the Treaty of 1884 and the declaration of Lord Derby.

But enough of those wild fancies. Strangely enough, Mr. Niemann

uses repeatedly English, instead of German, words in the most surprising manner. He speaks of a 'camp' instead of a *Lager*; of 'Fischer smacks,' where the German word is *Schmacken*; of the 'Compartiments' of a ship; of a 'luncheon;' of a 'Cirkassierin,' instead of a *Tscherkessin*; of a 'mole,' instead of a *Hafendamm*; also of the 'Baltische See,' instead of the *Ostsee*. How did this curious admixture come into the German text?

In his pro-Russianism, the writer of the *Weltkrieg* makes the Minister of Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburg speak of 'the troops, accustomed to victory, of His Majesty the Czar'—which sounds, just now, a trifle overdone. Repeatedly he asserts that Holy Russia's immense treasures in corn, wood, and in all kinds of agriculture cannot find a proper outlet, because Russia is not master of the seas, and therefore cannot export her produce. As if there were any hindrance to her exports! A hindrance to commercial intercourse with other nations is rather to be found in the enormously prohibitive tariff of Holy Russia.

On one point this otherwise fantastic novel may be taken as correct. In a Preface, apparently written from personal experience, the author says:

In my recollection, the British Colonel rises, who told me in Calcutta:—'Three times I have been ordered to India. Twenty-five years ago, it was when I was a Lieutenant; at that time the Russians were still at a distance of fifteen hundred miles from the Indian frontier. Then I came out here as a Captain, ten years ago; at that time the Russians were only five hundred miles off. A year ago I arrived as Lieutenant-Colonel; now the Russians stand directly before the passes which lead into India.'

Again the author makes the Russian Prince Tschadschawadse say:

For more than a hundred years we have cast our glance upon this rich country—India. *All our conquests in Central Asia have India as their final aim.* Already the Emperor Paul ordered, in 1801, the Ataman of the Don Army, Orlov, to penetrate with 22,000 Cossacks as far as the Ganges. It is true such a campaign was then considered to be easier than it really is. The Czar died, and his rash scheme was not carried out. During the Crimean War General Kauffmann offered to conquer India with 25,000 men. Nothing, however, was done. Since then views have become different. We have found that only an advance, step by step, can attain the aim. And we have not lost time. In the west of India we have advanced to Herat, up to a distance of a hundred kilometers; and in the east, in the Pamir territory, we have come even nearer to India.

These are facts of no mean importance, as I myself have often pointed out, for ever so many years, in opposition to those who would not believe in the designs of Muscovite Autocracy, and who, like Lord Salisbury, once thought the best means of warding off the danger would be by 'calling upon a bookseller for a large map of Asia.' Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury's nephew, has, however, declared

since that the policy of buying large maps of Asia could no longer be considered a good means of defending India against a possible danger.

Such reckless and irresponsible writing, of a merely novelistic, sensational kind, as is contained in the book just described is certainly not to be regarded as typical of German intentions. Its reception in the country of its origin proves that sufficiently. Its publication is to be regretted, nevertheless, even as the publications of the *Battle of Dorking* character were; the latter even more so, because it was an English general who first gave the impulse. Other writers who followed thought they must improve the theme by raising against Germany the cry: '*Delenda est Carthago.*' They manifestly forgot that, in more than one country abroad, it was England who often has been likened to Carthage.

Need I speak of the impression made in Germany by a speech like that of a Lord of the Admiralty, still in office, who went so far as to give a pretty plain hint that it might be best for England to smash a certain fleet in the German Ocean offhand, before a declaration of war had even got into the newspapers? Afterwards he had to explain his words away. But he did it in a manner which was at flagrant issue with his recorded speech in several journals, to the correct report of which there were upwards of a hundred and twenty witnesses present at the banquet in question. So it was stated, uncontradicted, in the non-party paper of Mr. Arthur Lee's own constituency.

It stands to reason that such menaces from an apparently official quarter would only have the effect of showing to Germans the necessity of still further increasing their own navy. Thus the thoughtless originators of an invasion scare, and of threats of attack, without a declaration of war, by way of forestalling an alleged foe, are working for the very thing which they would fain denounce as a European danger.

In order to induce their countrymen to a risky policy, they contradict themselves in the most extraordinary manner. At one and the same time they paint the German nation as perfectly inflamed with a desire for war and full of the lust of conquest, and yet attribute to it a degenerate army; declaring the nation itself to be eaten up internally with wretched poverty. Others, on the contrary, take the great increase of industrial and commercial prosperity of Germany as their text, from which to preach the sermon '*Germaniam esse delendam*'—as a London periodical literally said years ago, before the existence of the present German navy. Between all these discordant allegations and yet uniform tendencies of hostility to Germany, the most astounding ignorance, even in simple geographical matters,

is not seldom exhibited by writers of that kind ; for instance, when Prussia and one of her provinces are mentioned as separate States. It is as if one were to speak of England and of Sussex as separate States.

A favourite assertion is that Germany intends annexing Holland and thus getting possession of a Colonial Empire. I scarcely think I need say that my own political principles and aspirations are as far away as possible from the present mode of Government at Berlin. But I have no hesitation in qualifying the assertion in question about a danger to Holland as the very contrary of fact and truth.

The Netherlands, like Switzerland, have historically achieved their independence, and neither of them wants being reunited with Germany. They prefer their independence and their Republican or Constitutional government. Both were once part of our country, the Dutch being a branch of the population of Lower Germany, and the vast majority of the Switzers a branch of the population of Upper Germany. They have separated from us, and there is no desire whatever to force them back under the present Empire, which, by-the-by be it said, exists without that former Austrian part of Germany whose connection with the common Fatherland had lasted for a thousand years.

The assertion that Germany means to overrun Holland and annex it, dates from the time of the successful German war of defence against France in 1870-71. French agents and their co-operators in England then spread, and have continued to spread, that false alarm ever since. The Dutch themselves, averse as they are to reincorporation with Germany, do not believe in the baseless tale. Their Queen has not been deterred by it from marrying a German Prince. He is one noted for his pro-Russian activity, who for several years has worked up this Dutch scare, combining with it frequent attempts to rouse France to renewed active hostility against her eastern neighbour, and to incite the Danes also, in a similar manner, for the ulterior purpose of a final general attack upon Germany.

These insidious efforts were doomed to failure. A friendlier feeling has fortunately arisen, of late, between the Scandinavian nations and their kindred Teutonic stock. As to the most far-seeing French Republicans, they have found out into what a perilous course M. Delcassé intended to drive them. Witness that which has been wisely said by a prominent Republican spokesman in the pages of this Review, when explaining the suddenness of the well-merited fall of the former Foreign Minister of France.

Germany has preserved the peace in Europe for more than thirty-four years—a peace only broken in 1876 by Russia, when Constantinople was in close danger of falling into the hands of the Northern Autocrat. To uphold peaceful relations with France has been the constant aim of the German nation and its Government. Of that,

even the opponents of the latter at home are quite aware. To bring about war, in alliance with England, has been the pretty well avowed aim of M. Delcassé's Moroccan policy. This fact was known months ago, immediately after his fall, to those who had a trustworthy report of what had occurred in the Cabinet Council at Paris, which ended in the instantaneous dismissal of that Minister. M. Delcassé himself, in an interview afterwards, made a tolerably frank confession in the same sense. He prided himself on his fatal design.

For my part, my hearty wish is to see two nations representing the highest state of civilisation on the Continent henceforth only as rivals in the arts of peace. Right glad would I be, too, if the people of England, Germany, and America, kinsmen in blood, were to cultivate among themselves corresponding relations of goodwill and friendship.

KARL BLIND.

THE EXCESSIVE NATIONAL EXPENDITURE

It seems at first sight somewhat surprising that though our national commerce continues to flourish, the home trade languishes, pauperism increases, and employment diminishes.

That our commerce is increasing satisfactorily a glance at the following figures will at once make evident :

Total Exports and Imports

1895 . . .	702,000,000	1902 . . .	878,000,000
1900 . . .	877,000,000	1903 . . .	903,000,000
1901 . . .	870,000,000	1904 . . .	922,000,000

As so much is said about the exports being the really important item, it may be well to give them separately.

Exports of British Produce

	£		£
1895	226,000,000	1902 . . .	283,000,000
1900	291,000,000	1903 . . .	291,000,000
1901	280,000,000	1904 . . .	301,000,000

an increase of no less than 75,000,000*l.* in ten years.

I am sometimes told that though our foreign trade may be increasing, it is not doing so in proportion to the population. The following figures, however, also taken from the *Statistical Abstract*, show that, on the contrary, our commerce has increased somewhat more rapidly than the population, the figures being for

		£	s.	d.
1894		17	11	1
1904		21	10	11

Moreover the returns for the present year are so far eminently satisfactory.

On the other hand, that pauperism increases is, alas! equally

evident. The *Statistical Abstract* gives¹ the number of paupers in receipt of relief in the United Kingdom on one day in the winter and on one day in the summer, with the proportion per 10,000 of the population. I give the winter figures.

No. of Paupers		No. of Paupers	
1895	1,014,691	1903	1,040,107
1900	1,000,644	1904	1,061,311
1901	990,815	1905	1,127,570
1902	1,015,843		

and the proportion per 10,000 of the population was

1895	260	1903	218
1900	244	1901	250
1901	240	1905	263
1902	243		

It will be seen that the results were improving till 1901, but for the last four years have been growing worse. The difference is not very great, but it is significant and unsatisfactory.

It is not so easy, though it would be possible, to bring the diminution of employment to the test of figures. This is, however, not material, as the fact will not be denied.

The main explanation is, I think, to be found in the enormous increase of expenditure, both national and municipal.

In the 'sixties the local expenditure of the country was about 36,000,000*l.*; but in 1901-2, the latest year included in the *Statistical Abstract*, this sum had grown to the vast total of 144,000,000*l.*, four times the expenditure of forty years ago, and a sum quite equal to that of the imperial finance itself, whereas forty years ago the local expenditure was only about half the imperial.

Perhaps it may be said that the 'sixties were rather too far to go back. Let us, then, take the year 1891-2, ten years from the last completed returns. At that time the amount was 76,000,000*l.*; in the last recorded year it was 144,000,000*l.*, so that in ten years it had risen no less than 68,000,000*l.*

No doubt in this period the population and rateable value have increased, but, as the Industrial Freedom League has pointed out, while the average rate per head of population has risen in England and Wales in the last twenty-two years 62 per cent., the average debt per head has risen 95 per cent., and the average rate per *£* of valuation 61 per cent., so that we are not only paying a higher rate but it is on a higher assessment.

The local rates paid by railways in the United Kingdom were 2,246,000*l.* in 1891 and 4,493,000*l.* in 1893, representing an increase of 2,247,000*l.*, or 100 per cent. In the course of twelve years

• ¹ *Statistical Abstract*, p. 298.

the sum total has doubled, and is advancing at the rate of a quarter of a million each year, and yet the railway companies have absolutely no control over the expenditure to which they contribute so largely. This is manifestly unjust, and quite contrary to the wise principle that representation and taxation should go together, which, when I was young, was regarded as an axiom by the Liberal party.

These increases, of course, *pro tanto* diminish the amount available for dividend, so that we are hit three times—first, by the increase of assessment; secondly, by the increase of the rates; and, thirdly, by the reduced dividends received from investments.

These figures are very grave; but they are not all. Though we are paying so much we are not paying our way. The local authorities are running head over heels into debt.

The burden of this great increase in rates is aggravated by the portentous and ever-increasing weight of taxes. The following figures, taken from the *Statistical Abstract* of 1905, show how rapid the increase has been :

		National Expenditure	
		£	
1890-1	88,500,000	
1894-5	94,500,000	
1899-1900	133,700,000	
1904-5	142,000,000	

Between the two latter periods came, of course, the enormous expenditure of the South African war. But this is not all. Though no doubt the above figures are correct, they are not complete. The matter is even worse than it appears. Of course in any exact comparison various allowances would have to be made, which it would take now too long to go into completely. On the whole, moreover, they would only make the matter really worse. For instance, in 1884 the amount allocated to the national debt was 29,650,000*l.* In 1904 it was only 27,000,000*l.* If we had applied as much to debt in 1904 as in 1884 our expenditure would have been even greater.

Indeed, we have to add, as Mr. Bowles has shown in a very able and convincing pamphlet, the revenue intercepted and not paid into the Exchequer, which is not included in the 154,000,000*l.*, but which is really expenditure, and which last year amounted to no less than 22,600,000*l.*, of which 9,700,000*l.* was paid directly by the collecting departments to the local taxation account; while 12,300,000*l.* were what are technically termed 'appropriations in aid,' and are taken and spent by the departments in addition to the sums voted to them. In fact, the total State expenditure was not 154,000,000*l.*, but in reality 176,953,000*l.*, showing an addition of over 80,000,000*l.* in ten years.

I am glad to see that there has been some diminution this year

in the navy estimates, nearly balanced, however, by increases in other departments.

Recent changes have very much weakened the House of Commons' control over national expenditure and the opportunities of enforcing economy. The proportion of permanent votes—i.e. those levied under standing Acts of Parliament and not requiring to be annually voted by the House of Commons—has greatly increased. Appropriations in aid have much increased. These do not require a House of Commons vote. The amount for capital expenditure for works is found by loans authorised under various Acts, once for all. In fact, so far from our annual expenditure requiring the annual sanction of the House of Commons, as I believe is still popularly supposed, a comparatively small part of it now does so. In these and other ways the power of the House of Commons over expenditure and the forces tending to economy have been fatally reduced.

The extent to which the State has itself become a manufacturer is, I believe, another mistake which is made. Cobden, we know, always opposed the system of Government workshops, dockyards, and manufactories, which he maintained were uneconomical and unwise. Unfortunately, however, the system has been extended by successive Governments, and the expenditure in Government factories and workshops now amounts to 11,000,000*l.*

Moreover, even with our enormous taxation we do not make both ends meet. The aggregate gross liabilities of the State, which in 1900² were 639,000,000*l.*, are now 796,736,000*l.* The main increase is, of course, due to the South African war, but if we take last year as compared with the year before there has been an increase, as shown in Sir E. Hamilton's return, of 2,238,000*l.*—that is to say, our national expenditure exceeded our national income by this amount.

Now, how has this enormous increase arisen? The Civil Services, including education, have increased 9,500,000*l.*, and the collection of revenue 8,300,000*l.* That the cost of the Civil Services should increase is inevitable, but the actual growth is excessive. Sir M. Hicks-Beach on more than one occasion called attention to, and deplored it. The cost of collection of revenue also demands the serious attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But the most serious item of all is undoubtedly the increase in our military and naval expenditure, which has risen from 36,600,000*l.* ten years ago to no less than 86,600,000*l.*, an increase of 50,000,000*l.* I am glad to see that there is this year some reduction in the naval estimates. There have, however, been increases in the army and Civil Services, and as we always have supplementary expenditure it is safer to take actual results.

The increase is so portentous that I give the figures, omitting the years of the South African war :

² *Statistical Abstract* p. 14.

	£		£
1893-4 . . .	33,327,000	1897-8 . . .	40,093,000
1894-5 . . .	35,144,000	1898-9 . . .	43,997,000
1895-6 . . .	38,117,000	1904-5 . . .	65,968,000
1896-7 . . .	40,377,000		

so that our naval and military expenditure, as shown in the *Statistical Abstract*—that is to say, even without the extra sums which, as Mr. Bowles has shown, ought to be included—are 22,000,000*l.* more than in 1898-9, and 30,000,000*l.* more than they were ten years ago. The army expenditure has risen since 1898-9 by the immense sum of 9,165,000*l.*

And yet Lord Roberts told us in the House of Lords, and repeated in the City, that in his judgment—and we could not have higher authority—‘the armed forces of this country were as absolutely unfitted and unprepared for war as they were in 1899-1900.’ If, then, we are no more prepared than we were five years ago, what has become of our 9,165,000*l.* ?

Mr. Balfour proved in his admirable speech on national defence that we are absolutely secure against invasion ; why, then, these immense increases ?

As regards the protection of commerce at sea—not only ours, but that of the whole world—the real remedy would be the extension of the Declaration of Paris and the placing of private property at sea on the same footing as property on land. This policy, has, I understand, been now adopted by Mr. Roosevelt and the Government of the United States, who have proposed it as one of the subjects to be considered at a conference of the Powers. I trust our Government will give him their support—at least I know that the late Lord Salisbury would have done so—and I hope that France and Germany will also agree.

One result of our enormous expenditure is that we have to a considerable degree lost the elasticity and financial reserve which were so great a strength to the country. Moreover, as we are spending 177,000,000*l.*, paying 1*s.* income tax, and borrowing over 2,000,000*l.* in time of peace, what is the prospect in time of war ? The only way to remedy this state of things is to reduce these crushing burdens and lighten the springs of industry. Mr. Atkinson, the eminent American economist, has truly said :

The burden of national taxation and of militarism in the competing countries of Europe, all of which must come out of the annual product, is so much greater that, by comparison, the United States can make a net profit of about 5 per cent. on the entire annual product before the cost of militarism and the heavy taxes of the European competitors have been defrayed. Such is the burden of militarism, which must be removed before there can be any competition on even terms between European manufacturers and those of the United States in supplying other continents, and in sharing in the great commerce of the world.

This was written some time ago, and matters are now far worse

The difference now probably gives manufacturers in the United States and our Colonies an advantage of something like 15 per cent. over those at home. If Germany, France, and the United States had not, unfortunately for themselves, adopted a policy of so-called protection, and deprived themselves as far as they could of the advantage of cheap materials, it would have been almost impossible for our manufacturers to have competed with them in neutral markets.

The Committee of the Cobden Club are, I believe, quite correct when in their excellent volume on *The Burden of Armaments* they say :

The financial stability of the country has been seriously impaired by the enormous increase of taxation rendered necessary by these excessive armaments : this country has lost to a great extent the element of strength which distinguished it above all other countries in Europe—the capacity to raise vast sums by loan. With an income tax at 12*d.* in the £, and with the duties on tea, sugar, tobacco, beer, and spirits at their present level, it will be impossible, without difficulty and widespread suffering, to increase taxation in an emergency either for the direct expenses of a war or for the interest on money borrowed for the purpose. The interest on the 160 millions borrowed for the purpose of the late war is but a small burden in comparison with the twenty millions added to our yearly expenditure on armaments in the last five years.

Lord Beaconsfield once spoke of our ‘bloated armaments.’ What words even in his rich vocabulary would he have found strong enough to describe them now ?

We did not murmur at the taxation in time of war, but the present expenditure and the present income tax in time of peace are altogether excessive. Of course it is necessary to be well armed. But assuredly the present portentous expenditure is excessive and unnecessary. We have no important question open with Russia. She is not likely to pick a quarrel, and her fleet has been seriously weakened. France is friendly ; she knows that we are her best customers, and that no other nation would take her clarets and her silks. There can surely be no question of war between us and Germany. Yet we are arming as we have never armed before. In doing so we not only weaken ourselves, but incur the moral responsibility—I might say the guilt—of additional armaments in Europe.

It is often said that our increased expenditure has been forced on us by that of foreign countries. Those who say so have evidently not studied the figures.

In 1899 Mr. Goschen, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and speaking on behalf of the Government, threw out an important suggestion to other European States. He said :

We have been compelled to increase our expenditure, as other nations have increased theirs, not taking the lead, not pressing on more than they. As they have increased so we have increased. I have now to state, on behalf of Her Majesty's Government, that, similarly, if the other great naval Powers should be prepared to diminish their programme of ship-building we should be pre-

pared on our side to meet such a procedure by modifying ours. The difficulties of adjustment are no doubt immense, but our desire that the Conference should succeed in lightening the tremendous burdens which now weigh down all European nations is sincere.

That was a wise and statesmanlike suggestion. Unfortunately, however, it has not been acted on.

If other countries were increasing their armaments as we are, there might be some justification for the course we are adopting. But this is not so. What are the figures? In Italy the expenditure on the army has increased in ten years from 264,000,000 lire to 296,000,000, and of the navy from 118,000,000 to 124,000,000, or, taking the two together, an increase of 37,000,000 lire—1,500,000*l.* In Russia the expenditure on the army has increased from 280,000,000 roubles to 343,000,000,³ and of the navy from 55,000,000 to 100,000,000; taken together, an increase of 107,000,000 roubles, or about 10,800,000*l.* In Germany the expenditure on the army has risen from 618,000,000 marks to 649,000,000, and on the navy from 78,600,000 to 222,000,000, an increase of 174,000,000 marks, or about 8,700,000*l.* In France the expenditure on the army has risen in ten years from 648,000,000 francs to 726,000,000, and of the navy from 274,200,000 to 344,000,000, an increase of 149,000,000 francs, or about 6,000,000*l.*

In our own case there has been on the army an increase of 24,800,000*l.*, and on the navy an increase of 25,000,000*l.*; or, taking the two together, in round figures an increase of no less than 50,000,000*l.*, of which, however, only 39,000,000*l.* is shown in the ordinary estimates. In other words, while Italy has increased her naval and military expenditure by 1,500,000*l.*; Russia, 10,800,000*l.*; Germany, 8,700,000*l.*; and France, 6,000,000*l.*, we have increased ours by 50,000,000*l.* Thus these four great countries put together show an increase of 27,000,000*l.*, while ours by itself is 50,000,000*l.*, or nearly double that of Russia, Germany, France, and Italy put together. What justification have we for this enormous increase?

Of course we know that we are not going to attack any foreign country. We are sincerely anxious to maintain the peace of the world. But let us suppose for a moment that France or Germany had increased their armaments as we have increased ours. What should we have said? What an outcry there would have been! If one nation increases its armaments others follow suit, and so on. I have more than once quoted Gambetta's saying to me that, if the military mania of Europe were to continue, we should all end by being 'beggars in front of barracks.' Little did he then think, little did I think, that we, who claim to occupy a position in the front rank among civilised nations, should incur the responsibility—I had almost said the guilt—of setting so evil an example to the rest of the civilised world. The position of Europe is most serious. Even without any

³ This was the amount just before the late war.

great war European nations will be crushed under the weight of their own armaments.

We do not sufficiently realise what great interests European nations, and indeed the whole civilised world, have in common. Take Russia, for instance. There seems to be a feeling in Russia that we are unfriendly. But that is a great mistake. We deprecate, no doubt, the foreign policy of Russia. Her treatment of China and her behaviour to Japan have seemed to us unjust. But we wish her people progress and prosperity. Apart from any question of Christian feeling it is natural that we should wish well to Russia, because our material interests in that country are very great. The French no doubt hold more of her national debt. But our merchants have very large capitals invested in Russia; we hold immense amounts in Russian railways, the petroleum fields, &c. If Russia prospers it is good for us also: if her people suffer we lose also.

In Argentina, again, it is said that we have 50,000,000*l.* invested, and it is the same more or less all over the world. The expression 'foreign countries' is misleading. In one sense there is no foreign country. The Governments no doubt are separate and independent, but our interests are all interwoven. If France has a good vintage we get better wine at a lower price, and the French are thus able to buy more of our produce. The greatest British interest is the peace, and I may add the prosperity, of the world.

Our gigantic armaments injure us in three ways—firstly, by the increased taxation they involve; secondly, from their effect on the moral character of the nation; and, thirdly, by tempting other countries to follow our example we impoverish them and cause them to be less valuable customers for our products. People often speak as if the war in the Far East was an expense to Russia and Japan only. This is a great mistake. It has caused great losses to other countries also. France has suffered severely, and it would be an interesting inquiry how much it has cost us.

Moreover, the enormous increase in expenditure of recent years affects all classes, the poor perhaps even more than the rich. It has been a surprise to many that while our foreign commerce is so flourishing, and has risen more in proportion than our population, still pauperism is increasing, and employment apparently diminishing.

The main reason, however, is obvious enough. If 130,000,000*l.* in rates and taxes is taken from the pockets of the public more than was deemed necessary ten years ago the public have 130,000,000*l.* less to spend. Legislation may transfer the spending power from the individual to the State, or the Local Authority, but it is an incontrovertible truth, elementary indeed, but too often forgotten, that for every pound more spent by public authorities a pound less must be spent by private individuals.

Can we wonder, then, that pauperism is increasing and employment

diminishing? We are paying 68,000,000*l.* a year more in taxes, and about the same more in rates than we were ten years ago, so that between the two we are paying 130,000,000*l.* a year more. Under these circumstances we can hardly wonder if employment has been less. We may for the moment hope for a reduction; but unless some serious effort is made not only can we not hope for any permanent diminution of rates and of taxation, but we must be prepared for continuous additions to our present very heavy burdens.

The Government have brought in a Bill to enable local authorities to provide work for the unemployed. How will it operate? Suppose under it 500,000*l.* is distributed. So far as the work done is concerned, by the hypothesis the money will be unnecessary, or nearly so, for useful work can be carried out without the Bill.

But how will it affect the wage-earning class? The money will come from the ratepayers and taxpayers, who are already heavily burdened. They will therefore have 500,000*l.* less to spend, most of which, almost all of which, would have directly or indirectly gone in wages. I say indirectly, because if the ratepayer bought furniture, or improved his house, or spent it in almost any way, the bulk would ultimately go in wages. The Bill may do good in some ways, but the evil will outweigh it. The Bill will not increase the amount spent in wages, but the money will be diverted from those who have found work for themselves to those who have not; from useful to useless (or nearly useless) expenditure; and, worst of all, the recipients will be made more dependent and less independent; they will be taught to rely on others and not on themselves. The proposals do not go to the root of the evil. If the Government and municipalities will not exercise more economy, if taxpayers and ratepayers do not insist on a reduction of expenditure, we must expect that pauperism will continually increase and employment will continually decrease.

A Japanese statesman is reported to have said that as long as they only sent us beautiful works of art we looked on Japan as a semi-barbarous country; now that they have shot thousands of Russians we recognise them as a truly civilised nation. We claim that Europe is Christian, but the really ruling Deity is Mars—the heathen God of War. Europe is an armed camp; we have most of the evils of war (except bloodshed) even in times of peace. In fact we have no real peace, it is only a truce, embittered by jealousy and suspicion.

I do not wish to exaggerate, nor to maintain that we are going down hill. But our progress has been checked, and if we are not wise in time worse will follow.

We sometimes hear of 'Little Englanders.' I hope we shall not let ourselves be stung into extravagance and war by any such taunt. There are many who have strong views as to what constitutes the true greatness of a country. It is not wealth, but the application of it;

not the numbers of the people, but their character and well-being ; not the strength, but the use made of it. We do not wish for England the dangerous power of dictation or the seductive glamour of conquest, but that our people may be happy and contented ; that we may do what we can to promote the peace, progress, and prosperity of mankind ; and that we may deserve, even if we do not secure, the respect, the confidence, and the goodwill of other nations.

Being once more, happily, at peace with all the world, our financial policy should be to reduce expenditure, pay off debt, increase our reserves, and lighten the taxes which now press so heavily on the springs of industry.

AVEBURY.

THE CAPTURE OF PRIVATE PROPERTY AT SEA

For a long time past there has been much concern in this country with regard to the position of our supplies of food and raw material in time of naval war. An Association headed by powerful and influential persons has long been in existence with the object of securing some means of protection by State action against the apprehended dangers. The Duke of Sutherland's Association (to give it the name by which it has been familiarly known) has succeeded in this, at all events, that it procured the appointment of the Royal Commission which closed its sittings only a few weeks ago. This Commission, appointed in the spring of 1893, consisted of eighteen members (one of whom was the Prince of Wales), with Lord Balfour of Burleigh as Chairman.

The Commission was directed to

inquire into the conditions affecting the importation of food and raw material into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in time of war, and into the amount of the reserves of such supplies existing in the country at any given period; and to advise whether it is desirable to adopt any measures, in addition to the maintenance of a strong fleet, by which such supplies can be better secured and violent fluctuations avoided.

The Commission held fifty meetings and examined ninety-three witnesses, and its report, with the relative evidence and documents, forms a bulky Blue-book of three volumes. The inquiry extended to the raw materials of industry as well as to food, but we limit ourselves now to food, and take, as the Commission did, wheat as the typical item to be considered.

The finding of the Commission on this head may be shortly summarised. As illustrating the preponderance of wheat, it is stated that the average consumption per head of the population in the five years ending 1903 was 342 lbs. per annum, while the annual consumption of meat amounted to only 120 lbs. per head. Moreover, for the supplies of wheat and flour we are more dependent on imports than in the case of any other food stuffs. The present annual consumption of wheat is put at thirty-one million quarters, or about six

hundred thousand quarters per week. Seven million quarters are produced at home, of which the amount available for food is taken to be six million quarters.

Four-fifths of our wheat supply has to be imported and only one-fifth is produced at home. The quantity of wheat grown in the United Kingdom has fallen more than one-half in the last thirty years. Imports, on the other hand, have more than proportionately increased. They amounted to less than nine million quarters in 1870 and to nearly twenty-eight million quarters last year. Thirty years ago we imported about forty per cent. of our wheat supplies, now we import over eighty per cent. These supplies come in varying proportions from the following countries: United States, Russia, Roumania, Argentina, British India, Canada, and Australia. In 1901 nearly sixteen million quarters came from the United States; last year less than four and a half. In the same period the Russian supply to this country rose from little more than half a million quarters to more than five and a half. A similar increase took place in the case of British India and Argentina. The Canadian supply has fluctuated between two millions and three and a half millions.

The Commission further find, as the result of a long inquiry, that the amount of wheat stuff held in this country (all kinds of stocks being taken into account) never falls below six and a half weeks' supply, and this only in the month of August. Similar figures are given in the case of other imports; but neglecting these, we may assume that the main question before the Commission was whether this situation is satisfactory; if not, what remedy should be devised?

The Commission accordingly proceeded to indicate the various measures by which, in time of naval war, the importation of supplies to this country might be in danger. These are

(1) The seizure by the enemy of ships and cargo belonging to this country.

(2) The possible establishment of a blockade of our coasts; and

(3) The possibility that certain foodstuffs might be held by certain nations to come under their definition of contraband.

Of these, the first is by far the most important. The all but universally accepted rule as to contraband is that provisions are to be so regarded only when they are on their way to a port of a naval or military equipment, or to ships at sea, or for the relief of a besieged port. As to blockades, the Commission proceed on the belief (shared by the Prime Minister) that a blockade of British ports is no longer possible.

In the course of the inquiry the Commission entered into communication with the Admiralty, in the correspondence which is printed as an annexe to the report. The Commission asked whether, assuming this country to be at war with any two great naval Powers, the Admiralty were of opinion that our supplies of wheat and flour

would practically be the same in volume as in time of peace. The answer of the Admiralty was 'Literally No ; practically Yes.' They could not guarantee that no captures would be made, but they believed that there would be no material diminution in the supplies of wheat and flour reaching the United Kingdom. In answer to other questions, the Admiralty say that if a portion of the naval forces at their disposal were deflected from the main operations of the war for other purposes of whatever kind (*e.g.* the special protection of ships carrying foodstuffs to this country), the general conduct of the war must suffer in its entire course, and might be injuriously affected. The Admiralty would never allow their action to be influenced by pressure in the direction indicated, and yet remain responsible for the conduct of the war.

Other information was supplied by the Admiralty which has not been published in the official report, and therefore cannot be alluded to here. On the whole the Commission came to the conclusion that there would be *some* interference with trade in time of naval war, and *some* captures, but that there is no risk of all supplies being stopped, and no reasonable probability of serious interference with them unless we suffered a reverse which would cost us the command of the sea. They consequently do not apprehend any risk of the actual starvation of our people into submission, but they regard with concern the effect of war upon prices, and especially on the condition of the poor. It is not so much the economic rise produced by the increased cost of transport and insurance that has to be apprehended as the panic rise due to the excitement of the moment. Much suffering would be the result in the case of a sudden rise of this sort, continued over any length of time. It is this consideration, and practically this alone, which has influenced the Commission as a whole to make itself responsible for the few recommendations contained in the report. They, as a body, reject all proposed schemes whereby the Government might become involved in the actual purchase and sale of foodstuffs ; they condemn also the schemes for subsidising merchants or millers to carry a permanent stock over and above their ordinary stock. They submit that if on full consideration it were thought desirable to resort to any plan for increasing stocks of wheat, the least objectionable would be a scheme for providing storage room rent free. Even this they regard as a proposal of doubtful utility, but in a very guarded paragraph they suggest that it would be 'well worth the consideration of the Government whether a public invitation should not be made, on the authority of some Department of State, for the purpose of seeing what offer would be made in response to it and on what terms, with the object of ensuring the holding of larger stocks of grain within the United Kingdom than is the case at the present time.' This limited recommendation is minimised by the reflection that it may not yield any decided result, and that the experiment would have to be tried on a

very considerable scale. The one suggestion in favour of which the Commission had a practically unanimous and decided opinion was the proposal of a system of national indemnity against loss from capture by the enemy. The word 'indemnity' is used here in its proper sense. The Government is to make good to shipowners and shippers some or all of their losses by capture in war. Such a system the Commission believe, for reasons which need not be discussed here, would operate both as a security to the maintenance of over-sea trade and as a steadying influence upon prices.

Such is the general result of the report of the Commission, but it must be observed that whilst the report is signed by all the surviving members, no fewer than fifteen have put their names to reservations dissenting from the report or qualifying their adhesion in material particulars. Five members take a much more serious view of the danger of the situation in case of war between the United Kingdom and any great Power. They think that the rise in the price of bread would be great and possibly immense; that the suffering among the poor might be prolonged, and might lead to pressure which would embarrass the Government at moments of crisis. The remedy they suggest is a system of free storage, on lines which they have laid down. These are the views of what might be described as the 'Alarmist wing' of the Commission. On the other hand, six members reject even the exiguous recommendation of the report in favour of an experiment by the Government. They hold that such proposals are not justified by the real exigencies of our probable situation in time of war, and they regard them rather as suggestions for mitigating public uneasiness.

The suggestions which we have cited do not exhaust the proposals which were laid before the Commission by members or witnesses. One group favoured a scheme for inducing farmers to keep their grain on the rick for a longer period than at present by a subsidy of 4s. 6d. per quarter, of which 1s. would be net profit to the farmer. Others were in favour of the Government purchasing wheat and storing it in Government granaries. Some schemes proposed, by inducements of various kinds, to transfer the storage from the country of production to the United Kingdom. Others again, instead of the indemnity favoured by the Commission as a whole, suggested that the Government should become under-writers and insure shipowners and shippers against war risk at moderate premiums, or should at any rate reimburse the shipowner or merchant for the special cost of insuring against this risk.

Enough has been said to show that the Commission was far from being unanimous, either as to the extent of the danger to be reasonably apprehended or as to the proper measures to be taken to meet it. The recommendation contained in the report, that the Government should make an experimental offer in order to see what answer it would receive, was in fact not approved by the majority of the Commission. Both

the 'Alarmist wing' and the opposite extreme must be taken, I think, not to assent to this proposal, the one believing it to be inadequate and the other believing it to be unnecessary.

In the discussion which has been proceeding in the public Press since the publication of the report, attention appears to me to have been concentrated on the one positive recommendation, namely, that a system of indemnity should be tried and that an expert Commission should be appointed to work out the details. It is evident, however, that even on the least 'Alarmist' theory the question is still one of doubt. The whole Commission admits that there will be danger to the security of our imports in time of naval war, that the price of food must rise and may continue high for an indefinite period, that the result may be great suffering on the part of the poor and great embarrassment in the conduct of the war. All the members of the Commission have reported that something ought to be done, and even if nothing more were attempted than the scheme of indemnity already described, that alone would mean a considerable expenditure during the war. Its great advantage over other schemes, of course, is that, unlike them, it involves no outlay in time of peace.

It is certain that the limited recommendations of the official report will not satisfy those who, in the past, have sought to keep this question before the public mind. There is nothing in the report itself which would be likely to tempt any Government to far-reaching experiments; but that the Commission will succeed in allaying the agitation of which it was the outcome is another matter.

That brings me to the question which I desire to raise in this article. Why should our food supplies be in any danger at all in time of naval war? Why should there be panic and consequent rise in prices? Why should there be any need for considering any of the numerous and costly experiments which the Commission has had under consideration? The answer is that the danger arises almost entirely from the perpetuation of the usages of 'International Law' permitting a belligerent to seize and hold the defenceless and inoffensive private merchantman plying his beneficial trade on the high seas. The Commission have placed this fact in the forefront of their report in the following paragraph:

We have felt bound (they say) to deal with the rules of international law as they now are, but we do not ignore the possibility of changes therein which would materially affect our conclusions on the questions submitted to us. The President of the United States has tentatively invited the Powers to join in a new conference for the purpose of revising the rules of international law in time of war, and your Majesty's Government have, in general terms, accepted the invitation. The two points with which we are mainly concerned—that is to say, the definition of contraband and the practice of attacking and capturing floating commerce—will, it may be assumed, come up for careful consideration by this conference. The Government of the United States suggest, as one of the most important heads of discussion, the propriety of incorporating into the

permanent law of civilised nations the principle of the exemption of all private property at sea, not contraband of war, from capture or destruction by belligerents.' We merely take note of these facts at this point of our report, and proceed to discuss the questions submitted to us, on the assumption that the rules of international law remain unchanged.

This paragraph (No. 114) was intended to lay the foundation for a corresponding statement in the 'conclusions' which come at the end of the report. No such statement, however, does in fact appear. I trust I am not going beyond the limits permitted to me as a member of the Commission in saying that paragraph 114 was inserted on a division by a majority of one, and that the corresponding paragraph in the conclusions was rejected by a bare majority of those present. The substance of it, however, appears in the Blue Book in the form of a reservation signed by Mr. John Wilson and myself, which, after reciting the American proposal, argues that

if the proposed conference were to result in the abrogation of the existing rule all the difficulties we have been instructed to consider would disappear, and all proposed remedies would become unnecessary. The Commission decided not to call evidence on the question whether it is desirable on grounds of naval policy to adhere to the rule, but in our opinion the evidence laid before us tended to show that the rule no longer does, if it ever did, subserve the real interests of this country. We desire accordingly to qualify our acceptance of the report by the reservation that a full consideration of this most important question should precede the adoption of any suggested remedy. And we may add that the severity of the existing rule had much effect in inducing us to accept the conclusions of the report on the subject of indemnity.

I believe that I am justified also in saying that the opposition to this conclusion was based to a large extent on the belief that the suggestion it contained was somewhat beyond the scope of our reference. I cannot quarrel with any one who entertains that view, though it appeared to me to be strictly within the reference. The contrary opinion, however, being held by a majority of the Commission, it was impossible to obtain the naval evidence which would have been necessary in order to enable us to deal effectively with the question of principle involved. There is no limitation of reference, however, in public discussion, and I desire on this occasion to make good my contention that before any remedies, however meagre, are considered we should see whether the root of the evil cannot be eradicated.

The question then is whether it is desirable under all the circumstances to maintain the Law of Capture, having regard to its general character, the opinion of civilised mankind, the extent of its usefulness to ourselves, and the disadvantages by which it is attended.

It will not be necessary for me to go at any length into the question—which was not before the Commission—of the moral validity of the usage. There are of course two schools. I do not know that the general case against the capture of private property has ever been better stated than in an essay by the late Professor

of International Law at Oxford, Mr. Montague Bernard—writing, by the way, before the Declaration of Paris.¹ Mr. Bernard traces the growth of the laws and usages of war, attributing the difference between land and naval warfare largely to the conservative tendencies of the legal tribunals which have had to administer the laws of war on the sea. Private property, which is sacred on dry land, is lawful booty at sea. The defenders and apologists of the rule would probably dispute the magnitude of the alleged difference. Requisitions and forced contributions on land, they say, are as cruel in their effects, as much an outrage on private property, as the seizure of ships and cargoes at sea. There appears to me to be a material difference in this, that private property on land is not now subject to confiscation by the enemy as a matter of course. ‘The progress of civilisation,’ says Wheaton, ‘has slowly but constantly tended to soften the extreme severity of the operations of war by land; but it still remains unrelaxed’² in respect to maritime warfare, in which the private property of the enemy, taken at sea or afloat in port, is indiscriminately liable to capture and confiscation.’ The burden of proof, says Bernard, is on those who advocate right of capture at sea. So far as I know their arguments they come to this, that destruction of commerce will mercifully shorten hostilities, and that the abolition of the usage would be an undue preference to shippers and shipowners, who ought to bear their share of the inconvenience of war like other citizens. Private property must be subject to capture at sea, because on the sea there is nothing else to capture. The State consists of citizens, and in ruining the individual citizen you *pro tanto* injure the State, which is the object of all war. At bottom the difference is one between those who believe in making war as hurtful as possible, and those who would like to make it as humane as possible. I venture to side with the latter on this issue. The abolition of this usage would be in line with other conventions mitigating the hardships of war, which, indeed, some of the advocates of the rule do not hesitate to condemn. It is admitted, I think, that on the general issue there is, outside of Great Britain at any rate, a great preponderance of opinion on the side of abolition. And even in this country many who maintain the moral validity of the rule are now inclined to doubt its utility to Great Britain.

I proceed to the more practical question of the value of the existing rule to Great Britain.

On the bare question of utility the Commission decided not to invite the Admiralty to express its views. We had, therefore, no authoritative exposition of modern naval policy on this point. But it will be seen from the passages cited below that the mere destruction of commerce does not count for so much in naval strategy as many outsiders have supposed. The first business of the British Navy is

¹ *Oxford Essays*, 1856.

² Except by the Declaration of Paris.

to seek and destroy the enemy's ships of war, as we have been told in more than one Admiralty memorandum. No force available for that purpose is to be deflected to any other, neither to the special protection of our own commerce nor to harassing the commerce of the enemy. If this policy be good for us it will be good for every other well-advised naval Power, and the conclusion is suggested that commerce will be in no very great danger—at least, until the command of the sea is established on one side or the other. That, I presume, is the meaning of the assurance given by the Admiralty that substantially there will be no great diminution in the volume of our sea-borne supplies. On the other hand, the evidence of business men tended also to minimise the importance of this vaunted weapon. These experts seemed to assume as a matter of course that the commerce of the enemy would very speedily be transferred to neutral bottoms, and that the sea would be denuded of what Sir Archibald Alison describes as the rightful rewards of naval victory. I do not know whether the recent action of our Admiralty in laying up and selling off so many cruisers, of considerable power and no great age, has any bearing on this question. Many of these vessels were at any rate good enough for attacking merchant ships, and were equal, if not superior, to the ships that would have to be employed by foreign navies for that purpose.

One point, the extent to which the weapon is likely to be used, is clearly elucidated in the report. The Commissioners say, as the result of communications with the Admiralty, some of which, for obvious reasons, could not be published :

Even if such an attack (*i.e.* on commerce) were attempted, it probably could not last long, since the vital importance of obtaining supremacy at sea is now so well understood by all maritime nations that it seems unlikely any of them would deliberately expend their strength in attempting such an enterprise as a general attack on commerce before the main issue has been decided. It therefore appears to us that the regular attack on commerce, if it takes place at all, will be a second phase of the war, after one side or the other has obtained the pre-eminence.

Another most important point is that, since the Declaration of Paris of 1856, the rule, in the opinion of most authorities, must tend to transfer our vast carrying trade in time of war to neutral flags. The terms of the Declaration of Paris must here be kept in mind. These are :

- (1) Privateering is and remains abolished.
- (2) The neutral flag covers enemy's merchandise, with the exception of contraband of war.
- (3) Neutral merchandise, with the exception of contraband of war, is not capturable under the enemy's flag.
- (4) Blockades, in order to be obligatory, must be effective.

It is customary to say that this instrument is not part of the Law of Nations, inasmuch as all the Powers are not parties to it, and its terms are therefore binding only on the signatories. The objection is frequently based on a wrong idea of the Law of Nations—attributing to that collection of international conventions and usages an immutable and transcendental character which it does not and never did possess. There are still, it would seem, people who believe that a British Act of Parliament must not and cannot contravene a rule of the Law of Nations, and that ‘the Courts’ would very summarily rule any such statute to be null and void. Of course this is all nonsense. The Law of Nations at the best is only a collection of usages, more or less well ascertained, which the civilised nations of the world have formally or informally agreed to observe in their mutual dealings. If all the civilised peoples of the world had agreed to the Declaration, nobody would hesitate to rank it among the most certain and authoritative sentences of International Law. The chief abstention was that of the United States, which only the other day formally announced its determination to abide by its rules in the Spanish war.

Attempts have been made by the apologists of the existing rule to make it appear that the attitude of the United States is one of doubtful significance. When they were asked to give in their adhesion to the Declaration of Paris of 1856, their reply was that they were not willing to debar themselves from the right to use privateers, as their policy was to have a small Navy and they always had a large and much-exposed commerce; but they would agree to the articles if all private property at sea should be held exempt from capture. ‘This, known as the Marcy Amendment, was well received by the other parties to the Articles of Paris, but was prevented from being adopted by the opposition of England. Subsequently the United States withdrew its proposal, seemingly unwilling to renounce the right to use privateers, even on the terms of the exemption of all private property.’³ It has been said that the Marcy Amendment was a statement on the part of the Executive Power, unsupported by the sanction of the Senate, whose assent is necessary to Treaty stipulations, and that it was not pressed by the Executive which had proposed it. When the Spanish American War broke out in 1898, the Government of the United States signified to the Powers its intention ‘not to resort to privateering, but to adhere to the rules of the Declaration of Paris.’ There is here, it is said, no hint of a desire to revive the old proposal of Mr. Marcy, that private property should be exempt from capture at sea, and the inference is accordingly drawn that the replies so often made by the United States when invited to accept the Declaration were insincere—implying no belief in the practicability of the suggestion. The recent action of the Government of that country, including

³ Wheaton's *International Law*, 476 n.

the Legislature as well as the Executive, belies these inuendoes. The President's invitation was based on a joint resolution of both Houses of Congress, and it was made at a time when the United States had abandoned the policy of a small Navy. The Marcy Amendment of 1856 remains the expression of the deliberate doctrine of the United States, now about to become one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of naval Powers. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this new factor in the controversy.

One reads now with some surprise the speech in which John Stuart Mill in the House of Commons denounced the whole Declaration.⁴ I think he has been proved to be wrong in his anticipations of the consequences of the Declaration, and entirely wrong in his conception of American policy. But he puts with great force the argument that having approved of the Declaration, we ought to go still further, 'that private property at sea and not contraband of war should be exempt from seizure in all cases.' Assuming that we were at war with one of the parties to the Declaration, he argues that

if our commerce would be safe in neutral bottoms, but unsafe in our own, then if the war were of any duration our whole export and import trade would pass to the neutral flags, and most of our merchant shipping would be thrown out of employment. A protracted war on such lines would end in national disaster. It will then become an actual necessity for us to take the second step and obtain the exemption of all private property at sea from the contingencies of war.

He suggests a doubt, however, whether we could now induce other Powers, 'having thus got us at a disadvantage,' to consent to this alteration. I have known many persons who, not knowing, as Mill did, the history of the question, cannot imagine that other nations would for a moment consent to abrogate a rule which is so manifestly disadvantageous to this country. The answer to the philosopher as well as to the man in the street is that we have the opportunity at this very moment, and that we owe it to the very Power—the United States—of which Mill says that in case of war the destruction of its enemy's commerce will be its most potent weapon. As we have already seen, the dependence of our people on foreign supplies has vastly increased in the forty years that have elapsed since Mill spoke. It must not be inferred that Mill in any way favoured the situation that would be created by the abolition of the right of capture. It would be, he declared, naval war coupled with commercial peace—a combination which he regarded as ridiculous and wrong. The whole speech is evidently coloured by the conviction that naval power will always be found on the side of freedom, and that the destruction of commerce is its most potent weapon—both extremely doubtful propositions.

⁴ *Hansard*, August 5, 1867.

In 1862 a Select Committee of the House of Commons reported thus :

Our shipowners will thereby [*i.e.* by the Declaration] be placed at an immense disadvantage in the event of a war breaking out with any important European Power. In fact, should the Declaration of Paris remain in force during a period of hostilities, the whole of our carrying trade would inevitably be transferred to neutral bottoms.

They argue that

We must either secure the general consent of all nations to establish the immunity of merchant ships and their cargoes from the depredations of both privateers and armed national cruisers during hostilities, or we must resort to the maintenance of our ancient rights, whereby, relying upon our maritime superiority, we may not merely hope to guard unmolested our merchant shipping in the prosecution of their business, but may capture enemies' goods in neutral ships, and thus prevent other nations from seizing the carrying trade of the kingdom during a state of hostilities.

These views of a former generation are amply confirmed by the representatives of trade who gave evidence before the Commission. Take the following sentences as an example :

It is, no doubt, a point in favour of the Treaty of Paris that it will enable us to receive supplies, free from risk of capture, under the neutral flag. This advantage is, however, completely outweighed by the prejudicial effect on our shipping, which is now exposed, on the outbreak of war, to being starved out---for nobody, either British or neutral, will ship his goods by a British vessel which is liable to capture, so long as he can ship them by a neutral vessel which is not liable to capture. By British subjects especially British ships will be avoided, seeing that both ships and cargo will be exposed to confiscation, while on neutral ships they will run no risk. By neutral subjects they will be avoided, because, if the ship is captured, delay, loss of market, damage, and expenses will accrue to the cargo. The Declaration of Paris is, in fact, a 'Declaration of Transfer of Belligerent Commerce to Neutral Vessels.'

It is difficult to overrate the seriousness of the danger to our shipping. There is, *so long as private property at sea remains liable to hostile capture*, no single complete way out of the difficulty.

It is to be borne in mind that the province of the Commission was limited by the fundamental assumption of the reference, that the British fleet is to be a strong fleet. We were only entitled to consider what measures were requisite, in addition to this prime security. And it will be seen by reference to the Report that after considering all possibilities and discussing a great variety of devices we were reduced after all to the admission that for the real protection of our position we relied mainly on the Navy. Wisely, as I venture to think, we made no attempt to manufacture or obtain a definition of the governing phrase of our reference. The nearest approach to such a thing is the declaration suggested to and accepted by the Admiralty that a 'strong fleet' must be strong enough to give the enemy enough to do in looking after himself, so that he would

have no force to spare for the depredation of our commerce. This fundamental but quite indefinite assumption is at the bottom both of the estimates of danger and of the suggestions for relief. The fleet should be strong enough to make our commerce immune; but, to meet possible deficiencies, other devices may have to be sought. Those who doubted the capacity of any fleet to provide absolute security favoured strong measures. Most of us took the medium view that there might be danger, or the apprehension of danger, and that some provision was advisable. But the 'strong fleet' on which we all relied means at least an expensive fleet. In the time being our Navy costs us not much less than forty millions a year. What makes us willing to bear this huge burden, and what makes other nations willing to submit to similar sacrifices? The fact or the fear that otherwise our and their vital supplies will be cut off. The 'strong fleet' is the heavy price we pay for the maintenance of the law of capture.

The Commission refers to President Roosevelt's invitation to the Powers to resume the consideration of the topics left over from the first Hague Conference. I understand that the President has now handed over the initiative to the original author of the Conference, the Czar, who will accordingly summon the second Conference as he summoned the first. Whether the Russian circular will be in the same terms as Mr. Hay's letter of last year remains to be seen, but it can hardly fail to include among the subjects for consideration the capture of private property at sea in time of war. It may be remembered that the Conference of 1899 succeeded in framing a Convention for the regulation of hostilities on land. It did not attempt to frame a similar code for naval war, but it left on record a remarkable expression of opinion on the point now in question in the following words:

'The Conference expresses the wish that the proposal which contemplates the declaration of the inviolability of private property in naval warfare may be referred to a subsequent Conference for consideration.'

• The situation as it is left by the Report of the Royal Commission on Food-supply may be summed up thus:

(1) The Commission has ascertained the extent of our dependence, for supplies of food and raw material, on foreign sources. The prime fact is that we import four-fifths of the wheat we consume, and that our stocks on hand may run down so low as seven weeks' supply.

(2) The Commission was not instructed to deal with exports, but it is true both of our exports and our imports that on sea, when they are the property of British subjects, and are carried in British ships, they are liable to seizure and confiscation by an enemy in time of war.

* The regulations respecting the laws and customs of war on land include the following: 'It is especially prohibited to destroy or seize the enemy's property, unless such destruction or seizure be imperatively demanded by the necessities of war.'

(3) It is quite clear that this condition of things necessitates what is called a strong fleet, and that, even with a strong fleet, trade will be to some extent endangered, supplies to some extent interrupted, prices to some extent increased. To what extent the Commission were divided in opinion.

(4) The Commission accordingly, or rather various sections of the Commission, have suggested various remedies, all of which would involve serious public expenditure. But the Commission has not found it within its province, as understood by the majority, to deal in any way with the rule of International Law which the report declares to be the cause of all the apprehended dangers.

(5) This rule has been retained in International Law mainly by the refusal of Great Britain to consent to its abolition, at a time when her economical and even her naval position in relation to other nations was quite unlike what it is now.

(6) The rule has been gradually falling into discredit—partially in this country, generally in most others.

(7) There is good ground for thinking that the right of capture is of no great value to us, and also that it will not in fact be exercised to any great extent until the closing stages of the war.

(8) There is also ground for thinking that, apart from the mere question of supplies, the rule, taken in connection with the Declaration of Paris, must have the effect of transferring a large portion of our vast carrying trade to neutral flags.

(9) At this very moment the rule has been formally challenged once more by the United States Government in its proposals for the new Hague Conference.

In the face of all these considerations I submit that no Government will be justified in accepting even the most attenuated suggestions of the Commissioners, or their witnesses, until it has made up its mind whether the *origo mali* can be and ought to be extirpated altogether.

EDMUND ROBERTSON.

THE DEANS AND THE ATHANASIAN CREED

SOME few weeks ago an address signed by a considerable majority of the deans of the provinces of Canterbury and York was presented to the two archbishops. The address expressed satisfaction that the archbishops and bishops had lately been making a serious effort towards solving a very difficult problem. The problem is how to preserve intact the statement of the Catholic faith set forth in the Athanasian Creed, and at the same time to relieve the consciences of those who object to the recitation, in the public services of the Church, of what are known as the 'damnatory clauses' attached to the Creed in question.

The address expressed neither approval nor disapproval of the particular suggestions made by the bishops with a view to the solution of the problem, but it hailed the fact that the bishops were not only alive to the seriousness and difficulty of the problem, but had actually attempted to face it and to cast about for some method of attacking it, with a courage that went far to disprove the old saying, '*Episcopi anglicani semper pavidi.*'

But there were some of the deans who felt themselves unable to sign the address, and stood aloof from the action of their brethren. Possibly they saw no problem that needed solution, or more probably they despaired of any solution being found, and accordingly thought it wiser and better that the matter should be let alone altogether.

The Dean of Lichfield, however, wrote a letter to the *Times* newspaper, in which he gave his reasons for not joining with the majority of his brother deans in signing the address; and we may take his letter as an expression of the grounds upon which he and those whom he represents think it best that no attempt should be made towards relieving the consciences of the vast number of clergy and laity who object to the public recitation, as part of a religious service, of words which, in their *prima facie* meaning, affirm what no sober-minded person believes to be true.

Now what are the reasons given in the Dean of Lichfield's letter for the attitude in the matter so strenuously taken by those whose

views the letter espouses? The attitude taken is that of 'Non possumus.' Nothing, they think, can be done, and therefore nothing should be attempted. Let the matter alone. Let it drift. In spite of the distress of so many, in spite of the strongly expressed opinions of many learned divines of unquestioned orthodoxy, still let us shut our eyes and refuse to see the stumbling block in the way. Our wisdom is to sit still and let things alone.

What are the reasons which the Dean of Lichfield's letter gives for such an attitude as this?

(1) The first reason given is that, even if any change in the use of the Athanasian Creed were in itself desirable, yet the present time is inopportune for making any such change. 'Just now,' the letter says, 'there is a widespread unsettlement of faith even in fundamental principles,' and there is a 'fear that any relaxation of the legal obligation to recite this Creed will be interpreted by wavering spirits at least, as encouraging the idea that the Anglican Church is loosening its hold on the Catholic faith. In short the present time seems singularly inopportune for change.'

We are very familiar with this argument, if argument it can be called. When people dislike the idea of a proposed change, one of their first cries usually is that it is not the right time for the change to be made. It is an easy thing to assert, for of course it is entirely a matter of opinion.

To one man it may seem 'singularly inopportune' to advocate any change in the use of the Athanasian Creed because of 'the widespread unsettlement of faith.' But to another man it may seem that the unsettlement of faith is itself partly due to the recitation, in connection with a creed, of words which in their plain meaning so few can accept, and that therefore it is most opportune to aim at some change. The truth is that when men have come to the conclusion that no change ought ever to be made in such a matter, then as a matter of course whenever a change is mooted the time is in their view 'singularly inopportune.' The argument of inopportune-ness can accordingly have very little weight, and may at once be dismissed from consideration.

(2) The next argument adduced in the Dean of Lichfield's letter deserves closer attention. The argument is thus stated:

Under the existing relationship of Church and State, the directions of the Prayer Book can only be touched by civil legislation. The rubric enjoining the recitation is part of an Act of Parliament, and can only be altered by another Act. Many of our most loyal Churchmen feel that it would be a most perilous course to make the experiment. They have been assured by those who know the temper of the House, that any Bill proposed to modify the use would almost certainly be amended to abolish it altogether from public worship. And what would be the consequence? It would lead at once to a very serious agitation on the part of not a few leading and influential Churchmen, both lay and clerical, for the severance of Church and State, and with such a Govern-

ment as is largely expected a majority in favour of it would be far from impossible. Is the matter of sufficient urgency to run this risk?

The statement here is that the rubric which enjoins the recitation of the Athanasian Creed in public worship can only be altered by Act of Parliament, and the fear is expressed that any attempt to alter a rubric by Act of Parliament would be full of peril, and would almost certainly lead to the severance of Church and State. And the question is asked whether it would be worth while to run so great a risk for the purpose of relieving sensitive consciences.

There can be no doubt that there is some ground for the fears thus expressed. No Churchman can regard with equanimity an appeal to Parliament with the view of altering a rubric. But yet, is it not possible that the fear may be exaggerated? Is 't quite certain that if the Convocations desire an alteration in the rubric prescribing the use of the Athanasian Creed Parliament would be unwilling to sanction the change desired? Is it quite certain that even if Parliament were to abolish altogether the rubric in question there would be any considerable number of leading and influential Churchmen who would at once make common cause with the Liberation Society, and advocate Disestablishment and Disendowment? The chances are surely greater that whatever the Church, speaking through her Convocations, asks for in the matter of this rubric Parliament would be willing to grant. And it is hard to believe that there would be any large number of influential Churchmen, who, if Parliament were to sanction the disuse of the *Quicumque vult* in the public services of the Church, would for that reason at once join with the enemies of the Church, and help them to inflict so grievous a wound as Disestablishment and Disendowment would be upon the Church of their baptism. Influential Churchmen acting in this fashion would prove themselves to be no true sons of the Church of England. They would be more like sons who had turned traitors to their own mother. Surely they would be few in number, and they would be utterly condemned by the vast majority of the true and faithful sons of the Church. Possibly they might secede. Threats of secession are sometimes heard from the ranks of those who will tolerate no change in the public use of the Athanasian Creed. If secessions were to take place, in the event of any change being made, they would be deeply mourned, and a serious wound would be inflicted upon the Church. But the wound would not be fatal. The Church of England survived the secession of John Henry Newman. And she would still live, even if she lost the use of the Athanasian Creed in her public services, and even if she lost at the same time the support and love of some of her prominent members.

But it must be pointed out that it is not in accordance with facts to say, as the Dean of Lichfield says in his letter, that the rubric

enjoining the recitation of the Athanasian Creed can only be altered by Act of Parliament. Technically, no doubt, the dean is right. Practically he is wrong. Is it not the case that more than one rubric in the Prayer Book has already been practically altered without any Act of Parliament at all? There is, for instance, a rubric enjoining what is called the Long Exhortation in the service for Holy Communion. That rubric has been practically 'altered,' in the sense that it has ceased to be observed and has fallen into desuetude; and Parliament has had nothing to do with the change. The Ornaments Rubric, supported by the Advertisements of 1566 and by the Canons of 1603, and as interpreted by the Privy Council, enjoins the use of the cope by the 'principal minister' at the celebration of Holy Communion in cathedral churches. That rubric has been 'altered' in the sense that it has ceased to have force, without any interference of Parliament. The same is the case with other rubrics that might be cited. What is to prevent the same thing happening in course of time to the rubric enjoining the recitation of the Athanasian Creed?

If the feeling grows and spreads that the 'damnatory clauses' do, in their *prima facie* meaning, go beyond what is warranted by Holy Scripture, as the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury has affirmed that they do, it is quite possible that the rubric enjoining the public recitation of such words may gradually fall into disuse; in which case the rubric would be practically 'altered' without any reference to Parliament. This is one of the conceivable ways by which some change in the use of the *Quicumque vult* might be effected, without any appeal to Parliament. So that it is not correct to state, without qualification, that 'the directions of the Prayer Book can only be touched by civil legislation.'

If the change desired by so many is in itself right and is in the interests of truth the difficulties in the way of any such change ought not to act as a deterrent, as suggested by the Dean of Lichfield's letter, but rather as a stimulant. Difficulties, in the view of earnest and eager natures, are not meant to be acquiesced in, but to be faced and overcome. What is widely desired is that there should be some change as to the compulsory use of the Athanasian Creed, as it stands, in the public worship of the Church, not from any wish to avoid its statements of Catholic truth, but because the 'damnatory clauses' attached to it go beyond what is warranted by Holy Scripture. That there are enormous difficulties in the way of any change, not only if an appeal to Parliament should be necessary, but in other directions also, must be freely admitted. But difficulties that stand in the way of what is right and true are apt, in the long run, to yield to earnest and persistent pressure.

(3) The Dean of Lichfield further objects to the idea that the bishops should exercise a dispensing power by which clergy might

be released from the obligation to recite the Athanasian Creed in the services of the Church. His letter says : ' My third reason arises from the suggestion made in the Upper House (of the Convocation of Canterbury) that the bishops should exercise a dispensing power by that *Jus Liturgicum* which for some purposes is certainly inherent in the episcopal office.'

No doubt there are serious objections to this method of attempting to solve the problem, one of which the dean points out with much force : ' Unless the bishops were unanimous one diocese would be relieved, another not, and, in any case, in individual parishes discord would be rife.'

But inasmuch as the address of his brother deans to the archbishops did not even allude to, much less endorse, the suggestion, it is difficult to see how the Dean of Lichfield found in such a suggestion any reason for holding aloof from his brethren.

(4) The next reason adduced in the dean's letter is of the nature of a threat : ' Those clergy who have been practising what are called " ritualistic irregularities " would be far less likely to accept the godly admonition of their bishops if they had disregarded their feelings in matters which to them are of vital importance.'

It is necessary to take in the full meaning of this statement. It says, in effect, that if any change should be made in the present use of the Athanasian Creed, those clergy who practise what are called ' ritualistic irregularities,' having had their feelings disregarded on a matter which is to them of vital importance, will be less likely to obey the godly admonition of their bishops. That is to say, that if a burning question, which enlists on both sides of it a vast amount of the orthodoxy and piety of the Church, should eventually be decided by authority in a way contrary to the ideas and wishes of certain clergy, then it is likely that these clergy will hesitate to accept the godly admonitions of their bishops, and so forget the solemn vow and promise made at their ordination. Every priest in the Church of England is asked at his ordination, ' Will you reverently obey your ordinary, and other chief ministers unto whom is committed the charge and government over you ; following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions, and submitting yourselves to their godly judgments ? ' And every priest has replied to that question, ' I will so do, the Lord being my helper.'

To say that, in spite of that vow and promise, the ritualistic clergy would hesitate to accept the godly admonitions of their bishops, under the circumstances mentioned, is to express a very poor opinion of those clergy, for which they will hardly be grateful. For myself I entertain a far higher opinion of the honesty and loyalty of the ' ritualistic ' clergy as a body.

The threat that is thinly veiled under this statement is on a par with the threat lately made in certain quarters, that if ' liturgical

vestments' should in any way be recognised by authority, the whole Evangelical party will have to 'reconsider their position.' Threats of this nature are easily made; but they are not very frightening, and they are seldom carried out.

(5) The dean's letter proceeds to suggest some relief for consciences that are troubled by the 'damnatory clauses.' The suggestion is that the clergy should take pains to explain these clauses, and teach their people that the words do not mean what they actually say.

This suggestion is a frank admission that the words in their *prima facie* meaning cannot be sustained. It is an acceptance of what was affirmed by the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, and also of the contention put forward by the eighteen deans in their address. So far from this suggestion being a reason why the Dean of Lichfield should have withheld his signature from the address, it is really a very strong reason why he should have signed it. It is because these particular words need explanation to show that they do not mean what they appear to mean, that exception is taken to their public recitation in the services of the Church in connection with a creed—with the grave probability, or rather with the absolute certainty, that they mislead many.

The eighteen deans in their address to the archbishops desired to make it perfectly plain that they have no wish whatever to change in the slightest degree the statement of the Catholic faith as set forth in the Athanasian Creed. All that they wished to do was to strengthen the hands of the bishops in the effort they are making to find some solution of a most difficult problem. The words of the Archbishop of Canterbury in reply to the address of the deans deserves the most earnest attention of all Churchmen.

The situation [he says] calls for the exercise of patience, faithfulness, and eager sympathy for those who do not see eye to eye with ourselves in the particular view we may take as to the existing need or its remedy. But I cannot doubt that under the Divine guidance our Church will find ere long the true mode of ending these disputations without in the remotest degree imperilling her allegiance to the faith of the Church Catholic, or giving legitimate pain to the susceptibilities of even the most sensitive of her children.

And all Churchmen may fitly join in the hope so well expressed by the Dean of Lichfield at the close of his letter: 'That in His own good time the Holy Spirit, Who has never ceased to control the Church, will put into her mind a solution of the difficulty which will effect the purpose without injustice to one side or the other.'

But, while cherishing these hopes and aspirations, it is the duty of Churchmen by thought, by argument, by wise appreciation of scruples, by tender regard for sensitive consciences, by learning, by foresight, by Christian love one towards another, to prepare the way for the solution of the problem, which we pray God to send to us in His own good time.

• P. F. ELIOT.

THE LORD'S DAY OBSERVANCE

A REPLY TO LORD AVEBURY

AN article on 'The Recent Increase in Sunday Trading,' contributed by Lord Avebury to the September number of this Review, explains and justifies the Bill dealing with this matter which he recently laid once more before the House of Lords.

In the course of that article he expresses his regret that 'in consequence of (certain) exemptions the Bill is opposed by the Lord's Day Observance Society'; not unsupported, he might have added, by some disparaging comments from Lord Lansdowne, who described the Bill as 'a piece of not very successful patchwork, containing not a few ambiguities which would lead to extreme inconvenience.' Side by side with the proposal to strengthen the law against Sunday trading were proposals of a wholly different kind, creating serious exceptions in favour of Sunday trading; and certain trades were wholly unaffected by the Bill. He further quoted some of the objections formulated by the Lord's Day Observance Society, which went much beyond resistance to the 'exemptions' proposed. He therefore stated that, 'though he would not move the rejection of the Bill, it seemed to him at least doubtful whether it would be for the public advantage that they should pass it.' It was accordingly rejected, by a majority of thirty-five votes to fourteen. (*Morning Post* and *Daily Telegraph*, June 30, 1905.)

It will easily be understood that the Society should consider that its policy and action have been very inadequately presented by Lord Avebury, and should ask permission to explain and justify its opposition to the Bill through the same channel. Its dissatisfaction can be no surprise to Lord Avebury, for the Society was represented by its Secretary before the House of Lords Select Committee which considered the Bill, and the following questions and answers are recorded in that Committee's Report:

347. CHAIRMAN (*Lord Avebury*): You object to some of the provisions in the schedules?—WITNESS (*Secretary L.D.O.S.*): We should do so; but we object, in the first place, to the Bill; because it seems to us to proceed on different lines from those which have governed all Sunday legislation for a thousand years past.

348. CHAIRMAN: You have heard from the other witnesses that that legislation has proved absolutely a dead letter?—WITNESS: Because of the smallness of the fine, and we think for no other reason.

379. CHAIRMAN: May we sum up your view in this way, that if there was a Bill which increased the fines against Sunday trading, without altering the exemptions, that would meet the views of your Society?—WITNESS: Your Lordship presided over a Select Committee in connection with the Bill for the Early Closing of Shops, and the Report said, 'Many witnesses also expressed a strong desire that the law relating to Sunday trading' (the Act of Charles the Second) 'should be strengthened by applying to it the scale of fines proposed in the present Early Closing Bill.' We accepted that as being in thorough harmony with our views about the matter.

382. CHAIRMAN: Supposing that power to the local authorities was omitted, and the exemptions were altered as you suggest, then the Bill would meet with your views?—WITNESS: No. I think myself, from a careful study of the history of the past forty years, as recorded in the Minutes of my Committee, that my Committee would be prepared to say that it is a very dangerous thing to give up a law that is based on a sound principle in favour of one that tampers with it. Instead of tinkering a new Bill, and trying to put it right, they would rather keep what they have got.

It is somewhat surprising, after these candid statements and others supplied more than once to each member of the House of Lords, that Lord Avebury should retain, and convey to the readers of this Review, the impression that the resistance offered to this Bill by the Society is based merely on the extended legalisation of Sunday trading proposed by the exemptions contained in the schedules to the Bill.

The Society's position has a much more solid foundation than the sands of these shifting schedules, which openly betrayed, no later than last year, the real purpose of the Bill and its many precursors. That position rests on the settled principle of the most ancient of our Sunday legislation, the firm determination of Ina, and Alfred, and Athelstan, and other legislators of a thousand years ago, that there should be neither merchandising nor labour on the Lord's Day; beneath which, as a bedrock, was the belief that they were thus giving a national application to a general Divine law. In this they were supported by the Great Council of the infant kingdom, who enforced their determination by imposing such a fine as should, according to the monetary standards of their day, not merely punish the wrongdoer, but also make his wrongdoing unprofitable. They were wise in their generation.

From its earliest days Parliament has given statutory support to the national conviction. Each new aggression on the part of Sunday traders has been met by new legislation, having for its object the enforcement in the particular case of a general principle recognised as fundamental. **NO SUNDAY TRADING.**

Beginning with the reign of Edward the Third (28 Edw. III., c. 14), when the exhibiting for sale of wools was forbidden on Sundays,

followed by an Act of Henry the Sixth (27 Hen. VI., c. 5) prohibiting the holding of fairs on Sundays, and later still by the statute of James the First (1 Jas. I., c. 22), under which no shoes, boots, &c., are to be shown to the intent to put to sale upon the Sunday, every attempt on the part of Sunday traders to disregard the national conviction of the wrongfulness and hurtfulness of such trading has met with the most decided opposition in the National Parliament. Finally, a comprehensive measure was passed in the reign of Charles the Second (29 Chas. II., c. 7) forbidding Sunday trading altogether, with certain exceptions having regard to human necessities.

Careful consideration of these and subsequent Acts of Parliament dealing with this matter will show :—

(1) That Sunday trading generally has been regarded as inadmissible.

(2) That exceptions have hitherto (for obvious reasons) been made as to dealing in mackerel, bread, milk, beer, water, and (under certain conditions) cooked food ; but

(3) That these exceptions have been rigidly safeguarded, so as to confine them strictly within the bounds of a real or assumed ' necessity,' especially by limitation of the permissible hours of sale.

The smallness of the penalties for breach of these laws, viz. a fine of five shillings, or the forfeiture of the goods unlawfully exposed for sale, has weakened their force under modern conditions ; but if this shortcoming were amended, these laws, as affecting Sunday trading, would remain in principle and application as reasonable and as practical as any which modern legislation has proposed, not excepting Lord Avebury's Bill.

Side by side, however, with this continuation of the old legislation against Sunday trading and Sunday labour, the support of Parliament was being sought for the enforcement of Sunday observance, especially in the form of compulsory attendance at the services of the Established Church.

Even the Reformed Church came under the influence of these tendencies. The Injunctions of Edward the Sixth, the Act 5 & 6 Edward the Sixth, c. 3, and the 13th Canon of 1603, though proposing no penalty save ecclesiastical censures, prepared the way for a new current of legislation, based on political as well as religious considerations, and seeking to enforce by civil penalties the due observance of the Lord's Day ; and, especially, participation in the services and sacraments of the parish church.

The two currents find a momentary point of contact in the Act of Charles the Second (29 Chas. II., c. 7), whose preamble recites that—

For the better observation and keeping holy the Lord's Day, commonly called *Sunday*, be it enacted. . . . That all the laws enacted and in force concerning the observation of the Lord's Day, and repairing to the church

thereon, be carefully put in execution; and that all and every person and persons whatever shall, on every Lord's Day, apply themselves to the observation of the same by exercising themselves thereon in the duties of piety and true religion, publicly and privately.

But the operative clauses which follow make no provision for enforcing these pious opinions by any penalties under this Act, but deal only with Sunday labour, Sunday trading, Sunday traffic, and the service of writs on Sunday. There is, therefore, no ground for the suggestion put forward by Lord Avebury as Chairman of the Select Committee, that 'in the Act of Charles the Second there are penalties applied for not going to church,' and, therefore, 'a great prejudice against putting the Act in operation.'

It is rather a case for applying what an earlier Select Committee (1896) said of the Lord's Day Act of George the Third: 'Other examples can readily be found of statutes enacted in a former age and still in force, in which sound principles are clothed in phraseology entirely out of date.'

A most pertinent example occurs in the Toleration Act (1 William and Mary, c. 18), under which the preamble in question, together with the legislation to which it referred, ceased to have any practical effect; and yet Section 16 of that Act itself repeats the old formula: 'All the laws made and provided for the frequenting of Divine service on the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, shall be still in force and executed against all persons that offend against the said laws, unless such persons come to some congregation or assembly of religious worship allowed or permitted by this Act.'

The rhetorical flourish of the first part of this section has not been thought to impair the value of the second part, or to render it obsolete, or to justify efforts to get the whole repealed. Nay, rather, the National Sunday League has found it possible, in these ultra-tolerant days, to shield its Sunday entertainments at the Alhambra and similar places against the penalties of the Georgian Act (21 Geo. III., c. 49), by registering them, under that Section 16, as the assemblies for religious worship of congregations of anonymous dissenters!

But the drying up of the post-Reformation stream of Sunday legislation, aimed chiefly at Dissenters and Nonconformists, leaves the main current of the old Saxon legislation against Sunday trading and Sunday labour in undiminished force; and it is this legislation, not any later accretion to it, which is re-affirmed, under penalty, in the Act of Charles the Second.

The experience of Hull, Cardiff, and many other centres, has proved the efficiency of the Act to secure the conviction of Sunday traders, though not to inflict upon them a deterrent penalty. But it never seems to have occurred to any one but Lord Avebury to regard its preamble as an active terror to non-churchgoers. Certainly

no record exists of any attempt to improve the Sunday attendance at parish churches, or the alternative 'assemblies of worship,' by invoking aid from that source, or from the corresponding terms of the Toleration Act.

It is, in fact, on the present inadequacy of the penalty that we lay the chief blame for the admitted failure of the Act to prevent that increase in Sunday trading which we, in common with Lord Avebury, note and lament. We should accept a large proportion of the evidence which he has accumulated to prove, what no one probably would deny, that the evil is still rapidly increasing. The recent influx of foreigners accustomed to Sunday trading in their own country, and resenting the restraints of our English ways rather than grateful for the freedom they accord; the Sunday fairs, disgraceful as we judge them, which they have established in our midst; the Sunday competition which they, in some sense, force on neighbouring traders; and the infectious lawlessness in this respect which is spreading in our great towns—all of these suggest to us, as strongly as to him, that it is desirable to take legislative steps to deal with such evils. Only, we find his plan novel and unsound in principle, sure to prove cumbrous and ineffective in practice, and quite uncalled for by the necessities of the position; while our own proposes simply to maintain the present law, sound and long-tried in principle, easy of application, and needing nothing but to be strengthened where the altered value of money since Charles the Second's time has rendered its five shillings penalty ineffective, unless when supplemented by 'costs.'

All that is required is a short Act, like that (34 & 35 Vict., c. 87) which in 1871 limited the power of prosecution under the Act of Charles the Second to those who have the written permission of the heads of police, or of a stipendiary magistrate, or of two justices of the peace.

We accept Lord Avebury's general statements as to the anxiety of the shopkeepers and shop assistants to secure relief from the pressure put upon them by Sunday competition, and as to their readiness to petition in favour of a Bill which has been commended to them in newspaper paragraphs and in trade conferences, as it is now commended by Lord Avebury to the readers of this Review, as a measure for the Sunday 'closing' of shops, with some trifling exceptions in favour of 'perishables,' or articles like tobacco and sweets and fruit and newspapers, which may or may not be 'necessary' articles of *consumption* on Sunday, but which would not have 'perished,' in the Parliamentary sense, had they been *purchased* on Saturday, or even earlier in the week.

Many of these victims, petitioners, and readers may be under the impression, which receives some support from Lord Avebury's article, that the measure under discussion is only the crown and

consummation of the Act by which he last year secured, theoretically perhaps rather than practically, the weekday closing of shops at reasonable hours. There is certainly nothing in the recent article to disabuse their minds of this baseless idea, or to suggest to the uninitiated that the Bill is in the main an ancient and rather battered formula, re-edited with additions which do not strike us as improvements. They are even likely to be confirmed in their error by the casual remark, 'When I first drafted the Bill,' and by the tactical masterstroke which abandoned the familiar title of the oft-defeated measure, and called it the 'Sunday Closing (Shops) Bill.'

But the Bill is a very old acquaintance of ours. The 'exemptions' were first introduced, so far as our records go, in somewhat elementary shape, as amendments to a Bill which was before Parliament in 1834, when it is little likely that Lord Avebury had any hand in the drafting. These and other objectionable features appeared in successive Bills on Sunday Trading promoted by Lord Robert Grosvenor (1855), Lord Chelmsford (1860, 1861, 1866), Mr. T. Hughes (1867, 1868, 1869, 1870), Mr. T. Chambers (1872), Sir J. Lubbock (1888), Sir C. Dilke (1903), and Lord Avebury (1904, 1905).

They have been criticised and opposed by this Society on every occasion, not only as permitting needless forms of Sunday trading, but also as setting aside the fundamental principle of English Sunday legislation for a thousand years past.

The Act of Charles the Second gathered into one statute, adapted to the conditions of the day, various attempts to apply effectively the old Saxon laws against Sunday labour as well as Sunday trading. It is not only a standing protest against the lawfulness of Sunday trading, it is equally a declaration of the unlawfulness of Sunday labour. It has recently been invoked, successfully, to secure compensation for two working men who were summarily dismissed by their master for refusing to work on Sunday.

Yet, no longer ago than last year, Lord Avebury in his zeal to promote his own special end, proposed to repeal the entire statute, except the clause affecting the Sunday service of writs, together with a section of the Bread Act of 1836, which restrains Sunday labour as well as Sunday trading, and the Sunday Observation Prosecution Act of 1871, which reserves to individuals a carefully guarded power to set the law in motion against promoters of Sunday labour as well as Sunday trading.

It will be seen that the Society's opposition has throughout been based on questions of principle, as well as on matters of detail; but it may be well to summarise its chief objections to Lord Avebury's latest proposals, objections which have already been brought under the notice of each member of the House of Lords, including, it would seem, even Lord Lansdowne, and certainly Lord Avebury himself.

(1) It is a violation of the fundamental principle of English legislation—the acceptance of the scriptural standard of lawful and unlawful as regards Sunday labour and Sunday trading.

(2) It is a departure from the legislative method hitherto adopted, by which permissible Sunday trading has been carefully restricted to articles regarded as necessities and perishables, and to certain limited periods of the day.

(3) It proposes to place in the hands of local authorities a power to extend exemption to articles of sale not specified in the schedules, and exclusive power to enforce the law, without any corresponding obligation to do so.

(4) It thus substitutes local option for the operation of National convictions and the discharge of National responsibilities.

(5) Its terms are vague and easily open to evasion.

(6) It is deceptive. Professing to be a Sunday Closing Bill, it closes no shops (except barbers' shops) which were not previously closed by Act of Parliament; while it legalises, for the first time, the opening on Sunday of shops for the sale of refreshments for immediate consumption; of newspapers, magazines, and periodicals; of milk and cream throughout the whole day (an addition of seven hours' Sunday work to the attendants in such establishments); of fish generally (mackerel alone having hitherto been exempted); of vegetables and fruit; of tobacco, pipes, and smokers' 'requisites'; and of any others which may commend themselves to the sympathies or be forced on the acceptance of local authorities.

(7) It is injurious to the best interests of young people. It gives legislative sanction and encouragement to those very forms of Sunday trading which put temptation in the way of boys and girls on the Lord's Day, and whose mischievous results are a constant source of complaint by Christian workers of all denominations.

(8) It proposes, in the supposed interests of slum dwellers, to permit a considerable amount of Sunday-morning trading, in disregard of the fact that this class legislation will affect the whole country, and not 'slums' only; and of the equally obvious fact that dwellings so foul that food cannot spend Saturday night there without becoming unfit for human consumption are not quite suitable abodes for human beings, or entitled to the benefit of exceptionally indulgent legislation.

(9) It must prove impracticable in operation. It sets up two different standards of statutory legality, and innumerable standards of principle and action for selection by local authorities.

(10) And it is unnecessary. If the real object be to reduce Sunday trading and Sunday labour, nothing is needed but a simple measure, as direct and as short as the Act which modified the power of prosecution, but applying the suggested scale of penalties to the existing Sunday Observance Act of 1677.

DAYS IN A PARIS CONVENT

THE long street which runs from the left bank of the Seine right into the heart of the *Faubourg* is unusually congested with traffic. Where the slope uphill becomes decided, and a certain dignity is given to the street by the imposing stone front of the convent, the press is thickest. A highly polished *coupé* comes into dangerous proximity with the shining panels of an electric brougham. The driver of a *fiacre*, his face shining scarlet in the March wind under his glazed white hat, shouts all those imprecations dear to the Paris jehu to the chauffeur of a noisy and malodorous automobile which insists upon blocking his way. Presently, however, there is a move on: a heavy carriage and pair, a carriage which might have seen the light under the Second Empire, lumbers away from the wide oak doorway beneath the statue of the crowned Mother and Child. The vehicles behind it fall into a slowly moving line, and by the time he in his turn deposits his fare at the convent door, even the *cocher* in the white hat has subdued his expletives to a harsh whisper.

The sisters of Notre Dame de Bon Secours are giving hospitality to a retreat of one of those excellent philanthropic societies which have flourished amongst the ladies of Paris since the days of St. Vincent de Paul. The sisters take a particular interest in this society, for did not its foundress live for a time in La Solitude, the little house hidden away amongst the elm trees at the end of their garden? Now she lives only as a blessed memory and in the good work, the modern representatives of which are thronging up the wide stone steps to the chapel, loosening their heavy coats and handsome furs as they go, the clicking of high heels making a cheerful accompaniment to the subdued murmur of conversation. For outside the chapel silence is not imposed upon the ladies of the retreat—perhaps because it would be useless—and a good deal of eager discussion is audible amongst them to-day. This society is in the forefront of fashion, as well as of charity, and embraces some of the most distinguished ladies in Paris. ‘Ah, *mon Dieu!* What would M. Combes say if he could see our street to-day?’ says Mère Placide, the *Mère Économe*, to the sister at the porter’s lodge, as, returning from a shopping expedition,

she watches from the foot of the stairs the well-dressed congregation pouring into the chapel. It is indeed a proud day for the good sisters, but also a busy one, and one that at times calls for a considerable amount of tact.

For *ces dames* are exacting in their spiritual as in their temporal needs. Great things have been spoken of the abbé who is to address them, and they are each and all determined to hear him to the best advantage. Madame la Duchesse de B——, she in the heavy carriage, has actually sent her footman to affix her card to a desk close under the pulpit, retaining the seat, as she imagines, for the whole week of *Retraite*, and more than one *mondaine* of lesser degree have tried to follow her example. But this is a manœuvre which on the morrow they will find gently but firmly checked. '*J'ai retiré les cartes,*' a demure sister will explain, with a quiet smile, when the chapel doors are opened, and the ladies will know well that expostulation is quite unavailing. They must submit with a good grace to the gentle noiseless ushering into the best seats that can be found for them. Equality reigns, for the moment anyhow, within the convent, and not the most titled or bejewelled of these fashionable philanthropists must look for precedence. Meantime, on this opening day of the retreat, the large and beautiful chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Secours fills very rapidly; and presently when the abbé, whose fame has already gone forth amongst them, mounts into the pulpit, the eyes of the whole congregation, and not a few long-handled lorgnettes, are fastened upon his spare but impressive figure. Here, it is felt at once, is a striking personality. He has the square head and firm jaw of an Erasmus, and as his discourse advances it is obvious indeed that a Daniel has come to judgment. The opening sentences, however, are unremarkable. The *Mère Générale*, a keen and experienced critic, feels, indeed, a slight chill of disappointment. This is *banal*, impersonal; the ladies will never listen. They have heard enough of the virtues of maternity, the wickedness of the world. Then suddenly the preacher's tone changes. He is warming to his work, and the air becomes charged with electricity. No sin of omission or commission, no foible or folly of society as represented by his listeners, appears to escape this man's observation nor his scathing comment. From the ridiculous angle at which the fashion of the day dictates the wearing of their hats to the upbringing and the marriages of their young daughters, *ces dames* have to hear the truth, fearlessly and faithfully delivered to them with an eloquence which is at times ferocious. But they like it. The genuine sincerity of the priest fascinates them, and it is a fact that a bitter dose of tonic properly administered is often palatable. The *Mère Générale* smiles grim approval; the choice has, after all, been a wise one.

Later, quite a chorus of ecstatic appreciation rises from the ladies

as they once more click down the stone stairs, rustling their silks and arranging their veils on some of those very hats which have just been held up to opprobrium. Oddly enough, they seem to take quite a personal pride in the preacher's merits and in their own chastisement. '*Comme il a bien parlé !*' exclaims Madamé la Duchesse, stopping to exchange salutations with Mère Placide at the foot of the stairs, self-satisfaction still beaming from every line of her large good-tempered face. Then she climbs into her heavy carriage and rolls away, enchanted with her well-spent afternoon. It is noticeable that some few are silent, as, drawing their furs closely round them, they pass out into the cold March twilight, where coachmen and chauffeurs have had ample time to meditate upon the piety of their mistresses, and perhaps to pay vicarious penance for some of their offences. Day after day these devotees of a fashionable charity will return to the convent ; day after day fresh invectives will be hurled upon their manners and morals ; and at the end of the week, when they finally disperse, they will ask for nothing better than that when the next retreat is held the same scourge may be laid upon their well-clad backs. And if their smiling equanimity has been for one hour disturbed, if one thought or suggestion has gone to clog the wheel of ease and luxury in their own homes, or to spur unselfish effort in their relations with their poorer neighbours, neither the abbé nor the *Mère Générale* will feel that they have spent their week in vain.

The ladies have gone for the time being, but in the old home of their foundress a few guests who love the convent linger on into the spring and summer, learning lessons of simple piety and devotion from the sisters, and possibly others of a more purely practical nature. For the *Mère Econome*, Mère Placide, amongst whose multifarious duties is numbered that of looking after the welfare of the *Dames de la Solitude*, as the guests are called, is one of the most capable and businesslike women of her day. Outside the walls of her convent, and were such a profession open to her sex, one feels that she might have been a great financier. Meantime the convent surely owes much of its prosperity to her able management. For every sou that is paid out, for every purchase that comes in, the *Mère Econome* is responsible. At any hour of the day, when the convent bell sounds those four strokes which are meant to summon her, whether it be for the arrival of a parcel, the reception of a visitor, or a small matter of business to be settled, Mère Placide must hasten from any distance to the lodge to attend to her duties. From the early mass at 5 A.M. until the last prayers have been said in the chapel at 9 P.M. this active septuagenarian is never off her feet. Always cheerful, always interested and sympathetic, her shrewd humorous eyes seeing very much further than the boundary of the convent wall, anybody who has once had the privilege of knowing her may well feel that there are

few matters upon which her advice would not be worth the seeking. And not only does Mère Placide superintend the expenditure of the convent, but she also likes to interest herself in the small purchases of the ladies at La Solitude.

‘You are going to buy a hat, madame! You are right. In Paris alone you will find a hat that is *chic*, that is worthy of you; in London never!’ *Ma mère’s* knowledge of London is practically nonexistent, but this is of no consequence. ‘We have a lady,’ she continues, with a complete absence of frivolity in tone or intention, ‘who comes here twice a year to say her prayers in our chapel. She is *bien dévote*. We esteem her greatly, and each time she takes back three hats from the Rue de la Paix.’ This is surely an example worth considering; but *ma mère’s* advice is not finished. ‘*Mon enfant*, when you go to buy your hat, do not pay for it. That is not wise in Paris. You should command it in my name, the *Mère Econome* of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, and when it arrives I will settle your little affair for you.’ At first it seems beyond the limits of propriety to be ordering hats, *matinées*, and chignons of all sorts, which a visit to Paris invariably entails, in the name of the reverend mother. But the shop people seem to be in no way surprised. At one large establishment the ladies of La Solitude find themselves treated with particular deference, for it is from here that the necessities of life are laid in for the convent. ‘I am well known there,’ says Mère Placide, drawing herself up with the grand air which she occasionally assumes; and, indeed, it is possible to imagine the visits of the *Mère Econome* to these particular *magasins* to be something in the nature of a triumphal progress. Certainly when her goods arrive a guest may reap the advantage of shopping under so powerful a patronage. Sometimes Mère Placide herself accompanies the parcels from the lodge, and superintends the trying on of hats and dresses. She helps to decide whether or no they are becoming, or whether madame has been too extravagant; and her opinion is generally to be trusted. If the judgment is adverse, back goes the offending garment into its *carton*, to be returned at *ma mère’s* own pleasure. For all her good sense, however, or perhaps on account of it, her decision is more often thrown into the other scale. ‘*Ah, vous autres*,’ she will say with whimsical severity, ‘you have no occupation but to think of these things, and you should have what is best. That *matinée* suits you à merveille, madame; you must keep it.’ And madame is quite pleased to take the advice of this woman who for over forty years has worn nothing but the black habit of her order.

‘Are you not very tired, *ma mère*?’ asks a guest when at the end of a long day the fatal bell rings for the third time in one hour, and Mère Placide rises a little stiffly from a bench in the garden of La Solitude, where she has been resting for five minutes.

‘Tired, *mon enfant*!’ she replies cheerfully. ‘Am I ever anything

else? I am old. But, *enfin*, what would you? Work, work, and discipline, and confidence in the good God—there lies the secret of a happy life. Work, good work, right up to the end—there, *mon enfant*,’ and a shade of unwonted seriousness momentarily darkens her eyes, ‘is the secret of a peaceful end.’ And off she goes through the dusk of the garden to attend probably to some insignificant detail, perfectly satisfied with her simple conception of a life’s duties.

Above all things Mère Placide loves the children. The sorrow of her life now is the loss of her little *pensionnaires*. The shadow of M. Combes always lying on her heart finds visible expression in the wall of new red brick across the garden, which cuts off the school buildings, now appropriated by the Government. How the good sisters had loved and toiled for the children, and how their individual care of the little ones is missed and lamented by the parents of the neighbourhood, not many of whom, it is to be feared, are consoled by the thought of the possibly sounder education imparted under the new *régime*. Even the house of Nazareth, with its own gay little garden next to La Solitude, where English schoolgirls in the past have spent happy holidays, learning some of the graces of life as well as the French tongue, stands empty and deserted.

The very statues of the saints at the end of the long walks seem to miss the laughter and play of the children in their recreation hours.

St. Anthony still receives his tribute from the novices, and sometimes, indeed, from their elders; but he must surely wonder what has become of those sticky bunches of flowers, half-eaten apples, and sugar-plums, the intercessory offerings daily laid at his feet for lost pencils, indiarubbers, gloves, and other treasures of school life.

Now the bleak days of March are over, and the lilacs, always early in Paris, are in full flower in the convent garden. St. Anthony is almost lost amongst the scented white and purple bushes, and the birds are calling and quarrelling and setting up housekeeping in truly unconventional fashion. In the refectory long tables are being spread, laden with steaming bowls of *café au lait* and generous platefuls of *brioche*s, cakes, and jam, and all the good things suited to the healthy appetite of childhood. There is to be a first communion in the chapel, and Mère Placide is in her element providing for the temporal needs of her children, who for this day, at any rate, are to be restored to her. ‘Flowers, *mon ami*?’ she replies to the queries of Joseph, the gardener, who also loves the children. ‘Why, of course—lilac.’

But when the tables are finished, and *ma mère* finds her ample provisions positively hidden under the blossoming branches with scarcely room for the little ones to sit between them, she is not so

well pleased. Mère Placide is the soul of generosity, but she is also just to flowers and children alike, and Joseph, the long-suffering, is rebuked. 'Lilac, I said—yes, *mon ami*, but not whole *bushes*. That is not the way to treat God's good flowers. The garden must also be thought of.' But the disturbance to the general harmony is a brief one. *Ma mère's* lightning flashes of annoyance are soon over, and to-day she is too happy to quarrel with anybody, least of all with her faithful Joseph, and for a cause which they have in common.

Her old eyes beam joyously as the little procession of solemn white-frocked children is marshalled in, followed by admiring mothers and friends. She bustles about, talking incessantly, filling the plates, tenderly turning back veils, and lifting the smaller ones on to their chairs, every action carrying with it something of a caress and a benediction. In ministrations of this kind there is nothing of which the Government can rob her, and such a thought in these uncertain days cannot fail to bring peace and comfort.

All too soon the lilacs have finished blossoming. The last of spring's fragrance went with Mère Amélie, who laid down her burden with the ease which Mère Placide had promised would be the portion of those who work faithfully to the end.

'The good God just took her in His arms, and she slept,' said *ma mère*, with an unexpected touch of poetry in speaking of this death-bed. On a warm May evening, after a solemn requiem in the chapel, Mère Amélie was carried down the steps between rows of black-habited sisters, each bearing a torch, and out into the dusk, out into a world of which, indeed, she knew little. 'But God and the priests go with her,' says Sœur Marthe, the old sister at the lodge, as she closes the door behind the modest procession. Sœur Marthe has seen so many go that way out into the dark alone with the priests. Her own turn will come soon, and she looks forward to it with that complete absence of emotion which characterises the whole question of mortality in a religious community. Death in a convent seems to come as a more natural event than in the outer world; and the surface of tranquil routine is less harshly disturbed than would be the case in more complex surroundings. The well-ordered machinery of life rolls on with scarcely a perceptible check; sadness and sorrow can have no legitimate recognition amongst the *religieuses* because one of their number has passed on before them.

There is certainly nothing of sadness in the brilliant June weather, a few weeks later, which greets the *fête* of St. Jean-Baptiste. Mid-summer day is the *fête* of the *Noviciat*, and looked forward to for many weeks by the young girls as a day of wonderful pleasure and emancipation. No work is done, and for many hours the garden is filled with a cheerful hum of chatter and gaiety. Everybody in the

convent seems to enter into this holiday of youth. Even the austere *sœur converse*, who ministers to the needs of the ladies of La Solitude, is smiling genially when she makes her daily appearance with the *déjeuner*, brought from the convent kitchen dependent in two buckets from a yoke on her shoulders. *Sœur Mathilde* is not only a good and pious woman, but a *bonne à tout faire* of no mean order, and a cook of superior excellence. She is, moreover, a faithful and devoted friend and helper to the *Mère Econome*, and a stern disciplinarian to those who work under her. To-day, however, she is disposed to be indulgent. Presently *Mère Placide* comes in to superintend the serving of the meal, a duty in which she takes a particular pleasure, for she ranks hospitality high amongst the Christian virtues. She looks more than usually tired, for youth, even in a convent, is exacting, and she has been spending a whole hour in the refectory, striving after the profitable entertainment of the novices. She is, however, obviously satisfied. 'Ah, yes, madame,' she says, in answer to the sympathetic inquiries of a guest, 'they are happy, *les enfants*, but they are also busy. They are working for the Bon Dieu. To-morrow is the *fête* of the Saint Sacrement, and we have our procession in the garden.' Her face suddenly darkens, and her mouth sets in a hard line. 'There are no processions in Paris now; all that is finished. The good God is no longer permitted to walk in these wicked streets; but *nous autres* in our gardens we do as we like.' The passing shadow, however, cast by any reference to the iniquities of the Government promptly disappears as *ma mère* heaps the plate of her guest with a generous helping of strawberries. *Mangez, mangez, mon enfant, mangez si vous m'aimez*. From the stiffest dowager, who, like the great ladies of a previous century, finds occasional refuge from mundane responsibilities in the guest-house of the convent, to the youngest of her former pupils on a visit, they are all *mon enfant* to this woman with her large heart and virile mind, who so long ago found her vocation, and forsook all that the world commonly holds good for her sex. 'Yes, they are very happy, the novices,' she continues cheerfully; 'they have had a great surprise. The *Mère Générale*, who is away on a little tour of inspection, she has not forgotten them. Each has had a little present from her to-day, and each different. Think, mesdames, what a pleasure! But she is good.' Presently as *ma mère* is passing out through the long French windows she turns, her eyes sparkling with genuine anticipation. 'Pray for us,' she says gaily; 'pray for us that we may have a fine day to-morrow, otherwise it will be so sad for the children. But surely,' she adds, with the habit of unquestioning faith, 'the Bon Dieu will not forget us.'

And He does not. The June Sunday upon which the *Fête Dieu*, the Feast of Corpus Christi, is held dawns fair and cloudless. The convent wakes as usual with the birds, and the inmates of La Solitude

rouse themselves in time for the early Mass. Everybody is of a cheerful countenance. The sisters are all in new habits. Mère Placide is positively bashful in her fresh black and clean starched coif. The *sœurs converses* go about with shining faces. No work of a menial character is ever done on a Sunday, though to the lay mind the distinctions are sometimes difficult of comprehension. On this Sunday of Sundays the whole community must be happy. M. Combes may well look the other way whilst the sun shines so brilliantly on this little band of the faithful. That the dread spectre ever present in any French convent of to-day is not wholly banished from their midst, however, is made manifest by Mère Placide's unwonted gravity when she lingers a moment in the garden with her guests at midday. In the morning there has been a rumour that a procession for the *Fête Dieu* is to be held in one of the suburbs in deliberate defiance of law and order. The sisters are pained and anxious. The good cause cannot be furthered by unseemly rioting. Even Mère Placide, the most militant amongst them, in spite of a certain curiosity to learn the issue, maintains an air of grave disapproval. She discusses the matter in all its bearings with her usual astonishing shrewdness and good sense, but with an underlying strain of sadness. When she turns to go there is a touch of tragic dignity in her attitude. 'We will ask you to pray for us this afternoon, mesdames,' she says, 'that our buildings are not taken from us, that we are not thrust out homeless like so many others.' Notre Dame de Bon Secours is a missionary order, and it is probable that the very active work done by the large community in many parts of the world may be its safeguard from the ever-encroaching demands of the State. But the Government changes so often, and in France there can at present be little security in the Church, and especially in those religious orders associated by the closest ties with Rome. In any case it is no hard matter for the most Protestant mind to pray for the peace and continuance of a home outside the moral shelter of which these good women would find it difficult indeed to place themselves, and the promise is gladly given.

The procession of the Saint Sacrament is to take place before the service of the *Salut* which is to be held in the garden and after Vespers have been sung in the chapel.

During the long bright morning—which would be so hot in the streets of Paris, but here it is so infinitely cool and shady—the last touches are being put to the improvised altar before the statue of the Virgin at the end of the principal *allée*. The fine linen cloth with which it is covered is edged with priceless lace, one of the treasures of the convent. It must be owned that there is a touching simplicity in some of the adornments employed by the novices, notable amongst these being a variety of paper frills, obviously offered by the kitchen. But the whole effect is sweet and reverent, and there are flowers everywhere. This

time, for the glory of God, Joseph is allowed to work his will on the rose bushes, and in the altar vases are tall white lilies with which the air is fragrant. The very garden seems to have put forth its best strength for the *Fête Dieu*. Sweet peas, stocks, lupins, make a brave show; all the old-fashioned country flowers flourish happily under Joseph's ministrations here in the heart of Paris.

The ladies of La Solitude would also give their offering to deck the altar. Mère Placide is doubtful: a superabundance of anything is always distasteful to her well-balanced mind. '*Eh bien!*' she says at length, relenting, 'if *ces dames* wish it; but they must not be many, just a simple nosegay.'

So in the early hours of the hot afternoon a deputation of *ces dames* makes its way into the little street behind the convent wall. The Rue de N—— might, so unsophisticated are its ways and so local its interests, belong to any small provincial town. The Convent of Notre Dame de Bon Secours occupies the foremost place in its mental as well as in its physical environment. Have not all the children out of those little shops been educated under the care of the good sisters for at least a space of their short lives? The interest expressed in the health and movements of the *religieuses li-haut* is intense. To-day Mère Tissaud, seated at her window set in the wall behind her pile of newspapers, smiles at the ladies as they come a little uncertainly down the street in quest of a flower shop. They are from La Solitude. Mère Tissaud, who sees everything from her post of observation, knows them quite well. More than once she has sold them a *Petit Parisien*. It is well, she considers, that a newspaper should go into the convent, even if the sisters do not read it. To-day as they pass she nods genially under her white cap. They pause a moment, to ask if there is news of the threatened procession in the suburb. The old woman shrugs her shoulders scornfully. '*Ciel*, no; the people have too much sense; it was a *canard*; the good sisters must not be so easily frightened; but, after all, in such a life it was natural,' and she sinks into silent contemplation of her own superior knowledge of the world. 'A flower shop did the ladies want?' and Mère Tissaud rouses herself in answer to a fresh query. 'To be sure, there is her friend Madame Brie across the street: she will be delighted to serve them,' and she points with a knitting-pin to a little shop of peculiarly unostentatious appearance. Indeed, it is necessary to enter to discover the flowers at all, for the window is empty.

In the dark little interior, however, is one magnificent bouquet of field flowers. Blue cornflowers, scarlet poppies, clover, grasses, all just as they have grown together in the field, tied loosely with little attempt at arrangement. The ladies exclaim with pleasure: here is an offering unique in its freshness and charm, and which would not compete with the riches of the convent garden. Madame Brie ex-

plains that such a bouquet was ordered by an artist for his *fête* to-day, and there being so many flowers over she has made a second. When she hears it is for the *dames* de Bon Secours, she awakes at once to interest and pleasure. Ah, nothing is too good for the sisters; indeed one is doubtful whether wild flowers are good enough. Had not her Jeanne been educated by them, and was not the little one going to walk in the procession? She shakes her head sadly. Times were different now, but the child would never forget them. And then Jeanne is summoned from the back of the shop and directed to carry the flowers for the ladies to her beloved convent. The ladies themselves are forcibly laden with roses and lilies and, followed by their small companion, present themselves before Mère Placide, who handles the field flowers with particular and touching pleasure. It is not often that the country is brought actually within the walls of the convent, and the ladies have chosen well.

At four o'clock all the doors and windows and shutters of La Solitude are carefully closed. It is difficult, in face of the great wall behind the elm trees, to imagine the possibility of marauders other than cats; but caution is one of the rules of life in a convent, and for the next hour or so this little corner will be entirely unprotected even by the faithful Joseph.

The chapel looks larger and lighter in the June sunshine than it did on those chilly March days when the philanthropic ladies met here. The light streams in through the clear glass windows on either side of the nave. Here also the air is heavy with the scent of lilies. Every available seat not occupied by the community is thronged with former pupils and their parents, for this is a great day in the neighbourhood, and the elders as well as the children love an opportunity of coming again to the convent. An old Monseigneur deeply venerated by the sisters has come to conduct the service, and the red of his vestments adds a touch of colour to the sombre mass of black habits in the building. Down below Mère Placide is busy collecting the banners and the pretty little girls in their white frocks and veils whom she has chosen to carry them.

The chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Secours has always been noted for its music. Here Gounod used to come Sunday after Sunday to worship with the sisters, and often to listen to his own compositions sung by the black-robed choir. Now the voices rise and fall in the unison commanded by Pius X., which the sisters themselves, with all respectful submission to the Holy Father, are inclined to think has a little interfered with the beauty of their music. But to some hearing it brings an admirable effect of simple devotion, swept and garnished of any suggestion of the opera house or the concert room. There are some fine voices in the choir, and the sister presiding at the organ is a true musician. The Latin words of Bach's beautiful hymn 'Oh Heart ever joyful' seem to rise in waves of true faith and joyousness

from the very hearts of the singers, solemnly accentuated by intervals of silent prayer between the verses. The office closes with that petition to the Virgin to help those who are in trouble, and to intercede *pro devoto feminino sexu*, which must have a peculiar significance in a French convent at the present day.

Slowly the Host, borne aloft under the gold and white canopy, passes through the kneeling congregation, who rise and follow in complete silence down the wide stone staircase and out into the sunlit garden. At the foot of the stairs the procession is joined by Mère Placide's little girls with their banners and baskets of roses, and to the chanting of the *Ave Verum* the whole moves under the flickering shade of the chestnut trees to the altar at the far end of the avenue. Here the *Salut* of the Saint Sacrement is sung to a congregation kneeling reverently on the gravel path, the sweet female voices rising on the still, warm air, the silver bell ringing when the Host is elevated, and the fumes of the incense mingling with, and for a time almost overpowering, the strong scent of the lilies.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui.

The light falls softly on the black habits of the nuns or the bent heads of the people. The mere simplicity of the scene is impressive. Surely the expression of the Catholic faith is heard here in all its primitive sincerity

Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes ; laudate eum, omnes populi.

The congregation rises to its feet with the triumphant burst of Gounod's music. A blackbird in the chestnut tree above the altar sings with all his might, determined to make himself heard in this hymn of praise to the Creator of all. And why should he not ? Certainly the good sisters would not wish to exclude him from their song of thanksgiving.

Slowly the procession forms again, and the people fall once more on their knees as the Host is borne past them beneath the rich canopy. Joseph's little children, mites in clean pinafores, steal up from amongst the stragglers in the rear and gaze wide-eyed at the acolytes and their swinging censers, until the parental hand forces them gently into a seemly attitude of devotion. One old grandfather, too old to kneel, leans heavily on his stick, the sun shining on his bared silvery head, and crosses himself devoutly with a shaking hand as the Saint Sacrement passes. To the onlookers there is something of a beautiful anachronism in this mediæval scene in the heart of twentieth-century Paris. The little white-robed children, scattering their red rose leaves, emblems of the Passion, in the path of the Bon Dieu, instinctively recall the angels of Buonfigli on the walls of the Perugian gallery, with their sweet tear-laden eyes, their wreathed heads, and their

baskets of roses. But the eyes of these small Parisian maidens, solemn though they are for the moment, are freer from tears than those of some of their elders. As the procession of the Saint Sacrement winds slowly away, under the trees, the choir singing the *Ave Maria*, the bright patch of colour made by the priestly vestments thrown up in strong relief against the mass of black habits and white coifs of the nuns, more than one who follows it has *le cœur gros*. The pathos of the scene cannot fail to touch the least thoughtful of those present, and it has needed no promise to Mère Placide to inspire a prayer for the future safety and wellbeing of the convent.

It is impossible not to wonder whether the June sun will shine upon such another procession within these walls again. In any case, for those who have been privileged to join in it, this afternoon's ceremony will be stored amongst life's most fragrant memories; and there are many who will never smell the scent of crushed rose-leaves, or see the golden light falling across a bed of tall white lilies, without thinking of the *Fête Dieu* in the Paris garden.

Mère Placide, coming into the dining-room of La Solitude an hour later, has little to say. Her heart is probably full of love and regret for her children, but, if her air of repose is to be trusted, of confidence, rather than of fear, in the future. Everybody is a little touched and subdued. Even the birds have ceased to sing, and a calm which is full of sweetness broods over the convent.

Presently, however, when the *dames pensionnaires* are sitting under the trees outside the little house, the tension is very sensibly relieved by the sounds of genuine play and merriment coming from the larger garden. 'It is the novices,' says one of the ladies, who knows the convent well: 'they are still keeping their *fête*.' It is not good manners to invade the garden at this hour, but by peeping through the privet hedge it is possible to see that it is indeed the novices, and they are playing a modified form of the *jeu de paume*. Immaculately neat as they manage to remain, the exercise has brought a flush to their cheeks and a brightness to their eyes. Shouts of laughter and cheery expostulations rouse the echoes of the darkening *allées*. Here there is no lack of healthy animal spirits, a little bewildering perhaps to the minds of those to whom the convent walls suggest mere suppression. Certainly they are old, these novices, to to be playing ball like young schoolgirls. But what would you? as the *Mère Econome* would say. Nature will out, and the good sisters like to see them happy. The game does not last long, however. The great clock strikes nine; Mère Placide comes slowly across the garden in the gathering dusk. Complete silence has already fallen upon the girls, who have grouped themselves with unconscious effect: a study in black and white against the grey statue of the Virgin where the altar stood a few short hours before. The evening hymn rises softly in the pure girlish voices. The watcher behind the privet hedge

tries to catch the words, but little more than the refrain of each verse is audible :

Je vous remercie, Seigneur ;
Merci, merci, mon Dieu.

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Surely the good God still walks in His garden in the cool of the evening, and may accept this simple hymn of thanksgiving for a happy holiday and for the gift of His sunshine on the blessed *fête* of the Saint Sacrament.

ROSE M. BRADLEY.

THE GAELIC LEAGUE

I REMEMBER in the 'sixties a very clever drawing in *Punch*, representing two navvies of the best John Bull type, one of whom says to the other : ' 'Ullo, Bill, 'ere's a stranger. Let's 'eave 'alf a brick at 'im.' Though nearly half a century of School Boards and other progressive devices have elapsed since that skit was published, I am afraid the Anglo-Saxon frame of mind towards the stranger has not been modified : its first instinct is still to 'eave that 'alf brick.'

At least, so only can I account for the extraordinary remarks I have read and heard concerning the Gaelic League, coupled with the confession from all to whom I have talked about it, that they know nothing of it at first hand. It does not seem to have occurred to anyone that information gathered solely from the ephemeral daily Press must be not only biassed by the party purpose which each paper avowedly (and rightly) professes ; but, being necessarily hurried, has not and does not pretend to have more than the value of hearsay knowledge. To condemn an association on such evidence alone is unworthy of the British ideal of fair play.

The heads of, and active agents in, the Gaelic League have their work cut out for them ; and must, like all enthusiasts, concentrate their minds and their energies on pursuing and carrying out the great ends they aim at. They cannot spare time to repudiate or knock down the targets set up by an unsympathetic world as representing their goal. It therefore behoves minor members—such a one as I am, for instance—to step into the breach and defend the League's good name on this side of the Channel by explaining its position, its motives, and its aims.

It is unfortunate that the two words, Gaelic and League, should, in connection with Ireland, both be more or less anathema to the ordinary Englishman. 'League' to him recalls nothing but the Land League with its reign of terror and disloyalty, which the methods of to-day's United Irish League do not tend to dispel ; while nine people out of ten only know the word 'Gael' as the chief part of *Clan-na-Gael*, and base on that proverbially little knowledge the conclusion that it must have something to do with Fenianism. I want to convince the English public that it has nothing to do with either.

The Gaelic League was founded twelve years ago in Dublin. On

the 31st of July, 1893, seven literary and thoughtful men elected Dr. Douglas Hyde and Mr. John MacNeill respectively President and Vice-President of this new body they were founding : to-day, instead of presiding over five fellow-thinkers, these same two men preside over a gathering of delegates representing some eight hundred and fifty branches, each branch consisting of a minimum of fifteen members, and many of course of far more.

Those seven men were patriots in the true sense of the word. They had no axes to grind, or careers to make ; and used their time ~~and~~ their brains studying the condition of things around them from the impartial standpoint of the looker-on. They beheld a country cut in half by that most terrible of gulfs : religious difference—a gulf made the worse by the great bulk of the working classes being on one side thereof, and the majority of the leisured and moneyed classes on the other. Through circumstances that I need not touch on here, the gulf has been steadily widened and deepened by both sides during the last thirty years ; most of all by those who were labouring under the delusion that they were doing their best to fill it. Coercion and conciliation, repression and encouragement alternately, even sometimes simultaneously, applied, alike widened the breach ; and day by day things grew more and more hopeless. Land laws, remedying the injustices committed by the grandfathers at the expense of the grandsons, were driving landowners out of the country. Consequent lack of employment, above all the utter absence of anything to relieve the deadly dulness of existence in a country where no one spent any money save on the bare necessities of life, combined to double the tide of emigration : the life-blood of the country was being drained away from above and from below. Where was the remedy for so fatal a condition of affairs to be found ?

As the Vice-President of the Gaelic League said in an address at the delivery of which I was present some months ago, for eight hundred years or so England has tried, mostly honestly, to make Ireland happy and prosperous. With what result ? A country seething in parts with revolution ; not a square mile of territory in which there is a contented population !

The seven men in Dublin set themselves to discover the cause of so stupendous and apparently unaccountable a failure—to find an answer to the question : Why does the rule that has made Great Britain the leading spirit of civilisation, *the* example of freedom and order and good government to the nations of the world, turn Ireland into a chaos in which the biggest reputations plunge only to be wrecked ? The answer is so simple that, like all simple things, it has been overlooked for years by all the earnest and clever minds who would imagine that a complicated cause must exist for so complicated and mysterious a result. The Gaelic League hit on that simple answer—the Anglo-Saxon is cast in one mould and the Gael in another.

If in the physical world it be true that one man's meat may be another man's poison, it is at least as true in the moral and intellectual world. The point of view modifies ideas, actions, results. To the Anglo-Saxon the only thing of real consequence is obedience to the law, the law human and divine as laid down by his teachers and approved by his conscience, be it called faith, or government, or tradition, or form, or any of the names by which the ordinary Englishman regulates his conduct. It is to him a material and tangible thing, his shield and his armour in whatever walk of life he may move and have his being.

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

The Gael is a creature of imagination. The tangible is of no importance to him as compared with the intangible. To him law, order, mean nothing; emotion, feeling, passion everything. He is the very incarnation of 'All for love and the world well lost.' Whether it be the love of a person or a creed or a place or an ideal, whatever it is that has awakened the fire in his soul, to that he will cling through good repute and bad, success or misfortune, regardless of consequence, regardless of reason, regardless of everything save his whole-hearted devotion.

I know not, I care not, if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, *whatever* thou art.

Take the example of an Englishman and an Irishman of the same class and age going away to the other side of the world to make their fortunes. Suppose them both equally successful. The Englishman—retaining all his pride of birth, all his never-to-be-shaken belief that there is nothing in creation quite so fine as Great Britain, talking of England as Home with a big H—will become part and parcel of America or the Colonies as the case may be, and never so much as dream of deserting the new land that has made him the success he is, the perfect colonist. The Irishman, who speaks of Ireland as the 'distressful country,' who has no words bad enough for her climate, her laws, her government, her politicians or her landowners (according to his class antecedents), will never be content till he can make his real home on the soil on which he was born; and to the last, like Jacob, prays that his bones may rest there.

And here, though that is really another story, I should like to point a moral to those good folk who, clamouring for female suffrage, declare that woman has no power and can have no power until she achieves the right to vote. It is to woman that Ireland owes the permanence and the increase of the cleavage between the two sections of her population. For look back on her history, from the days, at any rate, of the Elizabethan settlement, to our own time. Elizabeth, Cromwell, William of Orange, planted their most trusty followers on this ever-to-be yet never conquered country; gave them estates and

houses, and successfully induced them to settle. During their lives all went fairly well; but after their deaths what happened? The 'English garrison' married the women they found native of the soil, and in one generation sometimes, always in two, these sons of Gaelic mothers had renounced their fathers' race and their fathers' creed, retaining only their names to distract philologists of a later age. Murphy, Sullivan, Tobin are names as Anglo-Saxon as Smith, Brown, or Robinson, and as little indigenous to the soil as FitzGerald, or French, or Desmond.

But whereas the rank and file of the garrison perforce mated with the bright-eyed colleens they dwelt among, what may be termed the officers, and not only they, but the native aristocracy as well, able and in a sense obliged to spend at least part of their lives elsewhere, mostly took their wives from England, where the greater social development had given those adventitious aids which, say poets what they will, do bear the palm from Beauty unadorned; and these English mothers in their turn Anglicised their children. Hence, while the upper classes in Ireland tended generation by generation to assimilate more and more to England, the lower classes, in spite of three powerful inoculations, remained immovably Gaelic.

The seven men in Dublin, then, were the first to recognise that the two natures, the English and the Irish, being fundamentally different, must be tackled in different ways to achieve the same result. The Gaelic imagination must be stirred before the Gaelic mind could be put in motion. It had been proved useless to try to either threaten or cajole or bribe Ireland into prosperity. Neither was she a homogeneous whole; and a house divided against itself is proverbially hopeless. The solution to be sought, therefore, was a common platform on which Roman Catholic and Protestant, Nationalist and Unionist, ultimately Englishman and Irishman, could work together for the common weal; and three men, in their very persons representative of these different lines of thought—Dr. Douglas Hyde, scholar and Protestant, John MacNeill, Roman Catholic and native of the glens of Antrim in the far North, and Father O'Growney, a devoted priest in Munster—invented the Gaelic League as the inspired tool for their purpose. The Gaelic League should devote itself to the revival of the language once spoken over all Ireland 'from the centre to the sea'; the language in which St. Patrick blessed Erin from the purple mountain summits in misty Connemara; and in which St. Columba was trained before he went forth from the glens to teach religion and learning to the barbarians of the Eastern Isles. The recollection of such facts must be well calculated to stir dormant energies, and awaken thoughts and aspirations long hidden or forgotten.

It was frightfully uphill work in a country that for some two hundred years had had no interests outside faction fighting under one form or another, and to whom nothing seemed of any importance except

politics. But the name 'Gaelic,' associated with an idealised if almost unknown past, proved indeed one to conjure with; and Dr. Hyde and his colleagues had not mistaken the chord responsive on which to base their diapason. Now, after twelve years of strenuous endeavour, the League of once barely a dozen members numbers its adherents by the thousands and its branches by the hundreds. Its first object is to get its followers away from the barren and endless wrangle over politics into avenues leading to more fruitful fields of labour. Yet it is difficult in Ireland and apparently impossible in England to make people understand that it has not *and does not want to have* anything to do with politics. By its constitution it is precluded from asking any questions as to its members' creed, religious or political; it only demands of them a genuine love of their country and a whole-hearted devotion to the League's two objects: the revival of the Gaelic language as a spoken tongue, with a re-creation, as its natural consequence, of Gaelic arts, crafts, and industries; and the encouragement of Gaelic music, dances and games, instead of the feeble imitations of English wares that now take their place. Has anyone heard of a great Irish composer during the last century or two? Are not Moore's Melodies—the one bit of his work that is immortal—founded on the old Gaelic airs, those curious harmonies in minor keys so distinctive of Gaelic music, which has a scale and intervals absolutely different from any other?

In the realm of games, too, has there ever been such a thing as a really strong Irish cricket team? Even the Na-Shula—the Irish version of I Zingari—have never been on a level with the very best county team; and an Irish professional is unknown—at least in Ireland. But hockey and hurling—especially hurling—have been Gaelic games from times immemorial; hence the immense success that has attended their revival. They answer to something in the native spirit, the other does not. Therefore, also, the Gaelic League has unhesitatingly given its patronage and its prizes, when desired, to the sports at which these games were encouraged, *even* when held under the auspices of what is known as the G. A. A., *i.e.* the Gaelic Athletic Association, that avowedly political and anti-English organisation. For the Gaelic League is what it professes to be, *non-political and non-sectarian*; and does not say, like the Total Abstinence who started a club that was to be open to all and sundry who could pay and behave themselves, and where there were to be no restrictions or conditions as to drinks: 'only I shan't let in anyone who has not taken the pledge.' Or, like Lord Dunraven's so-called non-political Reform Association: 'none but Unionists admitted here.' It intends to support hockey and hurling and all manly and innocent sports, by whomsoever organised, provided they are organised for genuine play, and not as a disguise for political meetings.

The League's primary object, as I have said, is the revival of the

spoken tongue of Gaelic ; because it is convinced that out of that will spring as a matter of necessity arts and crafts original and characteristic, and indigenous industries that will stand on their own feet without the bolstering of alien touting, or patronage however exalted. To teach teachers how to teach a language that for nearly a hundred years had ceased to be spoken in two-thirds of Ireland, has needed an immense amount of energy and perseverance. But the League is beginning to reap its reward. In most towns and in many villages centres have been established for the study and practice of Gaelic. — The 'Castle,' as foreseen by the founders of the League, has given the necessary fillip. It has clamoured against it, and thereby given the Irishman—that born rebel against established order, since he has been taught for generations to connect it with an 'alien despotism'—the initial incentive for taking it up. The rest has followed as a matter of course.

Not only have the National Schools in many places taken up the study of Gaelic, but without help from outside sources industries have begun to spring up. Discovering where his country once stood, the Irishman is awakening to the possibility of standing there again. And here Ulster, the only half-Irish, sees openings that appeal to her special point of view, which approximates so much more to the English than to the Gaelic. The common platform has been found, and imagination and practical sense can work together without friction towards aims equally dear to both, while the worker can still go each his own way *outside* the League, without detriment to himself or to it. Only—and that is one of the great things the League will have achieved—its members will have learnt by personal experience that religion is a man's private affair, of vital importance to himself, but no manner of concern to anyone else ; and that politics, or the making and unmaking of laws, are a featherweight in the balance of what works for welfare and prosperity as compared with the things that can be achieved in other directions by individuals striving with unity and determination for the benefit of their country.

That Dublin Castle, like all bureaucratic institutions, terrified at anything outside its own redtape-bound routine, should have blindly and unquestioningly opposed the League, was natural and to be expected. But if the explanation of the Imperial Treasury's action in withdrawing its fees from teachers of Gaelic is really as set forth in the *Times* of the 25th of September, 1905, how is such action to be characterised ? In this age, when the Education Rate has risen by leaps and bounds, and the harassed and impoverished ratepayer who would reduce it is promptly suppressed as mediæval and unpatriotic, the Empire's purseholders announce that, *because* a certain study has been taken up with enthusiasm, *therefore* they will withdraw their support : in other words, they will only grant fees when quite sure that few or none will come forward to claim them ! Surely such

reasoning needs only to be seen in the light of day to be laughed into the limbo of things one would rather have left unsaid.

People have asked me what is the use of learning a language admittedly nearing the verge of death ? I can mention at least half a dozen good and practical uses :

(1) It is an interesting, a primary language ; it has a fine literature ; it is as good an intellectual exercise as Greek or Latin.

(2) It appeals as an intellectual occupation to a class of persons who would as soon try to master the classical languages as to fly.

(3) It appeals as a pastime to many to whom, for practical purposes, French or German would be quite as useless.

(4) It utilises the energies and aspirations awakened by the nationalist movement for purposes which breed neither sedition nor agitation, but produce results as ardently desired by England as by Ireland.

(5) It fosters self-confidence and self-reliance by proving to the Irishman that he has something of his very own to be proud of, that owes nothing, but has given much, to other countries.

(6) It gives to the ordinary working man, to that enormous class which, for good or evil, has now in its hands the ultimate destiny of nations, an interest and an occupation which keep him away from the shebeen where illicit whisky at a penny a glass steals away his brains, and ignorant politicians with the best intentions mislead his confidence and encourage the laziness engendered of an enervating climate, a pleasureless existence, and a perpetual promise of help from the outside.

The argument, which I have heard educated and otherwise quite sane folk adduce, that allowing Gaelic to be taught was to provide the people with a means of conspiracy, is too childish to be seriously met. One did not know whether, in reply, to ask if ignorance of Gaelic had hitherto prevented conspiracy ; or to inquire, if Gaelic could be so easily learnt by the *uncultured* classes, to whom the other remark applied, whether the *cultured* classes could not, in colloquial parlance, 'dish' that result by learning it too ?

A more weighty line of reasoning is that, for the last hundred years, everything has been done to bring about amalgamation between the two peoples, and that a separate language must make for separation and not amalgamation. That, of course, is true. But then, are the two nations, after a hundred and four years of nominal union, any nearer fusion than before the fusion was attempted ? Is not the breach wider now than it ever was ? Can you 'amalgamate' oil and vinegar ? What is the use of persevering in trying to fuse elements that decline to be fused ? Why not try to combine them instead, so that, while each retains its own individuality, the qualities of one should correct the defects of the other, and thus together make a perfect and harmonious whole ? Why not try the effect of encouraging the development of Ireland on Irish lines, since trying to effect that development along English lines has proved so dismal a failure ?

Above all, let the gentry of Ireland, the men and women who should have the best qualities, with the best blood, of both nations in their veins, try to understand those among whom their lot is cast, instead of turning away from everything that does not belong to the Predominant Partner. Instead of taking it for granted that nothing can be true or loyal save what comes from England, let them try whether truth and loyalty are not as inherent in things Gaelic as in things Anglo-Saxon. That very Gaelic Athletic Association—which an innocent correspondent of the *Times* the other day imagined to be a branch of the Gaelic League—was originally a harmless football organisation. But the gentry cared nothing about the ordinary amusements of working people; only the politicians, to whom their support was vital, gauged the immense power of an organisation with branches all over the country for purposes no one could reasonably interfere with. They worked heart and soul for its welfare, and having perfected it as an instrument, promptly annexed it and turned it into an almost unrivalled political tool. The Gaelic League will, so long as it remains in the hands that guide it now, assuredly be what it professes to be: an organisation for the revival of all that is best and finest and most useful intellectually, artistically and commercially, in the Gaelic spirit. But its leaders are only human. Death must step in one day; and if the loyalists of Ireland are too ignorant to fill the vacant places, while the disloyal have learnt and appreciated the power that lies in a truly national spirit roused to a sense of its own capabilities, who will be to blame for the consequences if the latter can and do fill them?

The meetings of the Gaelic League are open to all; most of its pamphlets can be bought at its publishing offices, 24 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, for the vast sum of one penny each; anyone who chooses can prove for himself the truth of all the things I have asserted here.

Whoever has stood, as I did last June, at a gathering under the auspices of the Gaelic League in a county that for years has been more dead than alive, where some four thousand men and women had come together in friendly rivalry to compete for prizes in reciting, singing, violin-playing, dancing, lace-making, wood-carving, sewing, baking, honey-making, even washing; had spent, as I did, twelve hours among that crowd, hearing nothing but good-humoured talk, laughter and applause; no drunkenness, no quarrelling, nothing but simple enjoyment and the wish to enjoy, from midday till nearly midnight, when we broke up after an exhilarating variety concert mostly recruited from native talent, at the close of a day unmarred by any hitch, and in which not a word connected with politics had been spoken, would believe, *must* believe as I do—that the regeneration of Ireland lies with the Gaelic League; and wish it, as I do, God speed.

THE STOCK-SIZE OF SUCCESS

LEST it be thought, because I am writing once more anent the drama in England, that I preach either a crusade or a creed, let me hasten to explain that, although the high-road to success will always lie along the lines of a new gospel, it is no part of my programme to encroach on the prerogatives of the pulpit or the platform.

I have no desire to collect statistics or to publish a handbook to British taste, any more than I aspire to provide parochial literature for the Orthodox or Sunday reading for the Dissenter. Mine is merely the attitude of the player who, while waiting her turn to 'go on,' peers through the joins of the scenery, and has leisure to observe the sharp outlines of the stage pictures, the extravagant proportions of some, the weak drawing of others, and the curious want of perspective in many—traits that I will endeavour to record here rather with the amusement of the philosopher than with the sarcasm of the critic.

Moreover, it is my purpose to press into a given shape and space some herbs and sprigs of observation gathered along the upland paths of daily existence, or at the foot of those mountains that look so alluring and yet so formidable in pursuit of any and every profession, and that we climb laboriously or spring up light-heartedly—according to our various energies—mountain peaks that when scaled resolve themselves into such very little hilltops by comparison with those ranges we have yet to climb.

Perhaps in no other area of enterprise do the mountains lie, range upon range, so closely, so endlessly, as in Theatreland, and perhaps in no other is the ascent so rapid and the descent so facile. In the dramatic profession the actor can never pause to draw breath and look down on the road behind him with the assurance of 'pains past.' Every appearance in a fresh part, every departure on unfamiliar lines, entails the conquest of a new country. The actor's work is never done. He cannot rely on the reputation of his firm to attract customers. He cannot establish his credit and then leave it to an army of competent clerks to carry on the work. He cannot, as the sculptor or painter of old, surround himself with a host of enthusiastic students, ready and willing to elaborate the conception of the

master. Each leaf in the crown of laurels that the actor wears round his brow is paid for with the sweat of it, paid for night after night, again and again. If to-day he allows himself the relaxation of his vitality because the muscles are weary or the brain exhausted, to-morrow his reputation will diminish.

The painter, the sculptor, the musician, the writer may, like the chemist in his laboratory, work in secrecy and in silence, never giving the fruits of his labour to the public until the experiment has been perfected; but the actor cannot test the merit of his invention save by the ordeal of publicity. He alone of all artists must attempt to scale the heights of public favour in full view of the spectators, laughed at if, with uncertain feet, he jumps short of the precipice of ridicule, and left to perish of starvation and neglect where he lies below, wounded in his energies and his ambitions.

This edelweiss that we actors wear in our bonnets—white emblem of artistic intention we have risked our all to attain, valuable only because it carries the memory of patient effort—how small a trophy of the persistence and courage it has cost us! For no success has ever been constructed on the golden sands of prosperity. Success, to be real, to survive the test of time and its ravages, must be hewn from the granite of failure. It must be carved out of man's capability to utilise the rough, hard rocks of despair for a solid foundation on which to erect the walls and piers of a lasting edifice.

That the granite is cemented with the heart's-blood of the individual, that there are thousands maimed and crushed in the struggle for bare existence, it is none of Nature's business to take into account; hers alone the inexorable demand of labour, at whatever cost to her children in the mere effort to survive. And in England this struggle for breath, this desperate fight against submersion, is bitterer perhaps than elsewhere, because mere technical thoroughness and good workmanship do not necessarily command success in any trade or calling, and the test of it cannot be gauged by the amount of marks that an expert examiner would award to the competitor, but by the peculiarity that strikes the public fancy. Here are no consolation prizes, no medals for general excellence. The candidate for popular favour passes with all honours and emoluments, or—he fails to pass. It follows, therefore, that the demarcation of exorbitant prosperity and extreme poverty are here more clearly defined than in any other country. It is this absence of half-tones in our social system and this lack of gradation in the finer shades and gentler tints that paint the pictures of our national life in the crude black of sordid misery or the naked white of insolent extravagance.

In a word, what is known in painting as the 'values' is here conspicuously absent.

In a picture, the 'values' mean the juxtaposition of one colour to another, the relative importance of light and shade, the power of

detail to interfere with the mass, and the subservience of certain parts of the picture to the central point of interest. Then there is the scheme of colour, the quality of execution, the breadth of conception—all these enter into 'values' as understood by the artist in his criticism of a composition.

Translate all this into music, substitute the word 'tones' for colours, 'theme' for scheme, 'quantity' for quality, 'symphony' for sympathy, and we have the essence of the composer's art and the 'values' of a musical creation.

And all this I mean when speaking of the 'values' of the drama in England.

In very many places an author having a defective instinct of these 'values' has not known what part of his story to place before us and what to leave to our imagining. That the difficulties of construction in a play are a hundredfold greater than those in a novel is due not only to the restrictions of time and space, but also to the fact that on the stage the story unfolded before us must in the first place appeal to the eye and the ear before it reaches the brain. Narrative, dissection of motive, analysis of purpose, description of locale, are alike impossible in a drama. Atmosphere, personality, surroundings, appeal to the senses the very moment that the curtain goes up on the picture, and the characters are, so to speak, convicted out of their own mouths. A false colour, an inappropriate dress, an exaggerated 'make-up,' may strike the sight with the wrong impression before a word has been uttered. Again, the story of a lifetime or the incident of a few hours must be compressed into the two or three acts of a play, while a novelist may extend it to three volumes, taking as many days to read as it takes hours to see the play enacted.

But even for the writer of fiction the old time-worn custom of retailing what has been happening elsewhere simultaneously in another chapter has almost died out. Such a sentence as 'While this was going on Elvira was on her knees to her father, wringing her hands in another part of the castle,' is as obviously old-fashioned nowadays in a novel as a front scene would be in a play, yet we can accompany the heroine of fiction upstairs or out of doors while she is forced to remain before us on the stage. It is this limitation of scene,—though sometimes wanting only simple mechanical ingenuity, perhaps, to surmount it,—that often reveals the skilled engineer or betrays the novice in his first attempt to elaborate an idea.

The pity of it is that so much truly original matter should be lost to us by reason of this very want of technical stagecraft. Again and again it is noticeable how infinitely more interesting is the scene that is *not* taking place on the stage than that which is happening before our eyes. How often I have wished that we had been permitted to view the scene of which we are only allowed the recital!

Sometimes the curious lack of 'values' brings into salient relief

some auxiliary or supernumerary that was never meant to attract our attention. It is almost as though the author had worked so long at the elaboration of his central figures that the outlines have been smoothed away as the result of too much manipulation, while the rapid, vivid colouring of a personage hastily added to fill in the background stands out instinct with the spontaneity of a quick impression.

As a curious illustration of the dramatist's sense of proportion I will give my own experience when I had the privilege of playing in Professor Gilbert Murray's version of *The Trojan Women* of Euripides.

The translator impressed on me that Helen of Troy in her attitude towards Menelaus should be godlike in her serenity, as became the daughter of Leda and Jupiter, who could not be judged by the standard of ordinary mortals ; and so it would appear in the reading of it. Yet, no sooner does the curtain rise on the scene in which Helen, magnificently arrayed according to the text, confronts her husband, than the conflict of sex leaps up. Short as is this scene, during the whole of her forensic defence of herself the sexual battle is being fought, illumining the whole stage, and is won by the woman. How strong the instinct of the values here ! Had Euripides left Helen on the scene one moment longer, the prophecies of Cassandra, the laments of Andromache, the curses of Hecuba would all have been obliterated by the 'eternally feminine,' and forgotten.

Precisely because it is my purpose to analyse, and not to criticise, I must at this point speak on behalf and in defence of the modern author. Too often the latter is obliged to ignore his knowledge of values in the endeavour to fit some particular personality for whom the play is destined ; too frequently he must sacrifice the balance of his play to render it saleable in certain markets. It is possible that the accident of some small individual part jumping into sudden prominence, to which I have alluded, is occasionally due to the playwright's obligation to reduce what was once an important character in the piece to the absorbing requirements of the management. Of that I shall speak later, when I come to consider the romance of egoism ; suffice it to say here that the playwright constructs plays with a view to production by the manager, that the manager produces these plays with the object of attracting the public, and that without theatre or public there would be no plays. The author is, therefore, moving painfully in a vicious circle from which there is no release. Dramatists complain continually, and complain with right, that managers dictate to them ; the plot must have a happy ending, virtue must triumph, the hero must be incapable of evil, there must be more laughter, it must send the audience away cheerfully ; and, nauseous as it is to relate, these are the managers who score one success after another. The 'pap-shop' at which these plays are

produced is the theatre that has seasoned the pap 'to taste,' as the cookery-books have it. The manager who would succeed is the man who has taken the stock-size of the audience and cut his play to it.

For the 'stock-size' is the secret of all successful enterprise, whether commercial, artistic or political. Very evidently, in order to suit the peculiar fancy of the individual rather than the broad requirements of the general, a larger outlay of capital and labour is necessary, and it does certainly not occur to the average man of business that in order to enlarge his custom the unit must sometimes be considered.

For many years a Bond Street firm of inflated reputation, and still more inflated prices, had the honour of making my footgear for me.

For many months after the shoes had been sent home I contemplated them on my bootshelf with rapture, so glossy and bright were they in their new splendour; but I never essayed to wear them, for, unlike the price of them, they were *not* inflated.

For many weeks after I had 'taken them into wear' my only satisfaction was in their glittering appearance; but as I limped or hopped from foot to foot I made the reassuring reflection that when they no longer shone I should at last know comfort, or such comfort as the maimed and wounded may know in an easy bandage.

One day I summoned up courage to remonstrate with the head of the firm. I argued that it would be better from the business point of view to make my shoes wider in the soles, on the ground that I should then walk out in them at once, and thus by a simple sum in arithmetic it would mean the ordering of many more pairs per annum. His answer to me was couched in the allegorical language of the Bond Street tradesman. Roughly, it amounted to this: that I had let my craving for ease ruin the shape of my foot, and that it was no credit to their firm to supply customers with anything but what he termed a 'neat shoe.' Reflecting on the agony that was compressed into the hyperbole of that word 'neat,' I took my lacerated vanity and limbs to an American firm elsewhere. Here they cheerfully assured me that I had a very small foot for my size, but would recommend greater width for beauty, and charged me one-fourth of the Bond Street price of neatness. Take it to heart, O tradesmen of England! Here was a firm that fitted the shoe to the wearer instead of the wearer to the shoe, and restored my *amour-propre* while they saved my money.

Simple and homely as is this story, it has, to the patriot, the bitterness of a moral, and to the actor the sadness of a parable—the parable of the narrow shoe and the broad foot; the parable of the wider aims of the artist compressed into the limits of the public standard of taste.

It is a tradition, and nothing but a tradition, that the English-

man reserves to himself the right of grumbling; yet no countryman puts up with more neglect and inconvenience and grumbles less. If he ask for one thing and get another, he carries it away with the same placidity with which he allows himself to be robbed by a municipal authority or an income-tax collector—that is, without demur, always provided that he carries away with him an article similar to one he has bought before.

When foreigners caricature the English in their comic papers or plays, they invariably depict us as ‘eccentrics,’ and yet in nothing are we so cordial as in our detestation, first, of conspicuous eccentricity, secondly, of surprises, within the family circle or without it. If the individual desires to be a professed eccentric with perfect immunity and comfort to himself he must begin as he means to go on. Then he will be regarded with polite tolerance because it is known to be ‘his little way.’ On the other hand, a sudden outbreak of originality, or an unexpected conversion to tenets not always ours, is as odious to us as a change of programme in a politician, even though it be framed to meet the pressing requirements of the moment.

In manners the Englishman, because he has a great fear of ridicule, prefers a hard-and-fast etiquette. In morals, because he has a horror of disorder, he is glad of a stringent code to restrain him. In art, because he is a little diffident of his own judgment, he wants a definite criterion of taste. In whatever he undertakes, in which-ever direction his bent lies, he likes a table of rules and regulations, clearly defined, that he may know exactly how far he may go in infringing them without being voted ungentlemanlike.

A German once made a pertinent remark to me when I spoke to him of our social liberty in England, of the go-as-you-please tone of our manners and customs without deference to our neighbours, of the cordiality of intercourse without the vexing restrictions of how or when.

‘Paradoxical as it may appear,’ replied the German, ‘your non-chalance is born of your absolute conventionality. You are never in doubt how to behave, as we are; because you have a prescribed formula for everything and everyone in business, in pleasure, or in sport. The whole of society has luncheon and dinner at the same hour, and you know that after eight you must be found in evening dress, and you know when you call between three and six you must call *im Cylinder*, as we say. In Germany we have no code of etiquette, no hard-and-fast social laws; therefore we waste much time in speculating as to what will be acceptable to our neighbours, and much energy in discussing the result, and the gossip or *Klatsch* about both is a deplorable feature of our social life.’

Obviously, therefore, though we have the qualities of our defects, there is another and darker side, and that is the artistic side. We

know so well what is acceptable to our neighbours, we are so imbued with the routine of their views, that we have not the courage to break away from them, in terror of their contempt or disdain. Slow to think, slower still to grasp a new idea, we are neither impressed by the authoritative verdict of the expert nor moved by the agitation of a masterful press. The pressure of years and the weight of accumulating circumstances alone will at length induce the crowd to make way for a new principle, alas ! grown old and antiquated in pattern by the time it has been accepted.

From this rule there is, of course, one palpable exception—the invention of a novel form of religion or creed ; but that opens up so vast and different a subject that it cannot be dealt with here.

If anyone doubts the truth of this imperviousness to new idea, let him note the energy that is being expended in the public press in waking this country to its danger of invasion and the lamentably small result in the activity of the nation. Who can fail to diagnose the symptoms when, for all answer to the trumpet-call of danger sounded by the first soldier in the land, it turns over in its sleep and yawns on the other side ? This is the lethargy of advancing age.

If it be the case that our patriotism cannot be roused, then how far greater must be our somnolent indolence with regard to art. James Whistler knocked vainly at the door of artistic understanding, making enemies by his very disclaim of it, until after his death, when the symphonies of night and the harmonies of day that had once been the scoff and gibe of every dealer leaped up in the mart of fashionable favour by fifties and hundreds of pounds. Each picture as it mounts in value passes from owner to owner, just as any ordinary mining share on the Stock Exchange, not because there is more gold where that came from, but because the hand which could invest the dirty river crawling in our midst with the glamour of romance is cold and stiff and can paint no more. Because Watts was a loved personality and a grand figure it is the national custom to extol him as the greatest English master ; but Watts, by the time the nation had realised his presence among them, had ceased to be the great *painter*. His work that will live as a lesson to schools of all ages was done before the 'eighties. After that it was merely the work of a great mind driving a feeble hand.

But the actor's case is desperate—more desperate still that of the actress. Health and looks and spirits, the accompaniments of youth, must go hand in hand with the privilege of age—experience. If we have a lesson to teach, a method to popularise, a thought to indicate, it must be done *now* or *never*. There is no time to wait until the public have sufficient years for the comprehension of a new school. Before audiences have rubbed their eyes and awakened to the genius before them the voice that taught them to admire is silent, the song of the singer hushed. The playwright, the poet may all live again, to

rejoice another generation with their tale, but the actor takes his aims and ambitions with him to the grave.

Meanwhile the public turn away impatiently: 'Give us what we want or we will not come to you. We don't want that new-fangled rubbish. We want to see what we saw last time we came to your theatre. We want to read what we read last when we bought your book. We want to sing what we heard at the ballad concert.' And so on through every item of the programme of public amusements. The author who has written on any given subject, and has taken the fancy of his readers, is to exhaust himself on that same subject until there comes a day when the phrase goes round that he has nothing more to tell. The playwright who has put his soul into his drama soon finds out that he has only to work on the lines of his predecessor in the theatre to ensure a hearing. I well remember how the author of one of the plays that has had the longest run in these latter months acknowledged to me that while he wrote 'himself' he was not able to get a production, but when he wrote 'pattern' he found he could dispose of more plays than he had time to write.

The subordinate who fits into his place is a valuable servant, but the employé who sees further than his employer is an awkward factor to deal with. The old business methods were quite good enough for the head of the firm; the old machinery was quite equal to the demand of the output; unfamiliar ideas will mean a fresh start in unexplored regions, in place of the comfortable jog-trot along the old road; it will mean greater effort and shorter leisure, more labour and less golf or cricket. To a political party a strenuous member may signify loss of votes; whereas a safe man, of whom you know accurately what to expect, while he may not increase the majority, will at any rate not expand the minority. In a Cabinet the man with no mind of his own will not embarrass the Government. In a regiment the soldier without initiative will not compromise the commanding officer by his impulsive action. The whole desire of the nation is for most result with least effort. And the speediest method is not to fit each separately, but to cut all requirements on the same pattern, leaving it to the individual to pull and pin, cut and clip, till the cloth is adjusted to the wearer.

In speaking before on behalf of the aspirant to dramatic authorship, I pointed out the danger to his work of sacrificing its entity in order to adapt it for the methods of the unit. I must, however, in justice to my profession, represent how and why we are driven to these necessities. Heartrending as it may be to the author, there is at bottom of it more of common-sense than at first appears.

THE ROMANCE OF EGOISM.

What spectator that has carefully and thoughtfully contemplated our drama has not been struck with the superb omnipotence of the hero or heroine? Every detail has been subordinated to his personality, every character sketched as a shadow by the side of the central figure, until the effect is as the effect of those spirit photographs that present to us a view of a robust personage strangely out of focus with the spectral shadow of his 'influence' hovering beside him. Now, exactly as we are asked to believe that the chief sitter in the psychic photograph is of sufficiently sublime importance to summon one or more 'spirit guides' to watch over him even during the harmless process of posing for his portrait, so we are to imagine that the small hub of the universe represented by the set of *dramatis personæ* before us is revolving round the romantic egoism of our friend the hero.

To him nothing matters but his own emotions, his own deeds of heroism, his own sins, his own repentances, and ultimately his own eventual happiness, at the cost of his surroundings.

In our experience of life we all know charming, clever women, long past the age of fifty, whom men delight to visit and chat with. But on the stage, although our hero may be found occasionally capable of the heroism of offering his arm to the oldest lady of the party, we rarely find him taking a kindly interest in the aged, frequently as he rescues the young and beautiful. More seldom still do we hear him speak, even humanly, to one of those elderly family servants that character actors delight to portray as far too decrepit to do their work. Our hero is ruthless to women, ungrateful to his mistresses—this latter trait, however, may be added by the author as a concession to public morality; in real life we frequently observe that men are a little afraid of the tempers and a little cautious of the confidences of the partners in their guilt—and his magnificent treatment of the heroine is not so much because she is the girl he loves as that she is the woman loved by *him*!

Not less remarkable is the tolerance of his irritating behaviour by his friends and *entourage*. The most atrocious lapses of taste are condoned by them in the playwright's necessity to carry on his story; the strangest aberrations from common honesty, even from common-sense, are cloaked and hushed up by the apparent fascination that this king of romance exercises over the minds of his supporters—a fascination that is in no way accounted for by the characteristics he displays on most occasions, for, if he saves a situation, it is more often than not through mere impudence; and if he conquers his enemies, it must be admitted they are seldom foes worthy of his steel and rarely offer anything but a feeble resistance.

At first sight it might appear that all this applies merely to melodrama, or to such variety of it as is masquerading in the costume of

some picturesque period ; but nowhere is the soul-stirring selfishness of the leading character more powerfully felt than in the farcical comedy of the Victorian era. Whether he is found rattling off lie after lie, or pattering excuses to extricate himself from an inconvenient predicament, compromising others that he himself may escape, turning to ridicule the only figure in the farce that commands our respect in the person of his sober-minded wife—for matrimony would appear to make the fun more fast and furious—indifferent to the strain on her health when she sits up for him at night, callous of her anxiety when he returns not until the following morning, he is still as magnificent an egoist as the conqueror of cape and sword drama !

What is chiefly remarkable in this wonderful world of make-believe is this : however ludicrous and incongruous it all sounds in the recital, to the confessed playgoer it means the poetry of romance.

It is the custom to laugh at the actor who picks out for himself all the plums of the play. Yet there is nothing more to laugh at in that than to ridicule the Lord Mayor-elect for driving through the City in a gilded coach, supported by his aldermen. To catch the popular imagination he bows to them from his golden chariot in scarlet and miniver, the mace of office borne by his side. To become a favourite you must show yourself to your public clad in the insignia of the leading man. You must have all the good things to say, all the good things to do. I will not go so far as to suggest having all the limelight on you, as that is never a becoming illumination to man or woman past the age of twenty ; but you must attract and absorb the attention of the audience in the theatre just as pompously as the Lord Mayor in his progress through the streets of London, and it is no more vanity in the former than in the latter ; it is merely the exigency of office, and is nothing but business, hard business.

So much is it business that it is a matter for speculation whether the romantic halo that surrounds some figures in history is not largely due to this knowledge of stagecraft and its absorbing egoism.

The restless ego of the monarch who is determined to be autocrat by the grace of his ' ally, God Almighty,' stimulates a curiosity and interest that his dutiful cousin of Italy, with his whole-hearted devotion to his subjects' interests, has never been able to excite.

Henry the Eighth, who upset a national religion to satisfy a scheming concubine in her ambition to possess her marriage-lines, who murdered his inconvenient wives, notably those with no foreign armies at their back, is by his very magnificence of fiendish impulse handed down to us as ' Bluff King Hal ' ; and his daughter Elizabeth, worthy offspring of a Defender of the Faith and a Kentish adventuress, comes to us as ' Good Queen Bess ' for having decapitated a Roman Catholic queen. Both these monarchs pre-eminently understood the technique of stage management.

What figure has cut deeper into the romance of the world's history

than Napoleon the First, with his sharpness of diction, his rapid utterances, his pretence of unfailing memory, his displays of recognition, his affectations of simplicity, his assumption of equality in the cocked hat of 'le petit Caporal,' playing in turn the part of the unostentatious soldier, the truculent conqueror, or the magnificent Emperor. What an eye for theatrical effect ! What a sense of dramatic surprises ! Yet he had seized the popular imagination not so much by his gigantic conceptions of conquest as by the brutal indifference of his egoism.

The proletariat worship those who trample them underfoot ; servants serve that master best who throws them a command rather than a request ; a regiment will follow that officer more readily who assumes a certain lavish aloofness and 'treats them like a lord,' as the men would say. There is an attitude of servility in every crowd composed of human beings of not more than average understanding ; and, more than this, there is a certain naïve admiration of the leader who can impose his will on others and subordinate them to his necessities, and this attitude exists no less in a theatrical audience than elsewhere. Hence the time is still far distant when success may be achieved by plays that have a universal rather than an individual interest, and it is very evident that the English taste for 'star' plays has not changed since *Hamlet* and *Othello* were written.

While, however, there is neither a Shakespeare nor a Sheridan among us, there are certainly a few men of very modern thought who realise in their philosophy of life that every unit is contributing to its own little drama of existence, that the servant who admits the visitor has as much a part in the tragedy or comedy of the inevitable as the leading actor in it, and that the real test of great drama consists precisely of that element without which it is merely a stage play based on an untenable premise.

By the inevitable in the construction of any and every class of stage play I mean that sequence of events that follows logically and naturally. Given that the starting-point is a human possibility, events should fit, episodes should drop into each other with the neatness of Japanese bricks in a child's toy.

No more apt illustration of this can be found than in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's Comedy of *The Liars*. In Act III. we have each of the *dramatis personæ* separately pressed into the service of the liars with the conviction that they could not have acted otherwise, and even their various entrances are part of a geometrical pattern so deftly arranged that it seems to the audience as if they could not have been avoided. This is the very triumph of the inevitable, and will hold the audience at whatever distance of time it may be revived. It may also be added that this play is remarkable for the uniform importance of all the parts to the scheme of the comedy.

Though I have endeavoured to explain what I mean by the stock-size of success, I do not presume to say with whom lies the fault,

for even if I had the wish to correct the prevailing criterion of what is good or bad, I should find it hard indeed to say whether the manager is in general under- or over-rating the understanding of his audience. There are here and there glimpses of a higher intelligence than is manifested by the unaccountable rush for seats for a play that offends all the canons of art, and it is a question whether that more intellectual portion of the public is being sufficiently taken into account. As against this there is the all-powerful argument of box-office receipts, and the triumph of all that, for want of a more definite term, I must call the 'middle-class' of drama. Who, then, shall blame the artist if, in soliciting the patronage of the public, he neglect more and more the nobler ideals with which he was equipped at the outset of his career? For, like the bride starting on her married life at the altar steps, the artist has vowed oaths of allegiance and has solemnly prayed that he may remain faithful to the work he has espoused. That the world, in its detestation of aims higher than its own, will sooner or later succeed in divorcing the worker from all that is best and noblest in his art is a foregone conclusion. Only the few have the courage to face poverty and neglect in hope of future recognition, and if the actor, for whom there is no future, impatiently shakes the golden tree of the present, who but he and his conscience will know or care to know how rotten is the fruit that he has gathered?

GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS

Supplex loci sanctitatem venerare ;
 Et posthac sub luto aurum,
 Cælum sub cæno,
 Sub Româ Romanum querito.

It was Goethe, if we remember rightly, who spoke of Rome as a world in which it took years to find oneself at home. And few, if any, whose experience qualifies them to form a judgment, and who have anything of the æsthetic sense, will venture to call in question the justness of his estimate. For it is one thing to see Rome with the outward eye, as the mass of tourists see her, and quite another thing to be brought into close communion with the spirit, the *genius loci*, which has its dwelling among the ruins of her splendour. There is a visible and material Rome, be it classical, or medieval, or modern ; and there is a Rome, too, of the imagination—invisible, impalpable, indescribable—whose sway is over the realm of thought and feeling.

And if this be true generally of the Rome within the walls, it is largely true also of those sombre catacombs which lie concealed beneath the hills that encircle her. There, within a radius of some three miles from the gates, and underlying the great roads which enter them—the Via Appia, the Salaria, the Latina, the Tiburtina, the Nomentana—the old burial-places of the early Church have mined and honeycombed almost the whole of the surrounding Campagna.

Dark and dismal as such places must necessarily be, and full too of disappointment for the highly coloured anticipations which eloquent descriptions and somewhat imaginative illustrations may have excited, they are none the less of profound interest for all who visit them in the true spirit of historic sympathy.

By an analogy which is as happy as it is suggestive, the catacombs of Rome have been called the Pompeii of early Christianity. For just as the excavations of the eighteenth century opened out before the eyes of Europe the public and private life of a civilisation which for some seventeen hundred years had lain buried under the shadow of Vesuvius, so the chance labours of workmen digging for sand

in the Vigna Sanchez, close by the Via Salaria, on the 31st of May 1578, were destined to be our introduction, through these long-forgotten burial-crypts, to the cradle of Roman Christianity and to the nursery of religious art.

Among the mingled feelings to which a first acquaintance with the catacombs is likely to give rise will be one of bewilderment at the seemingly endless extent of their ramifications. It has been roughly calculated that if all the underground galleries and passages could be placed end to end in one long line they would more than traverse the entire length of the Italian Peninsula, and that the graves enclosed in their walls would amount to at least two millions. Startling enough in itself such an estimate as this throws an interesting light on the rapid spread of the Christian religion in the capital, since it can have been no stagnant or insignificant society which, even long before the 'Peace of the Church,' had come to require such an extensive area for its dead. But so meagre and fragmentary are the records of this primitive Christianity that our knowledge of the details concerning its growth and progress is necessarily very imperfect, while with regard to its ancient burial-grounds we must accept the fact that for some three hundred years their history can only be even partially recovered by aid of the concurrent testimony of archæology and tradition.

The Martyrologies which have come down to us, the Church Calendars, the compilation known as the Roman *Liber Pontificalis*, the Itineraries or medieval guide-books, the invocations and prayers of pious pilgrims scratched upon the walls of the underground chambers, are none of them contemporary evidence, nor do they even in their most ancient sources take us back beyond the fourth century of our era. Nearly all the details which the primitive Church had garnered up with such reverential care appear to have perished in the fires of the Diocletian persecutions. Valuable, therefore, as the above and other kindred channels of knowledge have proved themselves to be, they have served mainly as useful signposts indicating the direction in which the investigator might expect his work to lie. His real business remained to be done in the dark crypts of the catacombs themselves. It was among their labyrinthine recesses that the scattered materials had to be sought out, classified, and compared, upon the scientific study of which any conclusions that were to lay claim to permanent value must be based.

The task of the original pioneers was thus arduous in the extreme, and not even the most ardent enthusiasm could of itself have sufficed to bring it to a successful issue. Enthusiasm indeed there must be, but there is needed also no slight store of persevering courage and endurance if a man is to go down day after day and month after month into the dark places of the earth, to force a path hither and thither amid the accumulated rubbish of ages, and to creep, by the aid

of torch or lamp, in and out of the narrow clefts and intersecting passages among which a way has to be found. And yet the purely physical obstacles by which an explorer is confronted are by no means the most formidable of his difficulties. Decay and neglect have played sad havoc with the catacombs. The vandalism of the barbarian invader, aided by the still greedier vandalism of the home-born Philistine, has emptied them of many of their choicest treasures and of six-sevenths of their old inscriptions. Much that, if locally undisturbed, would have been invaluable evidence for the archaeologist, has been ruthlessly swept away into museums and private collections, there perhaps to form the subject of arbitrary classifications and the basis of doubtful contentions. And with regard to what remains it requires the training of a long experience to become possessed of that nice discrimination which is indispensable in order to distinguish between that which is primitive and that which has been retouched or restored. There is the problem, too, of giving a faithful representation of these old frescoes for the enlightenment of those to whom the privilege of inspecting and studying the originals has been denied. Far be it from us to forget the wonderful Parker photographs, but nevertheless, until the recent appearance in *Le Pitture delle Catacombe Romane* of Wilpert's splendid illustrations, one would have supposed it beyond human skill to reproduce with real artistic truthfulness the actual blur and indistinctness of a decayed and mouldering painted surface.

A great debt of gratitude is due to the laborious and minute researches of men like Padre Marchi and the brothers De Rossi, worthy followers in the footsteps of the Columbus of this rediscovered world of tombs, Anthony Bosio. It is largely owing to their lifelong work that there has been brought about, among those who in recent years have made these venerable burial-grounds their study, something like a substantial agreement both as to their history and their religious symbolism. Many baseless theories which once found favour, and which books like the *Fabiola* of Cardinal Wiseman did a good deal to popularise, have now been cast aside. We are no longer invited to believe that the Roman catacombs were in their origin neither more nor less than disused sandpits. Nor would the view that their excavation was carried on secretly and by stealth find any support at the present day. Such a work must obviously have involved the displacement and removal of many thousand tons of soil, and to suppose this to have been carried out so as to evade the vigilance of the police of the capital is, as Mommsen long since pointed out, to impose too severe a tax upon our credulity. And lastly it is admitted that, although on the occasion of a funeral and of its anniversaries, it was the primitive custom to celebrate the Eucharist at the grave, the catacombs were in point of fact originally planned and designed to serve neither as subterranean places of worship, nor

yet as asylums of refuge from persecution, but simply as cemeteries for the use of the Christian community.

It may assist us to understand how the Roman catacombs had their origin if we picture to ourselves the position in which, as years passed by, the Christian population would find itself placed in dealing with the problem of making suitable provision for the dead.

But for one restriction the laws of Rome presented no difficulty. Interments by Christians must follow what was the general rule and be made outside the city walls. Subject to this condition the new sect might lawfully adopt whatever mode of burial they pleased, in the full confidence that their cemeteries would receive exactly the same protection which the municipal authorities were most watchful in extending to all tombs and sepulchres. Looking round upon the customs of contemporary paganism, the early converts would find more to repel than to attract them. Cremation, at the period with which we are dealing, had all but entirely taken the place of inhumation. For wealthy families of position there were the stately mausoleums which flanked the great Appian Way. For humbler people there were the dove-cots of the various 'columbaria,' into which at but little expense their ashes might be received when the fire had consumed their bodies. For the dregs of the populace there were filthy pits like those that, as Horace tells us (*Sat. I. viii. 8.*), used to defile the Esquiline, into which their corpses were flung like so much carrion and left to rot.

But the mausoleum with its sarcophagi of sculptured stone—so costly in construction and so burdensome to carry to their destination—and with its note moreover of aristocratic exclusiveness, was but ill adapted to meet the growing needs of a spiritual democracy, the great majority of whose members were of very slender means, and whose religious principles admitted of no distinction between rich and poor, master and slave. Cremation, too, was distasteful to Jew and to Christian alike, and under the influence of the new teaching as to the resurrection of the body it passed more and more into disuse. 'Christians,' writes Minucius Felix, 'hold cremation in abhorrence.' 'We,' he adds, 'follow the venerable and better custom of interment.' Accordingly there remained only the 'commune sepulchrum,' the common grave of the outlying pits. For men however who had but just learnt that nothing which God had cleansed should be held common or unclean, it would instinctively be felt a sacrilege to cast callously to the dogs the bodies even of the very lowest of those who through the sacrament of baptism had been enrolled among the ranks of the redeemed.

But if paganism had no burial precedents towards which a Christian would feel himself strongly attracted, it was otherwise with Judaism, from whose bosom it must be remembered that Christianity had sprung. From the days of Augustus the Roman Jews

had possessed subterranean cemeteries of their own beyond the walls, and nothing could be more natural than that Jewish Christianity in the capital should adhere to the mode of interment to which Judaism had been there accustomed. Stronger too than even any associations with national usage would be the profound feeling of reverence for the example which had been rendered sacred in the entombment of Christ Himself. The hills outside Rome did not, it is true, in their nature resemble the limestone hills of Judæa, whose sides were everywhere perforated with cave-tombs whether for individual or for family use, 'as the manner of the Jews is to bury' (John xix. 40). But in lieu of limestone most of the country round the walls had its own characteristic tufa formation, which was even better suited for purposes of inhumation, and there the faithful servants of their Lord might be laid to rest even as long years ago in Jerusalem He had Himself been laid in the rock-hewn sepulchre of Joseph's garden.

Easily accessible from all parts of Rome the undulations of the neighbouring Campagna rose and fell in a series of pigmy hills and depressions whose soil was of volcanic origin. Differing in the dates of their deposit the strata differed also in character. There was the red rock, the 'lapis ruber,' to whose durability for building purposes the ancient Cloaca Maxima could bear witness, but which defied the crude manipulations of pick and spade. There were also the loose sandy beds of the 'arena,' or 'pozzolana' as it is now called, admirable for cement or mortar, but too crumbling and incoherent for structural stability. Mingling itself with these there was yet another deposit of igneous rock neither so hard as the one nor so soft as the other, but of just sufficient compactness and consistency to make it safely workable. It was in this intermediate formation, this 'tufa granolare,' that nature seemed to be offering the very material which the Christians needed, and it is accordingly in this layer of the volcanic rock that the greater number of the catacombs have been hollowed out. Porous in its structure, water drains off it with so much rapidity that inasmuch as the cemeteries did not extend to the intervening valleys but were as a rule confined to the high ground of the hills, the risk of inundation was rendered inappreciable and the various galleries and chambers were kept sufficiently dry.

Thus it was that the venerated tradition of their Master's grave in the rock, the influence of Jewish custom, the law of the land, and considerations of ordinary convenience, all combined to determine for the primitive Christianity of Rome the character of its burial-grounds. Situated outside the Servian walls, as the authorities prescribed, these privately owned foundations came under the strict guardianship of the Roman College of Pontiffs who would find in them nothing to call for their official interference. Here therefore the solemn rites of religion would neither be insulted by contact with the idolatries of the

heathen population nor disturbed by the indecent mockeries of the profane. Except where mixed marriages might have made any strict rule unwelcome, the cemeteries were intended exclusively for Christian use, so that friends who had been 'lovely and pleasant in their lives' need not in their last sleep be divided. In the peaceful seclusion of these narrow chambers, hidden away beneath the ground, a sorrowing group of mourners might at each recurring anniversary find space to join in celebrating the last rites at a departed brother's grave, or the catechumen might receive instruction in the rudiments of the Christian faith.

Probably too the natural inclination to follow the Jewish practice, and to bury the dead in subterranean catacombs, would receive a strong stimulus from the fear of popular outbreaks. It is no doubt the fact that for anything we know to the contrary the Roman Christians were left politically unmolested from the death of Nero to the reign of Domitian, and again from the reign of Nerva (A.D. 96) to the accession of Decius (A.D. 249-50). But even in the absence of any open and official persecution they must have breathed from day to day an atmosphere of constant disquiet and apprehension. They were a sect on whom suspicion constantly rested. Their creed was quite unlike those many other Eastern cults which jostled each other in the streets of Rome. It was no mere 'superstitio,' no mere alien worship of alien gods. It was something infinitely more significant. For since from the point of view of the national religion the fortunes of Rome were the especial care of the immortal gods and depended on their duly regulated worship, Christianity by its persistent revolt against what its followers deemed to be idolatry seemed to be endeavouring to undermine the religious basis of the State and for this reason to be inviting every form of retributive disaster.

Moreover the very intensity of moral conviction which characterised the Christians of the early Empire was in itself well calculated to excite widespread resentment, inasmuch as the lax habits of surrounding paganism were thus brought by contrast into offensive condemnation. And not only so, but this new religion waxed increasingly aggressive and invaded almost every department of daily life. Ranging husband against wife and children against their parents it brought dissension and strife into the peace and quiet of the domestic circle. It stood austere aloof from all the excitements and amusements in which a decaying and degenerate society sought relief from the haunting weariness of its unrest. No trade that drew its profits from the crowded circus or from the theatres and temples was long safe from its disturbing influence. Avowing their disbelief in the gods of the national Pantheon, but as yet without temples or shrines of their own, refusing religious homage to the divinity claimed by the Cæsars, and scorning to offer incense on the altar of Jupiter, the Christians in the estimation of their fellow-

citizens were both atheists and traitors. By their nocturnal meetings in private houses they defied the plain law of the land. Their so-called love-feasts were whispered to be scenes both of actual cannibalism and of the lowest forms of licentiousness. Their sacraments suggested by the very name they bore the secret oath of a conspirator. The hierarchical organisation of their churches, which was spreading its hidden roots in all directions, offered a direct challenge to the inviolable unity of Rome, while by its invasion of the Imperial palace their missionary activity had begun to threaten even the throne itself.

It must be remembered also that, unlike Judaism, Christianity was a cult unlicensed by the State, and that it was therefore infected with the taint of illegality. At any moment the smouldering hatred which it excited might burst into flame. At any moment the malice of some revengeful informer, some chance wave of panic, some sudden outburst of bigotry, might set in motion the law which the tolerance of the reigning Caesar had perhaps for years been permitting to lie dormant, and thus bring down on the offenders the hitherto suspended sword. In such circumstances it is but natural to assume that the whole Christian population, deeply conscious of the hostile and resentful feeling that was abroad, and alive to the precariousness of their position, would be eager to avail themselves of the protection which was to be found in the peculiar quality of the soil of the Campagna, and to secure by means of subterranean excavations a greater privacy for their funeral rites and for the graves of their dead than would otherwise have been possible.

Now it is evident from the Apostolic salutations in the Epistles of the New Testament that when first the catacombs came into use there existed as yet no corporate ecclesiastical organisation ready to take them under its supervision. Christianity at this early stage was the religion of a number of separate and scattered family groups. 'Salute Prisca and Aquila,' writes St. Paul to the Romans, 'and the church that is in their house.' The cemeteries accordingly belonged to those who instituted them, and it was from their owners, and not as in later years from the martyrs buried in them, that the most ancient of them derived their names. Such, for example, were the crypts of Flavia Domitilla—the burial-place of many Christian members of the Imperial family—and of Priscilla, where lay the family vault of the illustrious Acilius Glabrones not a few of whom had welcomed the new faith. Many of these primitive crypts would naturally be enlarged by gradual extensions as generations passed by, but a few seem to have remained permanently confined to the family of their original founder. The rich convert who joyfully lent his house in Rome to be used as a church (*domus ecclesię*) was equally ready to lend his suburban gardens to be used as a place of Christian burial. And just as a Roman magnate frequently allowed the freed-men and freed-

women attached to his domestic circle to be buried within the legally defined area of his own monument, so a Christian of good social position might often make provision within the area of his private cemetery outside the walls for the humbler members of that wider family whose bond of union was neither a common ancestry nor a common household but a common creed. But, until the time when a corporate Christian body came into legal existence, there must have been many cases where no such special provision was immediately available, and we can only suppose that poorer members of the community may not unfrequently have found a grave in the waste grounds among the sandpits of the Campagna. For it is scarcely probable that either the public spirit of wealthy converts or the operations of private burial-clubs could in every instance have sufficed to meet the needs of so large and increasing a population.

Constructed in days of religious peace the entrances to these earliest excavations stood by the roadside open and unconcealed so that no passer-by could fail to see them, nor was there at first any trace of those precautions against a sudden surprise which became a vital necessity in the dark days of the third century. No uniform type of internal arrangement and structure was adopted since the design would naturally differ in each case with the wishes and wealth of the founder and with the character of the ground. Though locally distinct in their original sites there was nothing to prevent the inter-linking of adjoining cemeteries, provided only that they lay on the same hillside, by means of subterranean communications. Indeed in point of fact as the Christians increased in numbers it was in this manner that their burial-grounds tended to expand, the insuperable bar to any general unification being the marshy soil of the intervening valleys.

Those catacombs however which tradition and archaeology both agree in referring to the first century, such as that of St. Domitilla, present certain features of their own, in respect of the primitive nucleus in each case, which mark them off from others of less early times. These distinguishing features point to the high social standing of their proprietors, and to the early date at which the new religion had made its way to the upper circles of Roman society whose nobler spirits it was well calculated to attract. The family vaults in the catacomb of St. Domitilla and in other catacombs of similar antiquity are of ampler dimensions than the numerous chambers, or 'cubicula,' which are found excavated in the catacombs of succeeding centuries. They are not cut directly out of the tufa-rock, but on the contrary are tastefully built up with decorative masonry of brick and terracotta. Instead of narrow passages with 'loculi' or shelf-like graves on either side, they have spacious corridors, and deep recesses, adapted for such large stone sarcophagi as only the wealthy could afford. Their inscriptions, which usually give the triple nomenclature of the free-

born, *e.g.* Titus Flavius Sabinus, are for the most part very simple and very brief and bear a classical rather than a distinctively Christian character. Some of the dates in them go back to the beginning of the second century, and in one or two very exceptional cases even to the first. The decorative painting is of the high standard obtaining in the mural art of the day as exemplified in the houses of Pompeii and the baths of Rome, while the stucco-work is of an excellence for which we look in vain in monuments of the third and fourth centuries. It is owing to characteristics such as these that De Rossi felt such confidence in referring to the Apostolic period parts of the cemeteries of Priscilla, on the Via Salaria; of Ostrianum, or Fons Petri, on the Nomentana; and of St. Domitilla, the grand-daughter of Vespasian, on the Via Ardeatina. As time went on, however, the family type of catacomb naturally gave place in the majority of cases to the catacomb designed for all classes of the Christian community alike, and the method of construction which was adopted for this latter type may be described as follows.

When a suitable plot on one of the hillocks of the Campagna had been conveyed, as we might now say, in trust for a cemetery, the land as defined by its legal boundaries became what was technically known as a '*locus religiosus*,' a plan of which would probably be filed among the city archives. This plot was thenceforth invested with certain jealously guarded privileges. Not the least important of these privileges was that in the event of a sale of the grantor's estate the burial area did not pass with the remainder of the property but continued to be at the disposal of the founder's family and of those outside it to whom the family rights might be extended. The work of excavation would usually be begun by digging out a short staircase from the surface to the depth selected for the first level, which in most cases might be a few feet below the upper soil. Along this level, from end to end, a horizontal tunnel or narrow passage was carried, in width from two to three feet, and perhaps some eight feet or so in height, with either a flat or a slightly vaulted roof. Then, at right angles to the passage, a second gallery of similar character was constructed and continued up to the boundary. All subsequent workings on this level would be governed by these two main determining lines, which recalled the methods of Roman civil engineering and corresponded to the well-known '*cardo*' and '*decumanus*' in the plan of an encampment or of a new town.

In the vertical walls forming either side of the passage, the '*fossore*,' or sextons, next proceeded to carve out a series of recesses each large enough to hold one or more bodies. These were called '*loci*,' or, less properly, '*loculi*,' and constituted the ordinary graves which in any completed series closely resemble those tiers or ranges of sleeping berths so familiar to us on board our ocean steamers. With a view moreover to the disposal of the bodies with the greatest possible reverence, these niches were cut parallel with the gallery, and not, as

in other than Christian catacombs, at right angles to it. Coffins were not ordinarily used, and it was necessary therefore with a view to guarding against the products of decomposition and providing safe access to the graves, whether for prayer or for other equally solemn purposes, that the recess should be hermetically sealed up as soon as the body had been deposited. This was done either by means of a slab or by tiles, and it is curious to observe that some slabs have been used twice over, the inscription on their inner side being of a pagan and that on the gallery side of a Christian character.

As the demand for space grew greater with the ever-increasing number of converts, either cross-galleries were added or possibly the floor of the level was lowered so as to expose more rock, to the right and left, for supplemental graves. But when the resources of one level had been exhausted further provision could only be made by sinking a new level lower down, since the available superficial area was strictly limited to the space between the legal boundaries of the property. In such an event great care was taken that the successive levels should be excavated at such intervals as to be separated by a mass of unworked soil of a sufficient density to secure adequate stability for the new passages and recesses. The usual number of such distinct and separate levels or floors is from two to three, but in a few cases as many as five occur, and in one instance (that of the catacomb of Callistus) even seven. Communication between one level and another was provided by stairs cut out of the rock, and long shafts in connection with the open air were made to convey the requisite minimum of light and ventilation.

Since the majority of those buried in the catacombs were of humble origin the ordinary type of grave which they contain is the shelf-like 'loculus' which has just been described. For the small minority, whether martyrs, or benefactors, or simply private individuals who could afford a crypt to themselves, there were other types. There was, for example, the sarcophagus or stone coffin whose use among the richer class of Christians, judging from the evidence afforded by the catacomb of St. Domitilla, seems to go back to the earliest days of the faith. Of far more frequent occurrence, however, is the kind of tomb which for want of a more euphonious name may be termed a 'recess-grave.' In its more ancient form it is an oblong, either cut out of the tufa or built up of masonry, and closed by a heavy horizontal slab like a table, the overhanging rock being excavated into a deep rectangular recess. From the appearance of these stone slabs, the graves they cover have been called 'table-tombs,' and these slabs when they lay over some martyr's tomb are said to have served as improvised altars for the celebration of the Eucharist.

A variety of later date, which archæologists have specially distinguished as the 'arcosolium' or arched tomb, is for the most part constructed like the 'table-tomb,' but differs from it in that the niche

or recess above the grave is vaulted not in a rectangular but in a semicircular form, and is arched like an apse. Both the 'table-tomb' and the 'arcosolium' are as a rule confined to those many crypts or sepulchral chambers which opened out of the various galleries, and communicated with them through doorways in the side-walls. These chambers ('cubacula') are very numerous in almost all the catacombs, and correspond in a general way to the family vaults of our own day. It is clear, to take one prominent example from the plan of the underground church discovered by Padre Marchi in the Ostrian cemetery, then known as the catacombs of St. Agnes, that from the third century some of these chambers were so excavated as to form jointly a sort of small basilica for public worship. The one here referred to has an episcopal chair cut out of the rock at one end of the crypt, while a low bench for the assistant clergy has been made to flank the two side-walls.

It was in some such manner as we have attempted to depict that without let or hindrance from Rome the catacombs appear to have been constructed by their originators. But with the fifth decade of the third century there came a grave crisis in the history of the Church. The Empire was at length fully awake to the imminence of the danger by which it was being threatened, and under Decius in the year 250 A.D. persecution began its work anew. In the meantime however these cemeteries had for the most part been transferred from their private owners to the guardianship of the Bishop of Rome. Remembering with what jealous watchfulness emperors like Trajan strove to check the formation of any local organisations which might insidiously develop into centres of political independence, we naturally feel curious to know how the Church contrived to become the legalised owner of property. One solution of the question has been sought in the Christian burial clubs. Septimius Severus had done much to encourage this form of club for the benefit of the poorer classes in his capital, and the leaders of the Church appear to have been quick to see and to profit by their opportunity. Taking action through these officially licensed associations they are conjectured to have acquired the corporate ownership of what had up to the beginning of the third century been the property of individuals, so that more than a century before the accession of Constantine we find that the catacombs have been allocated as cemeteries for the various parish churches of the seven ecclesiastical 'regions' into which Rome was divided.

The external history of what may from this period be called the burial-grounds of the Church has much in it of interest, but we must here dismiss it with only a brief glance. In A.D. 257 the Emperor Valerian 'forbade all assemblies of Christians, and all visits to the places called cemeteries.' From this edict it is in the first place clear that, in its new shade of meaning, the term 'cemetery' must have sounded somewhat strangely to a Roman ear; and, in the second place,

that before the middle of the third century it had come to the knowledge of the Government that the Church was using its underground crypts as religious centres. 'You know,' cries Tertullian, 'you know the days of our meetings and we are besieged and, ensnared in our most secret congregations.' Evidently however the bishops were not intimidated but went on quietly ignoring the imperial prohibition, for in the very next year (A.D. 258) Sixtus the Second was arrested and beheaded in the catacomb of Prætextatus for deliberately violating the law. It is accordingly to these years of terror that certain very remarkable alterations in the catacombs must be referred. In order if possible to baffle pursuit, the officers in charge set to work radically to revise their structural arrangements. Aware no doubt that their ground-plans lay open to public inspection in the offices of the College of Pontiffs, these resourceful engineers blocked up or obliterated the known entrances, and dug out new circuitous rambling conduits which eventually emerged in some disused and therefore unfamiliar sand quarry. This done, they proceeded to demolish large portions of the existing staircases, so that no one could use them without ladders, substituting others in changed positions, while at the same time by filling up many of the galleries with earth they rendered the approaches to the most venerated and frequented sepulchres all but inaccessible.

But persecution had held its hand too long. Even the Diocletian onslaught, searching and merciless as it was, failed in the end to achieve its purpose, and with the natural reaction from its cruelties and horrors came the 'Peace of the Church' in A.D. 309, and the inauguration of her career of triumph. From A.D. 366 to 384, Damasus, the 'Pope of the Catacombs,' spared neither pains nor money to restore and beautify the graves of those whose lives had been given for the faith. There resulted from his labours such an insatiable demand for permission to be buried near a martyr's tomb that the 'fosses,' in their efforts to satisfy it, cut into the old monuments in every direction and the decorative work of the ancient vaults was thereby recklessly and irretrievably mutilated. By the end of the century, however, the excitement had died down, and the practice of interment in the open air began to supersede that of burial in the catacombs. Ceasing to be cemeteries, they now became religious shrines. Crowds of faithful pilgrims flocked from every quarter to do honour to the sepulchres of the dead, and the necessity of providing more suitable staircases and of enlarging the chambers in which the chief tombs were situated gave to the work of destruction a fresh and powerful stimulus. With the sack of Rome by Alaric in A.D. 410 began the long series of invasions by the barbarian hordes, and the Campagna, which was often the actual scene of their encampments, became better suited to the armed plunderer than to the peaceful worshipper. In spite of all the labours of successive Popes the old

reverence for the catacombs began now gradually to fade away. The material treasures of wealth which they were believed to conceal, as well as their inexhaustible store of religious relics, had made them the hunting-ground of innumerable robbers, and their custodians accordingly endeavoured to preserve all that remained worth preserving by translation to the crypts of the city churches. By the middle of the ninth century this tedious and melancholic work had been completed, all interest in the catacombs had ceased, and they soon became so utterly neglected that in a few more years they had altogether passed out of human memory.

In the brief account of the catacombs which has been presented in the preceding pages it has been necessary to limit ourselves to what seemed to be the chief points of interest in their construction and history. It remains now to add a few words as to the paintings with which the recesses, walls, and ceilings of their crypts were decorated.

We have already seen that in adopting the catacomb form of burial the Christians made no new departure. And the same may be said of their sepulchral art. The mural decoration of the resting-places of the dead was a practice quite familiar to the world into which Christianity was born. The Etrurians, whose art had for generations been naturalised in Rome, had made the conception of a future life and judgment a prominent feature in the decorative imagery of their tombs. In the Jewish cemeteries beyond the walls the symbolism of the seven-branched candlestick, of the palm, the chalice, and the vine was in general use. Not only was this the case, but Christianity itself was a religion steeped in symbolism. The parables of Christ were but the symbolism which it was His custom to adopt in raising His hearers through the forms of sense and the familiar scenes of everyday life to the invisible things of God; while in the Apostolic writings the events and ceremonies of the Old Testament had everywhere been treated as types and allegories of the New.

The real task of the Church was neither to create a new art, nor to originate the idea of symbolism, but to apply the skill of contemporary artists trained in the methods and traditions of the classical school to the pictorial expression of the religious conceptions and beliefs and aspirations which were the creations of a new faith. Her members were for the most part unlettered men, many of whom would with difficulty understand even the oral teaching which they received in their assemblies. Printing and the printing press lay in the far distant future, and in the ordinary sense of the term there were as yet no churches. At the same time the vaults of the catacombs were places of frequent resort for funeral services and their anniversaries, and during the period of persecution for purposes also of ordinary religious worship. It seems accordingly to have suggested itself to the bishops and priests of the Church that the prevalent practice of mural ornamentation might be so utilised as to minister to her spiritual

mission. In the Roman world her doctrines had but too frequently been made the butt of the scoffer and the caricaturist. In the hallowed chambers of the catacombs Christian teaching might be presented, as its Founder had presented it, in all the beautiful simplicity of its appeal to man's heart and conscience. Beneath a semi-transparent veil of symbolism even the most ignorant might be encouraged to discern something of that vision of new hope and of a purer and better life which was transfiguring the face of contemporary paganism. A cycle of Christian subjects was gradually thought out, and illustrations were very carefully selected from the sacred writings, with a view to a definite purpose. The idea of the Church in causing these pictures to be multiplied throughout the catacombs was that converts should thus learn the meaning of deliverance from peril and from sin, of the sacramental means of grace, and of the sure hope of a life with their heavenly Father beyond the grave. In the figure of the Good Shepherd, adapted originally no doubt from the familiar type of the Hermes Criophoros, or Mercury with the ram, but so modified as to become wholly Christian in character and feeling, they would see the pictorial reflection of the strength and power, the goodness, the unselfishness, the loving and watchful care of Him who had announced that He came to save the sheep that were lost. The trellised vine and many a bright scene from the vintage would recall the parable of the True Vine and its branches. In Orpheus taming the wild creatures by the witchery of his lyre, in Ulysses and the Sirens, in Jonah and Daniel, in Moses and the stricken rock, in Noah and the ark, in the ascension of Elijah, in the sacrifice of Isaac, and the raising of Lazarus, in the 'oranti' with their hands stretched heavenward in prayer, in the mystic bread and fish, in the ship making for the haven, in the anchor of hope, and in the dove of holy peace, the catacombs possessed a significance and wealth of symbol which in the case of baptized converts could scarcely fail to render easily intelligible the rudiments of the Christian faith.

Such then in merest outline was the art of the catacombs. To mature this art and bring it to its full development was to be the task of many minds, of many hands, and of many generations. As purely decorative or conventional it is seen at its best in the simple and non-religious naturalism of the paintings of vintage subjects and the like in the most ancient crypts. As religious art, whose primary aim is not æsthetic beauty but spiritual edification, that rude art where the form is of such slight and the idea of such paramount importance, it receives more suitable illustration in the catacombs of the third century. For in these matters the Church walked at first with very timid footsteps. Pagan art had been so closely intertwined with idolatry and immorality that it was only with the greatest caution that it could be utilised for a higher and purer service. Still, the difficulty was overcome, and overcome apparently to the satisfaction of the

Hebraic no less than of the Greek element in the community. Nor can anyone become acquainted with the religious teaching of the Roman catacombs without feeling deeply impressed with its earnestness, its simplicity, its exuberance of hope, its gentleness, its forgetfulness of pain and suffering and persecution. Nowhere does there appear any picture of Christ's agony or passion, nowhere any awful representations of judgment. 'Among all these remnants of the dead,' as has been most truly pointed out, 'you see no sinister symbol, no image of distress or mourning, no sign of resentment, no expression of hatred or vengeance. . . . All breathes the sentiments of composure, gentleness, affection, and brotherly love.' And as the traveller emerges from these mouldering frescoes into the daylight and stands among the ruined monuments that line the Appian Way, he seems to be gazing in imagination on two sharply contrasted pictures. All around him are the tombs of illustrious Romans to whom death was but the appointed end of life, and who met it, when it came, with tranquillity and dignity. Beneath his feet lie the goodly company of the Christian dead to whom death had been but the portal of that new life where sorrow and sighing flee away.

Over the classic tombs there might well be inscribed the beautiful lines of Catullus :

Soles occidere et redire possunt ;
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Suns that set may rise anew ;
On us, once our brief light has set,
There falls the sleep of one unbroken night.

Over the graves of the Christian catacombs might still be recognised the fading outlines of the figure of Christ calling up Lazarus from the sepulchre. For in the language of the Church the death-day of her children was in truth their birthday into a better world, and death itself was no endless and unbroken sleep but just a brief interval of rest (Rev. vi. 10-11), from which at the Master's call an awakening would one day surely come. The Roman world was content to know these burial-grounds by their topographical title of Catacombs. To the Christian Church they were sacred as her 'cemetéries,' the temporary 'sleeping-places' of those faithful labourers on whom God had bestowed His loving gift of rest.

H. W. HOARE.

LATIN FOR GIRLS

No exercise of human wisdom, not even a Headmasters' Conference, can estimate the loss and gain over compulsory Latin. There is the discipline, the grind of work, which has its reward in the acquirement and enjoyment of style. It is a great pleasure, and a great honour, to have studied the classics. The dull business of getting to like them is soon forgotten, and the happiness of familiarity with them is long remembered. Even in the imitation of them there was pleasure: a good copy of verses, or of prose, brought the delight of authorship and the envy of other boys. The poets began to be not books but men, who offered themselves for comparison with our own poets: Virgil was like Tennyson, Juvenal was better than Pope, Horace recalled *Vanity Fair* and the *Book of Snobs*. The like individuality came out even in the writers of prose. Cicero was unpleasant, not so much for the hardness of his sentences as for his self-consciousness and love of sitting on the fence: and his letters to Atticus were so stupid that Atticus ought not to have kept them. Tacitus was a gentleman, because he had a conscience. Livy was a poor creature. Now and again, Lucretius or Catullus or Persius would look in and say a few words to improve the occasion: and a few words from Lucretius go a long way. But mostly the atmosphere was kept at the exact temperature and dryness of the Augustan Age: and, if it was not one book of Horace, it was another.

Discipline, accuracy, an ear for poetry, a proper respect for style, a store of quotations—all these advantages, and much else, come of the enforced study of the classics, and happy is he who has ground at them. The good scholar, to whom they are as old friends, gives distinction, wherever he is, to his company. But such scholars are like those rare spirits who take unfeigned delight in Milton: they are one in a thousand. For which reason, and not for it alone, the gain over compulsory Latin is mixed with loss. Of all the boys who are conscripts in the service of the classics, few attain high rank. For every boy who loves Latin there are ten who love it not, and more than ten on whom in later years it has no influence, or next to none.

Be that as it may, there are girls as well as boys. And here, in

the home-teaching of Latin to girls, is a fine opportunity. Girls who are not going to be deep scholars need not care for nice distinctions of style, or study the contrast between this and that author. They have no time for such scholarship. With French and German and music and drawing and games and dancing, their days are well filled. They make little time-tables, in the schoolroom, for 'getting everything in;' we must not expect from them strict Latinity. Even without Latin, there is always a clashing of their intellectual engagements. Where, in these busy and eager lives, shall we find time for Latin? And what kind of Latin will win their attention, and be enjoyed and remembered and used long after they have left the schoolroom? It was all very well for Lady Jane Grey, and Mrs. Browning, and Miss Anna Swanwick, who had especial advantages, and Lady Jane Grey had a private tutor. But a girl of to-day, fond of reading, but with fifty calls on her time and strength, cannot make any profound study of the classics, and can hardly care for them.

How far ought she to care for them? Why should they not take their chance with the other claimants of her few leisure hours, and let their claim stand or fall by its own merits? They are not all of them of the company which she ought to keep: they must undergo much expurgation, and still will not be quite clean. We avoid all that, and select easy passages, and offer to her the mere scraps or samples of the literature of one place and one period, and the period is gone, and the place all changed. Read after that fashion, the classics neither touch her heart nor strengthen her will nor widen her outlook nor add to her knowledge so surely as her own classics. For she has her own classics: Tennyson for her Virgil, Thackeray for her Horace, Ruskin for her Juvenal, and Shakspeare for all of them: and there is no height of poetry or prose to which she can attain and not find it of her own speech and country.

It may be, therefore, that the classics are not that sort of Latin which our girls ought to study. They have in the English classics, mostly at fourpence-halfpenny a volume, the whole range of love, tragedy, comedy, patriotism, and worldly wisdom. They have no call to be exact scholars, must not be offended by certain words and allusions, are more concerned with the present than with the past, and are already occupied with arts, sciences, home duties, little charities, pleasures, day-dreams, and with eating and sleeping and athletics. Acts of religion, friendships, holidays, all take time: and time, like cloth, is wasted if it is cut in short lengths. To them, who are the life of home, we cannot commend lightly a dead language, which would only be one more 'subject'—the same word is used by anatomists of a body. That was the method of Miss Cornelia Blimber. 'There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead—stone dead—and then Miss Blimber dug them up.'

But all Latin is not a dead language. There is a dead Latin, and there is a living Latin. Or, at least, there is a way of learning Latin as if it were dead, and a way of learning it as if it were alive. And, in fact, it is alive, in a sense of the word which may fairly be called true. This living Latin would give a pleasant change of learning to our girls, and a new prospect over other lessons. For it, they must have a sound knowledge of Latin grammar, and must be able to translate easy sentences. That is to say, they must know about as much Latin as their brothers know when they leave their preparatory schools. Perhaps less than that might suffice. Now comes the parting of the ways: the boys go off to public schools, the girls stay at home. The boys have the Latin classics set before them, and must translate them into English, without a crib. For the girls, let the process be reversed. Let us set before them certain English classics, already well known by them, which are also Latin, and were Latin before they were English: and let us ask them, since they know the English version by heart, to hear how it sounds in Latin.

First, the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. That must be their first Latin exercise. This proposal is made, as Mr. Guppy said when he proposed marriage to Miss Summerson, 'hoping it will be without prejudice.' They must begin with some piece of Latin which they already know in English, and know well. If they knew by heart the English for *Arma virumque*, they might begin with Virgil. If they had said, every time they went to bed, *All Gaul is divided into three parts*, they might begin with Cæsar. They do know the English for *Pater noster* and *Credo in unum Deum*, and know it by heart; therefore they must begin there. They learned them 'in the vulgar tongue': that is to say, in a translation. They do not learn their Schiller and their Victor Hugo 'in the vulgar tongue,' but in the proper tongue: let them give the like attention to the Latin of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. For it is absurd that they should be set to translate Cæsar and Ovid, especially Ovid, and never be told even to look at the Latin of that which they have already got by heart in English. And how easy Horace would be if, at the first sight of *Integer vitæ* or of *Justum ac tenacem*, they could see that it was out of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*.

Holding fast to this rule, that they must already know in English, and know well, what they are to find again in Latin, they will yet find many exercises. It is mainly Church classics—'hoping it will be without prejudice': canticles, prayers, psalms, and hymns, and the Scriptures. The majority of well-educated girls are familiar with the English of many passages in these writings, but wholly ignorant of the Latin. They know, for instance, the *Magnificat*. If they were boys, they would have to parse the *Magnificat*, and say what noun is commanded by that stately verb. But it is never set to boys, because it is not Ciceronian. Still, it is more poetical than Cicero, and more

majestical than Livy; and the boys have to learn Livy. Compare the two :

Proæ, regi Albæ, duo filii Numitor atquo Amulius erant. Numitori, qui natu maximus erat, pater regnum vetustum gentis legat.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum, et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo. Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ suæ.

The advantage is not with Livy. But this question of style is of no concern here. And, if it were, so much the better : for Church Latin may have more style than Church English. There is no style in *As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end* : but it sounds well in Latin, *Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum.*

Style or no style, this Latin is not a dead but a living language. Though it were no more true than Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and no more poetical than Cornelius Nepos, and could be stripped of all context, like selections from Cæsar, and of all association with faith and religion and ethics, it is alive. It would never do for Miss Blimber. Take the case of a girl, brought up in the English Church, who goes into a cathedral abroad, and hears the Latin service. Her vulgar tongue is now become the dead language, and the Latin is the modern language. She wonders what they are saying; and it is her own words that they are saying, and she ought to recognise them, and fails. Nothing, in all education, could be more perverse than that.

But there are other ways, beside Church Latin, of learning Latin as a living language, present in daily talk and use. There are inscriptions, dedications, epitaphs, and mottoes. Epitaphs, especially, are admirable exercises. Their vocabulary is strictly limited; and they have no *oratio obliqua*, no involved sentences, and no impropriety : and they are almost structureless. And, like the *Credo*, you know beforehand what they are going to say.

Quotations in common use, also furnish abundant materials for study : there are a thousand well-known scraps and tags of Latin ready to hand, many of them mere fragments in need of restoration. It is a pleasant exercise to find the missing words, and to trace the history of familiar sayings.

Abbreviations, syllables, and letters in daily use should also be studied. Trivial though they are become, they are perfect examples of living Latin, and numerous enough for a good lesson.

Derivations also are of great value. A paragraph taken at random from the daily paper should be used, to show how English words are rooted in Latin, from which they have grown, and by which they live.

Here, in these and the like pursuits of living Latin, is occupation of time and thought, not in vain. Of itself, this haphazard irresponsible way of taking Latin may seem a poor makeshift for the study of the classics. But it is for girls, not for boys. Let the girls be content, if they can learn, with more or less accuracy, to shoot Latin

as it flies. And consider how far this pursuit leads them. To care for the derivation of common words is to gain skill in the use of them, and to have insight into their exact meaning. To understand quotations, abbreviations, and so forth, is to keep the mind alert and scholarly, and to gain a wider outlook over the arts of speaking and writing. To take up Church Latin is to enter a quiet kingdom, rich in poetry, where the air is clean, and the land not void of human interests. This sort of Latin, surely, is the true *Literæ Humaniores* for a girl. From end to end of it, she will find it neither outlandish nor dull. She has been in it all the time, and did not know it. She finds in it her own words and her own thoughts.

When she has got a fair way in these home-studies, she will have to be examined. Girls love examinations. A *vivâ voce*, in the family circle, over Latin made easy, is excellent sport. And here are three papers. Of course, dictionaries are allowed: and it is against the rules of the game to plough or pluck any of the candidates.

I

1. Explain the following abbreviations: *i.e.*, *viz.*, *P.S.*, *N.B.*, *S.P.Q.R.*, *LL.D.*, *E. s. d.*, *E.R.* et *I.*

2. Write out the Lord's Prayer in Latin.

3. Translate into Latin *prose*

The cause is in my will; I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

4. Write out a verse from one of the three following compositions (a) *Adeste Fideles*, (b) *Gaudemus*, (c) *Dulce Domum*.

5. Translate the following: 'Fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te.'

6. Quote, or compose Latin mottoes for a hospital, an essay-club, a gymnasium, a statue of Joan of Arc, a country cottage, and a picture-gallery.

II

1. Explain carefully the following words or phrases, and, if necessary, give their context: *mutatis mutandis*, *vice versa*, *ex post facto*, *Quem Deus vult, Non nobis, Sic vos non vobis, Sic transit*, and (*sic*).

2. Write out the Creed in Latin.

3. What do you understand by *pons asinorum*, *lacrime rerum*, *petitio principii*, *particeps criminis*, and *usus naturæ*?

4. Translate into Latin *prose*

The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

5. Trace the Latin derivation of the words in the following sentence: 'The confraternity appealed to the Chancellor and the Dean to invoke the authority of the Papal Bull against the dissemination of speculative doctrines.'

6. Compose a Latin inscription, of not more than twenty words, for one of the lions in Trafalgar Square.

III

1. Explain, from the point of view of history, the Latin on a penny.

2. What are the elements of Latin in the following words: *suburban*, *transpontine*, *ultramontane*, *intermediate*, *approximate*, *opposite*, and *remote*?

3. An English author has lately defended the use of the phrase 'Under the circumstances.' Give your opinion on this point.

4. Translate *freely* into Latin *prose*

• Every little boy or girl
That's born into this world alive,
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative.

5. Imagine that you have written a book. Dedicate it, in Latin, to one of your friends.

6. Express, in Latin: God save the King, Three cheers for (*Plorant*) the Navy, the Army, and the Reserve Forces, and I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. •

These are not, indeed, the sort of papers to make exact scholars. But, for girls at home, who might perhaps be won, as it were for a pastime, to enjoy and use the Latin which lives in our daily life, here is an open way, and a pleasant introduction to a new country. It is their own country. Its speech is called Latin, and is pronounced as Italian: but, for all that, it is also, in a very true significance, English.

STEPHEN PAGET.

SOME
SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSEWIVES

It is well sometimes to cast our eyes backwards and compare the past with the present. Especially does this apply to the position of women and their education, about which so much is said and written nowadays. What did the great ladies know, how did they employ their time, and what was their influence on their contemporaries ?

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries even queens were learned. That beautiful Mary Stuart, the enigma of whose unhappy fate and whose wonderful fascination still afford interest and arouse curiosity, knew Latin, French, and Italian ; played, danced, and sang delightfully, and in the latter accomplishment so excited Queen Elizabeth's jealousy that her rival cross-questioned Melville, the Scotch Queen's ambassador, anxiously as to which lady danced the best. Elizabeth also was educated in the most solid manner by excellent tutors, could deliver a Greek or Latin oration, and delighted in hearing learned disputations. At other times she played on her viol or practised with her needle. She was a prudent, thrifty manager ; all her accounts when princess were submitted to her to sign as auditor. She spoke Italian fluently, and loved to display her knowledge of the language. When quite a girl she had read Cicero, Sophocles, the Greek Testament and the writings of St. Paul. Most of the ladies of the Renaissance managed to combine a virile education with the duties of housewifery. Sir Thomas More wished his daughters to devote the first years of their life to the study of human learning and the liberal arts, and their later years to physical sciences and theology. King James the First of England held curious views about the education of women. He believed that a man is made vain and foolish by learning, and instructed Lord Harrington, tutor to the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia, not to make a Greek or Latin scholar of her, as was the fashion of the day ; but to teach her the true wisdom by instructing her thoroughly in religion and giving her a general idea of history. So her lessons in history and geography became a game in which pictorial cards had to be shuffled and arranged. If a butterfly or glowworm caught her eye, some account was given her of their nature, and of the wonderful variety of insect metamor-

phosis. The children delighted in looking at things through the microscope, and at stars through the telescope, and thus even in those days a beginning was made of nature study, prosecuted in play.

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, the incomparable duchess, 'that princely woman, thrice noble Margaret,' as Charles Lamb in his adoration calls her, was born in 1623, the daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, of St. John's Place, near Colchester. Her father died soon after her birth, and her mother, a beautiful and dignified woman, with a 'majestic grandeur' as the duchess calls it, bred her children tenderly, laying more stress on moral qualities than accomplishments. The duchess loved her much, and speaks of her charmingly: 'By her dying,' she says, 'one might think death was enamoured with her, for he embraced her in a sleep, and so gently as if he were afraid to hurt her.'

Margaret's one passion was reading; books, work, and country walks occupied the sister's time while the brothers dined, hunted, and danced. The family were exclusively devoted to one another. In London, though living apart, the various members met every day, 'feasting each other like Job's children.' They went to the theatre, to Hyde Park, supped on the Thames in barges, to the accompaniment of sweet music, always together. They cared for no other company or for the society of strangers, the whole party agreed well, they went about in a shoal, sisters and brothers-in-law and their children. But though intensely kind and accommodating to each other, they were not so pleasant to strangers. Clarendon says of Sir Charles Lucas, Margaret's brother, 'He was very brave in his person, and in a day of battle a gallant man to look upon and follow; but at all other times and places of a nature hard to live with, of no good understanding, of a rough and proud humour, and very morose conversation.' A bringing-up so exclusive and narrow developed a dreamy nature in the clever girl, and while causing her to cling lovingly to her family, made her proud and contemptuous to the rest of the world. Various opinions have been held of her. Charles Lamb wrote of one of her books that 'no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.' Others think differently. Pepys considered her a 'mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, in her dress so antick and her deportment so ordinary.' She confessed herself that she was very ambitious, but neither for wit, titles, wealth, nor power, but 'as they are steps to raise me to fancy's tower, which is to live by remembrance in after years.' She had her wish; her books are still read, and her name is still famous. At the early age of twelve she began to write, and as she wandered in listless reverie through the corridors of the old abbey or in the garden walks

she wove some of these fancies and invented for herself those fantastic costumes which, later in life, she produced before the eyes of the astonished world. From this quiet, almost monastic existence it was a sudden step to Court life. Margaret, like many young ladies of that time, became a maid of honour. Being extremely shy, she veiled her shyness under an assumption of haughtiness. Accompanying the Queen Henrietta Maria to France on the breaking forth of the Civil War, she met her fate, her future husband, the Marquis of Newcastle, one of the fine gentlemen of the day, an accomplished poet and musician, proficient in dancing, riding, and other fashionable sports. He was rich, dispensed princely hospitality, and possessed beautiful and gracious manners. The heart of the shy, romantic young girl went out to him at once, though he was thirty years her senior, a widower, and the father of children older than herself. They were married in 1615 in Paris; but by this time the fortunes of Margaret's husband were completely changed. The Civil War had ruined him, and he was now reduced to poverty. Margaret went with him to Antwerp, where they lived in a small way, lodging in the house of the widow of a painter, said to have been *Rubens*. Her own home had been destroyed, and they were dependent for the necessities of life on their friends' bounty. Lady Jane Cavendish obtained the gift of her father and brother's lives, but was unable to send them any money. She, like many great ladies of that time, sold her plate and jewels, and sent the proceeds to her relations in Antwerp. Of another of Lord Newcastle's daughters, who married the Earl of Bridgewater, it was said by her contemporaries that 'she was a noble and generous soul, yet of so meek and humble a condition, that never any woman of quality was greater in the world's opinion and less in her own.' Later, Margaret came to England herself to try to get some of the rents paid, and it was then, during this year of residence in England, that she published her first book. Her endeavour to procure money had signally failed. Yet she declared that 'With the marquis she had rather be a poor beggar than mistress of the world absented from him.'

At the Restoration the marquis received back his lands and was created a duke.

But sad indeed was the sight that met the duke's eyes on his return; Bolsover, that princely place where he had entertained King Charles the First, was a ruin. Welbeck remained the only one of the eight parks he had possessed. Clipston Park, the duchess says, 'Which was seven miles in compass, and of which the pales were valued at 2,000*l.*, rich in wood, and watered by a pleasant river, full of fish, otters, well stocked with hares, partridges, and pheasants, and all sort of waterfowl . . .' was a desert. Notwithstanding their misfortunes, the couple bore adversity nobly. When the duchess appeared at Court, in 1667, she aroused a kind of enthusiasm. As she drove

in the park, her coach was surrounded by people in foot or on carriages who tried to get a glimpse of her. Pepys describes her as a 'comely' woman. Evelyn said she was finely formed. Her portrait is that of a tall, well-proportioned figure with marked features, a high forehead, full lips, and large, heavy-lidded eyes.

Evelyn, whose father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne, when ambassador in Paris, had lent his chapel for the duchess's marriage, mentions her frequently. She was very fond of Mrs. Evelyn, and insisted on accompanying her to the Court. Evelyn notes his interview with her Grace, in her bedchamber (a custom of the day), and calls her 'a mighty pretender to learning, poetry, and philosophy.' On another occasion he speaks of going to make court to the duke and duchess, who received him with great kindness, and 'I was much pleased with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the duchess.'

The duchess now entered on the career of authorship which made her famous. The play *The Humorous Lovers*, attributed to the duke, was written by her. Horace Walpole terms it 'one of the best plays of the day.'

But Pepys is of quite a different opinion. He says :

to the play of my Lady Newcastle, that most silly thing that ever came upon a stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not but have seen it that I might the better understand her. . . . The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. She and her lord mightily pleased with her play, and she at the end made her respects to the players from her box and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to Court as if it were the Queen of Sheba.

Somewhat eccentric was the fair authoress. She drove out in a large black coach of funeral magnificence, adorned with silver, with white velvet curtains, and dressed her footmen and coachmen in black velvet coats ; while her own costume consisted of 'a velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches about her mouth, a naked neck without anything on it, and a black *just-au-corps*.'

The president of the Royal Society gave an entertainment in her honour, where she was led in by several lords, 'Lord George Berkeley, the Earl of Carlisle, and a very pretty young man, the Duke of Somerset.'

All this adoration was enough to turn any young woman's head, and one is not surprised to hear that she cared little for the society of women, saying it was impossible to converse with them on equal terms, and priding herself on superiority above the other authoresses, who, she said, only selected for their themes 'devotions or romances, receipes for medicines, cooking or confection, or a copy or two of verses.'

Though this charming creature was absurdly flattered, she occasionally met her match, as when she inquired of Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, who was discussing his favourite topic of travelling to the moon,

'Where shall I find a place to sail, if I try a journey to that planet?' He answered: 'Madam, of all people of the world I have least expected that question from *you*, who have built so many castles in the air that you may lie every night in one of them.'

Margaret was distinctly a superior woman; she disliked feminine pursuits, cared little for ordinary society, abhorred cards, and thought dancing below the dignity of a married woman.

Very amusing were her attempts at housekeeping, honestly undertaken because she had been attacked for neglect of her house duties.

I sent for the governess of my house [she writes], and bid her give orders to have flax and wheels bought, for I with my maids would sit and spin. The governess, hearing me talking so, smiled to think what uneven threads I would spin, 'For,' said she [rather impertinently we might consider], 'though nature has made you a spinster in poetry, yet education has not made you a spinster in housewifery, and you will spoil more flax than get cloth by your spinning.'

Then I bid her leave me to consider of some other work, and when I was by myself alone, I called into my mind which sort of wrought works, most of which though I had will yet I had no skill to work, for which I did inwardly complain of my education that my mother did not force me to work with my needle. At last I pitched upon making silk flowers, for I did remember when I was a girl I had made some, although ill favouredly.

Whereupon I sent for the governess of my house again, and told her I would have her buy coloured silks, for I was resolved to employ my time making silk flowers. She told me she would obey my commands, but, said she, 'Madam, neither you nor anyone that serves you can do them so well as those which make them their trade, neither can you make them cheaper than they will sell them out of their shops, therefore you had better buy these toys if you desire them.'

Is not this the modern reasoning against needlework with a vengeance? However, the duchess was not beaten:

Then I told her I would preserve, for it was summer time and the fruit fresh and ripe upon the trees. She asked me for whom I would preserve, for I seldom did eat sweetmeats myself nor made banquets for strangers, unless I meant to feed my household servants with them. 'Besides,' said she, 'you may keep half a score servant with the money that is laid out in sugar and coals which go to the preserving of only a few sweetmeats.' At last I considered that I and my maids had better be idle than to employ time unprofitably and spend money idly, and after I had mused some time, I told her how I heard my neighbours condemned me for letting my servants be idle without employment. She said my neighbours would find fault where no fault was, and my maids would complain more if they were kept to work than when they had liberty to play. Said she, 'None can want employment as long as there are books to be read, and they will never enrich your fortunes by your working or their own, unless they make a trade of working, and then perchance they might get a poor living, but not grow rich by what they can do, whereas by reading they will enrich their understanding, increase their knowledge, and quicken their wits; all which will make their life happy in being content with any fortune, therefore they cannot employ their time better than to read nor your Ladyship than to write.'

So ended the duchess's attempt at household work.

She and the duke lived on homely fare ; it was a case of plain living and high thinking. ' He ' (the duke) ' makes,' his wife tells us, ' but one meal a day, at which he drinks two good glasses of small beer and a little glass of hock, in the middle of the dinner, which glass he also uses in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread.'

Tea was not then introduced, and ladies and gentlemen alike drank beer or wine for breakfast. ' His supper consists of an egg and a tiny glass of small beer. My diet is for the most part sparing, as a little boiled chicken or the like, my drink commonly water.'

The duchess wrote so much and so quickly that she had her works transcribed, but rarely revised the proofs. She lies in Westminster Abbey, and on her monument she is spoken of as a ' wise, witty, and learned lady.'

Many other ladies of her time were scholars. Lady Ranelagh (Lord Cork's daughter), sister to Lady Warwick, who loved her dearly, was a profound Hebrew scholar, and Lady Langham could converse and discuss points of divinity and humanity in several languages. It is said that Lady Packington wrote *The Whole Duty of Man*. Lady Halket, though she employed five hours in devotion daily, yet led a very busy life, and left upwards of twenty volumes, folio and quarto, containing, as was the fashion of the day, meditations, prayers, and diary. Lady Fanshawe wrote voluminous memoirs, as did Mrs. Hutchinson, who compiled them for her children. She, Lady Norton, Mrs. Evelyn, Lady Masham, Mrs. Bury, were all profoundly learned women.

ANN, COUNTESS OF DORSET AND PEMBROKE,

is another interesting figure of the day. She was educated, like many other great ladies, by a tutor, Samuel Daniel, the poet laureate. She was taught housewifery by a lady, and, as a young girl, had read St. Augustine, Eusebius, Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, Camden, and Cornelius Agrippa. She went to Court under the care of her aunt, Lady Warwick, married the Earl of Dorset as her second husband, and, when a rich widow, set herself to repair the ravages of the war ; restored Skipton Castle in Yorkshire, which took her seven years, and though warned that Cromwell would destroy her castles as often as she rebuilt them, the undaunted countess replied : ' As often as he destroys them, I would rebuild them, while he leaves me a shilling in my pocket.' A keen loyalist, like most of the nobility of that day, she was also an ardent supporter of her name and possessions. She restored five other castles besides Skipton, and rebuilt the churches of Skipton, Appleton, and Bongate. She founded schools for the

poor, and appreciated the benefits of education, while enjoying the simple pursuits of her rural existence: 'I do more and more,' she writes, 'fall in love with the contentment of a country life, which humour of mine I do wish with all my heart may be conferred on my posterity, that are to succeed me in these places, for a wise body ought to make their own homes the place of self-fruition and the comfortablest part of their life.' She felt that she held her earthly possessions for the good of others. No inclemency of weather or perils in the way deterred her from visiting at stated intervals her castles, and always before quitting home she entered her closet to commend herself to divine protection. Through mist and snow her horse litter might be seen toiling along the rough roads which had to be cut for her passage by bands of labourers who acted as her pioneers. Once, when she was ill, but insisted on performing her journey as usual, and her attendants sought to prevent her starting, the heroic woman replied: 'I know I must die; it is the same thing to me to die in my litter or in my bed.'

In mediæval fashion she assembled the most varied company under her hospitable roof. The young were trained, the old supported, men of learning afforded opportunities which they could not otherwise have secured of quiet study in her library, and of congenial intercourse with other scholars. Even the chance passer-by was greeted with a hearty welcome and lavish hospitality. In queenly fashion she received all classes, and greeted the clergy, to whom she was a firm friend and benefactor, as well as the noble passing by her gates. Yet all this beneficence was not mere ostentation; it was carefully planned and distributed. During the hours of the night she arranged the doings and business of the succeeding day; her receipts and disbursements were noted in the office with minute care; her private accounts kept by herself, and the story of each day written in a large folio volume which never left her. In addition her literary labours consisted of a detailed history of her family, in which she was assisted by Sir Matthew Hale; she also wrote a memoir of her first husband, studied diligently, and employed two ladies as readers. 'She had not many books in her chamber,' says a contemporary, 'yet it was dressed up with the flower of the library.' Her waiting women made extracts of any remarkable passage that occurred in the course of the day's reading, affixed these all round her room, on the walls, the bed and the hangings, thus forming a primitive collection of mottoes. She possessed a lively memory, imagination, and a fund of rare philosophy combined with terse wit and pleasantry.

Dr. Donne, her great friend, declared she could discourse fluently on any subject, from predestination to China silks. Studies in her case did not interfere with housewifery, she regarded her dependents as humble friends, while at the same time she kept a tight hand over

them. She was as simple in her habits as her rank and riches were great, ate very sparingly, never tasted wine, and after her second widowhood wore nothing but black serge. Once every week she sat down to dinner with the pensioners from her almshouses and conversed with them kindly.

Seldom did any guest come to her house that did not carry away some memento of her hospitality or some badge of friendship, of which she kept a little well-chosen store by her—carefully fitting the gift to the recipient, preparing not what was great, but what would procure most pleasure to her friends. This noble lady was singularly adaptable to the company who came to her house, which was of all kinds, travellers, divines, soldiers, merchants, and notable housewives. ‘Her words,’ said one, ‘were always savoured with salt, savoury but not bitter.’ Yet her firmness and the tenacity with which she clung to her rights were indisputable.

On one occasion she brought a suit against a tenant who refused to provide her with the boon hare, due as well as rent to the landlord. She won it at the cost of 200*l.*, and having scored the victory celebrated it by inviting the tenant to dinner. Then, drawing the hare which was served as the first dish on the table towards her, she said amiably to the tenant, ‘Mr. Murgatroyd, come, let us be good friends; as you allow the hare to be dressed at my table, we’ll divide it between us.’

She died in 1675, in her eighty-sixth year, according to the inscription on her tomb, ‘christianly, willingly, and quietly.’

MARY RICH, COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

A very interesting little coterie of clever, pious, and charming women was to be found in Essex between the years 1645 and 1677, of which the principal leader and shining light was Mary Rich, Lady Warwick, the ninth daughter and thirteenth child of the great Earl of Cork, at one period the richest and most powerful man in Ireland, and a loyal supporter of the King. All his sons were brave soldiers: one of them and several sons-in-law were killed in the King’s service; while for his daughters he arranged splendid marriages. Both in England and in Ireland he kept up fine and expensive establishments, bought several estates in England, made gardens, orchards, and bowling-greens, and allowed his elder daughters 50*l.* weekly for the household expenses. He entered himself into the smallest domestic details, kept a strict account of money, rents, and expenses, and even on the trifling business of his younger daughter Mary’s dress he expended much care and loving attention. We read of the ‘taffeta, plush, and silver bone-lace spangled weighing seventeen ounces,’ and the feather of diamonds and rubies prepared for Mary when only twelve years old. On another occasion he sent her, when

absent, little gifts and remembrances, 'gold angels, a curious handkerchief of silk and gold, a piece of white damask for Mary's summer gown, and eighteen yards of figured coloured satin bought for 9*l*.' She, in her turn, gave him nightcaps, 'six faced handkerchiefs, garters, and roses, and the needlework silver purse of her own making.'

People married young in those days; Mary's elder sister Sarah was a wife at twelve. Mrs. Evelyn and Lady Warwick were both married at sixteen; Francis Boyle was only sixteen when he took Elizabeth Killigrew, the maid of honour, to wife. Lord Arlington's daughter was only five when she was married to the Duke of Grafton. Charles Rich, Lady Warwick's only son, was nineteen and his wife, Lady Ann Cavendish, sixteen, the young bridegroom dying before he was twenty-one. It is therefore not surprising to learn that when Mary was taken up to London to live at a fine house in the Savoy, at the age of fifteen, she was much impressed with the pleasures of the Court. She says in her autobiography, 'I had taken a secret resolution that if my father died and I was mistress of myself I would become a courtier.'

Many were the suitors for the young girl's hand; her father favoured Mr. James Hamilton, son of Viscount Clandeboy, but for some reason or other the determined young lady would have none of him. Lord Cork's style of living was splendid, and it was commonly reported that his daughters were heiresses, which naturally brought offers from noblemen and persons of birth and fortune, but Mary, for one whole year, remained contumacious; finally she fixed her affection on the poorest and least desirable of her lovers, Mr. Charles Rich, second son to the Earl of Warwick, 'a cheerful, handsome, well-bred and fashioned person,' says Mary, 'and being good company was very acceptable to us all, and so became very intimate in our house, visiting us almost every day.' Francis Boyle's wife, Elizabeth Killigrew, encouraged his suit, and he, Mary tells us, 'did unconsciously steal away my heart.' Then followed quite a little romance. Mary fell ill of the smallpox and was isolated from her family. The ardent lover visited her constantly and was 'most diligently careful of me, which did to a great degree heighten my passion for him.' Aided by Mary's sister-in-law, Rich's love affair progressed rapidly, until Lord Cork, being informed of it, 'with a very frowning and displeasing look bid her go away into banishment in a little house near Hampton Court.' Pressed to declare herself, Mary announced her intention to marry the undesirable young man or none. Finally consent was given to her marriage, but her dowry reduced to 7,000*l*. Even this did not satisfy the impatient young lady, who decided not to wait for a stately ceremonious wedding, such as her father desired, but surreptitiously married her lover at the village church of Shepperton.;

This filial disobedience, then regarded as a very serious misdemeanour, weighed in after years on Mary's spirits. She is perpetually bemoaning her sin in marrying the man of her choice, who indeed, though she loved him to the end, proved her punishment, and tried her sorely with his temper, his violence, and the long years of illness, coupled with his bad habit of swearing.

She writes thus in her diary :

Let me admire the goodness of God that brought me by my marriage into a noble and religious family where religion was both practised and encouraged, and where daily there were many eminent and excellent divines who preached in the chapel most edifyingly and awakeningly to us.

Mary was at that time far from pious herself. She says :

Young as I was, being but fifteen years old, I could not but admire at the excellent order there was in the family. When I was married I was as vain, as idle, as inconsiderate a person as was possible, minding nothing but curious dressing, and fine and rich clothes, and spending my precious time in nothing else but reading romances and in reading and seeing plays, and in going to Court and Hyde Park and Spring Gardens.

Mary Rich now began to pass most of her time at Lees, her father-in-law's house, which eventually, by the deaths of his father and elder brother, became Charles Rich's own. It was a fine old priory, one of the sequestered monks' abodes, surrounded by a large moat, thick woods and fishponds. The house consisted of two courts, one outer and one inner, the latter faced with freestone, opening on to the gardens. Robert Boyle, her brother, always spoke of it as 'that delicious Lees,' and a friend of Lord Warwick's once said, 'He has good reason to make sure of heaven, for he would be a great loser in changing so charming an abode for hell.' Lady Warwick, when she came to be mistress there, made out of a grove of trees a wilderness or place of retirement for meditation and called it Enoch's Walk. Charles Howe remarked once that 'There is no garden well conserved that hath not an Enoch's walk in it,' and in this green promenade Lady Warwick spent the fresh hours of the early morning and found her 'heart-ease' or prayer abounding. Contrary to the habit of many religious people, Lady Warwick sought her 'hours of meditation out of doors. An ardent lover of nature, she notices all the pretty sights and trivial beauties of the countryside ; she admires the flowers, the trees, the birds and insects, and when living at Chelsea after her marriage 'in the morning as soon as up, she retires to the gardens' (Sir Hans Sloane's gardens), 'to meditate in the open air, where God gave earnest breathings after a near communion with Him, and my soul was as it were ravished with desire to converse with Him in solitude, and I did with plenty of tears beg for a soul sick of love for my lovely Lord Jesus.'

But several years elapsed before Lady Warwick's conversion to this new life, which originated partly in the loss of her only son and partly in the tender pleadings of her favourite sister 'Ranelagh,' as she always styles her. Katherine, wife of Lord Ranelagh, also married at fifteen, and is described by her friend, Sir John Leake, as having 'the sweetest face I ever saw, and a more brave wench or braver spirit you have not often met withal. She hath a memory that will hear a sermon and go home and pen it after dinner verbatim.'

Lord Ranelagh was a very different kind of person: of him Sir John Leake says: 'He is the foulest churl in the world; he hath only one virtue, that he seldom cometh sober to bed.' Lord Cork, however, speaks of him as 'honest Arthur Jones.' The influence of this beloved sister, and perhaps her own disillusionment with her love marriage, and her disapproval of the laxity and vices of the Court, finally induced Lady Warwick to go down alone to Lees, where she meditated in solitude and silence on the mysteries of religion, placing herself in the hands of Dr. Walker, Lord Warwick's chaplain and afterwards rector of Fyfield in Essex, Mary's faithful friend and adviser to the end of her life.

Now began her unbroken career of piety—a piety which resembled that of Madame Guyon and the ladies of Port Royal, and was a curious mixture of Puritanic austerity and passionate ecstasy of fervour.

She devoted the rest of her life to deeds of charity and the practice of benevolence; gave lavishly to the poor, clothed and kept children at school that they might acquire a good education, and started them happily in the world. For hers was no gloomy fanaticism, but the religion of a sweet sympathetic soul. 'I tell you,' she says, 'it is our duty to make all men as happy as possible.'

Notwithstanding her ardent desire to save her soul, prayers and sermons failed to induce any neglect of her domestic and housewifery duties, which she calls in her quaint language, 'her lawful and necessary employments.' She even goes to Court occasionally when advisable for her lord's business, though after her visits there and her talks with the Queen she invariably remarks: 'I come from thence much more confirmed in my opinion that there was more holiness in a retired life than in a Court one, the glory of which I found my heart not at all taken with.' On another occasion, after going to Court, she writes: 'I did not find my heart at all to close with or be pleased with anything I saw there.'

Lady Warwick's society at Lees was very different. A number of noble ladies, many of them her friends and neighbours, practised philanthropy as well as herself. Of such were Lady Dawes, Lady Mordaunt, a woman of great piety, Lady Maynard, a saintly creature, Lady Vere, Lady Everard, Lady Honywood, and Lady Barrington.

Lucy, Lady Arundel, was said to have wrought marvellous cures and turned her house into a veritable hospital for the sick. She fed twenty persons a day at her table, for charity was a more personal matter then than it is now, gave alms at the gate, and dinners once a week to over a hundred poor people. She went about herself, clothed in cheap black stuff, and wore as only jewel round her neck a gold cross containing a relic. For twenty years she never used a looking-glass and never changed the fashion of her dress.

Lady Francis Hobart, another great lady, ceased from the date of her husband's death ever to wear a silk dress. He had been devotedly attached to his pious wife, and called her 'My dear saint,' in playful allusion to her charity and austerity.

Lady Langham was accustomed, before she went out for a walk, to furnish, what she styled, her 'poor man's purse' in order to meet the wants of any needy person she might encounter, and Lady Elizabeth Broke was so generous that it was never a question as to whether she would give, but only how much. 'Her generosity is such,' we are told, 'that one would have imagined there was no room for her alms, and her charity was such that it was matter of wonder she could thus nobly entertain her friends.' Hospitality in those days was a real virtue, and the record of friends coming and going, and the entertainment of them with beautiful living and pleasant discourse formed one of the heaviest tasks of hostesses. Lady Warwick herself had decided social gifts, and was a neighbour 'so kind and courteous that it advanced the rent of the adjacent houses to be situated near hers. Not only her house and table, but her countenance and her very heart were open to all persons of worth in a considerable neighbourhood,' says one who knew her well.

She had a great admiration and regard for the clergy. Besides the society of her spiritual adviser and chaplain, Dr. Walker, she sought also that of the neighbouring vicars, and of eminent divines like Bishops Ken, Stillingfleet, Kidder, &c.; she also read and meditated upon Baxter, Jeremy Taylor, George Herbert, Samuel Rutherford, Bishop Stillingfleet, St. Augustine and other well-known writers, and in her ideal of the simple life endeavoured daily to practise their rules and advice. Some of the expressions in her diary are quaint and beautiful; she prays God will 'blow these languid sparks in my breast into most blazing flames,' or talks 'of her divine gusto' and of 'storming heaven by her importunate prayers,' or wishes that she may 'find life in patience, death in desire.' 'Oh! let me live with dying thoughts that I may die with strong hopes and spread my sails for heaven.' 'Let me never keep back the rent, but yearly pay thee all the grief I am able for having been so ungrateful as to stout it out against thee.'

It must never be forgotten that these ladies were not country

bumpkins wanting any outside interests. Lady Warwick was a *persona grata* at Court, constantly journeyed to London, and in the affairs of her complicated business as executor to her husband, was forced to go into all kinds of uncongenial company and to mix unwillingly in the society of people who were out of sympathy with her. Her relations and favourite friends were all women of title, and she gave good advice even to men of the world like Lord George Berkeley, who were not repulsed by her plain speaking, but listened patiently to her words. She was constantly looking after and marrying her nieces, attending them in sickness, and being present at births and burials.

Curious indeed are some of the household cares with which she occupies herself, such as visiting the still-woman who was ill, catechising, reproving and counselling the servants, who were expected to repeat the sermon, or talking to and seriously preparing Lawrence the footman for receiving the Holy Sacrament. Such care had she for the souls of her dependents, whom she always speaks of affectionately as 'my family,' or as 'one that was under my care,' that she took all these responsibilities very seriously and was wont 'to scatter good books in all the common rooms and places of waiting, that those who waited might not lose their time, but have a bait laid to catch them.'

In 1667 we hear of her dining at the Lord Chamberlain's, kissing the King and Queen's hands, and staying at Court till pretty late. Again she speaks of being civilly received by the King, Queen and Duchess, but came home without 'having my heart at all affected with the splendour of the Court, and was much more inclined to pity than to envy their lives.'

'There is more happiness in retirement,' she writes, 'and a child of God should outshine the Queen and her ladies.'

Meanwhile she had much ado to be patient and keep her temper with her husband, who for twenty-five years suffered terribly from the gout and caused her great sorrow by his bad language; repeatedly she speaks of begging for him with 'very great plenty of tears, groans and sighs,' or she prayed God 'to forgive my poor husband his swearing and to give him patience that the house might be perfumed with prayers and not be made terrible by his oaths.'

Lord Warwick, however, had some virtues; he was hospitable, generous, cultivated, graceful, large-minded and attractive. His hospitality even verged on extravagance, for he had 'five tables covered twice daily in the week, fit to receive as great men as himself, with suitable attendance, come when they would; his household was served by well-born and accomplished civil gentlemen, and he had singular art and care in governing his family well.'

Lady Warwick, as sole executress, lived at Lees after her husband's death, and reduced no whit the style and splendour of her house-

hold, regarding it as a legacy from him. She repaired the farms and kept up the estates even at a loss to her own personal interests, in order to do honour to his name and family, but slacked in no manner, notwithstanding the amount of business all this entailed upon her, the prayers, devotions, and religious discipline which she had imposed upon herself. To the end of her life she continued unwearied in good deeds. One of the last entries in her diary speaks of happy fervour, of 'soul joy' and serene faith and confidence.

Her death was as peaceful as the last days of her life; she only suffered from an aguish distemper for a fortnight, and during a prayer offered up in her chamber by her old friend Dr. Walker, she fetched 'on a sudden a deep groan.' Her women flew to her side; as she had often desired, she died praying.

MRS. WALKER.

Mrs. Walker and her husband, the Rev. Dr. Walker, Lady Warwick's chaplain and best friend, were a notable couple too. Mrs. Walker lived the true religious life of the Puritan woman. She was a typical clergyman's wife, an exceptionally happy and busy person, loving her husband with a faithful sincerity. He wrote her memoirs after her death from the papers she left behind, and they give us a true and valuable picture of the life and usages of the period. She ruled her house with diligence; out of the ample knowledge she possessed, she instructed her maids in cookery, baking, dairy-work, and the care of the linen, in which her love of neatness was exceptionally curious. She exhorted her children to cultivate this as a virtue, for, said she, 'Not all neat women are good, but all good women are neat,' a pretty maxim that might well be inculcated on the present generation.

Like the capable women of that day, she was feared as well as loved. 'When she stood up,' we are told, 'in her pew to frown down whisperers in the sermon, she struck awe into their souls.' She was skilled both as a physician and surgeon, and possessed valuable recipes for distilled waters, ointments and plasters. She made preserves, delicate pastry, and fragrant cream-cheeses, both for home use and as presents to friends. Her gooseberry-wine, like that of the Vicar of Wakefield's wife, was famous; and as for her cider, it won the encomiums of all the neighbours. With innocent self-appreciation she would never allow her husband any credit for it.

'*His* cider!' she would say, mockingly, 'Tis my cider; I have all the pains and care, and he hath all the praise who never meddles with it!'

She was as skilled in needlework as though she had been bred in a convent, and she read aloud beautifully with the careful modula-

tion of a practised elocutionist. She began and ended the day in prayer and praise. When the children had retired to bed, husband and wife engaged in prayer together in the study; after this she would, with her own hands, bring him his evening meal—a loving service she never delegated to any hired domestic. Her own abstemiousness was so great that the only meal she regularly partook of was dinner. When she walked to church she was always accompanied by all her maids, ‘that they might not stay loitering at home or by the way.’

Dr. and Mrs. Walker kept up one pretty practice. They always celebrated the anniversary of their wedding-day, on which occasion a haunch of venison from Lady Warwick’s park graced the board, where was also conspicuously placed a dish of pies made by Mrs. Walker herself, answering to the number of years of their married life. On the last occasion there were thirty-nine pies, all made by the hand on which a wedding-ring had been placed the same number of years before.

She was also very charitable, and would even go out at night to nurse a sick person. Her dress was always good, neat and black, her figure slight, her manner quick and vivacious, and her character marked by decision and energy. She possessed one of those remarkable personalities which seem now to be extinct, and she had a store of pithy maxims always ready to hand.

MRS. EVELYN.

Mrs. Evelyn has become mainly celebrated through her husband’s diary. Her home life, however, is a typical one. The daughter of Sir Richard Browne, ambassador in Paris, she married Mr. Evelyn, a plain country gentleman, when only sixteen, and passed her days at Sayes Court, her father’s house, where her husband’s diary was written and the famous gardens made.

Sayes Court was a small house, strangely unsuited to an ambassador, for it consisted only of two stories. On the ground floor was a hall, a parlour, kitchen and buttery, a larder, a chamber and three cellars; while above were eight chambers, four closets, and three garrets; yet in this limited space lived, at one time, in harmony and happiness, not only the Evelyns and the Brownes, but also a brother of Lady Browne’s and his family. Such arrangements were common enough in that day. They conduced to economy and to cheerful society. Life was simpler and more patriarchal; maids and mistresses mixed together, and were consequently better friends.

As an example of kindly equality, Lady Langham called her maids early, ‘that she might be sure that they had time for their private devotions.’

Lady Alice Lucy used to join in the psalms and hymns with

which the maids and men made the old hall resound at night, and many noble ladies lived thus indifferently, surrounded by their households.

Mrs. Evelyn herself was an experienced housewife, and her husband has left us a charming description of the old-fashioned habits of that time, when

men courted and chose their wives for their frugality, modesty, keeping at home, good housewifery, and other economies, virtues then in reputation, and the young damsels were taught all these in their country and in their parents' houses; they had cupboards of ancient and useful plate, whole chests of damask for tables, and stores of fine holland sheets, white as the driven snow and fragrant of rose and lavender for the bed; and the sturdy oaken bedstead and furniture of the house lasted one whole century; the shovel board and other long tables both in hall and in parlour were as fixed as the freehold, nothing was movable save joint-stools, black-jacks, and silver bowls. 'Twas then ancient hospitality was kept up in town and country, the poor were relieved bountifully, and charity was as warm as the kitchen, where the fire was perpetual.

Women reared in such houses were possessed of a stability, a discretion, and a sense that we seek for now in vain; their domestic virtues did not obscure their intelligence, and the society they mixed with, in the case of the Evelyns at least, was the best obtainable intellectually, artistically, and socially. The women fully held their own both in conversation and letter-writing, and their hospitality was unbounded and disinterested. It was often accepted by royalty and extended to savants, divines, and men of letters. At Sayes Court was to be found a charming company, the friends of Mrs. Evelyn, the delightful Margaret Blagge, afterwards Mrs. Godolphin, late a maid of honour and celebrated as an amateur actress, charming, radiant and accomplished, who died at the early age of twenty-five. Evelyn calls her the 'sprightly saint, for she was as good and religious as she was amiable.'

He also describes the performance at Court of a comedy by the Duke of York's two daughters, afterwards Queen Mary and Queen Anne, and

my dear friend Mrs. Blagge, who having the principal part performed to admiration. They were all covered with jewels. . . . Mrs. Blagge had about her neck 20,000*l.* worth of jewels, of which she lost one worth about 80*l.*, borrowed of the Countess of Suffolk. The press was so great, 't is a wonder she lost no more. The Duke of York made it good.

Other notable friends of Mrs. Evelyn were Jeremy Taylor the great divine, Lady Sunderland, Lady Mordaunt, a very pious woman, who gave Evelyn on the occasion of her visit 100*l.* for the release of the prisoners of the war, Lady Langham, Sir Henry Capel, &c. Mrs. Godolphin's death proved the greatest grief to the Evelyns. He regarded her as his most beloved friend, and she was dear to his wife and affectionate to his children.

Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn were the parents of a wonderful child, a prodigy of learning and piety, who at two and a half years of age could read English and French, Latin and the Gothic characters at four. The childish brain was, however, perhaps too precocious and too much forced, for the child died at five years old. Evelyn thus describes him : 'For beauty of body, a very angel ; for endowment of mind, of incredible and rare hopes.'

Another daughter of the Evelyns died at the age of nineteen, of the smallpox, to the inexpressible grief of her parents. She seems to have been as gifted and delightful as her younger brother Evelyn says 'the justness of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected though more than ordinary beautiful, were the least of her ornaments compared with those of her mind.' Though extremely accomplished, knowing French and Italian, dancing, playing and singing on the harpsichord, with a talent for 'rehearsing a comical part or poem,' reading serious books such as Terence, Plautus, Homer, Ovid, yet 'the cheerfulness of her humour, and her unaffected and deep piety, and her love of little children with whom she played so prettily, and caressed and humoured with great delight, endeared her to all.'

Though she knew the Court well, and 'Lady Clarendon designed to have made her maid of honour to the Queen, she did not set her heart upon it or anything as much as the service of God, a quiet and regular life, and how she might improve herself in the most necessary accomplishments.'

Another daughter, Suzanna, was married to Mr. William Draper. Her portion of 4,000*l.* was given her by her father, who says 'She is a good child, religious, discreet, ingenious, and qualified with all the ornaments of her sex. She has a peculiar talent in design and in painting in oil and miniature, and an extraordinary genius for whatever hands can do with a needle. She has the French tongue, has read most of the Greek and Roman authors and poets, using her talents with great modesty, exquisitely shaped and of an agreeable countenance.' Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn accompanied their daughter after her wedding to her husband's house, at Ascombe, near Croydon. 'There we left her in her apartment, very richly adorned and furnished, and I hope in as happy a condition as could be wished.'

Finally the Drapers came, with Mr. Draper's mother, to live at Sayes Court, where each pair kept their coach with 'as suitable an equipage as any in the town.'

Later on the Evelyns removed to Wotton and let Sayes Court to Admiral Benbow. The admiral then sublet the place to the Czar of Russia, Peter, who worked sad havoc there. Evelyn thus describes the terrible damage done to the pretty house : 'The doors were broken, the floors inked, the Dutch tiles cracked, the fireirons, stove, and stone floors broken, the curtains torn, the hangings

stained, Turkey carpet ruined, crockery and furniture and the garden completely ruined, and all was desolation where once all had been beauty.'

Especially did Mr. Evelyn regret the destruction of the famous holly hedge, in which he took a great pride. The Czar Peter, it seems, had amused himself by riding through it in a wheelbarrow—a senseless and childish recreation.

*Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn were constantly at Court, and Mrs. Evelyn also entertained the Queen at Deptford, 'for which Her Majesty gave me thanks in the withdrawing-room at Whitehall,' writes her husband. The worthy pair were much in company of the Countess of Sunderland and of Lady Clarendon, whose house at Swallowfield they visited, expressing themselves as much pleased with the garden, in the care and upkeep of which Lady Clarendon was highly skilled. There they saw an 'orchard, of 1,000 golden and cider pippins, noble orangeries well furnished, the garden so beset with all manner of sweet shrubs that it perfumed the air, and the canal and fishponds well and plentifully stocked with fish. The waters are flagged about with "calamus aromaticus," with which my lady has hung a closet which retains the smell very perfectly.'

Ann, Lady Sunderland, lived at Althorpe, and there too the Evelyns were often hospitably received. It was a house, or rather palace, with

rooms of state, galleries, offices, furniture, such as may become a great prince, and, what is above all this, governed by a lady who, without any show of solicitude, keeps everything in such an admirable order, both within and without, from the garret to the cellar, that I do not believe there is any in this nation or in any other that exceeds in such exact order, without ostentation, but substantially noble and great. The meanest servant is lodged so cleanly, the service at several tables, the good order and decency, in a word, the entire economy is perfectly becoming a noble and wise person. She is one who, for her distinguished esteem of me, from a long and worthy friendship, I must ever honour and celebrate.

Mrs. Evelyn possessed as good manners and had as good tact as her husband; the daughter of an ambassador and the *habituée* of the French Court, even before her marriage her society was sought eagerly and intimately by the noble and the great. She and her husband had similar tastes and congenial dispositions. She was extremely beautiful. Of this an excellent drawing by the celebrated French artist Nanteuil gives us a good idea. The tutor who resided in her family for some time, and to whom, as to the servants, a woman is rarely a heroine, describes her as 'the best of daughters and wives, the most tender of mothers, and the most amiable of friends.'

Her skill in drawing and painting was considerable. In addition she was a constant reader and an admirable housewife.

Much of the principles and conduct displayed by these ladies was due to the advice and the ideal held up before them by their

favourite divines, and to the importance and honour attached by these to the duties of housewifery. Jeremy Taylor says :

Let women of noble birth and great fortune be prudent and careful in their employment and traffic of time, in their proportions and capacities; nurse their children, look to the affairs of the house, visit poor cottagers and relieve their necessities, be courteous to the neighbourhood, learn in silence of their husbands or their spiritual guides, read good books, pray often, speak little ; ' Learn to do good works for necessary uses,' for by that phrase St. Paul expresses the obligation of Christian women to good housewifery and charitable provisions for their family and neighbourhood.

VIOLET GREVILLE.

OUT ON THE 'NEVER NEVER'

Out on the wastes of the Never Never,
 That's where the dead men lie;
 That's where the heat waves dance for ever,
 That's where the dead men lie;
 That's where the earth's loved sons are keeping
 Endless tryst; not the west wind, sweeping
 Feverish pinions, can wake their sleeping—
 Out where the dead men lie.

A MISGUIDED young Scot, at the commencement of the seven years' drought, came to a North Queensland sheep station in search of a fortune. Shortly after his arrival he announced to the station manager his intention of returning to his native land. The country, he said, in awestruck tones, was 'too vast.' The reason does not at first sight seem conclusive, but anyone who has been on the great western plains, and has his faculty of imagination sufficiently developed to project the hot dusty landscape, with its brown grass and dancing mirage, for hundreds of miles on every side; who has realised that the plains are flanked by yet wider wastes of forest, where great gaunt gums cast their scant shade upon the tussocky earth, and where an undergrowth is formed of trees in various stages of adolescence, can sympathise with the young Scot. For days and weeks it is possible to ride, and see, as through a kaleidoscope, bush, plain, and sandy creek, in ever-changing sameness. Queensland is indeed vast, with a vastness that impresses, and at times appals, the imagination.

Even to well-informed people North Queensland is little more than a name, while a large number in Australia regard it as the 'Never Never' of the Blacks—a land where there is little water and less life, where the over-brave sleep in the sun by the side of their skeleton horses, and where the basaltic rocks and stunted bush are interspersed with spinifex and sand. Neither in England nor in Australia does North Queensland receive the attention it merits, for it is so rich in mineral wealth, and possesses a soil so prolific, that full development must needs be only a matter of time, and when developed the North will become a much valued part of the Commonwealth. There are already variations of development, as marked as the differences

in climate and in physical conditions. On the coast the long stretches of palm scrub, indicative of great atmospheric humidity, have been cleared into a fertile field for the cultivation of sugar, coffee, cotton, and other tropical products. So far this cultivation has been chiefly effected by coloured labour organised by white men, or by the Chinese, who evade the Commonwealth legislation against aliens holding property by leasing from white faggot-owners uncleared land which they rapidly plant with bananas.¹ It is a matter of common knowledge that these Chinese agriculturists are not only satisfied with the conditions of their life in North Queensland, but are amassing considerable fortunes. At the same time they provide the chief trade for at least one northern port, and they are, in some cases, the actual employers of white labour. But, putting aside this strange industrial development, it is not yet clear whether the seaboard of North Queensland is fitted for white agricultural labour. Speaking generally, the weight of opinion is unfavourable north of Townsville, while to the south the rapid increase of small sugar farmers points to an opposite conclusion. The fertile scrubland does not stretch the whole length of the seaboard, but this fact has not retarded the growth of ports of varying sizes. The most important of these are Townsville, with a population of 13,000, which is the outlet of an extensive sugar-growing, mining, and grazing district; Mackay, with back country carrying about 15,000 people; and Cairns, with a local population of 7,000, the natural outlet for the rich mining district around the Gulf of Carpentaria—a gulf so large that it has been said that England might be placed within its waters and a ship sail around it out of sight of land. Close behind the seaboard is the mountain range that runs along the eastern length of Australia from Cape York into Victoria, and which contains in North Queensland an extraordinarily varied number of minerals. There the muggy heat of the coast is changed for a clear dry atmosphere—hot in the daytime, but often in places dropping below freezing point at night. Behind the ranges is the pastoral country, falling far back towards the South Australian border—into the ‘Never Never.’

And yet the ‘Never Never’ when sought for seems to have become like the fabled land of Lyonesse. When I asked the inhabitants of the outpost Queensland township of Camooweal if they were in that wonderful country, they indignantly repudiated the idea. It is true that they were almost a fortnight’s journey from the coast, yet beyond them, they said, a long chain of pastoral stations stretched into the fertile plains of Central Australia. Despite their protest, however,

¹ At the end of 1905, it has been estimated, there will be 47,500 acres of sugar lands cultivated by white labour in Queensland, and 78,000 by black labour. The estimated production is 183,000 tons—75,000 tons by white and 110,000 by black labour. Australia this year will produce all its own consumption of sugar. The cultivation of bananas, a very large and profitable industry, is almost without any exception in the hands of the Chinese.

and without anything but respect for the brave men and women who are winning a new jewel for the crown of the Empire, the country in which they live may still be called by its old name. But the railways are every year stretching fresh tendrils over the continent, and wherever they go they change the face of the land. The townships they touch become more and more like the seaports, and the inhabitants lose those characteristics which differentiate them from the cosmopolitans of Sydney and London. To adopt an elusive bush idiom, the railways bring the country 'inside'; but an 'outside' country still exists, and with that country, and its people, this article is chiefly concerned.

A wise friend once warned the writer never to mention distances to English people, to whom size appears as incomprehensible as the fourth dimension, while a popular canon of St. Paul's is reported to have said, as the result of long experience, that he confidently expected the statement from every Colonial bishop he met that the particular bishop's diocese was so many times larger than England. The multiple varied, but the comparison remained unchanged. It therefore requires a certain amount of moral courage for a Colonial bishop to call attention to the fact that Australia is essentially a land of far distances, and that this is perhaps more obviously true in Queensland than 'down below' as we not over-politely call the Southern States. The size of Northern 'selections,' for instance, is proverbial throughout the Commonwealth, yet probably few Australians realise that there are outpost cattle stations each including country to the extent of between 1,800 and 3,000 square miles.² These stations can be reached, if they are not too far out, by coach and waggon, but there comes a point when both these means of locomotion must give place to saddle and pack horse.

Along the coaching roads there are usually small wooden inns or shelter-houses made indiscriminately of roof-iron, canvas, dried boughs, or hessian stretched over a wooden framework. Here food, and a limited supply of beds, can be obtained; but these adjuncts of civilisation soon disappear in North Queensland, and the traveller must carry his own 'tucker' and 'swag,' or in other words must provide his own food, and carry a blanket, rolled up in a square of canvas, which will form his seat every mealtime and his bed at night. His culinary utensils are equally simple. All that he requires is a billy-can to boil the water, a pannikin to hold his tea, a knife, a fork, and a plate—although the fork and the plate are usually omitted for an obvious reason. Bread can be baked, and meat can be cooked to perfection, in the white aromatic ashes of the eucalyptus wood from which the camp fires are made.

² 'Calton Hills' has 1,800 square miles of country and 'Rocklands' 3,000 square miles. The latter estate is partly in North Queensland and partly in the northern territory of South Australia. These figures were supplied to the writer by the managers of the respective stations.

Some of the pleasantest memories of the writer's life are associated with such journeys outside the circle of civilisation. It is an unwritten law that the traveller must never go past water in the afternoon, unless he is certain of reaching another spring, or waterhole, before sundown. A breach of this law brings its own punishment, for a 'dry camp' is not a pleasant experience. But after the horses have been watered, the wood gathered, the camp fire lighted, the meal prepared and eaten, there is perhaps no rest so pleasant as that obtained by lying upon the ground with a bundle of blankets for an arm-rest and the flickering fire making an arched chamber out of the soft darkness of the tropical night. Many strange men have gathered around those fires, and, having partaken of simple hospitality, have abundantly repaid their host with the strangest tales and the most independent criticisms. The conversation of one untidy old bushman occurs at the moment. He was commenting upon the evil of railway construction, and opined that when the country was thus opened for commerce it was ruined, and that the time had come for him to 'make tracks into the back blocks.' His reason for disliking steam locomotion was even more unique than his prejudice against it. It may sound more impressive in his own words: 'Bishop, do you know as whenever a railway starts there's allus a murder?' I remarked that I had not noticed the immediate connection between murder and locomotives, although I believed that railway accidents were not infrequently fatal; my amendment was firmly put aside,—'But there is, I tell yer. Why, on the very day the Chillagoe line was opened there was a man murdered his mate in Rockhampton. I tell yer there's no good in railways. They're no use to Australia.' Needless to say, I did not mention that the coincidence was unknown to me. Neither did I draw attention to the additional fact that Chillagoe railway station is separated by full five hundred miles of mountain and sea from the scene of the alleged murder. My friend is still 'outside,' strong doubtless in his convictions, and outside he will probably remain until he is brought in to the Townsville Hospital to die, unless perhaps he starts his final journey alone from the bank of some waterhole on the threshold of the 'Never Never.' It is a usual custom of mine to have evening prayer wherever I may be at night, and never have I had more reverent fellow-worshippers than those rough and solitary dwellers in a barren and dry land where no water is. After prayers, and a final pipe, we would roll in our blankets, say good-night, and sleep dreamlessly under a wide and starry sky until waked by daybreak—and the flies.

Provided that there is fairly good water, there is no real hardship in all this for 'nine months of the year. The climate in the West is dry and bright, although at times very hot by day or very cold by night according to the season. There are no noisome beasts, with the exception perhaps of a few dingoes, who may yelp at the fire from

a safe distance. The snakes, numerous as they undoubtedly are, usually share the human disinclination for company. Mosquitoes are not very plentiful away from the coast, but the flies, especially on the plains, are appalling. They are there in myriads: they attack the eyes; they crawl up the nostrils and into the ears; they fight angrily for their share of the food. In short they are a pest to man and beast. One thing alone can be said in their favour—they rest at night; but as soon as the first curve of the sun appears above the horizon they rise in clouds from the earth to recommence their daily task of persecution.

An attractive feature of the far west is the absence of fear in animals. To a certain extent absence of fear is a characteristic of all the Australian fauna, and it must need a very stern sportsman to shoot a native bear, which, without the slightest attempt at escape, turns upon the gum-tree bough to look with puzzled wistfulness at the strange creature below. The same is true to a less degree of that most inquisitive among animals, the kangaroo. Kangaroos have been known to come almost within 'putting distance' of a traveller, but the kangaroo shooter is rapidly discouraging marsupial curiosity, and at the same time is reducing the number of these interesting survivals of a bygone age. Australian birds are equally fearless. Travelling in the far north-west of Queensland in 1904, I camped for a night by a creek where a small trough contained the only surface water for probably twenty or thirty miles around. The next morning while I performed my toilet at the rough basin there were beside me thousands of tiny painted finches, ignorant of the uncertain temper of man, who took no more notice of me than of some friendly animal. They almost disputed for the complete possession of their bathing pond as they played and flirted in the water beside me. The whole scene was radiant with joy and beauty. Added to all this there is a natural charm in the bush which it is difficult to explain. Mr. Rowland, in *The New Nation*, writes:

Unattractive as much Australian scenery is in the day, night, even in the barest parts of the bush, has a bewitching charm. The bright clear air, the brilliancy of the moonlight, the aroma of the gum-leaves and the wattle-blossom, the sense of infinite extent and infinite repose given by the utter stillness and loneliness of the whole fragrant scene—these are among the things that endear his country to the patriotic Australian, and make him, though he may linger among the 'pleasures and palaces' of Europe, return to his native bush declaring 'there is no place like home.'

The remaining three months of the year present to those who move about the country discomforts and dangers difficult to realise except by experience. The tropical rainy season normally commences in January and ends in April. During that period the traveller by coach must be prepared to work hard breaking with a tomahawk the heavy black soil which every few yards cakes so thick upon the

wheels that they cannot revolve. The luckless workman drags the while at his own feet an ever-gathering load of mother earth, and after a day's fatigue throws his blanket upon the sodden ground only to sink deeper and deeper into his own form until the morning brings the grey light of another muggy day. During the wet season the wide dry sandy watercourses of winter are changed into raging, rushing rivers. It needs some courage to face a river a mile wide, even though the greater part of that distance can easily be forded. Still more discouraging are the narrow creeks with narrower crossings, and at such crossings the horses' heads must resolutely be kept up stream, or all will drift to death among the uprooted trees lying hidden beneath the surging flood. One Sunday morning last summer one of my clergy put his horse to a certain flooded river that separated him from the Hodgkinson Gold Field, where he was to give a monthly service. The water was deeper than it appeared to be, and both horse and rider were quickly struggling in the stream. Happily the river was wide and clear of snags, but it was over a mile before the rider, taking advantage of a projecting tree bough, was able to steer his almost beaten steed into a backwash and so to reach the shore. The pair landed upon the same bank from which they had entered the water, and as a second attempt to cross seemed inadvisable, there was no hope of reaching the Hodgkinson that day. The redoubtable cleric, however, after a brief survey of the situation, decided to ride to another township on the same side of the river; there, to the surprise of the inhabitants, he conducted a service. The surprise, it is only fair to say, was solely due to the unexpected nature of the service, while it is not a little interesting to record that the only local comments upon the adventurous ride, I have since heard, have been concerned with the horse and not with the rider.

Even the wet season has some compensations. There is plenty of water, and scarcity of water at other times is the greatest danger the bushman has to meet. It goes without saying that in the dry season the water is frequently far from good. During a recent journey I had one night to choose between the respective merits of two small and excessively dirty pools in a sandy river bottom. In one pool there was a dead bullock, and the other was covered with green slime. Needless to say, I chose the latter, and, having skimmed the surface, filled my 'billycan' with unsavoury water. The tea, I remember, was a little thick—but we were very thirsty. On the same journey there were several dry stages of over thirty miles in length, and we counted ourselves happy, not only that the stages were so short, but even more that we never failed to find water. The track we travelled has been called locally a road of death, and it has justified its name by the long tale of bushmen, travelling alone, who have perished near by from thirst. The manner in which these meet their death is probably distressingly simple. The waterhole relied upon

is dry, the real track is missed, or the horses are lost. The last of these disasters is the most common. When a camp is made at night the horses are duly watered, hobbled, and turned out to pick up a meal for themselves. They usually feed back along the road by which they came, and it is surprising how far a hobbled horse can travel by little leaps through the night. At earliest daybreak the bushman sets out to find the horses. Wonderfully quick in eye and ear, he can see the faintest track and hear the softest sound. But some morning there is no track to see, and no sound to hear, and then he wanders farther and farther in his search, until the bush swallows him up. He decides to return to his camp to make a fresh start, but cannot find his trail, the trees are all alike, and there are no natural landmarks. Suddenly the horror of his position strikes him, and he hurries forward with a dreadful inclination towards the right or the left, upon the circular track which ends in death. This is no imaginary case. It is one that is repeated over and over again.

One of the most beautiful adjuncts of the western plain is the mirage, which seldom deceives a real bushman unless he is looking for water he knows is not far away. In North Queensland the mirage most frequently takes the shape of a lake lying without a ripple in the sunshine. The trees—real trees—are seen inverted in the hot layer of air next the ground, as clearly as Friar's Crag is seen reflected in the still bosom of Derwentwater. Lately driving on the hot Cloncurry road, in clouds of dust that at times enveloped and hid the leaders' heads, I saw a mile away the replica of Lake Wendaree in Victoria. But the mile when travelled only brought another reach of dusty, sun-baked, scantily timbered country, and the phantom lake, bearing another and unfamiliar shape, lay a mile ahead. At other times, however, the mirage takes the form of the drifting smoke of one of those terrible fires that leap at horseman speed over the plains. It is hard for a stranger to believe that there is no fire when the smoke looks so real, and like another traveller he turns aside to see the strange sight. The great Australian painter of the future must certainly reckon with the mirage, for it makes houses on the plains look like indistinct masses of forest upon the horizon, and plants the trees like phantom mangrove swamps by patches of silvery water.

The loneliness of the far western bush is almost past belief. It is possible to ride or drive the whole day along a beaten track without meeting a solitary soul, or without seeing a single sign of human habitation. The boundary rider of a cattle station may do his work day after day, and only speak to a fellow-man in his fortnightly or monthly visit to headquarters for rations. A groom at one of the mail changes on the track to Camooweal once told me that he could never reckon upon seeing a fellow-creature except twice in each week, and that was when the mail-man, on his bi-weekly journey, stayed for half an hour to change horses. It is not surprising, therefore, to

learn that some of these solitaries come to resent the visit of strangers in a similar spirit to that which made a disturber of traffic out of a lighthouse keeper in the Flores Straits. Like St. Francis these men talk to the birds and the trees, but harmless as this habit may seem, it is safe only in the bush. In town it impresses most unfavourably the matter-of-fact policeman, who, when he hears the monologue, halts only between two opinions as to its cause.

It must not be thought for one moment that the men and women in the far west of North Queensland are mainly solitary eccentrics. The vast majority are brave, resourceful, and self-reliant to a very high degree, and their constant struggle with nature has produced a fortitude that commands respectful admiration. Throughout the long drought I seldom heard anyone complain, although the cattle and sheep were lying dead in heaps by every dried-up waterhole, and day after day the heavens were like brass and the earth remained as hard as iron. Even more marvellous than the fortitude of the men is the patient courage of the women. They do not go into the 'Never Never' for adventure or for a living, but for love's own sake, and there are few places where love demands a more complete self-surrender. The tropical climate in India is always most trying to women, but in India good houses and numerous servants lighten the white woman's burthen. There are few servants in the 'Never Never,' although the uncertain services of a black gin are sometimes to be obtained. The houses, at the best, are uncomfortable wooden shells with corrugated iron roofs, and are often made of hessian cloth stretched over a framework of wood, or of that most trying of all building materials—kerosene tins, cut, flattened, and nailed across a similar support. There may be no medical man for a hundred miles, and no other white woman for full half that distance. Mr. Henry Lawson has familiarised Australian readers with the pathos of the bushwoman's life, and I for one can never read without a lump rising in my throat, his story of the crazy old settler whose wife had died in child-birth the first year of his selection, but who never realised that he lived alone throughout his solitary life. 'I never wanted to bring her up,' he is made to say in apology for her supposed presence in the back-blocks. 'It is no place for a woman.' Let others speak of the heroism of the men who make the Empire. To me there is no sacrifice so complete as that given not to the Empire, but for the Empire in the love of the wives and mothers.

It is safe to say that the average Englishman knows very little about the conditions of an Australian squatter's life. Those who have experienced the generous hospitality of some Victorian pastoralist may have been surprised at the beauty of the homestead and the high standard of culture to be found within. But the North Queensland stations are not like those in Victoria and New South Wales. The squatters are often cultivated gentlemen, but their homesteads cannot

be called luxurious, and in some cases are little more than a collection of huts. As a case in point I remember reaching a certain cattle station beyond Cloncurry about half-past nine one night after a long and extremely tiresome journey. One of the horses had given in, but we had pressed on in the moonlight rather than make a 'dry camp.' The homestead was in darkness, but as we drew near two or three ghostly figures rose from the dusty ground to meet us, and half a dozen more turned on their sides to watch our approach. One of those who met us was the owner of the station, who had been sleeping, like some old-world patriarch, among his men—whites, aborigines, half-castes, and a Chinese cook. All the hospitality possible was given freely and willingly, but there was no conversation. We were tired, and our host was silent as men are who live much alone. There are no women on this particular station, and the men are seldom at the homestead. The mustering of cattle takes them far afield, and they sleep wherever sundown finds them.

Many years ago, when a curate in Yorkshire, I remember a friend comparing most unfavourably the suburban congregation to whom I ministered with his own parishioners who were chiefly navvies. He said he preferred the navvies because all their sins were big sins. The reason sounded somewhat heretical then, but I know better now what was in my friend's mind, for the prevailing sins of North Queensland are unmistakable. One of these sins is drunkenness; added to it is blasphemy, and there is another coarse sin, alas! only too common, while an inveterate passion for gambling appears to be growing rapidly. Yet, withal, there is to be found a certain nobility of character often lacking in those who are more conventionally moral. The men in the 'Never Never' are loyal to their friends, and, as a rule, are ready to risk their lives without a second thought. There is something very attractive in the character revealed in a story told to me some months ago, and which I believe to be true. It appears that two friends took a contract to fence in some country lying about fifty miles away from a certain bush township. The drought had not then broken, so the men took no horses, and rations were delivered to them from the township twice a month. By a sorry mischance a tree falling upon one of these men broke his thigh. His friend dared not leave him to the mercy of the ants and the crows, so after a vain attempt to set the fracture, he determined to carry the wounded man into the hospital. The journey took four days—or four nights, for when the summer *shade* temperature varies from 100 to 120° it is sometimes more convenient to travel between sundown and sunrise—but in the end the wounded man was duly delivered to the hospital surgeon. His mate apparently did not think that there was anything surprising or praiseworthy in his own act, but that night he proceeded to make himself completely drunk. It was once suggested to me that I should have rebuked the man for his intemperance. A sense of humility, I

think, would have deterred me if I had ever met the man, which so far has not been the case. None the less, I am for ever speaking here about the folly of intemperance, for it is sad to contemplate their end whose lives are spent in a succession of titanic labours followed by shameful orgies in some low public-house. They spend all they earn on drink, and when they can earn no more they drift like human flotsam into the State asylum for aged people, or they find their way to a familiar waterhole, and one night they turn for the last time upon the warm bosom of mother earth forgetful and forgotten. It must not be thought that these men are heroes, or that they are wrapped in any romantic glamour. Probably they themselves would abusively reject such a conception, and from experience I can testify that it is not always easy to calmly regard their moral vagaries. A few months ago, while camping for the night at a western coach change, three or four drunken shearers forced themselves into my rough bedchamber seeking vainly for more beer. It was with difficulty that I persuaded them to depart with my water-jug.

The future of the children is the greatest anxiety to the parents on the 'Never Never.' Wherever twelve children can be gathered together a 'provisional school' may be opened, and where there are thirty children the Government erect a State school with a teacher's residence attached. In Queensland all education is free, secular, and theoretically compulsory, but in a sparsely settled country it is obvious that a large number of children have not the slightest opportunity of attending school. Added to this, the Queensland Government made the State school teaching purely secular on the assumption that the various religious bodies would also make satisfactory arrangements for giving religious teaching. This may be possible, although it has not proved practicable, in Brisbane; it is simply impossible out on the 'Never Never.' To illustrate this point let me say that twelve months ago I visited one township twenty years old, and containing, perhaps, a couple of hundred inhabitants, where no clergyman had ever been previously nearer than one hundred and fifty miles. The inhabitants of the township in question begged for a service *once a year*. They have had one service since, and to give it a clergyman has had to ride on horseback almost four hundred miles. This will show the extreme difficulty of securing any adequate education for children in a country where such conditions prevail. With regard to the paucity of religious ministrations, it may be interesting to note that only Anglicans and Roman Catholics are doing work in the far north-west of Queensland, and they cannot do much, on account of the huge distances to be covered, and the consequent expense of travelling. So far as those of whom I have any right to speak are concerned, the blame must not be laid upon the clergy—at least upon the clergy who are at work in the 'Never Never'—while the men and women to whom they minister do not show much appreciation of the

sweet reasonableness of the Church of England, which, at the present time, apparently aims at stimulating self-help in the Colonial Church by leaving it to struggle under its burthen almost unaided. They are constantly saying something like this: 'If we were heathen the Church at home would send scores of clergy to look after us, but because we are white men living in this God-forsaken wilderness we are left to live like animals and die like dogs.'

The Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, speaking last year in London upon the work of the Colonists, said that in developing the new countries the Colonists are giving to the British nation the proudest heritage that ever man enjoyed, and are laying upon the nation's shoulders a greater burthen than any nation ever bore. This is a conception worthy of the statesman who gave it birth. And putting aside for the moment any consideration of the claim Colonists have upon their Mother Country, is not the conception more worthy of attention than the doleful jeremiads of discontented financiers, or the ill-formed criticisms of a section of the English Press? It is not the 'inordinate sensitiveness of democracy' that makes us shrink from adverse criticism. We have more trenchant critics in Sydney than in London, and much that we now hear across the ocean has a familiar sound; but it seems as if many of our new mentors, who repeat our exaggerated condemnation of ourselves, have failed to recognise that self-condemnation is a national *penchant* usually associated with a strong desire for reform. Furthermore, it is apparently overlooked by many who discuss Australian affairs that Australia is little more than a hundred years old. During that hundred years we have organised from end to end a continent as large as Europe; and not only have we occupied the country, but we have faced social and industrial problems as yet only in the air in England. The exuberance of party politics, disturbing as it undoubtedly may seem, is only a phase of development in a virile State, in which many theories of legislation are constantly being modified or rejected after trial. Throughout the Commonwealth the various States are steadily setting their houses in financial order.³ The country is recuperating after a

³ The day after this article was posted to England (the 21st of August, 1905) the Right Hon. Sir John Forrest, P.C., G.C.M.G., delivered his Budget speech to the Federal House of Representatives. After stating that the public debts of the various States amounted to 234,000,000L, and that one of the objects of federation was to take over these debts, the Federal Treasurer said that there appeared to be three courses open: (1) To take over the debts as provided in the Constitution; (2) to take over a portion of them on a population basis; (3) to take over the whole of the debts. The latter would require an amendment of the Constitution. He suggested, in arriving at a solution of the question of the share of revenue accruing to the States from Customs and Excise, that Parliament should consider whether it was not possible to adopt the Canadian plan, by which a fixed amount would be returned annually by the Commonwealth to the States for local administration purposes. The Commonwealth and the States would then be in independent positions, and could work out their own problems in their own way. Sir John Forrest's peroration was very impressive. He said:

phenomenally long and disastrous drought, which, regarded as an influence upon national character, has not been altogether a bad thing. Fortitude, hopefulness, and courage are far better assets for a nation than wealth and luxury, and such virtues have been brightly displayed over and over again during the bad times. To men such as those who faced without wavering the disaster of a ten years' drought it is almost impertinent to offer encouragement to determination and perseverance, but, under hands like theirs, Australia is bound to pass through bad times into new prosperity.

GEORGE H. NORTH QUEENSLAND.

'I ask the honourable members to think of Australia as a whole, and not only of their individual States. I think we may turn our thoughts with pride and satisfaction to the results we have attained. The only object worth fighting for is to make the lot of the people easier and happier. What are we here for if this is not our constant aim? This great country was never intended to be inhabited by a handful of people, and I trust those who come after us will be able to maintain in this southern land of ours those characteristics which have made the country we descend from great and prosperous.'

THE AUSTRALIAN LABOUR PARTY

FOR good or evil the Labour party has become a powerful factor in Australian politics ; its influence is felt in Municipal, State, and Federal affairs. This year, for three months, it occupied the Ministerial Benches in the Commonwealth Parliament ; in State politics it has had in West Australia twelve months of office, and in Queensland and South Australia it now forms the chief constituent of coalition ministries. Up to the present the reign of Labour ministries has been very brief, yet even opponents of the Labour party must admit that, according to present indications, its power is certain to increase rather than diminish. Of the three spheres for its activity, its power is relatively less strong in Municipal than in either State or Federal Councils. It is avowedly socialistic in its aims, yet strange to say that, whilst in Great Britain socialism is much in evidence in Municipal affairs, in Australia direct nominees of the Labour party have only found their way into a few of the hundreds of local governing bodies. The explanation of this is that a property qualification is essential to secure votes at Municipal elections, and the Labour party draws its support chiefly from the wage-earning class. The majority of the professional and commercial classes feel little sympathy with its aspirations, though their hostility to it is certainly not nearly as bitter as some years ago. As regards State politics, every State Parliament in Australasia has its Labour party, though in no instance has it an absolute majority of pledged members. Where it has held power, it has done so with the help of extreme Radicals. As a vigilant third party it has been frequently able to exert an influence far stronger than it could put forward by mere voting strength, were it but one of two, instead of one of three Parliamentary parties. It is, however, in the higher sphere of Commonwealth politics that the Labour party deserves most attention.

To the majority, even in Australia, the results of the last Federal elections were a revelation, a revelation of the strength, the earnestness, and the wonderful organisation of the supporters of the Labour party throughout the Commonwealth. In the first Australian Parliament there were eight Labour members in the Senate, and sixteen in the House of Representatives. This was a good proportion to con-

stitute a third party, considering that the total number of members in the Senate is thirty-six, and in the House of Representatives seventy-five. The general elections for the Second Federal Parliament considerably increased that proportion. There are now fourteen Labour members in the Senate, and twenty-three Labour members in the House of Representatives. In the Senate the Labour party may be regarded as in the majority. The pledged Labour members number less than half the Senate, but there are three or four Senators who, though not actual members of the party, nearly always vote with it, thus practically ensuring an absolute majority of the Chamber. At the opening of the present Parliament in the House of Representatives, the Government, the Opposition, and the Labour party were each of nearly equal strength. A three-cornered duel ensued; as might have been expected, there were some kaleidoscopic ministerial changes. No fewer than four Governments held power in eighteen months. In February last year, Mr. Deakin met Parliament as Prime Minister. In April he was defeated by the Labour party, assisted by the majority of Mr. Reid's followers, and Mr. Watson came into power as head of a Labour ministry. In August Mr. Watson was ejected by Mr. Reid, with the help of Mr. Deakin. Mr. Reid's Government reigned until July of this year, when the Labour party assisted Mr. Deakin to oust him. Mr. Deakin, whose party has been reduced to eighteen, is now Prime Minister by the grace of the Labour party. Is it surprising that thinking men in Australia view the position with feelings other than those of satisfaction? The Labour party can dictate terms to the Ministry, and ensure that its own policy is carried out by others. It is strongest whilst it sits on the cross benches. During the few months it was in office it was at the mercy of Parliament; it left most of the planks of its platform severely alone, and it had, during that time, less real power than it has had either before or since. It is not likely again to take office, unless it can command an absolute majority of its own members to give effect to its own ideas, and, indeed, it perhaps would be better for Australia that it had responsibility as well as power, rather than as at present power without responsibility. However, if not at the next general election, the party is bound ere long to get the clear Parliamentary majority it seeks. Under these circumstances, great importance attaches to its aims and organisation, for the influence of those who have charge of the Government of Australia not merely affects the internal concerns of the island continent, but extends to the attitude of the Commonwealth towards the Mother Country and the Empire generally.

To the minds of the majority of the British people there is something almost revolutionary in the very name of the Labour party. It is suggestive of the violation of the rights of individuals. It conjures up visions of wild-eyed anarchy, and of the illogical socialist who cries 'Let us all be equal, and I'll be your king.' But in Australia

even the enemies of the Labour party have no extreme fears of the result of its probable domination. To those who do not agree with the party's aims, the prospect of its obtaining power excites no more alarm than the average English Conservative might feel regarding the possible capture of the Ministerial Benches by the Liberals. The Australian Labour party does not try to gain its ends by revolution, but by a gradual process of evolution. It strives for what it believes to be the betterment of mankind by a different political method from that adopted in the past. It claims that the advancement of the public welfare should not be by endeavouring to make the rich richer, on the assumption that wage-earners and others dependent on the rich will reap corresponding benefits. Labour advocates say that this was the process that was followed when the well-to-do class had all the legislative power. Those who governed then are described as thinking first of their own interests, and secondly of the interests of the rest of the community. The Australian Labour party pays chief consideration to the welfare of the masses, and contends that the bulk of the people cannot be benefited without also benefiting the commercial and richer classes. If poverty be decreased and legislation raises those in the lowest strata of society to a better position, the whole fabric of society, according to the Labour party, must also be raised.

Both in State and Federal politics, the Labour party endeavours to win for each adult, irrespective of sex, equal political power. It urges that Australian men and women are sufficiently intelligent, sufficiently acquainted with political problems, and sufficiently advanced in other ways to enjoy self-government to the fullest extent. One adult one vote has already been secured in the case of the Federal Parliament. Every person over the age of twenty-one years, who has been not less than six months in the Commonwealth, can now vote for members for both the Senate and the House of Representatives, and no person can have more than one vote for each House. The franchise is not so liberal for most of the State Parliaments. In some States women have not yet the right to vote, and in one or two of the States men without property have less political power than those with property, as the latter are allowed to vote in all constituencies in which they possess the necessary property qualification. There should, in the opinion of the Labour party, be no such departures from the principle of one adult one vote, and one vote only. Another reform intended to establish electoral equality is the abolition or reform of the Legislative Councils or Upper Houses—chambers that are intended to represent property, and remotely correspond to the House of Lords, their functions being mainly to revise the work of the Lower Houses. In some States the Legislative Council is elected on a property qualification vote, whilst in others it is a nominee chamber to which the Executive add whenever it is deemed

advisable. Both forms of election are equally objectionable to the Labour party.

The adult suffrage that is sought for the State Legislatures, and the desired abolition or reform of the Legislative Councils, would, if accomplished, give the necessary political power to the masses to enable the Labour party to still further advance their main purpose—namely, the gradual extension of socialism. By every means in its power, the party seeks to increase the collective ownership and control of industries, whether through the Municipality, the State Government, or the Commonwealth Government. In many cities the municipalities own and manage tramways, electric light and power works, markets, baths, &c. Not only are the railways the property of, and run by, the State, but also some Governments have extensive workshops where all kinds of engines are produced. There are many batteries and other ore-reduction plants belonging to State Governments. The West Australian Government owns a couple of hotels. The Commonwealth Government has a monopoly of telephones as well as the post and telegraph service. The Labour party favours State banking and State insurance; it seeks to prevent the further alienation of Crown lands. It advocates the cheapening of the legal process, the division of each State into medical districts in charge of competent medical officers whose services shall be absolutely free, technical and scientific education, and State clothing factories for the manufacture of Government uniforms. The Labour party have slightly different programmes of reform or platforms in the different States as regards State politics. The platforms are adapted to local requirements. The differences are not serious, and all the reforms advocated strongly tend towards socialism, though the socialism advocated is not of the extreme type.

To quote from the official report of the decisions of the last Triennial Conference of the Political Labour organisations of the Commonwealth, which sat in Melbourne last July, the objective of the Federal Labour party is as follows :

(a) The cultivation of an Australian sentiment, based upon the maintenance of racial purity, and the development in Australia of an enlightened and self-reliant community. (b) The security of the full results of their industry to all producers by the collective ownership of monopolies, and the extension of the industrial and economic functions of the State and Municipality. The Labour party seek to achieve this objective by means of a policy that they invariably refer to as their platform. The planks of what is called the ' Fighting Platform ' are as follows :

(1) The maintenance of a white Australia. (2) The nationalisation of monopolies. (3) Old age pensions. (4) A tariff referendum. (5) A progressive tax on unimproved land values. (6) The restriction of public borrowing. (7) Navigation laws. (8) A citizen defence force. (9) Arbitration amendment. What is known as the

'General Platform,' which is really an amplification and explanation of the 'Fighting Platform,' is as follows :

(1) The maintenance of a white Australia. (2) The nationalisation of monopolies. (a) If necessary, an amendment of the constitution to provide for the same. (3) Old age pensions. (4) A referendum of Commonwealth electors on the tariff question when the report of the Tariff Commission has been completed, the party to give legislative effect to the decision of the referendum vote. (5) A progressive tax on unimproved land values. (6) The restriction of public borrowing. (7) Navigation laws to provide : (a) For the protection of Australian shipping against unfair competition. (b) The registration of all vessels engaged in the coastal trade. (c) The efficient manning of vessels. (d) The proper supply of life-saving and other equipment. (e) The regulation of hours and conditions of work. (f) Proper loading gear and inspection of same. (g) Compulsory insurance of crews by shipowners against accident or death. (8) Citizen defence forces and an Australian-owned navy. (9) An amendment of the Commonwealth Arbitration Act to provide for preference to unionists and the exclusion of the legal profession. (10) A Commonwealth bank of deposit and issue, and a life and fire insurance department, the management of each to be free from political influence. (11) Uniform industrial legislation, an amendment of the Constitution to provide for the same. (12) Civil equality of men and women.

In criticising the above platform it should be remembered that great differences exist in the conditions prevailing in Europe from those prevailing in a new country like Australia, peopled with energetic, enterprising settlers. The cultured, aristocratic class, comprising the nobility and gentry, who exercise so great an influence in the British Isles, is unknown in Australia ; but on the other hand Australia has no class absolutely uneducated. There are no people in Australia who correspond to the submerged tenth, or to the simple-minded peasantry of rural England. The extremes of either wealth and poverty, or culture and ignorance, are not as common in Australia as in Great Britain, but the average of education is undoubtedly higher in Australia. A greater knowledge of the world and the world's affairs exists amongst the Australian public ; Australian men and women of all classes travel more and have a more practical acquaintance with politics and politicians.

There are other considerations that should be taken into account when criticising the Labour party's platform. For instance, to the resident of England it may be difficult to understand the antipathy of Australians to the immigration of Asiatics. Yet not only the Labour party but all parties in Australian politics are practically unanimous as to the necessity for maintaining a white Australia, because they recognise that if there were no restrictions to the admission of Asiatics the continent would be invaded by hordes of Chinese,

Afghans, Hindoos, Japanese, Cingalese, &c., with the result that before long the coloured residents of Australia would far outnumber the white inhabitants. These races would, it is feared, lower wages and bring the European manual workers in Australia down to the Asiatic standard of living. There is an even worse danger: the presence of so many coloured people in Australia would imperil the purity of the British race within the Commonwealth, and cause the Continent in time to be inhabited by a piebald people inferior probably to the degenerates of South America. Even if it could be shown that most of the present inhabitants of Australia might reap a temporary advantage by becoming a superior class in a country peopled largely by Asiatics, the question may be still asked, Is it wise that the people of to-day should be benefited at the expense of generations yet unborn? Legislation might be passed to prevent marriage or sexual intercourse between members of European and Asiatic races. Legislation of that kind might or might not be successful; but if successful might not Australia in that case, after the lapse of a few generations, be face to face with a coloured racial difficulty similar to that which is now perplexing United States statesmen? Whether the races mingled as in South America, or kept apart as in North America, would not the consequences be equally alarming? In the interests of civilisation and of the Empire especially, it is felt that the vast area included within the Federal States of Australia should be kept for the white people of the future. It is the last of the world's spaces to be peopled, and it ought to be preserved for the surplus population of Europe.

An erroneous impression exists regarding the attitude of Australia towards European immigrants. The notoriously misrepresented incident of 'The Six Hatters' has been often quoted in an endeavour to prove that there is a want of sympathy in Australia, especially amongst the Labour party, towards even British working men immigrants. The incident arose through the maladministration of legislation to protect immigrants as much as residents of Australia. The legislation in question was designed to prevent men being brought to the continent under misrepresentation. It had been a common practice to engage men to come to Australia under contract to work at a lower rate of wage than that paid in Australia. These men found that owing to the high cost of living in Australia the wage that seemed to be almost princely in their own country, where living expenses are so low, was scarcely adequate to keep body and soul together in Australia. The difference in the price of all necessities had not been explained to them, and they had thus been induced to sign contracts without a full knowledge of what they were doing. Injury was done to the immigrants and to Australian workers with whom they entered into competition under unfair conditions. To prevent the continuance of such a system, legislation was passed prohibiting

the immigration of workmen under contract. Many exceptions to this prohibition are allowed. It does not apply to workmen exempted by the Minister for special skill required in Australia. The imported hatters came within this exception, but unfortunately, through ministerial blundering, there was some days' delay before they were admitted. Hence all the exaggeration that has since been indulged in. Speaking to a press interviewer on the 3rd of September this year, Mr. Watson, the leader of the Labour party, said that all that was aimed at when the present law was passed was to prevent men coming in under agreement to take the place of men who may be on strike, or from coming in at rates of wages below the standard ruling in Australia, or after having been deceived respecting the conditions obtaining in the Commonwealth. It is not clear that the law does not go further than was intended, and the clause that has caused trouble is to be modified this Session by Mr. Deakin, who has been promised the assistance of Mr. Watson as well as Mr. Reid. Nowhere is a warmer welcome extended than in Australia to desirable immigrants—European immigrants prepared to abide by existing Australian conditions and throw in their lot with Australians. One Labour member (Mr. Mahon) has a notice of motion on the business paper of the House of Representatives, which so well interprets the feelings of his fellow Labour members that it is worth quoting in full. It is as follows :

(1) That the persistent misrepresentation abroad of legislative and administrative measures of the Commonwealth reflects unjustly on the character of the Australian people, and tends to operate prejudicially to the progress of Australia, by checking immigration and impairing the credit of the States in the estimation of British and foreign investors ; (2) it being expedient to remove the erroneous and injurious impressions created by such misrepresentation, this House requests the Prime Minister, pending the appointment of a High Commissioner for the Commonwealth—(a) To confer with the Agents-General of the States in devising means of periodically placing before the people of the United Kingdom exact and unbiassed details concerning the legislation, administration, and resources of Australia ; and (b) invite the leading newspapers or press associations of the United Kingdom to jointly nominate three representatives to visit Australia, conveying with such invitation an assurance that all the facilities required will be afforded these gentlemen to conduct such investigations as they might deem fit into the position of Australia, and particularly into the charge that our legislative and administrative policy unduly impedes the incoming of white immigrants suitable for the work of colonisation.

Mr. Deakin and Mr. Reid are each emphatic on the desirableness of encouraging immigration. Early in September of this year Mr. Deakin, as Prime Minister, published a long State paper voicing the cry of Australia for population. At the outset he writes : ' Let me assume at once that we are all agreed as to the urgent necessity for adding to the population of Australia from those of our own race. A mere glance at the map shows thousands of miles of our coast

practically unsettled. From a defence point of view alone such a condition is a constant temptation to our rivals amongst the nations.' In another part of the statement Mr. Deakin points out, 'We must either use the richest of this part of our territory, or if we consent to leave it idle we must risk its appropriation by others who will people it.' Mr. Deakin adds that the Commonwealth should make a better bargain with the steamship companies for conveying immigrants to Australia, and mentions that he has written to the Agents-General for the various Australian States in London, inviting their advice upon the best means of advertising and managing whatever enterprise may be agreed upon for encouraging immigration.

If another plank of the Labour platform, namely, compulsory arbitration, be taken, the experience of New Zealand and West Australia, where such legislation has been tried, shows that it has been instrumental in benefiting both wage-earner and wage-payer as well as the commercial class, inasmuch as it has abolished strikes and established the blessings of industrial peace. The maritime strike, the shearers' strike, and many other great industrial conflicts have taught Australia to dread such troubles. Australians have come to realise that the time is past when private individuals or combinations should be allowed to settle their differences by the arbitrament of force, whether such force be physical or financial. The disagreements that in feudal times were settled by private wars between barons are now dealt with in Law Courts. So should it be with those industrial disputes, the disastrous consequences of which are not confined to the persons actually engaged, but extend to women and children, business people and other non-combatants. Why should strikes be allowed to continue any more than any of those ordinary disturbances in which private individuals engage, and which are so vigorously suppressed? Not the Labour party alone, but most of those holding allegiance to other parties in Australia, now agree that industrial disputes should be settled by law like other disputes.

The other planks of the Labour platform require little explanation. Old age pensions are already paid in two of the six States, namely, Victoria and New South Wales. The idea of the Labour party is that the Federal and not the State authorities should pay these pensions, and that the system should apply throughout the Commonwealth. Regarding the nationalisation of monopolies, the only industry that has yet received much consideration in that connection is the tobacco industry, but the proposal to make it a State monopoly can scarcely be said to have yet entered the realms of practical politics. The Labour party determinedly oppose conscription and militarism, but favour a citizen army on the Swiss system. Labour members believe that for the defence of Australia the only permanent forces that are necessary are those required to man the forts and form the nucleus of a regular army in the event of war. The cadet system and rifle

clubs meet with the Labour party's special approval. In naval matters the payment of the present annual subsidy, small as it is, towards the upkeep of the Australian squadron, was opposed by most of the members of the Labour party, mainly because they view any contribution towards Imperial defence as savouring of taxation without representation. An Australian owned navy, considering the state of the Commonwealth finances, is generally recognised amongst even Labour members as something to be talked about rather than achieved in the lifetime of the present generation. It is certain, however, that unless public opinion in Australia undergoes a complete change, it is solely in the form of Australian owned or controlled warships that the Commonwealth can be induced to offer any substantial contribution towards the defence of the Empire. Those who contend that the money would be more advantageously expended if donated to the Imperial authorities for naval purposes, should take into account Australian public opinion as it is, and not as perhaps it ought to be, and remember that an Australian navy, if established, would be as available for the service of the Empire whenever needed as were the Australian troops during the Boer War.

One of the planks that, in the opinion of some who on other questions differ widely from the Labour party, fully justify the support of the party generally, is that for the restriction of public borrowing. With an estimated population within the Commonwealth last year of some 4,000,000, with immigration almost stopped, with the birth rate decreasing and with the public debt of the States on the 30th of June, 1903, amounting to 220,000,000*l.*, it is not surprising that the people of the Commonwealth are beginning to think that it is time to put a stop to further borrowing except under special circumstances, and only then for reproductive works. True, there is no need for uneasiness. The assets of Australia in the form of railways, waterworks and other revenue-producing projects are considerable; no fear can be reasonably entertained as to Australia's ability always to meet the interest charges, or to pay off the debts as they become due. Some of the States have sinking funds to dispose of their liabilities. Still, there are many reasons why borrowing should be restricted, and there is no party more strongly in favour of caution as regards further loans than the Labour party. In the House of Representatives it helped the Opposition to block the attempt made by the Government to initiate a borrowing policy for the Commonwealth, with the result that the Bill that was introduced which authorised the borrowing of 1,000,000*l.* had to be withdrawn. The accession to power of the Labour party need not frighten Australian bondholders.

In order to carry out the aims of the Labour party there is an almost perfect system of organisation throughout the Commonwealth. The Labour party is indeed the only political party that is fully organised, and the same organisation is utilised for Federal, State and

even Municipal elections. In Trades Unionism lies the chief strength of the organisation. Trades Unionism has extended to practically all the trades of the Commonwealth, and with a few exceptions Australian Trades Unions are semi-political bodies. It is found that better conditions for working men can be best obtained through legislation. Factory legislation and compulsory arbitration in trade disputes are striking examples of what may be done in that direction. Hence the keen interest taken by Australian unionists in politics. For each seat that the Labour party determine to contest, preliminary ballots are held to choose candidates for the support of the party. Those who vote at such ballots must be unionists, or members of political labour leagues, which are political labour bodies working in conjunction with unionists. These selection ballots are fought on the lines of regular elections, and sometimes with great bitterness. After the selection all differences disappear. The successful candidate for selection in the subsequent election is supported by the combined strength of the unions, and the unionist who is known to vote for or otherwise assist a non-labour candidate is regarded as a 'black leg.' A strict pledge is required from each candidate. The pledge which must be signed is as follows :

I hereby pledge myself not to oppose any candidate selected by the recognised political Labour organisation, and if elected, to do my utmost to carry out the principles embodied in the Federal Labour Platform, and on all questions affecting the Platform to vote as a majority of the Parliamentary party may decide at a duly constituted caucus meeting.

All Labour members are permitted to have a free hand on the fiscal question. Protection or Free Trade has been a great battle cry in Australia until quite recently, and the Labour members in the Federal Parliament have been on this matter about equally divided. They have exhibited but slight interest in Mr. Chamberlain's preferential trade proposals. Those of them who are protectionists view his scheme as other protectionists regard it in Australia ; they favour it if it means the increase of the existing protective duties against goods from foreign countries. In other words, the protectionists cannot get all the protection they wish, and they support preferential trade as a means towards getting the additional protection that they could not otherwise secure. Australian Free Traders, including Free Trade Labour members, support preferential trade if it be instrumental in obtaining a measure of free trade, or a reduction of the existing Customs burden. The only preference that Australian Free Traders desire is the reduction of the existing tariff in favour of British goods. In short, in Australia protectionists believe in raising the tariff wall against foreign importations, whilst Free Traders believe in lowering it to favour British importations. Each party would like to use preferential trade to further their own policy.

No member of the Labour party can accept office except with the

consent of a duly constituted caucus of the party. In some quarters objection is taken to the strictness of the discipline exercised, and to the pledge. It is said, and not without some truth, that in Parliament the leader of the Labour party is the mere phonograph of the caucus, and the members only so many voting machines. The discipline tends to sap the independence and individuality of the members, and causes them to become more the tools of caucus and outside organisations than the representatives of the people who sent them to Parliament. A Labour member must vote in Parliament as the majority of his party in caucus decide. He may therefore be required to vote in Parliament contrary to his honest convictions. In doing so he is helping to undermine the efficiency and influence of Parliament itself, and striking a blow at the greatest of democratic institutions. This insistence on a pledge from parliamentary candidates, and the secret caucus system by which Parliament is undermined, causes some of the best of the public men of the Commonwealth to hold themselves aloof from the Labour party. In seeking to defend these blots on the organisation, Labour supporters reply that loyalty and united action are essential to success.

During several years' association with the Federal Labour party whilst in the Commonwealth Parliament, the writer, though a member of Mr. Reid's party, formed a high opinion of the Labour members' capacity, and the genuineness of their desire to do the greatest good for the greatest number consistent with justice to all. Their leader, Mr. Watson, is a young man, formerly a compositor, self-educated, full of mental vigour and of moderate views. Almost all the members are men of the world, possessed of sound common sense, and except in one or two cases having no extreme views. If a couple of them occasionally give utterance to strong republican sentiments, there are several of them who, especially during the Boer War, showed themselves to be strongly imperialistic. The most pronouncedly imperialistic as well as the most prosperous colony south of the Equator, New Zealand, has for many years been ruled by the most democratic Government probably in the Southern Hemisphere, though not actually called a Labour Government.

J. W. KIRWAN.

*Kalgoorlie, West Australia,
September 16, 1905*

REDISTRIBUTION

At last we have awakened ! This subject is to be the prominent one in the next Session—which will probably be the last—of the present Parliament. The King's Speech promised it. The present Government have stated their proposals. Next Session it is to be real business.

The Government proposals were in form of a Resolution laying down certain rules or figures ('principles,' so called) upon which commissioners should report the changes of boundaries which would be necessary to give them effect. It was accompanied by an explanatory memorandum by Mr. Gerald Balfour, President of the Local Government Board. It did not meet with general acceptance in the House, and was wisely withdrawn, with the intimation that the proposals would be brought forward in the form of a Bill next Session. The Government have intimated that their proposals are open to criticism and amendment, but that they will make them the basis of the Bill of next Session. It becomes, therefore, important to examine those proposals.

To make any plan for the representation of the people intelligible the prime factors must be remembered. These are :

(1) The population, which by the Census of 1901 was 41,458,721. Next year, 1906, it will be nearly 44,000,000.

(2) The number of members to represent them—670.

(3) The average of population per member, which rises annually—viz. 62,721 in 1901. Next year, 1906, it will be about 65,000.

(4) The electors—in 1901 were 6,822,585, or an average of 10,181 per member. In 1904 they were 7,194,974, or an average of 10,738 per member.

(5) The disparities existing between the different constituencies which now call for reform, *e.g.* :

(a) Some members represent 200,000 people, many others less than 20,000. The extreme disparity is 30 to 1. Five members represent as many people as forty-five other members. And so on.

(b) 370 members at present represent only a little more than one-third of the people, while the two-thirds are represented by only 300 members, out of the 670.

(c) One-half of the people are represented by 206 members, and the other half by 464.

(d) Scotland, with a larger population than Ireland, is represented by 72 members, while Ireland has 103 members.

(e) Ireland has a member for every 6,283 electors; England, one for every 11,442; Scotland, one for every 10,745; Wales, one for every 10,466.

With these factors before us we have to consider the Government plan for removal or abatement of the anomalies.

The merits of the Government plan are far from being apparent. Its defects are more obvious, but capable of amendment.

The Government proposal adopts, very reasonably under the circumstances, the present number of members—viz. 670. It next proceeds, without stating reasons, to take a good arbitrary figure, 65,000, as the qualifying number for all new seats. This figure was selected, I suppose, as being a fair average of what all the 670 constituencies of the Kingdom should be. It is about what 1-670th of the population will be next year, 1906, when it may be hoped a Bill will be carried. There is therefore some approximation to a 'principle' underlying this figure, and I think 65,000, being the probable average of population per member in 1906, may be accepted as a fair datum for new representation. But the fairness ends here. Applying it to new constituencies, the plan certainly, in words, provides that every borough or urban district with a population exceeding 65,000, not at present represented, is to have a new member for each complete 65,000. And applying the same measure to all counties and large towns containing more than 65,000 population per existing member, it professes to give an additional member for every complete 65,000 population of the excess in that county or that town. So far good. But, although the Government take 65,000 as a divisor, they work it out, not on the population of to-day or of 1906, but on the population as it was in 1901, and then they give to the larger populations of to-day the representatives only which the smaller populations of 1901 would have had. It is obvious that 65,000 as a divisor of the population in 1906 means a far larger quotient of representatives to all the larger constituencies which call for additional or new seats than it did in 1901 to those same constituencies. If the population had increased in rateable proportion in all the 670 constituencies it would be immaterial. But it is not so. The very cause of the present serious anomalies is well known to be the enormous increase in the large centres of population, and the stagnation or diminution in the small ones. If the 65,000 rule be faithfully applied, it is obvious that the largest number of people which any one member could represent would be 129,999. But the fact is far different, as we shall see.

The next figure which the plan proposes to fix is a minimum

of qualification for existing seats. It fixes 18,500 population as a minimum, but applies it in certain cases only. Any existing single-member constituency having less than that number loses its member. But this is not applied uniformly as a minimum qualification in all cases. I shall show that in many cases under the plan a far less number qualifies for a seat.

This figure 18,500 as a minimum is arbitrary. There is no 'principle' in it. It is equal to about 3,040 electors only. No reasons for it are given. Its effect is simply to take away nine borough seats, viz. : four in England (Bury, Durham, Grantham, and Falmouth), one in Wales (Montgomery District), three in Ireland (Galway, Kilkenny, and Newry), and one in Scotland (Wick); but it leaves twenty-two other small seats untouched, which have less than 5,000 electors each and less than 30,000 population. It is true that nearly every one of these small seats might have been dealt with and brought over a much higher line than 18,500, and up to about 30,000, by simple enlargement of their boundaries, but this the Government do not propose. I submit that 30,000 is the very lowest line which ought to be allowed for one constituency. It is equal to less than 5,000 electors, and as against constituencies of even 129,999 population, or 20,000 electors, is scarcely fair.

The very next 'principle' of the Government plan relates to two-member constituencies. It deprives of one member every county or borough with two members and less than 75,000 population, except the City of London. This figure, also, is arbitrary. There is no 'principle' in it. No doubt some figure it was necessary to fix, but this one is open to the objection that, if their first 'principle' of 65,000 for a seat is to hold good, 10,000 becomes the qualifying number for the second member instead of 18,500. Is it fair that 18,500 should be the qualifying number for single-member existing seats, and 10,000 in a double-member constituency, while even 65,000 is, as we have seen, required to qualify for a new seat? Why, at least, is not the qualifying minimum for single seats made to apply also in the case of two-member constituencies?

By this rule, sixteen constituencies having two members and less than 75,000 population are deprived of one of their members, viz. : two English counties, two English boroughs, and twelve Irish counties. I do not say that this is wrong in the particular cases, but there is no 'principle' in it. All but five of them have less than 65,000, and yet retain one member. New constituencies with the like numbers are to have no representative at all! The datum 65,000 is therefore applied in contrary manner to the old and to the new constituencies respectively.

The Government plan next proposes that a county or town with three or more members and less than 65,000 population for each member is to *lose* a member for each *complete* 65,000 population of the

deficiency. This means that a county or town having three members with anything over in total 130,000 all keep their seats. If they have one less—say, 129,999—they lose one member, but retain the two remaining members. In new constituencies the same number, 129,999, will only qualify one member. One of the three or more members may have only a small fraction of 65,000. He may have less than 18,500—he may even have only one—and yet he would not lose his seat. A new constituency even, with 14,999 over 130,000, would still only get two seats, while existing constituencies would retain three for a less number of people. 130,001 would qualify three existing members, while 194,999 would only qualify for two new seats. Here, again, if 18,500 is to be the qualifying minimum, why is it not made the minimum for the third member? We shall see later on that in actual cases this qualifying minimum goes as low as 7,124.

This rule affects the seats in six English and seven Irish counties, viz.: Cornwall, Devon, Lincoln, Norfolk, Somerset, and Wilts, in England, and Armagh, Cork, Donegal, Galway, Kerry, and Tipperary, in Ireland.

But it must be remembered always that these are calculated upon the figures of 1901, since when the population of English counties has greatly increased, and that of Ireland in some cases diminished, so that the one anomaly is complicated by another anomaly.

The Government plan, lastly, provides as to boundaries that a simplification of electoral areas should be effected by assimilating, as far as practicable, the boundaries of Parliamentary counties and administrative counties, and making the latter and better known area the county for Parliamentary purposes, and also by enlarging the area of the Parliamentary borough where necessary so as to comprise the entire area of the extended municipal borough. And in the case of London it provides that the Metropolitan boroughs shall be Parliamentary boroughs also, each with its appropriate number of representatives computed as if it were a pre-existing constituency.

These proposals as to boundaries seem to be reasonable and desirable.

Such is the Government plan. Unfortunately, the resolution never having been moved, the Government had no opportunity of explaining to the House what were the 'principles' upon which they based the arbitrary figures in their proposal, and the Memorandum was not explanatory on the subject. Why?

The net result of the whole Government proposal, worked out as if the population remained the same as it was in 1901, would be as follows:

First as to seats. Thirty-nine new seats are created, and thirty-nine seats are taken away, so as to leave the number, 670, unaltered.

Of the thirty-nine new seats—

- 6 are added to counties in England ;
- 14 are added to boroughs in England outside London ;
- 5 are given to London boroughs ;
- 6 are given to new boroughs in England (three in Essex, and three in Middlesex) ;
- 2 are given to Wales, one being added to Cardiff, and one new borough, Rhondda ;
- 4 are added to the Scotch borough of Glasgow ;
- 1 is added to Scotland, county Lanark ; and
- 1 is added to Ireland, Belfast.

The thirty-nine seats to be given up are :

- 8 by English counties ;
- 6 by English boroughs ;
- 1 by a Welsh borough ;
- 1 by a Scotch borough ;
- 20 by Irish counties ; and
- 3 by Irish boroughs.

Next, as to disparities. The result which the Government claim is that the extreme disparity between proposed constituencies will be reduced to about 6·8 to 1. This is not so, as I now proceed to show. He should have said ‘ would have been reduced to that proportion if it had been done in 1901.’ The six extreme examples of highest and lowest constituencies, as the plan alleges they will be (if the plan is adopted), are given in the President’s Memorandum (Table c) as follows :

‘ (c) PROPOSED CONSTITUENCIES, 1905 (ONE MEMBER) ’

1905		‘ Population of Largest Constituencies ’		‘ Population of Smallest Constituencies ’	
				1901	
179,064	Lewisham . . .	127,495	Buteshire . . .	18,641	19,547
139,526	Woolwich . . .	117,178	Peebles and Selkirk . . .	19,106	19,684
133,993	Middlesbrough . . .	116,546	St. Andrews Dist. . .	19,311	18,816
134,539	Willesden . . .	114,811	Whitehaven . . .	19,324	20,740
133,465	Rhondda . . .	113,735	Rutland . . .	19,709	18,856
120,486	Hammersmith . . .	112,239	Salisbury . . .	20,185	23,085

Lewisham with 127,495 was the highest, and Buteshire with 18,641 the lowest. The ratio of which is no doubt 6·8 to 1. But it will be noted that, although the table is headed ‘ Proposed Constituencies, 1905,’ it does not state what is the fact, that all the figures are those of 1901. Those of 1905, which I have inserted in the outer columns on either side of the above table, are seen at once to considerably alter that ratio.

The highest *now* is Lewisham with 179,064, and the lowest Rutlandshire with 18,856. The proportion of these is not 6·8 to 1, but 9·5 to 1, and in 1906 the same rate of progress would make it 10·4 to 1. The disparity after redistribution in 1885, according to the President's Memorandum, was 5·8 to 1. I think, in reality, it was 8 to 1. His figure was perhaps based upon the similar error then committed of going back to the figures of the previous Census of 1881. My figures are based on the actual data of the year 1885. At all events, during the twenty years which have since elapsed, the disparity has increased to 30 to 1. If the same rate of growth of disparity is to take place under the Bill of next year, and we begin with a disparity of 9 or 10 to 1, it will in ten years' time have increased to 20 to 1.

But another evil result of going back to the figures of 1901 is this. In the above table it will be noticed that in five out of the six examples of highest constituencies, the Government plan by applying the divisor 65,000 to the population of 1901 leaves these constituencies with *one* member only; whereas, if the same divisor, 65,000, is applied to their actual population of to-day (1905), these five constituencies are, on the Government's own 'principle,' each entitled to two members, as their population has, in the meantime, passed the point of 130,000, that is twice 65,000. So that as regards these and also many other constituencies, the Government do not apply their own 'principle' that every county or borough 'shall have an additional member for every complete 65,000 of the excess.'

If other examples are wanted of this unfairness, and also of the incorrectness of the alleged disparity, I would refer to the three highest now existing constituencies referred to in the President's Memorandum (Table *b*) as follows :

'(b) PRESENT CONSTITUENCIES (ONE MEMBER)'

Romford (he puts at)	217,085	} but which*in 1905 are estimated at {	325,908
Walthamstow	185,549		260,782
Wandsworth	179,877		265,392

against which he contrasts the smallest constituencies :

Newry	13,137	} but which in 1905 are estimated at {	13,291
Kilkenny	13,242		9,524
Durham	11,122		15,180

The disparity between the highest and lowest of these, as the President put them, is no doubt 16·5 to 1, by the figures of 1901, although his table does not say they are the figures of 1901. The figures of 1905, which I have added, show that the present extreme disparity is quite 30 to 1. Romford has risen from 217,085 to about 325,900, and Walthamstow from 185,549 to about 260,780, each representing much more than 65,000 in excess of the number upon which the Government plan proposes to enfranchise them. As

regards electorate, Romford has increased from 29,316 in 1901 to 44,012 in 1905, or an increase of nearly 50 per cent. In Walthamstow, the electorate has increased from 24,187 to 33,994, an increase of about 40 per cent. Wandsworth (my own constituency) is a case of peculiar injustice. Its population in 1901, with the addition of Clapham parish, which is now to be added to Wandsworth Borough, to make it conterminous with the municipal borough, was 231,922. But it is estimated by the Registrar-General in 1905 at 265,392, and according to rateable assessments and other particulars, including immigration and new houses, &c., which are not taken into account by the Registrar-General, is considered by the Mayor and many borough councillors of Wandsworth to be nearly 300,000. But, taking only the Registrar-General's estimate of 265,392, and dividing it by 65,000, it is clear that on the Government's own 'principle' we are entitled to *four* members, whereas the Government work out their proposal so as to give us only *three* members—that is to say, only one in addition to the present members for Wandsworth and Clapham. The electorate of Wandsworth in 1901 was 20,790. In 1905 it is 29,846, an increase of 9,000 in four years or 45 per cent. Is it possible that Mr. Gerald Balfour would suppose that the population had not increased in like proportion?

Many other similar instances can be given. On the whole I estimate that at least 120 seats must be provided for these excessive constituencies, instead of only thirty-nine—if the Government plan is pursued. By my plan (published February 1905) I provided for all except thirty-five by readjustment with their neighbours, and mostly within their county boundaries, and with that small number, nevertheless, worked out all the 670 constituencies into limits of 3 to 1.

The injustice that the large constituencies suffer is not only in the diminished voice which they have in the counsels of the nation, but their local duties and local taxation are increased in an inverse proportion to their diminished voice.

It is not unfair to point out that had we in the House of Commons passed the Government Resolution in its terms when presented, it would have bound the Government to make the 65,000 datum figure apply to the present populations, and not to those of 1901. The Resolution itself did not even mention the Census of 1901, and in terms spoke entirely in the present tense throughout.

The varying rates of increase in population, as between the large and small constituencies, will be found significantly illustrated by the President's Tables (a) and (b). In the former, the six highest constituencies after Redistribution in 1885 were all between 80,000 and 90,000, while in 1901 the six highest were all between 116,000 and 220,000, *i.e.* a rise of 100 per cent. in sixteen years. The increase since 1901 may be inferred. It has in some cases been in even greater proportion. On the other hand, the smallest constituencies

decreased from 15,278 to 13,137. The estimated figures for 1905 of these six highest are 50 per cent. more than in 1901, the total of the six being now 1,468,929, while the six lowest are only 88,966 in total.

The unfairness of going back five years and treating all constituencies by the divisor of 1906 is thus accentuated.

I now take the President's own illustrations of the working out of his rules. As an example of a constituency with an excess of population—he takes 'Portsmouth with (he says) 188,923 inhabitants, and which at present returns two members. Twice 65,000 or 130,000 deducted from 188,923 leaves an excess of 58,923; but as 58,923 falls short of a complete 65,000, it is not entitled under the scheme to an additional member.' The ordinary reader of this sentence would presume that 188,923 was the present number of inhabitants; but, in fact, the present number is 201,975 as estimated by the Registrar-General, which number would give three times 65,000, and a surplus over, and would entitle Portsmouth to a third member upon the Government's own 'principle' of 65,000 being a sufficient number to qualify a member.

Then, again, take another of his examples under the same rule—he says Surrey, with 519,766 inhabitants, at the present time returns six members, which at 65,000 each would represent 390,000. This shows an excess of population unrepresented of 129,766, which, he says, entitles Surrey to one additional member only. He adds, 'if the excess had amounted to 130,000 (instead of 129,766), Surrey would have been entitled to two additional members.' But these being the figures of 1901, it should be perfectly obvious that the excess of 129,766 has in the four years long since increased to many more than 130,000. The population of Surrey, in fact, is now estimated at over 600,000. If it has only 234 more than in 1901, it is clear on the Government's own rule that it is entitled to two additional members instead of one.

Take his example to illustrate his Rule 6—i.e. where a constituency is not required to have a complete 65,000 to qualify, and does not make 18,500 the minimum for disqualification. Oxfordshire, with a population of 137,124, at present returns three members. Three members at 65,000 each would represent 195,000, of which number they were short by a deficiency of 57,876, but as this falls short of a complete 65,000, Oxfordshire does not lose a member, although it is obvious that if two of its members represented 65,000 each, the third member can only represent 7,124, which thus becomes the qualifying number for one seat. If Oxfordshire were a new constituency with the same population of 137,124, it would only be allowed two members.

I take another example, not quoted by him, Wiltshire. It has five divisions with one member each. Total population 254,412. Average per member 50,882. One member is taken away from the

county, because there were not quite 65,000 each for four of them in 1901. They were short by only 5,588, and I am credibly informed that the population since 1901 in the county has increased to 263,000, the effect of which is to give 65,000 to each of four members and a surplus of 3,000. Moreover, Salisbury, the only borough in the county, with a population of 19,421 only, is allowed to remain side by side with five divisions who are reduced to four, although they have an average of over 50,000 each. The effect of this is that a Salisbury elector has a voting power of over three times that of the county electors.

The Government scheme does not reach many very great disparities inside the county boundaries. Take, for instance, Southampton, which has six members and 400,180 population. This is left untouched. The Fareham division, whose electorate seems to increase by 1,100 a year, in 1904 was 17,120. This is the equivalent of 102,891 people, whereas the average of the other five members is only about 70,000.

The case of the City of London, having a population who are not resident occupiers within its boundaries, and are not numbered in the Census, and therefore do not get the benefit of any scheme based on population, is one of peculiar hardship under the Government's proposals. The Census is taken, as we know, at night—that is, of the population who sleep within the confines of the City. The exigencies of commerce in the course of centuries have involved the conversion of almost every building in great cities into offices, warehouses, and other business establishments, in which few people, other than caretakers, ever reside. The real occupiers are absent. The consequence is that the population of the City in the Census of 1901 was only 26,923, whereas the electors amounted to 32,647, with two members. If the equivalent of these electors in population were taken, not by caretakers, but by the ordinary general average proportion in the United Kingdom of electors to population, it would represent about 192,000 of population. This, according to the Government plan of 65,000 being a qualifying number, would give to the City three members instead of two. It is admitted that the City of London, 'from its very exceptional and unique circumstances, should be treated exceptionally. The Government plan treats it exceptionally, it is true, but simply by doing nothing for it.

The result of the Government plan upon the Representation of the United Kingdom as a whole even carried out upon the population of 1901, would be as follows: It leaves 336 constituencies under 65,000 each, and representing a total population of 17,293,289, and the remaining 334 constituencies over 65,000 each, representing 24,165,132 (exclusive of universities), a majority of about seven millions unrepresented. And, of course, it will be much worse in 1906. Here also is a proof that, even if the disparity were limited

to 6·8 to 1, it is an unsafe disparity, and one which might easily, in circumstances, cause the will of the majority of the nation to be subverted by their having only a minority of the representation. But this disparity of seven millions is by no means that which exists in this year 1905, or which will exist next year. Most of the large constituencies which have increased are those included in the 33½ minority, and therefore, if there is unsafety upon the Government plan as applied to 1901, there must be a very much greater risk when, as I have shown, the ratio of the Government's 6·8 will be increased next year to 10·4.

The case of Ireland requires special mention. The Government plan treats Ireland with great leniency. I do not complain of leniency being shown to Ireland. In principle I approve it—but within reason. The present proposal is one of excessive leniency. We are threatened with vehement opposition on the part of Irish Nationalist members to any plan which will deprive them of *any* members. Their claims must be examined. The Government plan takes away twenty-two members from Ireland out of its 103. It ought to take at least thirty-one to make it equal to Scotland. The Irish claim that their present number 103 must not be reduced. They claim this under the Act of Union of July, 1800. They say that that Act was a treaty between England and Ireland, and cannot be altered by Act of the Imperial Parliament, or without the express and separate assent of the Irish people. They claim in fact a veto upon any Act of Parliament which would in any way alter the Act of Union. The number of members given to Ireland by the Act of Union was 100, not 103. The Act of Union was an Act of Parliament which was passed separately, both by the then Irish Parliament and by the British Parliament. There was no other document in the nature of a treaty. It reserved neither to British nor Irish any rights of veto, or of assent or power of alteration, except by the United Parliament.

Both Ireland and Britain by the Act of Union surrendered their separate powers to the United Imperial Legislature. The Act of Union has been repeatedly altered by Act of the United Parliament, twice as regards the number of members, but more notably in the clause which of all others is expressly stated to be an 'essential and fundamental part of the Union'—viz. Clause 5, which united and established the Church of England and Ireland.

The number of Irish members was altered from 100 by Act of the Imperial Parliament, first in 1832, when the number was increased to 105; and secondly in 1885, when it was reduced to 103, the present number. Those alterations were made principally on the basis of population. That basis being now again altered and the population of Ireland diminished, while Great Britain's population has largely increased, gives the right to have the proportion readjusted.

The President's Memorandum states the result of the Govern-

ment's scheme as between the different parts of the United Kingdom, as follows—viz. :

that if representation was in strict proportion to population, England and Wales would return 518 members, Scotland 71, and Ireland 71, exclusive in each case of the Universities; in other words, England and Wales would gain 28 seats and Scotland one seat, while Ireland would lose 30 seats. Under the proposed scheme the actual gain to England and Wales is 18, and to Scotland 4, Ireland losing 22.

But, again, these are all according to the Census of 1901.

If applied to the population of 1906, the disparity between the four parts would, of course, be shown to be much greater. The excessive representation of Ireland might be shown by a few further sentences. The taxation of Ireland, according to the Exchequer returns of 1904, is only 6½ per cent. of the taxation of the United Kingdom, while its population is 10 per cent., and, according to the Government plan, it would have over 12 per cent. of the representation in the Imperial Parliament.

The members for Romford, Walthamstow, and Wandsworth represent more electors (107,852) than sixteen Irish seats (105,555), that is three votes against sixteen in Parliament, with an equivalent number of voices, speeches, and other powers.

According to electorates Ireland should surrender *thirty-seven* seats—by population *thirty-one*. The Government plan, going back to figures of 1901, only takes twenty-two. Why? Why is Scotland, with a population exceeding that of Ireland, to have only seventy-five (though only entitled to seventy-one) while Ireland gets eighty-one?

Although I have in this paper throughout adopted the basis of population as proposed by the Government for the sake of showing the effects of their plan, I venture the opinion that electorates are really the preferable and the proper basis for representation. The reason alleged for preferring population, viz. that it avoids the thorny question of the plural vote, is not in my humble opinion well founded. The Opposition have already intimated their determination to raise the question of the suffrage and the plural vote. And that question must in any case be faced and fought upon its own merits. And why not? The Opposition will not have all the reasoning, nor the best of the reasoning, on their side. No party ought to fear the result of a fair and open discussion. The advantages of making Electorates the basis are great. The electors of a constituency are the body which really according to law represent the political value of that constituency. They are practically all the adult men of the place. Their opinion and vote may be safely and properly assumed to cover the interests of the women and children. To take population per census (*i.e.* the sleeping population on one given night in ten years) works manifest injustice in cases of large cities, where the men who represent the real value and voice of the

place and bear its burdens of taxation and other responsibilities do not sleep in it at all. In fact, I know no meaning which can be given to the cry of 'one vote one value' in present circumstances, except by a plural vote of some kind to those so entitled, either by contribution to taxation (general and local) or by other burdens or qualifications. We have long since given one vote to every man, literate or illiterate, worthless or worthy. Every grown man in the country is able to get on the Register of Electors, his only qualification being that he shall be known to live somewhere (transfer of residence allowed). Is taxation to be altogether divorced from representation? When will we 'one vote one value' advocates have the courage to go for it? Electorates as a basis would have helped to secure it.

Electorates have also a further advantage over population as a basis for automatic readjustment. The Registers of Electors are judicially revised in every year. The result is recorded. The progress or retrogress of constituencies is therefore annually seen. When these returns show that any constituency has got either above or below the prescribed limits, it could be made the duty of officials to examine and report to Parliament forthwith what readjustments are necessary to bring such constituencies within the limits.

Having now, as I hope, fairly stated the Government plan and the way it works, I venture to submit some observations and suggestions which I trust may assist in amending the plan.

The principle of any plan for proper representation of the people should, in my humble judgment, be first to determine the limits of the disparity which should be allowable between the highest and the lowest constituency. A counsel of perfection would of course be that every one of the 670 members should represent an equal number or value of people, i.e. with no disparity at all. But exact equality is, of course, impossible. The shifting, changing circumstances from day to day prevent.

The traditional aversion to equal electorates never had much reason at the bottom of it. The real fight should be to secure the voter his voting value in the community. Fair representation must mean some approach to equality whether of population or electors. I can understand the objection to equal electoral *areas*, cutting up the country like a chessboard. It is people, not places, which have to be represented. And as their votes must be taken in the places they live in, the traditions, historical and characteristic, of those places are necessarily preserved. To extend their boundaries as Nature has already done does not destroy their identity or their traditions. Their characteristics do change—will ye, nill ye. Equal electoral values, whether by votes or by noses, or the nearest possible approximation to them, is what all good plans of representation must aim at. As the President in his Memorandum says, prior to the great Reform Bill of 1832, population as a determining element in representation

was practically ignored. The Reform Acts of 1832 and 1868 removed many anomalies, but in my opinion proceeded rather upon a rule of thumb principle, *i.e.* as the Memorandum says, no 'rule or method capable of exact expression.' The Act of 1885 proceeded upon a more or less definite numerical plan (rather less than more), and he admits that this numerical principle once introduced is not likely to be abandoned. But all parties have seemed, for one reason or another, to 'funk' the adoption, or even the assertion, of any real 'principle,' and to prefer our usual happy-go-lucky way of doing things—I suppose it suits the genius of the Britisher in general. The value of the man and the voting power he should have is left to be obtained in other ways. It is, in fact, a reason why electorates constitute the better basis. Existing little areas must of course be extended and advance with the time.

The nearest practicable and reasonable approximation to equality either of population or electorates therefore is the thing to be aimed at. Indeed, with the slightest possible departure from equality, a majority of representatives may represent a minority in number of the people, but the nearer to equality we can get, the less is the likelihood that a minority which would presumably be at least nearly one-half would differ from the mass of the people on any one great subject. The question is, how near can we get to equality, and what shall be the limits of deviation? How much above and how much below the exact average may a constituency be? The wider the limits, the greater is the risk of misrepresentation of the people. Conversely, the narrower the limits, the less is the risk.

In former papers and plans I have suggested that a disparity of 3 to 1 between the highest and the lowest constituency is the widest which safety says we should allow. This would mean that, assuming the average to be 65,000, the limits of deviation above and below that figure would be 50 per cent. above and 50 per cent. below it. The maximum limit would then be just three times as many as the minimum limit below. Assuming the maximum and minimum to be equally distant from the average figure 65,000, the maximum would be 91,050, and the minimum 30,350, which are in the proportion of 3 to 1. It is, however, not essential that these two limits should be equidistant from the average figure, and I think that, having regard to the fact that the certainty is that the average figure will itself annually increase, and that the numbers above the average line will probably increase in a greater proportion than the figures under the line, it might be desirable to make the maximum limit rather more distant from the average figure than the lower one—for instance, taking 65,000 as the average figure, the maximum might be 100,000 and the minimum 33,333, which would still be the proportion of 3 to 1. If we can only settle the future limit of possible disparities we should for the first time have settled a constitutional

principle. At the great Conservative meeting at Blenheim in August 1901 the present Prime Minister and Mr. Chamberlain spoke of the necessity of readjusting the anomalies in our electoral system. In a letter to the *Times* of the 12th of August, 1901, I had suggested 3 to 1 as a maximum disparity. That letter was discussed by Mr. Arthur Balfour and Lord James of Hereford, and approved by them as a fair ratio. Lord James informed me afterwards that he and Mr. Balfour had read my article together throughout on their way from Blenheim and that Mr. A. Balfour had authorised him to tell me that he approved of it in principle. At the suggestion of Lord James, I thereupon subsequently worked out my plan in detail, and submitted the draft of it to him, and he kindly examined and returned it with his approval. I published that in January 1902, in which I repeated that proposal of 3 to 1, and until the present Government proposals came out, it has never been disputed as a reasonable principle.

From the figures shown in the former part of this paper the extreme maximum of population of the highest constituency is 264,712 population, and the minimum 13,291 estimated population. It is obvious, therefore, that the constituencies above 65,000 reach very much further above that average line than the minimum does below it, the maximum being nearly 200,000 above and the minimum about 57,000 below. I submit, at all events: 'first, that the' proportion of 3 to 1 is the largest disparity which can safely be allowed, and secondly, that the maximum and minimum should, as far as possible, —if not equidistant from the average line—be fixed at some specified limit above and below it, but always within the extreme of 3 to 1. An arrangement for automatic raising of both limits *in the same degree as the average figure rises with the actual population*—say at least every ten years—can then be easily brought into the process.

That question—the limits of disparity allowable—once settled, it will be seen on examination that all other points and difficulties fall into their places. The order goes forth that such and such a maximum and minimum is to be the principle, and thereupon all existing constituencies and their boundaries are to be so enlarged, divided, or reduced as to bring every one within those limits. It will be found, I believe, that so many counties and their boroughs within them, and also the large multiple boroughs, can be so adjusted *inter se* that they can all be brought within the limits without much difficulty; that only about thirty-five entirely new seats will be required, and that nearly all the seats required can be obtained by adjustments with the smaller constituencies without disfranchisement.

Can we not agree upon such a principle—or must we again for another twenty years go on with no principle settled, and fresh anomalies given birth to and increasing every day?

The method of treating the Government plan, and the amendments I would propose in it, are then as follows :—

(1) First to fix as a principle the extreme limits of allowable disparity, both for present and future action. I hope for the ratio of 3 to 1. Then fix the limits above and below the average figure which will accord with that ratio. Any exceptions to be stated specifically

(2) Constituencies in excess of the maximum limit to be brought under it in all possible cases by adjustment with other constituencies in same county or adjoining county. The same in large boroughs. All excesses not coverable by such adjustments to have a new member for every 65,000 of such excess.

(3) Constituencies below the minimum limit to be so enlarged or similarly adjusted with their neighbours as to bring them above the minimum.

(4) Adopt for the present reform the figure 65,000 as a good estimated average of the constituencies in 1906, but apply it as a qualifying number for new seats to the population not of 1901, but of 1906. Such population to be estimated and certified by the Registrar-General upon the best materials obtainable by him.

(5) Disfranchise no constituency that can by enlargement of boundaries be brought within the prescribed limits, nor any seat already within those limits.

(6) As to the future, I would insert a provision in the Bill for automatic revision, to the effect that in every year after the Census year, *i.e.* every ten years, on its appearing by the Census Return that the increase or decrease of the population in any constituency has been such as to cause that constituency to exceed the maximum or fall below the minimum limit, reference thereof shall *ipso facto* be made to Boundary Commissioners, or other authority, to report what alterations or readjustments, if any, are necessary to bring the said constituencies within the limits. And that such report should immediately be laid before Parliament for such action, if any, as it should think fit. The average figure 65,000 would of course annually rise, and the maximum and minimum figures would of course rise with it.

If these amendments are made, I venture to think the Government plan will be carried with the substantial approval of both sides of the House. It will necessarily tread upon some 'corns' in particular cases. That is inevitable in all redistributions, but personal and individual interests must be cheerfully surrendered for the common good.

HENRY KIMBER.

LIBERALS AND FOREIGN POLICY

It seems to me, if I may say so, in spite of Sir Edward Grey's strong and decided speech at the City Liberal Club, that the Liberal press and the Liberal party are in danger of committing a rather serious mistake. They have an abundance of subjects on which to attack the Government. The great issue of Free Trade and Protection, which may be disguised but cannot be avoided, will and must be fought out when Ministers appeal to the country. The Education Act raises in a neat and compendious form the principle of religious equality. The Licensing Act is the endowment of a trade with money which might be put to better uses, and could hardly be put to a worse one. Besides these three outstanding questions, of which the first is incomparably the most important, there are plenty of others, from Chinese labour to Welsh coercion, which will provide walls with decoration and candidates with ammunition. In the circumstances it seems hardly necessary to make use of foreign affairs for the purpose. There are no doubt occasions when foreign policy cannot be kept out. In 1880, for instance, it was the principal topic of the General Election. The late Lord Salisbury, the present Prime Minister, and Mr. Chamberlain did their best to make it so in 1900. The South African war was either just and necessary or a blunder and a crime. It was the duty of those who thought it wrong to say so, notwithstanding the abuse and unpopularity they might incur. Among the most consistent and courageous of its opponents was Mr. Leonard Courtney, who now comes forward as a serious critic of the Japanese Alliance and the French understanding. Mr. Courtney objects to all alliances, on the ground that they tie the hands of future Ministries. He prefers 'splendid isolation,' a phrase which the present Lord Goschen borrowed from a Canadian source. Splendid isolation suggests fervid peroration and is excellent for rhetorical purposes. But, from a practical point of view, it is nonsense, it means nothing at all. If this country had no interests in common with any other, isolation might be a wise, though it would hardly be a splendid, attitude, and if there are such interests it would be neither splendid nor wise. Mr. Courtney regards it as a humiliation to rely upon Japan for the defence of India. If we were unable to defend India without Japanese

assistance, that might be so. But England, as Disraeli said long ago, is a great Asiatic Power, and cannot be indifferent to possible combinations in the East. Let us suppose, for the sake of the argument, that Japan had made an alliance with Russia after the war. Even Mr. Courtney, with all his love of isolation, would hardly say that such an event did not concern the rulers of India. England and Japan between them can control the destinies of Asia. The proper test of the Japanese alliance was, I think, suggested by Mr. Haldane at Haddington last month. Does it, or does it not, make for peace? It is purely defensive in its scope. So far from irritating Russia, it has already drawn from influential newspapers at St. Petersburg proposals for an Anglo-Russian understanding. An invasion of India may not have been very probable before. It is practically impossible now. Why should the friends of peace, men who detest, as I do, the un-English word prestige, object on the score of wounded dignity to such a result as that? The remarkable disclosures alleged to have been made by M. Delcassé are certainly more favourable to Mr. Courtney's view. They would have attracted less notice in September. In October the faculty of invention has usually subsided, and people are less inclined to believe that Lord Lansdowne told M. Delcassé how many troops England would send to Schleswig-Holstein if Germany were attacked by France. As many as she sent in 1864, when Denmark, which then owned Schleswig-Holstein, was attacked by Germany.

It is not, however, with Mr. Courtney that I want to argue. He disapproves of both treaties on their merits and, like an honest man, he says so. The Liberal leaders do not all agree with him. Mr. Asquith has expressed an opposite opinion, as well as Sir Edward Grey. Sir Robert Reid, on the other hand, depreciates the Alliance, and Liberal newspapers suggest that England might take a leading part in reconciling Germany with France. Continental readers draw the inference that a Liberal Administration would be less friendly than Mr. Balfour's, both to France and to Japan. As almost everyone believes, rightly or wrongly, that a Liberal Administration will come into office within a year, both alliance and understanding are regarded as insecure. That this opinion is unfavourable to British interests scarcely requires proof. It is true that the treaty with Japan has been *m. de* for ten years. But there are two ways of carrying a treaty out, and to enforce it against an unwilling Government is almost impossible. As for France, the whole arrangement depends upon the spirit which French and English statesmen show to each other. The only English statesman besides Mr. Courtney who has denounced the Treaty with France is Lord Rosebery. But Lord Rosebery, if I understand him, now recognises it as an accomplished fact, and is disposed to make the best of it accordingly. If every Liberal did the same, both in regard to France and in regard to Japan, it would be better for the Liberal party, and

for the nation as a whole. No useful purpose is ever gained in politics by carping and cavilling. If these treaties are bad, they should be denounced, I mean in the popular sense of the word. If, on the other hand, they are good, they should be upheld, and their authors should get the credit of them. They do in fact carry out Liberal policy. There was no warmer friend of France than Mr. Gladstone, and the first concessions to Japan were made by Lord Rosebery. Lord Lansdowne is not officially immaculate. He was responsible for that absurd blunder, the joint bombardment of Venezuela, which recalled Lord Russell's unlucky share in the French expedition to Mexico. Among contemporary Englishmen the one thorough-going advocate of friendship with Germany at all costs is Mr. Chamberlain. Is not that enough to deter Liberals from displaying so much solicitude in pleasing the Emperor William? Let them never forget that it was Mr. Chamberlain who proclaimed from the housetop, at the crisis of the South African war, that Germany, unlike France, was a country with which we could never quarrel. Mr. Chamberlain may have a good reason for his preference. Perhaps it is the German tariff. Perhaps it is the Zollverein. Or it may be the food of the working classes. In France they understand liberty, and their protective duties are comparatively harmless to themselves, because they do not import corn.

Englishmen, at least Englishmen in general, do not wait to quarrel with Germany. They are not alarmed by the revelations of Ignoramus, or the musings of Senex, or the mutterings of Anus, or the premature bequest of Diplomaticus Jam Rude Donatus to his bereaved countrymen. But as a question of common sense and public interest, they ask themselves what the German Emperor means. His interference in Morocco would not have waited for the Anglo-French agreement if it had been primarily directed against France. His object, in which he has hitherto failed, was to break up that agreement, and I can hardly suppose that any Liberal wishes to help him. England and France standing together are at this moment the best security for the peace of Europe, and French sympathy can only be retained if both parties in England show themselves equally anxious to retain it. But there is one way in which it will not be retained, and that is by advising France to make friends with Germany. Although M. Delcassé has gone, and the Conference is to be held, the relations between the two countries are the reverse of cordial. The English Treaty, with all that it implies, is popular in France because it tends to preserve the European equilibrium, to protect the French Republic from 'splendid isolation.' Russia has for the time ceased to count, not so much on account of her defeats in battle as because the internal condition of the country absorbs the energies of the Government. The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy is trembling on the brink of dissolution. Italy has been for nearly twenty years in close connection with Germany. It is natural enough that France should

seek an ally, and find one in her nearest neighbour. Parties in France can fight keenly enough about Disestablishment, or monastic orders, or the surveillance of officers. About friendship with this country they are all agreed, and they cannot understand overtures to Germany which seem inconsistent with it. The German Emperor is a man of ideas, and his latest idea is said to be the 'Anglo-Saxon Peril.' That means the common action of the United Kingdom and the United States, to which he would willingly have opposed a Franco-German coalition. The realisation of this idea has been obviously impeded by the French and British Cabinets. But it is not impossible in itself, and it is the natural alternative to the Treaty which Lord Lansdowne concluded with M. Delcassé. France does not wish for isolation. Rather than be left alone she might even now turn to the restless Potentate at Berlin. French statesmen cannot believe in the sincerity of English advice to cultivate Germany. They regard it as a symptom of discontent with the Treaty, and hence they conclude that Liberals would reverse the foreign policy of their predecessors. That is a very mischievous notion to spread in France, and only Liberals can check it.

Setting aside patriotic considerations altogether, it is surely bad tactics to fight the Government just where the Government is strongest. The true line to take, if only because it is true, would be that Ministers have acted on Liberal principles, and followed the example of their forerunners. An alliance with Germany would have been a very different affair. The late Lord Salisbury's pet nostrum was to settle things with Bismarck, and it resulted in Bismarck settling things without him. Mr. Chamberlain is still more Teutonic, and his foreign policy is as antediluvian as his political economy. Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne have had the good sense to drop these delusions in favour of Mr. Gladstone's preference for France and Lord Rosebery's preference for Japan. It would indeed be unwise for Liberals to withhold a welcome from the repentant prodigals. If Japan had made a Treaty with Russia after the war, the situation on the north-west frontier of India would have been more splendid than satisfactory. It is, I suppose, splendid isolation when Mr. Arnold-Forster congratulates the country upon having, if not an army, at least a Secretary for War. It may be splendid, but it is not business. Lord Lansdowne, who had been supine enough at the War Office, saw his opportunity and took it. To admit or imply that a Liberal Minister would have been less prompt and sagacious is the height of unwisdom. Japan is everything that Mr. Chamberlain most detests. Her commercial policy, which has made her rich, is the baldest Cobdenism. Free Trade with British India in rice and cotton is her salvation. It is her own interests, therefore, that she covenants in the Treaty to protect, for she could have no such freedom of intercourse with a Russian possession. Russian finance must be the envy and despair of

the Tariff Reform League. The Russian tariff is the most scientific in the world, and must be admired by all who think that taxes are good things in themselves. Any attempt to touch Free Trade in India, which will for the next five years have a Protectionist Viceroy, would be fatal to the Japanese alliance, as well as to the prosperity of India herself. I can imagine a Tariff Reformer objecting to the Treaty, especially as it will allow foreigners to trade in China. Liberals ought to welcome it, for they would have made it themselves.

The case for the Liberal party can be best put in a shape not injurious but beneficial to the interests of the country as a whole. 'You have succeeded,' they can say to the Government, 'in the latest phases of your foreign policy, because you have adopted our principles. You failed in earlier efforts, as you have failed all along in legislation and in your economic programme, because there you adopted your own.' It was only after they had broken down with Germany that the Government tried France, and it is in Germany that their proposed Zollverein was made. They might never have thought of Japan if Lord Rosebery had not given them a lead. Liberal Japan and Republican France are better allies than Germany or Russia for an England becoming more and more Liberal every day. Not that any Liberal wishes to quarrel with either Germany or Russia. On the contrary, the Japanese alliance has made it less difficult to be on good terms with Russia in Asia, and Germany will not seek to disturb, because it will not be her interest to shake, an Anglo-French agreement which has once been firmly established. Throughout the negotiations between France and Germany about Morocco, the British Cabinet, without directly interfering, made it plain that they would support France in any event. They would go into a conference if France did; otherwise not. A Liberal Minister would have said so too. Lord Salisbury, with the best intentions, tried the plan of surrender to Germany, but it did not succeed, and no Liberal can wish to repeat it. The German Emperor has always been his own Foreign Minister. He took the first opportunity to get rid of Bismarck, and his subsequent efforts at diplomacy have been about equally wise. He is now trying to rival the British fleet, and that will take him a considerable time. The British fleet is the greatest safeguard for Continental peace ever yet devised. It was ten years from Trafalgar to Waterloo. But of the two battles Trafalgar was the more decisive. In spite of Austerlitz, it was Nelson who gave Napoleon the first mortal blow, and taught him the lesson that the one irretrievable mistake of his career had been not to make terms with England. That the centenary of Trafalgar should have found a number of representative Frenchmen the honoured guests of the King and the English capital is an instructive and felicitous coincidence. Liberals who revere the memory of Fox may recollect his sympathy with the French Revolution, and his resistance to the French war before Napoleon had made peace

impossible. It is a more practical reflection that a dispute between England and France in 1793 was not finally determined till 1815. If the *entente cordiale* holds out till 1927, both countries will have shown that they know what use to make of a precedent.

Liberals are sometimes accused of having no foreign policy at all. The accusation does not come from very intelligent persons, and it sometimes takes forms of ludicrous extravagance. When, for example, a Cabinet Minister convicted of departmental inefficiency blurts out on a platform that his critics are the friends of the enemies of their country, his colleagues sneer, his opponents smile, and no harm is done to anything more valuable than his own reputation. At the same time, it is not wise for leading Liberals to avoid the subject, and thus give a handle to the other side. They forgo the legitimate advantage of reclaiming, like Molière, their own property where they find it. The Germanising policy which prevailed in the Cabinet while Mr. Chamberlain sat there is not Liberal, and did nothing but harm. Happily it has been repudiated by its own authors, and thus excluded from the region of party. Mr. Chamberlain once kindly offered to teach the French manners. But a sense of humour was never his strong point, and he is no longer in a position to speak with official authority. French and English Liberals have a common enemy in priestcraft. 'With them it shows itself in monastic orders. Here we find it in denominational schools. Next to India, Egypt is by far the most splendid, really splendid, instance of British administration. Its success is due to a Liberal, Lord Cromer, and France has with characteristic generosity acknowledged British rights in Egypt. Lord Lansdowne is now endeavouring, perhaps with insufficient zeal, but certainly in good faith, to free Macedonia from the tyranny of the Porte. In that Liberal policy, which Mr. Bryce and other Liberals have never ceased to press upon him, he has no warmer supporter than France. If there be an obstacle to the concerted action of the Powers against Turkey, it is Germany. When Mr. Gladstone denounced the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield in Midlothian, he laid down positive and definite principles of his own. Whether he always adhered to them in office is another question. Lord Salisbury never attempted to revive the projects of his departed chief. I do not believe that there is anything in the new foreign policy of the Government of which Mr. Gladstone, if he were alive, would disapprove. It was the habit of that illustrious man, whose example may still be followed by some Liberals, to support in foreign affairs the Government of the day, unless there were between them and him some broad difference of moral or political principle. Of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy in 1887, when the Triple Alliance was first formed, he expressed definite and emphatic approbation. As things have turned out, both Lord Salisbury and he may be thought to have erred in foresight. *Humanum est errare*. But politicians who find fault with the adoption of their

own principles by their opponents show a more than human propensity to error. Of one thing we may be quite sure. If they get the chance, Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, the only members of the Cabinet who count, will make the most of their foreign policy. They would be great fools if they did not. They will, however, produce little impression upon most electors, unless the Liberal leaders play into their hands. If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith say plainly that they have always been in favour of acting with France in the West and with Japan in the East, like Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery, foreign policy will at once be removed from the contest, and the majority against dear food will be overwhelming. Otherwise many voters may be drawn into the Ministerial camp by a plausible cry that the 'other fellows' are parochial, and have no foreign policy of their own. As a matter of fact, they had a foreign policy of their own, and its appropriation by Lord Lansdowne is the sincerest form of flattery. But there seem to be some Liberals who would go in for Protection if Mr. Balfour went in for Free Trade.

A 'champion hustler' who boasts of being 'in the know' is reported to have said that the Government 'would romp in at the polls by running the Colonies for all they were worth.' The development of exuberant patriotism thus indicated is, I conceive, somewhat as follows. A Colonial Conference will be summoned early next year in the ordinary course. Some Colonial delegate will propose a preferential tariff for the British Empire under which protective, if not prohibitory, duties would be laid upon foreign goods. The Colonial Secretary, duly coached, will reply that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to propose such an arrangement, but that there are in Parliament noxious animals called Free Traders, of whom only a General Election can get rid. Now that the gaff has been blown the plant will very likely not bloom. The Colonies have no great wish to take a part in the party politics of the Mother Country, even to play the game of such a Government as this. Still, it is as well to be prepared. If Liberals are denounced as enemies of the Empire, and all the rest of it, they will have to take up the challenge, and point out who the real enemies of the Empire are. No aspect of the fiscal question can be blinked. That makes it all the more important that irrelevant topics should be cleared out of the way. A Liberal cannot be expected to praise the foreign policy of the present Government as a whole. If he did, he would be expressing his belief in contradictories and setting up for a theologian. Let him say what he likes about Venezuela, or about the more recent and burning question of Chinese labour. But there are members of Parliament, and even editors of newspapers, who fail to perceive that in the case of France and in the case of Japan a fresh policy has been adopted which is first pacific and secondly Liberal.

The striking victory of the Liberal candidate for Barkston Ash, which would by itself be significant, and as the culmination of a series is unmistakable, increases the responsibility of the Opposition. It implies, among other things, that electors draw no distinction between the fiscal policy of Mr. Balfour and the fiscal policy of Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Andrews, who was returned, is the first Liberal member for the constituency, which was created by the Redistribution Act twenty years ago. He was for Free Trade pure and simple, 'without frills and furbelows,' as he put it. Mr. Lane-Fox, the popular Master of Hounds whom he defeated, craned at the gaps. He would, and he wouldn't. He would 'retaliate' without taxing food or raw material, which is like threatening to knock a man down with your hands tied behind you. So far as the numbers and the other features of an election show, his caution did him neither good nor harm. The majority, duly instructed by the Free Trade League, took the sensible view that, though there might be many kinds of Protection, there was only one kind of Free Trade, and they would stick to it. That is a plain, straightforward issue, which the people must decide. Sir Edward Grey raised another at Manchester when he declared, fervent advocate of the South African War as he was, that a Liberal Government would sanction no more contracts for Chinese labour in the Transvaal. At the same time he gave his adhesion both to the Japanese alliance and to the Anglo-French understanding. But in this direction he might have gone a little further. He spoke as if he could not help acknowledging that the Government were right. Surely it is his Majesty's Ministers who have acknowledged that the Liberals were right. It is hardly possible to imagine a more complete reversal of their old policy than these two treaties involve. If anyone wishes to realise the extent of it, let him turn, as a matter of curiosity, to Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Leicester in November 1899, when he was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and must be assumed to have expressed the opinion of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. Ten years before, when the Conservative Government of the day, Lord Salisbury's Government, refused to take part in celebrating the centenary of French Republicanism, Mr. Gladstone attended a public dinner in Paris, and roused extraordinary enthusiasm, which had nothing to do with his accent or his idiom, by a sympathetic speech in French. He had done his best, he and Lord Granville, to act with France in Egypt. Ministers pride themselves, not unjustly, upon having secured British predominance in that part of the Sultan's dominions, thus carrying out the truly British policy of dismembering the Turkish Empire. But who first occupied Egypt? Mr. Gladstone. Who tried in 1887 to get out of Egypt? Lord Salisbury. Was it a Conservative Government that used force rather than evacuate Egypt in 1892? It was not. Only ignorance or impudence can assert that Liberal

statesmen have been careless of British interests abroad, or slow to assert them by all means consistent with justice and honour. Hitherto the chief obstacle to continuity in the administration of foreign affairs has been the 'harebrained chatter of irresponsible frivolity' which, in the lack of sense, knowledge, and ideas, seeks to supply their place by the formula that political opponents are the enemies of England. Happily this random rubbish is now recognised as the stammering excuse of conscious ineptitude, which has no other meaning than an admission of failure.

Liberals can only be injured by themselves. What other people say of them no longer matters. If by-elections mean anything at all, they have a steady, solid majority in Great Britain. It is altogether unsafe to rely upon 'the swing of the pendulum.' The doctrine which that phrase embodies is a fallacy of imperfect observation, drawn chiefly if not entirely from the years 1868, 1874, and 1880. If the clerical Education Act of 1902 had not been passed, and if Mr. Chamberlain had not attacked Free Trade, I doubt very much whether there would be a Liberal majority. The results of Mr. Chamberlain's policy in South Africa may not be all that its champions expected. But many of its champions were Liberals, and they would be in a difficult position if they had no other battleground. With Free Trade and unsectarian education the Liberal party has not only come together again, but drawn many recruits from the outside. There are also plenty of social reforms to be undertaken, and Ireland cannot be neglected, though I must not embark upon the Irish question here. Liberals can afford to be magnanimous, especially when magnanimity is also prudence. That incompetence in high places has much to do with the unpopularity of the Government is plain. Some of Mr. Balfour's assistants at five thousand a year would find it difficult to earn thirty shillings a week in any employment except statesmanship. But criticism is all the more effective for not being indiscriminate, and Lord Lansdowne's political opponents may well acknowledge that he has done much, while advancing British interests, to promote the cause of peace.

When Lord Rosebery first became Foreign Secretary in 1886, he announced at once his adhesion to his predecessor's policy in preventing an attack upon Turkey by Greece. Lord Salisbury returned to office so soon that no breach of continuity could well occur, and, as a matter of fact, foreign affairs did not again sharply divide public opinion till 1899. Even the policy which led to the South African War and the annexation of the Republics did not so much separate parties as cut athwart them, and at the General Election of 1900, Liberals were in opposite camps. It remains, therefore, true that not for a quarter of a century has the foreign policy of a Government been challenged by a united Opposition at the polls. There will be no such challenge when this Parliament is dissolved. Ministers

will naturally pose as the authors of a brilliant scheme with which their opponents have no fault to find. That is a claim which will get them many votes if Liberals meet it by merely hinting a doubt and hesitating dislike. If they say frankly that the policy is their own because it unites Liberal Powers for Free Trade and peace, they will turn the tables and get the votes themselves. They will do no good by tampering with Mr. Chamberlain's exploded Teutonomania, nor will they conciliate Russia by throwing cold water on the alliance with Japan. False friends are not coveted by those on the look out for friendships. If Russia becomes the friend of England, it will be partly because England is the friend of France, and partly because Prince Lobanoff does not care to have the British and Japanese navies against him in any Eastern combination. For the Russian people, Englishmen have nothing but sympathy and goodwill. For Czarism and its satellites they have the deepest abhorrence. It is the Liberals of Russia who desire to promote relations with this country, and they were never in favour of war with Japan. They welcomed the peace, and the alliance, because it is in the nature of a guarantee that the peace will not be broken. Their support, the only support worth having in Russia, will not be obtained by depreciating the treaty with Japan. The enthusiastic reception given to Sir Gerard Noël and his squadron at Tokio shows that the original disappointment with the terms is subsiding in Japan, and that Great Britain is not regarded as having forced them upon the Japanese Government. One Japanese statesman, the Marquis Ito, favours treaties with military monarchies which do not change their politics after elections. He ought to know that British friendship for Japan was of Liberal origin, and is therefore not in the least likely to be diminished when the Liberals come into power. The late Amir of Afghanistan, Abdur Rahman, dictated a most entertaining collection of memoirs, which were published in Europe. Not the least amusing passage in the book described a visit paid to the Amir by Mr. George Curzon, now Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Abdur Rahman, in the course of conversation, complained that his troops had not been protected by England when they were attacked by Russians at Penjdeh. Mr. Curzon hastened to assure his Highness that a Liberal, not a Conservative, Government was responsible for this grievous neglect. His Highness, who had a keen sense of humour, laughed heartily and long. What on earth was that to him? How could he tell what set of British Ministers would be in office when his next trouble with Russia occurred? This particular Treaty with Japan is for ten years certain, and no doubt does stretch the treaty-making power of the Crown. But no objection was raised in Parliament to the Treaty of 1902, which this continues and enlarges. Germany may have some reason to complain of his Majesty's Government. For, although the *entente cordiale* is not directed against her, the policy

underlying it entirely reverses what Lord Lansdowne inherited from Lord Salisbury. Still, that has nothing to do with Liberals and their conduct. 'Who with repentance is not satisfied is not of Heaven or earth.' Lord Lansdowne's foreign policy may be inconsistent with Lord Salisbury's, with Mr. Chamberlain's, with his own performances. It is Liberal, patriotic, pacific, and therefore all Liberals should support it. By carping at it they would only injure their party, their country, and themselves.

Professor Dicey, at the close of his most valuable and suggestive lectures on *Law and Opinion in England*, says that 'the day of small States appears to have passed.' 'We may regret,' he adds, 'a fact of which we cannot deny the reality.' 'Great empires,' he adds, 'are as much a necessity of our time as are huge mercantile companies.' The learned Professor might also have specified gigantic corners in wheat. By great, I take it, Mr. Dicey means large. For great nations, as Disraeli said, are those which produce great men. The inference, rather a sweeping one, appears to have been suggested by the second annexation of the Transvaal. It is not, however, new. It was the fixed idea of the philosophic imperialist Xerxes just before the battle of Salamis. Only the other day Nicholas the Second was so firmly convinced of it that he hesitated to make war on Japan, lest he should compromise the dignity of his 'great' Empire by the easiest conquest of so small a State. Liberals have never been addicted to the sensual idolatry of mere size, nor will they subscribe to a proposition which, thank God! is as false as it is ignoble. They were the friends of Greece when it was part of Turkey. They were the friends of Belgium when it was part of the Netherlands. They were the friends of Italy when Metternich called it a geographical expression. They were the friends of Japan long before she had crushed one of those unwieldy masses which look great to the vulgar eye. Even as a 'going concern,' the Republic of Switzerland would have a better quotation than the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and Germany has not subdued the Hereros by threatening to cut off all their heads. Japan is Liberal in the modern and European sense. She may be called great because she has produced great soldiers, and a sailor whom history may rank with Nelson. Her statesmen have shown that they can look beyond the present moment, and prefer the future interests of their country to the pleasure of humiliating a foe. In Japan there were not two opinions about the late war. In Russia all the best opinion was against it, and against the stupid despotism which made it possible. A Liberal and Constitutional Russia, if such an idea could be realised, would be as friendly to Japan as England is, and a more congenial ally of the French Republic than ever Czarism could be. Lord Lansdowne was not always a Conservative, and it is not for Liberals to discourage his return to Liberal ways. Before that happy event he dragged his country at the heels of the

German Emperor in a South American adventure which only deserves oblivion. If he has since done exactly what Lord Rosebery would have done in his place, he merits something warmer than sombre acquiescence from the party to which he once belonged. *Nous revenons toujours à nos premiers amours*. From a partnership with Germany for collecting bad debts to an assurance that France would be protected against German aggression, if 'unprovoked,' would certainly be a wide jump. But there never was a more vital 'if,' and reckless denunciation of German policy, in Morocco or elsewhere, is as foolish as the servile flattery of 1899. The understanding with France is directed against no Power which does not seek wantonly to disturb the peace of Europe, and there is no object which German statesmen more frequently disclaim.

HERBERT PAUL.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



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THE REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA

I

EVENTS in Russia are following one another with that rapidity which is characteristic of revolutionary periods. Eleven months ago, when I wrote in this Review about the constitutional agitation in Russia,¹ the Congress of the Zemstvos, which had timidly expressed the desire of having some sort of representative institutions introduced in Russia, was the first open step that had been made by a collective body in the struggle which was going to develop itself with such an astounding violence. Now, autocracy, which then seemed so solid as to be capable of weathering many a storm, has already been forced to recognise that it must cease to exist. But between these two events so many others of the deepest importance have taken place that they must be recalled to memory, before any safe conclusion can be drawn as to the probable further developments of the revolution in Russia.

On the 10th of August, 1904, the omnipotent Minister of the Interior, Von Plehwe, was killed by the revolutionary Socialist, Sazonoff.

¹ *Nineteenth Century*, January 1905.

Plehwe had undertaken to maintain autocracy for another ten years, provided that he and his police were invested with unlimited powers; and having received these powers, he had used them so as to make of the police the most demoralised and dangerous body in the State. In order to crush all opposition, he had not recoiled from deporting at least 30,000 persons to remote corners of the Empire by mere administrative orders. He was spending immense sums of money for his own protection, and when he drove in the streets, surrounded by crowds of policemen and detective bicyclists and automobilists, he was the best guarded man in Russia—better guarded than even the Tsar. But all that proved to be of no avail. The system of police rule was defeated, and nobody in the Tsar's surroundings would attempt to continue it. For six weeks the post of Minister of the Interior remained vacant, and then Nicholas the Second reluctantly agreed to accept Sviatopolk Mirsky, with the understanding that he would allow the Zemstvos to work out some transitional form between autocracy pure and simple, and autocracy mitigated by some sort of national representation. This was done by the Zemstvos at their congress, in November of last year, when they dared to demand 'the guarantee of the individual and the inviolability of the private dwelling,' 'the local autonomy of self-administration,' and 'a close intercourse between the Government and the nation,' by means of a specially elected body of representatives of the nation who would 'participate in the legislative power, the establishment of the budget, and the control of the Administration.'

Modest though this declaration was, it became the signal for a general agitation. True, the Press was forbidden to discuss it, but all the papers, as well as the municipal councils, the scientific societies, and all sorts of private groups discussed it nevertheless. Then, in December last, the 'intellectuals' organised themselves into vast unions of engineers, lawyers, chemists, teachers, and so on—all federated in a general Union of Unions. And amidst this agitation, the timid resolutions of the Zemstvos were soon outdistanced. A constituent assembly, elected by universal, direct, and secret suffrage, became the watchword of all the constitutional meetings. This demand was soon as popular as the paragraphs of the Charter were during the Chartist agitation.

The students were the first to carry these resolutions in the street, and they organised imposing manifestations in support of these demands at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and in all the university towns. At Moscow the Grand Duke Sergius ordered the troops to fire at the absolutely peaceful demonstration. Many were killed, and from that day he became a doomed man.

Things would have probably dragged if the St. Petersburg working men had not at this moment lent their powerful support to the young

movement—entirely changing by their move the very face of events. To prevent by any means the ‘intellectuals’ from carrying on their propaganda amidst the working men and the peasants had been the constant preoccupation of the Russian Government; while, on the other side, to join hands with the workers and the peasants and to spread among them the ideas of Freedom and Socialism had always been the goal of the revolutionary youth for the last forty years—since 1861. Life itself worked on their side. The labour movement played so prominent a part in the life of Europe during the last half-century, and it so much occupied the attention of all the European Press, that the infiltration of its ideas into Russia could not be prevented by repression. The great strikes of 1896–1900 at St. Petersburg and in Central Russia, the growth of the labour organisations in Poland, and the admirable success of the Jewish labour organisation, the *Bund*, in Western and South-Western Russia proved, indeed, that the Russian working men had joined hands in their aspirations with their Western brothers.

There is no need to repeat here what Father Gapon has told already in his autobiography¹—namely, how he succeeded in grouping in a few months a considerable mass of the St. Petersburg workers round all sorts of lecturing institutes, tea restaurants, co-operative societies, and the like, and how he, with a few working-men friends, organised within that mass, and linked together, several thousands of men inspired by higher purposes. They succeeded so well in their underground work that when they suggested to the working men that they should go *en masse* to the Tsar, and unroll before him a petition, asking for constitutional guarantees, as well as for some economical changes, nearly 70,000 men took in two days the oath to join the demonstration, although it had become nearly certain that the demonstration would be repulsed by force of arms. They more than kept word, as they came out in still greater numbers—about 200,000—and persisted in approaching the Winter Palace notwithstanding the firing of the troops.

It is now known how the Emperor, himself concealed at Tsarskoye Selo, gave orders to receive the demonstrators with volley-firing; how the capital was divided for that purpose into military districts, each one having at a given spot its staff, its field telephones, its ambulances. . . . The troops fired at the dense crowds at a range of a few dozen yards, and no less than from 2,000 to 3,000 men, women, and children fell the victims of the Tsar’s fears and obstinacy.

The feeling of horror with which eye-witnesses, Russian and English, speak of this massacre surpasses description. Even time will not erase these horrible scenes from the memories of those who saw them, just as the horrors of a shipwreck remain engraved for ever in the memory of a rescued passenger. What Gapon said

¹ *The Strand Magazine*, July to November 1905.

immediately after the massacre about 'the viper's brood' of the whole dynasty was echoed all over Russia, and went as far as the valleys of Manchuria. The whole character of the movement was changed at once by this massacre. All illusions were dissipated. As the autocrat and his supporters had not shrunk from that wanton, fiendish, and cowardly slaughtering, it was evident that they would stop at no violence and no treachery. Since that day the name of the Romanoff dynasty began to become odious amongst the working men in Russia. The illusion of a benevolent autocrat who was going to listen paternally to the demands of his subjects was gone for ever.

Distrust of everything that might come from the Romanoffs took its place; and the idea of a democratic republic, which formerly was adopted by a few Socialists only, now found its way even into the relatively moderate programmes. To let the people think that they might be received by the Tsar, to lure them to the Winter Palace, and there to mow them down by volleys of rifle-fire—such crimes are never pardoned in history.

If the intention of Nicholas the Second and his advisers had been to terrorise the working classes, the effect of the January slaughter was entirely in the opposite direction. It gave a new force to the labour movement all over Russia. Five days after the terrible 'Vladimir' Sunday, a mass strike broke out at Warsaw, and was followed by mass strikes at Lodz and in all the industrial and mining centres of Poland. In a day or two the Warsaw strike was joined by 100,000 operatives and became general. All factories were closed, no tramways were running, no papers were published. The students joined the movement, and were followed by the pupils of the secondary schools. The shop assistants, the clerks in the banks and in all public and private commercial establishments, the waiters in the restaurants—all gradually came out to support the strikers. Lodz joined Warsaw, and two days later the strike spread over the mining district of Dombrowo. An eight-hours day, increased wages, political liberties, and Home Rule, with a Polish Diet sitting at Warsaw, were the demands of all the strikers. We thus find in these Polish strikes all the characteristics which, late on, made of the general strikes of October last so powerful a weapon against the crumbling autocratic system.

If the rulers of Russia had had the slightest comprehension of what was going on, they would have perceived at once that a new factor of such potency had made its appearance in the movement, in the shape of a strike in which all classes of the population joined hands, that nothing remained but to yield to their demands; otherwise the whole fabric of the State would be shattered down to its deepest foundations. But they remained as deaf to the teachings of modern European life as they had been to the lessons of history; and

when the strikers appeared in the streets, organising imposing manifestations, they knew of no better expedient than to send the order : 'Shoot them !' In a couple of days more than 300 men and women were shot at Warsaw, 100 at Lodz, forty-three at Sośnowice, forty-two at Ostrowiec, and so on, all over Poland !

The result of these new massacres was that all classes of society drew closer together in order to face the common enemy, and swore to fight till victory should be gained. Since that time governors of provinces, officers of the police, gendarmes, spies, and the like have been killed in all parts of Poland, not one day passing without some such act being recorded ; so it was estimated in August last that ninety-five terrorist acts of this sort had taken place in Poland, and that in very few of them were the assailants arrested. As a rule they disappeared—the whole population evidently helping to conceal them.

II

In the meantime the peasant uprisings, which had already begun a couple of years ago, were continuing all over Russia, showing, as is usually the case with peasant uprisings, a recrudescence at the beginning of the winter and a falling off at the time when the crops have to be taken in. They now took serious proportions in the Baltic provinces, in Poland and Lithuania, in the central provinces of Tchernigov, Orel, Kursk, and Tula, on the middle Volga, and especially in Western Transcaucasia. There were weeks when the Russian papers would record every day from ten to twenty cases of peasant uprisings. Then, during crop time, there was a falling off in these numbers, but now that the main field work is over, the peasant revolts are beginning with a renewed force. In all these uprisings the peasants display a most wonderful unity of action, a striking calmness, and remarkable organising capacities. In most cases their demands are even very moderate. They begin by holding a solemn assembly of the *mir* (village community) ; then they ask the priest to sing a *Te Deum* for the success of the enterprise ; they elect as their delegates the wealthiest men of the village ; and they proceed with their carts to the landlord's grain stores. There they take exactly what they need for keeping alive till the next crop, or they take the necessary fuel from the landlord's wood, and if no resistance has been offered they take nothing else, and return to their houses in the same orderly way ; or else they come to the landlord, and signify to him that unless he agrees to rent all his land to the village community at such a price—usually a fair price—nobody will be allowed to rent his land or work for him as a hired labourer, and that the best he can do is therefore to leave the village. In other places, if the landlord has been a good neighbour, they offer to buy all his land on the responsibility of

the commune, for the price which land, sold in a lump, can fetch in that neighbourhood ; or alternatively they offer such a yearly rent ; or, if he intends to cultivate the land himself, they are ready to work at a fair price, slightly above the now current prices. But rack-renting, renting to middlemen, or renting to other villages in order to force his nearest neighbours to work at lower wages—all this must be given up for ever.

As to the Caucasus, the peasants of Guria (western portion of Georgia) proceeded even in a more radical way. They refused to work for the landlords, sent away all the authorities, and, nominating their own judges, they organised such independent village communities, embodying a whole territory, as the old cantons of Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden represented for several centuries in succession.

All these facts point in one direction. Rural Russia will *not* be pacified so long as some substantial move has not been made in the sense of land nationalisation. The theoreticians of the mercantile school of economists may discuss this question with no end of argument, coming to no solution at all ; but the peasants are evidently decided *not* to wait any more. They see that the landlords not only do not introduce improved systems of culture on the lands which they own, but simply take advantage of the small size of the peasant allotments and the heavy taxes which the peasants have to pay, for imposing rack-rents, and very often the additional burden of a middleman, who sub-lets the land. And they seem to have made up their minds all over Russia in this way : ' Let the Government pay the landlords, if it be necessary, but *we* must have the land. We shall get out of it, under improved culture, much more than is obtained now by absentee landlords, whose main income is derived from the civil and the military service.'

It may therefore be taken as certain that such insignificant measures as the abandonment of arrears or a reduction of the redemption-tax, which were promulgated by the Tsar on the 18th of this month (November), will have *no effect whatever* upon the peasants. They know that, especially with a new famine in view, no arrears can be repaid. On the other hand, it is the unanimous testimony of all those who know the peasants that the general spirit—the *mentalité*, as the French would say—of the peasant nowadays is totally changed. He realises that while the world has moved he has remained at the mercy of the same *uryadnik* (village constable) and the same district chief, and that at any moment, for the mere exposition of his griefs, he can be treated as a rebel, flogged to death in the teeth of all laws, or shot down by the Cossacks. Therefore he will not be lulled into obedience by sham reforms or mere promises. This is the impression of all those who know the peasants from intercourse with them, and this is also what appears both from the official

peasant congress which was held last summer, and from the unofficial congresses organised by revolutionary socialists in more than one hundred villages of Eastern Russia. Both have expressed the same views : ' We want the land, and we shall have it.' •

III

The peasant uprisings alone, spreading over wide territories, rolling as waves which flood to-day one part of the country, and to-morrow another, would have been sufficient to entirely upset the usual course of affairs in Russia. But when the peasant insurrection is combined with a general awakening of the working men in towns, who refuse to remain in the old servile conditions ; when all the educated classes enter into an open revolt against the old system ; and when important portions of the Empire, such as Finland, Poland, and the Caucasus, strive for complete Home Rule, while other portions, such as Siberia, the Baltic provinces, and Little Russia, and in fact every province, claim autonomy and want to be freed from the St. Petersburg bureaucrats—then it becomes evident that the time has come for a deep, complete revision of all the institutions. Every reasoning observer, everyone who has learned something in his life about the psychology of nations, would conclude that if any concessions are to be made to the new spirit of the time, they must be made with an open mind, in a straightforward way, with a deep sense of responsibility for what is done—not as a concession enforced by the conditions of a given moment, but as a quite conscious reasoned move, dictated by a comprehension of the historical phase which the country is going through.

Unfortunately, nothing of that consciousness and sense of responsibility is seen among those who have been the rulers of Russia during the last twelve months. I have told in my memoirs how certain moderate concessions, if they had been granted towards the end of the reign of Alexander the Second or at the advent of his son, would have been hailed with enthusiasm, and would have paved the way for the gradual and slow passage from absolutism to representative government. Even in 1895, when Nicholas the Second had become Emperor, it was not too late for such concessions. But it was also evident to everyone who was not blinded by that artificial atmosphere of bureaucracy created in all capitals, that ten years later—that is, in November last—such half-hearted concessions as a ' Consultative Assembly ' were already out of question. The events of the last ten years, with which the readers of this Review are familiar—the students' affair of 1901, the rule of Plehwe, and so on, to say nothing of the abominable blunders of the last war—had already created too deep a chasm between Russia and Nicholas the Second.

The January massacres widened that chasm still more. Therefore only an open recognition of the right of the nation to frame its own constitution, and a complete, *honest* amnesty, granted as a pledge of good faith, could have spared to Russia all the bloodshed of the last ten months. Every intelligent statesman would have understood it. But the cynical courtier, Boulyghin, whom Nicholas the Second and his mother considered a statesman, and to whom they had pinned their faith, was not the man to do so. His only policy was to win time, in the hope that something might turn the scales in favour of his masters.

Consequently, vague promises were made in December 1904, and next in March 1905, but in the meantime the most reckless repression was resorted to—not very openly, I must say, but under cover, according to the methods of Von Plehwe's policy. Death sentences were distributed by the dozen during the last summer.¹ The worst forms of police autocracy, which characterised the rule of Plehwe, were revived in a form even more exasperating than before, because governors-general assumed now the rights which formerly were vested in the Minister of the Interior. Thus, to give one instance, the Governor-General of Odessa exiled men by the dozen by his own will, including the old ex-Dean of the Odessa University, Professor Yaroshenko, whom he ordered (on the 26th of July) to be transported to Vologda! And this went on at a time when all Russia began to take fire, and lived through such a series of events as the uprising of the Musulmans and the massacres at Baku and Nakhichevan; the uprising at Odessa, during which all the buildings in the port were burned; the mutiny on the ironclad *Knyaz Potemkin*; the second series of strikes in Poland, again followed by massacres at Lodz, Warsaw, and all other chief industrial centres; a series of uprisings at Riga, culminating in the great street battles of the 28th of July—to say nothing of a regular, uninterrupted succession of minor agrarian revolts. All Russia had thus to be set into open revolt, blood had to run freely in the streets of all the large cities, simply because the Tsar did not want to pronounce the word which would put an end to his sham autocracy and to the autocracy of his camarilla. Only towards the end of the summer could he be induced to make some concessions which at last took the shape of a convocation of a State's Duma, announced in the manifesto of the 19th of August.

IV

General stupefaction and disdain are the only words to express the impression produced by this manifesto. To begin with, it was evident to anyone who knew something of human psychology

¹ A number of these are enumerated in *La Tribune Russe*, published at Paris, No. 33, p. 497.

that no assembly elected to represent the people could be maintained as a merely *consultative* body, with no legislative powers. To impose such a limitation was to create the very conditions for producing the bitterest conflicts between the Crown and the nation. To imagine that the Duma, if it ever could come into existence in the form under which it was conceived by the advisers of Nicholas the Second, would limit itself to the functions of a merely consulting board, that it would express its wishes in the form of mere *advice*s, but not in the form of *laws*, and that it would not defend these laws as such, was absurd on the very face of it. Therefore the concession was considered as a mere desire to bluff, to win time. It was received as a new proof of the insincerity of Nicholas the Second.

But in proportion as the real sense of the Boulyghin 'Constitution' was discovered, it became more and more evident that such a Duma would never come together; never would the Russians be induced to perform the farce of the Duma elections under the Boulyghin system. It appeared that under this system the city of St. Petersburg, with its population of nearly 1,500,000, and its immense wealth, would have only about 7,000 electors, and that large cities having from 200,000 to 700,000 inhabitants would have an electoral body composed of but a couple of thousand, or even a few hundred electors; while the 90,000,000 peasants would be boiled down, after several successive elections, to a few thousand men electing a few deputies. As to the nearly 4,000,000 of Russian working men, they were totally excluded from any participation in the political life of the country. It was evident that only fanatics of electioneering could be induced to find interest in so senseless a waste of time as an electoral campaign under such conditions. Moreover, as the Press continued to be gagged, the state of siege was maintained, and the governors of the different provinces continued to rule as absolute satraps, exiling whom they disliked, public opinion in Russia gradually came to the idea that, whatever some Moderate Zemstvoists may say in favour of a compromise, the Duma would never come together.

Then it was that the working men again threw the weight of their will into the contest and gave a quite new turn to the movement. A strike of bakers broke out at Moscow in October last, and they were joined in their strike by the printers. This was not the work of any revolutionary organisation. It was entirely a working men's affair, but suddenly what was meant to be a simple manifestation of economical discontent grew up, invaded all trades, spread to St. Petersburg, then all over Russia, and took the character of such an imposing revolutionary manifestation that autocracy had to capitulate before it.

When the strike of the bakers began, troops were, as a matter of course, called out to suppress it. But this time the Moscow working men had had enough of massacres. They offered an armed resistance

to the Cossacks. Some three hundred men barricaded themselves in a garret, and a regular fight between the besieged working men and the besieging Cossacks followed. The latter took, of course, the upper hand, and butchered the besieged, but then all the Moscow working men joined hands with the strikers. A general strike was declared. 'Nonsense! A general strike is impossible!' the wiseacres said, even then. But the working men set earnestly to stop all work in the great city, and fully succeeded. In a few days the strike became general. What the working men must have suffered during these two or three weeks, when all work was suspended, and provisions became extremely scarce, one can easily imagine; but they held out. Moscow had no bread, no meat coming in, no light in the streets. All traffic on the railways had been stopped, and the mountains of provisions which, in the usual course of life, reach the great city every day, were lying rotting along the railway lines. No newspapers, except the proclamation of the strike committees, appeared. Thousands upon thousands of passengers who had come to that great railway centre which Moscow is could not move any further, and were camping at the railway stations. Tons and tons of letters accumulated at the post offices, and had to be stored in special storehouses. But the strike, far from abating, was spreading all over Russia. Once the heart of Russia, Moscow, had struck, all the other towns followed. St. Petersburg soon joined the strike, and the working men displayed the most admirable organising capacities. Then, gradually, the enthusiasm and devotion of the poorest class of society won over the other classes. The shop assistants, the clerks, the teachers, the employés at the banks, the actors, the lawyers, the chemists, nay, even the judges, gradually joined the strikers. A whole country had struck against its government; all but the troops; but even from the troops separate officers and soldiers came, to take part in the strike meetings, and one saw uniforms in the crowds of peaceful demonstrators who managed to display a wonderful skill in avoiding all conflict with the army.

In a few days the strike had spread over all the main cities of the Empire, including Poland and Finland. Moscow had no water, Warsaw no fuel; provisions ran short everywhere; the cities, great and small, remained plunged in complete darkness. No smoking factories, no railways running, no tramways, no Stock Exchange, no banking, no theatres, no law courts, no schools. In many places the restaurants, too, were closed, the waiters having left, or else the workers compelled the owners to extinguish all lights after seven o'clock. In Finland, even the house servants were not allowed to work before seven in the morning or after seven in the evening. All life in the towns had come to a standstill. And what exasperated the rulers most was that the workers offered no opportunity for shooting at them and re-establishing 'order' by massacres. A new weapon,

more terrible than street warfare, had thus been tested and proved to work admirably.

The panic in the Tsar's entourage had reached a high pitch. He himself, in the meantime, was consulting in turn the Conservatives (Ignatieff, Goremykin, Stürmer, Stishinsky), who advised him to concede nothing, and Witte, who represented the Liberal opinion; and it is said that if he yielded to the advice of the latter, it was only when he saw that the Conservatives refused to risk their reputations, and maybe their lives, in order to save autocracy. He finally signed, on October 30, a manifesto in which he declared that his 'inflexible will' was—

(1) To grant the population the immutable foundations of civic liberty based on real inviolability of the person and freedom of conscience, speech, union, and association.

(2) Without deferring the elections to the State Duma already ordered, to call to participation in the Duma, as far as is possible in view of the shortness of the time before the Duma is to assemble, those classes of the population now completely deprived of electoral rights, leaving the ultimate development of the principle of the electoral right in general to the newly established legislative order of things.

(3) To establish it as an immutable rule that no law can come into force without the approval of the State Duma, and that it shall be possible for the elected of the people to exercise a real participation in the supervision of the legality of the acts of the authorities appointed by us.

On the same day Count Witte was nominated the head of a Ministry, which he himself had to form, and the Tsar approved by his signature a memorandum of the Minister-President in which it was said that 'straightforwardness and sincerity in the confirmation of civil liberty,' 'a tendency towards the abolition of exclusive laws,' and 'the avoidance of repressive measures in respect to proceedings which do not openly menace society and the State' must be binding for the guidance of the Ministry. The Government was also 'to abstain from any interference in the elections to the Duma,' and 'not resist its decisions as long as they are not inconsistent with the historic greatness of Russia.'

At the same time a general strike had also broken out in Finland. The whole population joined in supporting it with a striking unanimity; and as communication with St. Petersburg was interrupted, the wildest rumours about the revolution in the Russian capital circulated at Helsingfors. Pressed by the Finnish population, the Governor-General undertook to report to the Tsar the absolute necessity for full concessions, and, the Tsar agreeing with this demand, a manifesto was immediately issued, by which all repressive measures of the last few years, including the unfortunate manifesto of the year 1899, by which the Finnish Constitution had been violated, were rescinded, the Diet was convoked, and a complete return to the *status quo ante* Bobrikoff was promulgated. What a pity for the

future development of Russia that on this very same day an identical measure, establishing and convoking a Polish Diet at Warsaw, was not taken! How much bloodshed would have been saved! And how much safer the further development of Russia would have been, if Poland had then known that she would be able to develop her own life according to her own wishes!

V

Count Witte having been invested on the 30th of October with wide powers as Minister-President, and the further march of events undoubtedly depending to a great extent upon the way in which he will use his extensive authority, the question, 'What sort of man is Witte?' is now asked on all sides.

The present Prime Minister of Russia is often described as the Necker of the Russian revolution; and it must be owned that the resemblance between the two statesmen lies not only in the situations which they occupy with regard to their respective monarchies. Like Necker, Witte is a successful financier, and he also is a 'mercantilist': he is an admirer of the great industries, and would like to see Russia a money-making country, with its Morgans and Rockefellers making colossal fortunes in Russia itself and in all sorts of Manchurias. But he has also the limited political intelligence of Necker, and his views are not very different from those which the French Minister expressed in his work, *Pouvoir Exécutif*, published in 1792. Witte's ideal is a Liberal, half-absolute and half-constitutional monarchy, of which he, Witte, would be the Bismarck, standing by the side of a weak monarch and sheltered from his whims by a docile middle-class Parliament. In that Parliament he would even accept a score of Labour members—just enough to render inoffensive the most prominent Labour agitators, and to have the claims of Labour expressed in a parliamentary way.

Witte is daring, he is intelligent, and he is possessed of an admirable capacity for work; but he will not be a great statesman because he scoffs at those who believe that in politics, as in everything else, complete honesty is the most successful policy. In the polemics which Herbert Spencer carried on some years ago in favour of 'principles' in politics, Witte would have joined, I suppose, his opponents, and I am afraid he secretly worships the 'almighty dollar policy' of Cecil Rhodes. In Russia he is thoroughly distrusted. It is very probable that people attribute to him more power over Nicholas the Second than he has in reality, and do not take sufficiently into account that Witte must continually be afraid of asking too much from his master, from fear that the master will turn his back on him, and throw himself at the first opportunity into the hands of his reactionary advisers,

whom he certainly understands and likes better than Witte. But Witte, like his French prototype, has retained immensely the worship of bureaucracy and autocratic power, and distrust of the masses. With all his boldness he has not that boldness of doing things thoroughly, which is gained only by holding to certain fundamental principles. He prefers vague promises to definite acts, and therefore Russian society applies to him the saying: *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. And if the refusal he has met with on behalf of all prominent Liberals to collaborate with him has been caused by their complete disapproval of the policy which refuses Home Rule for Poland, there remains besides the widely spread suspicion that Witte is capable of going too far in the way of compromises with the palace party. At any rate, even the moderate Zemstvoists could not agree—we learn now—with his policy of half-measures, both as regards the popular representation, and even such a secondary question as the amnesty. He refused to accept universal suffrage and to grant a complete amnesty, upon which the Zemstvo delegation was ordered to insist.

That 'straightforwardness and sincerity in the confirmation of civil liberty' which—the Prime Minister wrote—had to be accepted as binding for the guidance of his Ministry; surely are not seen yet. The state of siege not only continues to be maintained in many parts of Russia, but it has been spread over Poland; and as to the amnesty, its insincerity is such that it might be envied by Pobiedonostseff. An honest amnesty is never couched in many words. It is expressed in four or five lines; but Witte's amnesty is a long document written with an obvious intention of deceiving the reader as to its real tenor, and therefore it is full of references to numbers of articles of the Code, instead of naming things by their proper names. Thousands of contests must arise, Russian lawyers say, out of this muddled document. At any rate, one thing is evident. Those who were confined at Schlüsselburg since 1881–1886—immured in secrecy would be the proper term—and whose barbarous treatment is known to the readers of this Review, will *not* be liberated, according to the terms of the amnesty. They will have to be exiled as *posselelntsy* (criminal exiles) for another four years to Siberia, probably to its most unhealthy parts, before they are allowed to enter Russia! This, after a twenty-four years' cellular confinement, in absolute secrecy, without any communication whatever with the outer world! As to those who were driven to desperate action by the police rule of Plehwe, they all must remain for ten to twelve years more in the Russian Bastille of Schlüsselburg; the amnesty does not apply to them. And as regards the exiles abroad, they are offered the right to obtain certificates of admission to Russia from the Russian State Police! All over the world, each time that a new departure has been made in

general policy, an honest *general* amnesty was granted as a guarantee of good faith. Even that pledge was refused to Russia. And so it is all round. All that has hitherto been done are words, words, and words ! And every one of these words can be crossed with a stroke of the pen, just as the promises of a Constitution given by the Austrian Emperor after the Vienna revolution of the 13th of March, 1848, were cancelled a few months later, and the population of the capital was massacred as soon as its revolutionary spirit cooled down. Is it not the same policy that is coveted at Tsarskoye Selo ? Unfortunately, the first step in the way of reaction has already been made by proclaiming the state of siege in Poland.

VI

The first victory of the Russian nation over autocracy was met with the wildest enthusiasm and jubilations. Crowds, composed of hundreds of thousands of men and women of all classes, all mixed together, and carrying countless red flags, moved about in the streets of the capitals, and the same enthusiasm rapidly spread to the provinces, down to the smallest towns. True that it was not jubilation only ; the crowd expressed also three definite demands. For three days after the publication of the manifesto in which autocracy had abdicated its powers, no amnesty manifesto had yet appeared, and on the 3rd of November, at St. Petersburg, a crowd, 100,000 men strong, was going to storm the House of Detention, when, at ten in the evening, one of the Workmen's Council of Delegates addressed them, declaring that Witte had just given his word of honour that a general amnesty would be granted that same night. The delegate therefore said : ' Spare your blood for graver occasions. At eleven we shall have Witte's reply, and if it is not satisfactory, then to-morrow at six you will all be informed as to how and where to meet in the streets for further action.' And the immense crowd—I hold these details from an eye-witness—slowly broke up and dispersed in silence, thus recognising the new power—the Labour Delegates—which was born during the strike.

Two other important points, beside amnesty, had also to be cleared up. During the last few months the Cossacks had proved to be the most abominable instrument of reaction, always ready to whip, shoot, or bayonet unarmed crowds, for the mere fun of the sport and with a view to subsequent pillage. Besides, there was no guarantee whatever that at any moment the demonstrators would not be attacked and slaughtered by the troops. The people in the streets demanded therefore the withdrawal of the troops, and especially of the Cossacks, the abolition of the state of siege, and the creation of popular militia which would be placed under the management of the municipalities.

It is known how, at Odessa first, and then all over Russia, the jubilant crowds began to be attacked by bands, composed chiefly of butcher assistants, and partly of the poorest slum-dwellers, sometimes armed, and very often under the leadership of policemen and police officials in plain clothes; how every attempt on behalf of the Radical demonstrators to resist such attacks by means of revolver-shots immediately provoked volleys of rifle fire from the Cossacks; how 'peaceful demonstrators were slaughtered by the soldiers, after some isolated pistol-shot—maybe a police signal—was fired from the crowd; and how, finally, at Odessa an organised pillage and the slaughter of men, women, and children in some of the poorest Jewish suburbs took place, while the troops fired at the improvised militia of students who tried to prevent the massacres, or to put an end to them. At Moscow, the editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, Gringmuth, and part of the clergy, stimulated by a pastoral letter of Bishop Nikon, openly preached 'to put down the intellectuals by force,' and improvised orators spoke from the platform in front of the Iberia Virgin, preaching the killing of the students. The result was that the University was besieged by crowds of the 'defenders of order,' the students were fired at by the Cossacks, and for several nights in succession isolated students were assailed in the dark by the *Moscow Gazette* men, so that in one single night twenty-one were killed or mortally wounded.

An inquest into the origin of these murders is now being made by volunteer lawyers; but this much can already be said. If race-hatred has played an important part at Odessa and in other southern towns, no such cause can be alleged at Moscow, Tver (the burning of the house of the Zemstvo), Tomsk, Nijni-Novgorod, and a great number of towns having a purely Russian population. And yet outbreaks having the same savage character took place in all these towns and cities at about the same time. An organising hand is seen in them, and there is no doubt that this is the hand of the Monarchist party. It sent a deputation to Peterhof, headed by Prince Scherbatoff and Count Sheremetieff, and after the deputation had been most sympathetically received by Nicholas the Second, they openly came forward in the *Moscow Gazette* and in the appeals of the bishops Nikon and Nikander, calling upon their sympathisers to declare an open war on the Radicals.

Of course it would be unwise to imagine that autocracy, and the autocratic habits which made a little Tsar of every police official in his own sphere, would die out without showing resistance by all means, including murder. The Russian revolution will certainly have its Feuillants and its Muscadins. And this struggle will necessarily be complicated in Russia by race-hatred. It has always been the policy of the Russian Tsardom to stir national hatred, setting the

Finns and the Karelian peasants against the Swedes in Finland, the Letts against the Germans in the Baltic provinces, the Polish peasants (partly Ukraïnian) against the Polish landlords, the Orthodox Russians against the Jews, the Musulmans against the Armenians, and so on. Then, for the last twenty years it has been a notable feature of the policy of Ignatieff, and later on of Plehwe, to provoke race-wars with a view of checking Socialist propaganda. And the police in Russia have always taken advantage of all such outbreaks for pilfering and plundering. . . . Consequently, a few hints from above were enough—and several reactionary papers and two bishops went so far as to *openly* give such hints—to provoke the terrible massacres at Odessa, and the smaller outbreaks elsewhere.

Such conflicts between the representatives of a dark past and the young forces representing the future will certainly continue for some time before the mighty floods raised by the storm of the revolution will subside. The Revolution in England lasted from 1639 to 1655, that of France from 1788 till 1794, and both were followed by an unsettled period of some thirty years' duration. So we cannot expect that the Russian revolution should accomplish its work in a few months only. One extremely important feature has, however, to be noted already now. Up to the present moment, *bloodshed has come, not from the Revolutionists, but from the defenders of Absolutism*. It is estimated that more than 25,000 persons have already been killed in Russia since January last. But *all this mass of murders lies on the side of the defenders of autocracy*. The victory over Absolutism which compelled it to abdicate was obtained by a strike, unique in the annals of history by its unanimity and the self-abnegation of the workers; but no blood was shed to win this first victory. The same is true of the villages. It may be taken as certain that the landlord ownership of the land *has* already sustained a blow which renders a return to the *status quo ante* in land-ownership *materially impossible*. And this other victory—a very great one, in my opinion—is being obtained again without bloodshed on behalf of the revolted peasants. If blood is shed, it is shed by the troops called in for the defence of the monopoly in land—not by those who endeavour to get rid of it. As to the peasants, they have even pronounced themselves against retaliation.

Another prominent feature of the Russian revolution is the ascendancy which Labour has taken in it. It is not Social Democrats, or Revolutionary Socialists, or Anarchists, who take the lead in the present revolution. It is Labour—the working men. Already during the first general strike, the St. Petersburg working men had nominated 132 delegates, who constituted a 'Council of the Union of Working Men,' and these delegates had nominated an executive of eight members. Nobody knew their names or their addresses, but their advice was

obeyed like orders. In the streets they appeared surrounded by fifty or sixty working men, armed, and linked together so as to allow no one to approach a delegate. Now, the working men of St. Petersburg have apparently extended their organisation, and, while their delegates confer with representatives of the revolutionary parties, they nevertheless retain their complete independence. Similar organisations most probably have sprung up at Moscow and elsewhere, and at this moment the working men of St. Petersburg are systematically arming themselves in order to resist the absolutist Black Gangs. As to the powers of the Labour organisation, they are best seen from the fact that while the bureaucrat lawyers are still concocting some crooked Press law, the working men have abolished preventive censorship at St. Petersburg by publishing a short-worded resolution in their clandestine daily, the *Izvestia* of the Council of Labour Delegates. 'We declare,' they said, 'that if the editor of any paper continues to send his sheet to the Censor before issuing it, the paper will be confiscated by us in the streets, and the printers will be called out from the printing office (they will be supported by the Strike Committee). If the paper continues nevertheless to appear, the blacklegs will be boycotted by us, and the presses will be broken.'⁶ This is how preliminary censorship has ceased to exist at St. Petersburg. The old laws remain, but *de facto* the daily press is free.

Many years ago the general strike was advocated by the Latin working men as a weapon which would be irresistible in the hands of Labour for imposing its will. The Russian revolution has demonstrated that they were right. Moreover, there is not the slightest doubt that if the general strike has been capable of forcing the centuries-old institution of Autocracy to capitulate, it will be capable also of imposing the will of the labourers upon Capital; and that the working men, with the common-sense of which they have given such striking proofs, will find also the means of solving the Labour problem, so as to make industry the means, not of personal enrichment, but of satisfying the needs of the community. That the Russian revolution will not limit itself to a mere reform of political institutions, but, like the Revolution of 1848, will make an attempt, at least, to solve the social problem, has always been my opinion. Half a century of Socialist evolution in Europe cannot remain without influence upon the coming events. And the dominant position taken by Labour in the present crisis seems to yield support to that prevision. How far the social change will go, and what concrete forms it will take, I would not undertake to predict without being on the spot, in the midst of the workers; but steps in that direction are sure to be made.

⁶ I take this resolution, slightly condensing it, from the *Russ* of November 4—the day when the first free papers appeared openly at St. Petersburg.

To say that Russia has begun her great revolution is no longer a metaphor or a prophecy; it is a fact. And one is amazed to discover how history repeats itself: not in the events, of course, but in the psychology of the opposed forces. The governing class, at any rate, have learned nothing. They remain incapable of understanding the real significance of events which are screened from their eyes by the artificiality of their surroundings. Where a timely yielding, a frank, open-minded recognition of the necessity of new forms of life would have spared the country torrents of blood, they make concessions at the last moment, always in a half-hearted way, and always with the secret intention of soon returning to the old forms. Why have they massacred at least 25,000 men during these ten months, when they had to recognise in October what they refused to recognise in December last?

Why do they continue repression and provoke new massacres, when *they will have to recognise in a few months hence universal suffrage as the basis of representative government in Russia, and the legislative autonomy of Poland as the best, the only possible means for keeping the two countries, Russia and Poland, firmly linked together*, just as they were compelled, after having set all the country on fire, to recognise that the honest recognition of Finland's autonomy was the only means of maintaining her bonds with Russia? But no, they will not recognise what is evident to everyone as soon as he frees himself from the fools' paradise atmosphere of the St. Petersburg bureaucracy. They will stir up the bitterest civil wars.

Happily enough, there is a more hopeful side to the Russian revolution. The two forces which hitherto have played the leading part in the revolution—namely, the working men in the towns, fraternising with the younger 'intellectuals,' and the peasants in the country—have displayed such a wonderful unanimity of action, even where it was not concerted beforehand, and such a reluctance from useless bloodshed, that we may be sure of their ultimate victory. The troops have already been deeply impressed by the unanimity, the self-sacrifice, and the consciousness of their rights displayed by the workmen in their strikes; and now that the St. Petersburg workmen have begun to approach in a spirit of straightforward propaganda those who were enrolled in the 'Black Gangs,' that other support of autocracy will probably soon be dissolved as well. The main danger lies now in that the statesmen, enamoured of 'order' and instigated by timorous landlords, might resort to massacres for repressing the peasant rebellions, in which case retaliation would follow to an extent and with consequences which nobody could foretell.

The first year of the Russian revolution has already proved that there is in the Russian people that unity of thought without which no serious change in the political organisation of the country would

have been possible, and that capacity for united action which is the necessary condition of success. One may already be sure that the present movement will be victorious. The years of disturbance will pass, and Russia will come out of them a new nation ; a nation owning an unfathomed wealth of natural resources, and capable of utilising them ; ready to seek the ways for utilising them in the best interest of all ; a nation averse to bloodshed, averse to war, and ready to march towards the higher goals of progress. One of her worst inheritances from a dark past, autocracy, lies already mortally wounded, and will not revive ; and other victories will follow.

P. KROPOTKIN.

November 21.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE 'MOLOCH OF FREE TRADE.'

The most precious possession of a State is the labour of the people.

COLBERT.

The best economic condition is not that in which the greatest amount of produce is obtained at the cheapest rate, the greatest number of capitalists pick up the greatest amount of profits; but one in which the greatest number of workmen can live in the greatest possible comfort and security.

THOROLD ROGERS.

IF we wish to devise an effective remedy for the lack of employment which is at present causing such widely spread and such intense suffering in this country we must first determine the cause whence that lack of employment arises. The following pages will show the cause of unemployment, and they will show at the same time that the problem of the unemployed is not only of a far greater magnitude than is generally known, but they will also show that this is the most important problem of our time—that it is a problem compared with which problems such as the deterioration of the national physique, the alarming decline of the birth-rate, the regulation of the liquor traffic, and the education question are matters of minor importance.

Most people believe that, owing to the loudness of their clamour, the number of the unemployed appears much greater than it is in reality, and that the majority of the unemployed consists of the physically unfit and of loafers and drunkards—that is to say, that 'the unemployed' is a generic expression for those who are unable or unwilling to work. As this opinion is widely held, let us try to estimate the number of the unemployed, and let us inquire into their character.

The only official material helpful for studying the problem of the unemployed is a Government report *On Distress for Want of Employment*, and another one *On Agencies and Methods for Dealing with the Unemployed*. In the former report the visible distress among the unemployed, the outward symptoms of the disease, are recorded; in the latter the various ways of relieving the most acute suffering of the unemployed by a purely symptomatic treatment are

described. Although neither report deals with the most important matter to be investigated—namely, the causes of unemployment—these two documents contain some valuable matter. In the report issued by the Select Committee on *Distress for Want of Employment*, for instance, Mr. Keir Hardie estimated that in winter about 1,750,000 were unemployed, and that the whole unemployed population—that is, the unemployed workers and their families—numbered 6,000,000, whilst in summer about 1,000,000 workers, representing a population of 3,500,000 people, were out of work. Mr. W. Thorne, General Secretary of the National Union of Gasworkers and General Labourers of Great Britain and Ireland, was of opinion that 1,000,000 men were out of work. He neither said whether this figure included women, nor did he specify the season. However, from the evidence it would appear that he intended to give an estimate of the average number of unemployed. A circular published by the Central Unemployed Organisation Committee in 1893 stated that there were then nearly 2,000,000 unemployed in this country. Let us examine by an independent analysis whether these enormous figures are correct, or approximately correct.

Great Britain contains 43,000,000 people, of whom about 10,000,000 are wage-earners, and only a small minority of these, less than 2,000,000, belong to the trades unions. The trades unions contain practically all our most skilled and our best workers, who are indispensable in our foremost and our greatest industries. Consequently, it must be assumed that employment among the trades unionists is far better than it is among the host of miscellaneous workers who, owing to lack of permanency in their work at a special trade, owing to poverty, or owing to lack of cohesion, are unionless. In view of the fact that the trades unions contain nearly all our best and our most skilled workers, and that the unions habitually arrange with employers of labour for working short time when business is bad in order to avoid unemployment, unemployment should be almost unknown among our trades unionists. However, this is not the case; and the following table, which shows the extent of unemployment in the trades unions, should be of great interest, because it enables us to arrive by inference at a conclusion as to the extent of unemployment among non-unionists :

PERCENTAGE OF UNEMPLOYED MEMBERS OF TRADES UNIONS MAKING RETURNS.

	Per Cent.		Per Cent.
1893	7.5	1890	2.4
1894	6.9	1900	2.9
1895	5.8	1901	3.8
1896	3.4	1902	4.4
1897	3.5	1903	5.1
1898	3.0	1904	6.5

Average 4.6 per cent.

From the foregoing table it appears that the average percentage of the unemployed among the trades unionists was, during the last twelve years, 4·6 per cent.; whilst during the last three years it amounted to 5·3 per cent. These figures prove that unemployment is permanent in this country. If on the basis of the foregoing figures we assume that there were during the last few years 5 per cent. unemployed among our best and most skilled workers, we must believe that there were at least 10 per cent. unemployed among the unorganised wage-earners. If the aristocracy of labour—the unionists—furnish at present about 100,000 unemployed, which is equal to 5 per cent. of their number, the unorganised workers should furnish about 800,000 wage-earners who are out of work.

The trades unions have most stringent regulations for weeding out loafers and drunkards. Consequently the percentages given for unemployed union workers and non-union workers as well apply only to the able-bodied *bonâ-fide* wage-earners, and leave the shiftless, the dissolute, the aged, and the diseased, who furnish the largest contingent of the unemployed processions, almost entirely out of account. Therefore we must conclude that on an average about 900,000 able-bodied *bonâ-fide* workers should, during the last few years, have permanently been out of employment. However, the number of those unemployed who are able to work should be even much greater than 900,000. Of our paupers 130,000 are officially described as able-bodied. Adding these to the *bonâ-fide* unemployed before enumerated, it appears that at least 1,000,000 able-bodied workers, representing a population of 3,500,000 people, should compose our permanent standing army of able-bodied *bonâ-fide* unemployed. It should be noted that this estimate is a very moderate one, and that it is very considerably below the estimates given by the various authorities who have been quoted in the foregoing.

Every one of the 1,000,000 able-bodied *bonâ-fide* unemployed ought to be able to earn at least 1*l.* per week. Hence about 52,000,000*l.* per year are lost to the nation in wages owing to lack of employment, and the yearly spending power of the nation may be said to be diminished by that enormous amount. In reality, however, the loss to the nation through lack of employment should be far greater, for not only are the earnings of the nation greatly reduced by the fact that 1,000,000 potential wage-earners and producers of wealth are idle, but the expenses of the nation—that is, of the producing part of the population—are vastly increased; for the producers have to keep the unemployed, who are only consumers, and through the general adjustment of the financial burden the load occasioned by unemployment has to be borne by all wage-earners, though it may in the first instance be borne by the well-to-do. The 1,000,000 unemployed, who with their families form a population of about 3,500,000, have to be fed, clothed, and housed by the working part of the nation; and if we allow

only 5s. per head per week for that purpose—a sum which is far too low—it appears that the nation, besides losing some 50,000,000*l.* per year in productive power, spends on the ‘keep’ of the unemployed, say, 875,000*l.* per week, or about 45,000,000*l.* per annum, a sum which is considerably larger than that expended on the German army and navy. Part of this sum of 45,000,000*l.* for keeping the unemployed is drawn from the savings of the workers who find themselves out of work, another part is derived from local taxation, another part from charity, another part assumes the form of unpaid rent. At all events, the loss of national productive power and the cost of keeping these unproductive millions should occasion a permanent yearly drain on our resources which ought to approximate to 100,000,000*l.*, a yearly expenditure which is considerably greater than was the annual cost of our so very expensive South African War. It seems very unlikely that the country can stand that drain on its resources for many more years without becoming bankrupt.

It may be objected that the foregoing views are unduly pessimistic; that unemployment is widespread, not only in Great Britain, but in other countries as well; and that the majority of our unemployed are out of work because they are unemployable, and have mostly been brought down by drink. Let us deal with these objections one by one.

As regards the objection that employment is bad not only in Great Britain but in other countries as well, I would give the following dry figures, which should prove more convincing than the most emphatic assertion :

PERCENTAGE OF UNEMPLOYED IN 1904.

—	January	April	July	October
	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.
British Trades Unions .	6·6	6·0	6·1	6·8
German Trades Unions .	1·9	2·1	2·1	2·2

The foregoing figures, which are taken from the English and German Government statistics, show that unemployment was during 1904 more than three times greater in this country than it was in Germany. However, as the accuracy of these statistics, as of all statistics, may be called into question by statisticians and economists desirous of proving the contrary, I would give the following extract from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of the 11th of November, 1905 :

In October 1904 the unfavourable position of the coal-mining and the iron industries affected the German labour market unfavourably, and business in the textile industries also was not satisfactory, so that it was feared that some towns would suffer from lack of employment. These unfavourable symptoms have disappeared in the course of the present year. Whilst last year there were

180.9 applicants for every 100 situations vacant, there were in 1905 only 112.2 applicants for every 100 situations vacant. . . . In the iron and steel industries the number of men employed has during the year increased from month to month, and the autumn has brought orders which assure that the demand for labour will continue to be brisk. In the centres of the machine-making industries business is very active, and the small-iron industry has rarely been so fully occupied as during the present October. The building trade also is very busy. Business in the textile trades has also increased. . . . The increase of business, especially in the harbours, could be seen by the strong demand for labour, and on many days not enough men could be found for doing the work at the Port of Hamburg.

These facts and figures are based on the most comprehensive labour statistics relating to practically the whole of Germany, and the fact that the leading business paper of Germany reprinted them assures their accuracy.

A very good indication of the state of the German labour market is given by the sale of stamps under the Workmen's Insurance Act, for every workman has to insure himself in proportion to the wages he earns. During the autumn quarter of 1903 the sale of these stamps brought 33,611,000 marks; during the same period of 1904 it brought 35,241,000 marks; and during the autumn quarter of the present year it brought 38,013,000 marks. From these figures it seems that employment in Germany is at present almost exactly 20 per cent. better than it was two years ago.

The foregoing facts and figures prove absolutely that German labour is very fully employed, and exceedingly prosperous at the very time when the distress among our own unemployed is almost unparalleled. No noticeable unemployment exists at present in Germany.

In the United States, also, business is reported to be exceedingly good and labour to be fully employed; but, as the conditions in the United States and in this country greatly differ, it would perhaps not be quite fair to institute a comparison. On the other hand, it should be borne in mind that the natural resources of Germany are so much inferior to those possessed by this country, that employment ought to be far better in Great Britain than in Germany.

Now let us examine the often-heard assertion that our unemployed are out of work because they are lazy and drunken.

There are no doubt loafers and drunkards among our unemployed, and especially among those who dress themselves up as 'genuine unemployed,' and who are more in evidence than the real unemployed. However, drunkenness among the poor, and therefore also among the unemployed poor, is far smaller than is generally believed. Of 2,400 cases of poverty which Mr. Charles Booth investigated some years ago, 55 per cent. were due to lack of employment, 27 per cent. to unfavourable circumstances, such as disease, and only 14 per cent. were due to thriftlessness, whilst 4 per cent. were loafers. Of

1,600 cases of very great poverty examined by Mr. Booth, 68 per cent. were due to lack of employment, 19 per cent. to questions of circumstances, and only 13 per cent. to drink and thriftlessness. If among the poor 55 per cent., and among the very poor 68 per cent. were destitute owing to lack of work, whilst on an average only about 15 per cent. were impoverished owing to drunkenness and laziness, drunkenness and laziness can hardly be greater, but ought to be very much smaller, than 15 per cent. among our unemployed workmen. Besides, the drunkenness which is found among the unemployed is chiefly of the kind of which, as Mr. Rowntree truly remarks in his book on the Temperance problem, 'a not inconsiderable proportion must be the effect rather than the cause of poverty.' One of the greatest American authorities on the Temperance question, Miss Willard, President of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is of a similar opinion. She declared, in June 1895, in London: 'Twenty-one years of study and observation have convinced me that poverty is a prime cause of intemperance'; and that is the opinion which is held by most people who frequently come into contact with those whose employment is irregular, and who find themselves occasionally out of work.

That poverty and lack of employment rather leads to drink than drink to lack of employment and poverty, may be seen from the fact that very little drunkenness is found among those classes where employment is assured, whilst drunkenness is greatest among those classes where employment is most fluctuating and most uncertain. Among the workers at the Post Office, the railways, and other public services, drunkenness is almost unknown; among the agricultural population there are hardly two prosecutions in 1,000 for drunkenness; whilst cases of drunkenness are from four to six times, and prosecutions also from four to six times more frequent, in the seaports, in the mining districts, and in London, where unemployment is very frequent, as may be seen from our criminal statistics.

The impression that the majority of our unemployed are able and willing workers is distinctly supported by our emigration statistics. Every year between 200,000 and 300,000 people, who mostly belong, or at one time belonged, to the unemployed population, leave this country, and they seem to do exceedingly well in the United States, in Canada and other British colonies. If they were able to find work and to make a living in Great Britain, they would hardly leave the country in such enormous numbers, and run the risk of being stranded in a strange land. The fact that these hundreds of thousands leave the country and find profitable employment abroad proves that a very large proportion of the unemployed, who furnish the greatest part of our emigrants, are not idlers and loafers, but that they are able and that they are anxious to work.

The fact that, year in and year out, almost 5 per cent. of our trades union workers and almost 10 per cent. of the unorganised workers are permanently out of employment, naturally has a very depressing effect upon the wages of the employed workers, for unemployed workers who are brought face to face with starvation cannot hold out for adequate wages, and they beat down one another in their desperate anxiety to obtain work. Therefore we find that the general level of our wages falls when unemployment increases, whilst our wages are always kept at an unduly low level because of the constant presence of an enormous number of unemployed in the midst of the workers. From the table given in the beginning of this article it appears that between 1900 and 1904 unemployment among the trades unionists increased from 2.9 per cent. to 6.5 per cent., and during the same time British general wages have retroceded, as may be seen from the figures published by the Labour Department of our Board of Trade. During the same period, when wages have very materially fallen in this country, the wages paid in the United States and in Germany have risen by leaps and bounds, as official figures show.

From the table relating to unemployment among trades unionists which has been given at the beginning of this article it appears that acute unemployment, even among the aristocracy of our workers, is unfortunately not transitory, but permanent in this country, and this is the chief reason why, as Mr. Booth and Mr. Rowntree have abundantly proved, 'the wages paid for unskilled labour are insufficient to provide food, shelter, and clothing adequate to maintain a family of moderate size in a state of bare physical efficiency.' It is true that among the aristocracy of our labour—the trades unionists—wages of from 35s. to 45s. per week may be met with, but such wages are paid only to a very small minority of our working population. A careful investigation of wages all over York, made by Mr. Rowntree, proved that the average earnings per working-class family amounted to 32s. 8½d. per week, this sum 'including the total earnings of the family who are living at home, with grown-up sons and daughters, and including the income derived from lodgers.' The average wage for a labourer in York was found to be from 18s. to 21s. per week, which sum, according to Mr. Rowntree, 'is insufficient to provide food as generous as that allowed to able-bodied paupers in the York 'Workhouse.' From the searching investigations of Mr. Rowntree and Mr. Booth it appears that the earnings of the whole of our working men all over Great Britain amount on an average to from 25s. to 27s. per week, a sum which is totally insufficient to provide for the workers' most elementary needs; and it seems clear and beyond all contradiction that the bulk of British wage-earners are nourished worse than paupers. According to Hobson, 46 per cent. of the working men in certain districts earn so little that they have to spend from one-quarter to one-half of their earnings upon their lodgings.

Some years ago the great Free-Trader, Professor Rogers, wrote :

It may be well the case, and there is every reason to fear it is the case, that there is collected a population in our great towns whose condition is more destitute, whose homes are more squalid, whose means are more uncertain, whose prospects are more hopeless than those of the poorest serfs of the Middle Ages and the meanest drudges of the mediæval cities.

Unfortunately, the condition of our working population has, owing to the increased force of unemployment, very little, if at all, improved since these words were written; and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman did a great public service when, on the 5th of June, 1903, he declared :

Thanks to the patience and accurate scientific investigations of Mr. Rowntree and Mr. Charles Booth, we know that there is about 30 per cent. of our population underfed, on the verge of hunger. Thirty per cent. of 41,000,000 comes to something over 12,000,000. . . . About 30 per cent. of the population is living in the grip of perpetual poverty.

These facts, unfortunately, cannot be denied; and it follows that our working population, far from being prosperous and happy, is, owing to the uncertainty and the insufficiency of employment, and owing to consequent low wages, ill housed, insufficiently clad, and ill nourished.

That a population of which 30 per cent. lives 'in the grip of perpetual poverty' physically deteriorates, that it begets fewer and fewer children from year to year, and that it tries to drown its misery in drink, is only natural. The continuance of this fearful state of affairs means national suicide. The glaring physical deterioration of the population, which is due to underfeeding; the terrible decline of our birth-rate, which is due to the great poverty of the working masses; and the prevalence of drunkenness and unthriftiness among the miserable poor, are directly traceable to the insufficient, uncertain, and ill-paid employment of our working population. That our prosperity and our poverty affect our birth-rate, may easily be seen from the fact that in years of prosperity our population rapidly increases, whilst during bad years the birth-rate falls off. Between 1821 and 1871, when Great Britain had almost the world's monopoly in manufacturing, and when this country was very prosperous, the population of Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, increased by almost 100 per cent.; whilst that of Germany, which then was a poor country, increased by but 50 per cent. Now industrial prosperity has left Great Britain for Germany, whereto it has been attracted by the German protective tariffs, and the position of the two countries has been reversed as regards the increase of their population. The German population increases now 50 per cent. more rapidly than does our own. Great Britain, after having had the highest birth-rate in Europe, is rapidly drifting towards the lowest; and this country, after

having had the first rank, occupies now only the sixth rank among European nations with regard to the percentual yearly increase of population, being now only equal to that of Spain.

How wretchedly poor, in consequence of their insufficient wages and the instability of their employment, British wage-earners are if compared with American and German workers is clear to all who know the United States and Germany. In order to show beyond any doubt that the German workmen—who are supposed to receive smaller wages than English workers and to live on food quite unfit to be touched by a respectable English artisan—are exceedingly prosperous, I give the following figures :

	English Savings Banks Deposits	German Savings Banks Deposits
	£	£
1901	192,359,302	477,606,350
1902	197,110,169	515,665,750
Increase	£4,750,867	£38,059,400

The foregoing table shows that the deposits in the German savings banks are almost three times larger than are those in the British savings banks, and that the German deposits increased eight times more rapidly during the last year for which the German figures are available than did the British deposits. Besides their funds in the savings banks, the German working men have truly enormous amounts invested in co-operative societies, building societies, house property, &c. During 1902 the German workers received from the State insurance societies 20,762,310*l.* by way of compensation. These few figures prove that, notwithstanding loud assertions to the contrary which are based on insufficient knowledge, German workers are exceedingly well off and far more prosperous than are our own. Therefore physical deterioration is absolutely unknown in Germany, and the population of Germany increases at present by almost 1,000,000 per annum, whilst our population barely grows at the rate of 400,000 per year.

I shall now give two tables which most clearly and most forcibly show the effect of unemployment upon the strength, the happiness, and the prosperity of this country :

	Percentage of Unemploy- ment in Trades Unions	Number of British Emigrants	Marriage Rate per Thousand of Population	Birth Rate per Thousand of Population	Able-bodied Paupers	Number of Criminal Offenders con- victed at Assizes
	%					
1900	2.9	168,825	15.1	28.2	109,448	8,157
1901	3.8	171,715	15.1	28	108,183	8,840
1902	4.4	205,662	15.1	28	114,408	9,352
1903	5.1	259,950	14.9	27.9	120,677	9,882
1904	6.5	271,435	14.6	27.6	127,996	10,238

	BEER. Quantity re- tained for Consumption	SPIRITS. Quantity re- tained for Consumption	WINE. Quantity re- tained for Consumption	BRANDY. Quantity re- tained for Consumption	RTM. Quantity re- tained for Consumption
	Barrels	Proof Gallons	Gallons	Proof Gallons	Proof Gallons
1899-1900	36,578,156	38,716,733	17,146,897	2,885,623	4,770,748
1900-1901	35,993,246	36,703,728	15,088,155	2,572,031	4,329,216
1901-1902	35,389,160	33,749,231	14,865,330	2,310,665	4,083,414
1902-1903	35,369,719	34,765,135	15,399,407	2,321,070	4,116,658
1903-1904	34,738,637	34,103,111	13,442,052	2,195,053	4,138,625
1904-1905	33,810,124	33,157,941	11,912,833	2,168,829	3,905,103

The foregoing tables show that the increase of unemployment has caused a corresponding increase in the number of emigrants, that it has led to a corresponding decrease in the birth-rate, and even to a corresponding decrease in the marriage-rate. People are not only too poor to bring up children, they are even getting too poor to marry. The growth of unemployment has led to a corresponding increase in the number of paupers, who have increased above 1,000,000, and it has caused the army of our able-bodied paupers to grow by almost 20 per cent. Through the growth of unemployment the number of vagrants has risen from 9,723 in 1900 to 15,277 in 1904, or has almost doubled; whilst crime, through the same cause, has increased at an alarming rate. The astonishing falling off in the consumption of wine, beer, and spirits shows that not only are the masses being impoverished by lack of employment, but that the moneyed classes also are rapidly being impoverished. As the Board of Customs tells us, not for forty years has so small a quantity of wine been consumed in this country, although our population has enormously increased during the last four decades.

The fact that the means of our moneyed classes, our national capital, are rapidly ebbing away is borne out by numerous phenomena and statistics which would lead too far to set forth in this article. Whilst the burden of existence borne by rich and poor producers is becoming more and more heavy, taxation for supporting the unemployed, for creating artificial work for them, and for supporting the growing number of paupers is rapidly increasing the already intolerable load which is crushing and crippling the productive power of this country.

The foregoing facts and figures should suffice to show that the unemployed population numbers millions, that the lack of employment among the *bonâ-fide* able-bodied workers is ruining the country, and that lack of employment is driving Great Britain towards national decay and financial bankruptcy, and her population in rapidly increasing numbers into the workhouses and prisons or out of the country. The strongest leave our shores for countries where employment can be found, and this country is gradually becoming the workhouse of the British Empire. Whilst Great Britain has in

five years sent more than 1,000,000 people out of the country for lack of work and consequent lack of food, immigration is actually greater in Germany than is emigration.

The cause of the economic decay of the country, and of the physical decay of its population consequent upon lack of employment, is not far to seek, and it is clearly apparent from the following figures :

PERSONS EMPLOYED IN THE CHIEF INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

Productive Employments

—	Agriculture	Fishing	Textile Fabrics	Metals, Machines, Imple- ments, and Conveyances
1891	2,420,926	65,642	1,519,861	1,145,386
1901	2,262,454	61,925	1,462,001	1,475,410

Non-productive Industries

—	Food, Tobacco, Drink, and Lodging	Conveyance of Men, Goods, and Messages	Commercial Occupations
1891	1,113,441	1,194,691	504,143
1901	1,301,076	1,497,629	712,465

The foregoing figures show that during a decade, when our population has increased by 10 per cent., the number of workers employed in some of our most important productive industries has very seriously declined. It is true that at the same time employment in our non-productive industries has greatly increased, but the capability of our non-productive industries to give employment to additional hands appears to be exhausted. After all, Great Britain can as little make a living out of her non-productive industries and by carting about and retailing other people's goods as the inhabitants of an island in the South Seas can subsist on taking in one another's washing.

Up to the 'seventies Great Britain was the workshop of the world ; and a few decades ago, when our industrial supremacy was still unchallenged and seemed to be unchallengeable, Mr. Cobden prophesied : ' England is, and ever will be, the workshop of the world.' Unfortunately, that prophecy has not been fulfilled. Not only has Great Britain ceased to be the workshop of the world, she has even ceased to be her own workshop. Foreign Governments, not satisfied with having damaged our export business by closing their countries to our goods, have ruined our home markets also, and the British manufacturer, being hard pressed at home and abroad, has to reduce his staff. Thus foreign countries are creating the unemployed in our midst, they are expelling the population from this country in millions, and are filling our workhouses and prisons with men who might have been respectable citizens, wage-earners, and taxpayers, and who might never have fallen so low had there been sufficient employment.

Napoleon the First closed the Continent to our wares in time of war by his continental system ; but not a continental—a universal system of prohibition has closed now almost the whole world against our manufactures, and foreign nations not only have surrounded their countries with a high wall to shut us out, but break every day into our open garden and devastate it with impunity, since all protection has been withdrawn from the producer, and since politicians callously look on whilst industry after industry is being destroyed, and whilst million after million of our citizens have to leave our shores in order to find work abroad.

We have free imports, and theoretically, but not by any means in reality, is living cheap in this country. However, if the loaf is ever so cheap, the working man will be unable to buy it unless he can sell his labour. Manufacturers produce not from philanthropy, but in order to sell their goods ; and if they cannot do so, they cannot give employment to their men.

Free Trade, we have been taught, benefits the consumer, and to a limited extent that is perfectly true. Rich men who live on their income, who produce nothing, and who have nothing to sell, are consumers pure and simple, and they are only interested in buying cheaply ; but the workers who live on their labour cannot ‘consume’ their meal unless they have previously ‘produced’ some work.

The English consumers, rich and poor, give out the work, but the work which might set Englishmen working is unfortunately given, in many cases, to the foreign producers. By this system—which no doubt is very scientific, which philosophically is perfect, and which theoretically is exceedingly beautiful—the consumers of this country set to work millions of foreign workmen, and thus withdraw work from this country and impoverish it in the same way in which certain absentee landlords impoverish Ireland. Our action is similar to that of a large landed proprietor in the country who orders from town everything that he requires on his estate for his numerous servants and horses, and who wonders why the village shops decay. Whilst Englishmen are starving from lack of work, the work which they might do is given by the British consumer to foreign workmen in the name of political economy. If I buy a French motor-car for 500*l.*, I give work to French labour ; and out of this 500*l.*, between 300*l.* and 400*l.*, if, not more, will be distributed to French workers in the shape of wages. If an import tariff would shut out the French motor-car, 300*l.* or 400*l.* would go to English working men, who are told that Free Trade is a blessing for them because it benefits the consumer.

The decay of our agriculture has, during the last thirty years, caused a loss of national capital which Mr. Palgrave estimates at the appalling amount of 1,700,000,000*l.*, a sum which is twice larger than our entire National Debt. When, through Free Trade, agriculture became unproductive, agricultural workers were discharged by the

hundred thousand, exactly as now industrial workers are being discharged. The complaints of the unemployed agricultural labourers and of the farmers were met with the explanation that other nations could produce wheat, meat, &c., cheaper than we could, whilst we could produce more cheaply manufactured goods; that Great Britain was meant to be the workshop of the world, and that it would be good business if the foreigner should send us cheap food in exchange for our manufactured articles. Now the foreigner has taken to supply us not only with cheap food, but with cheap clothes and cheap furniture as well; and what do we give him in exchange, for all imports have to be paid for? Our national capital.

Great Britain used to be by far the richest nation in the world, and her enormous wealth, invested in new countries, rapidly increased *pari passu* with the progress of those countries. A vast portion of that invested wealth has undoubtedly been used to pay for the huge excess of foreign imports over exports, and this is the reason why our national capital is shrinking, and why Great Britain, far from being the banker of the world as she used to be, has now to borrow in Paris, New York, and Berlin, when she requires money for floating a Government loan, or for some large industrial enterprise. In 1630, more than 250 years ago, a wise English merchant, Mr. Thomas Munn, wrote an essay entitled *Treasure by Forraign Trade or the Ballance of our Forraign Trade is the Rule of our Treasure*, and in that curious treatise we read:

The commonwealth shall decline and grow poor by a disorder in the people when through pride and other causes they do consume more forraign wares in value than the wealth of the Kingdom can satisfy and pay by the exportation of our own commodities which is the very quality of an unthrift who spends beyond his means.

Mr. Munn was only a plain business man, not a political economist, and consequently his writings are treated with contempt by the gentlemen who argue on plain matters of business in philosophical abstractions and in abstruse expressions; but his prophecy has unfortunately come only too true. Neither an individual nor a nation can live upon other people's work, as our political economists tell us this country does. Those who tell us that this country grows rich on 'foreign tribute' talk nonsense. If we wish to bring back strength, prosperity, and happiness to Great Britain, we must first of all endeavour to create sufficient productive employment for the nation, and this we can easily do by shutting out all foreign goods which can be produced by British labour, and by forcing foreign nations to open their markets again to our manufactures by retaliating if they shut out our trade.

We are told that it is the fault of our own manufacturers and workmen if they cannot successfully compete with foreign industries in this country; but this assertion is untrue.

If our workmen are willing to accept free and unlimited competition, they must also be prepared to accept the lowest wages paid abroad. This our workmen, and especially our organised workmen, refuse to do, and they are right. As the living expenses of the working man in this country are, for climatic and other reasons, considerably higher than in many other countries—Germany for instance—British workers can compete on equal terms with German labour only by accepting starvation wages, supposing international competition to be not only free but also strictly fair. However, competition between British and foreign labour, though free, is not by any means strictly fair, because our workers have with their produce largely to compete with foreign surplus produce which can be sold at a loss in this country and yet with benefit to the foreign manufacturer.

As our political economists have not yet discovered that it is sometimes exceedingly profitable to sell goods at a loss, especially if they can be sold in the market of a competitor, I will give a homely illustration of this seeming paradox which will show the logic of such transactions. Every shopkeeper buys more stock than he can sell, because he does not want to be out of stock when customers come to his shop. His surplus stock he periodically sells 'at an alarming sacrifice,' under cost price. He does so cheerfully, and he finds it profitable to sell part of his stock at a loss because he wants to turn over his capital. If all our West-end shopkeepers should combine to sell all their surplus stock at one certain spot, say at Hammersmith, they would easily be able to ruin nearly all the Hammersmith shopkeepers, and they could establish branch shops of their own in Hammersmith after thus having eliminated their competitors. This is the process which is going on continually in this country owing to unrestricted foreign competition, and thus, through Free Trade, our factories and workmen are being eliminated.

The manufacturers in various foreign countries—and especially in Germany, where they are united in powerful and well-organised combinations—agree to sell their goods only at a certain price which leaves them an ample profit in their own country. In course of time large surplus stocks accumulate, and these the manufacturers have to sell, even, if necessary, at a loss, because they must turn over their money. Very sensibly they prefer spoiling our market in selling at a loss to spoiling their own, and all nations favour Great Britain with dumping their surplus stock because we invite all to unload their surplus stock in this country by our Free Trade system. For this reason enormous quantities of foreign goods coming from all industrial countries are sold here all the year round at a loss; and as the British manufacturer cannot possibly furnish the same goods under cost price in the ordinary course of business, he has to dismiss his men, who join the unemployed, whilst those who have money rejoice at the cheapness of things. If our manufacturers complain

that the foreigner is ruining them, and if their men are starving because they cannot find employment, our Free-Traders, who mostly belong to the 'consumer' class, will comfort our ruined citizens with an economic conundrum, and praise Free Trade because it "benefits the consumer" and makes goods cheap. Besides, the Free-Trader will loftily tell our manufacturers that they do not understand their business if they are unable to compete with foreign manufacturers, and he will say of their workmen that they are out of employment because they are incompetent, lazy, and drunken. The tender mercies of the Free-Traders are cruel.

The first effect of Free Trade was that in the course of a few decades it created several millions of unemployed workers in our agricultural districts, especially in Ireland. As then our manufacturing industries were flourishing, part of the discharged agricultural workers found occupation in the towns, whilst several millions of these men had to leave the country in order to find work in foreign lands where industries are protected. At present Free Trade is destroying our manufacturing industries as well, and the exodus of our population from the land of Free Trade to protected countries is becoming greater and greater from year to year. The Moloch of Free Trade, after having swallowed up our country population and our agricultural wealth, is now swallowing up our town population and our industrial and invested wealth as well.

Great Britain has the best coal in the world, she has countless excellent harbours on every part of her coast, she has the best workmen in the world, and our industrial towns are situated so near to the sea that we can manufacture almost on board ship. Coal, iron, harbour, and manufacturing towns, situated closely together, give to this country an enormous natural advantage over all its competitors, the United States included. Germany, on the other hand, has inferior coal, she has but one good harbour, her workmen, though diligent and steady, are slow and rather clumsy, and, last but not least, her great manufacturing centres lie from 200 to 400 miles inland. Besides, Germany is hampered by militarism, and her industries are handicapped to some extent by compulsory workmen's insurance. Notwithstanding all these great disadvantages under which they labour, the German industries, which are carried on almost in the centre of the Continent, are exceedingly prosperous, whilst ours on the sea-border are decaying; we have permanently almost a million unemployed in the country, whilst Germany has hardly any unemployed; we have to send every year several hundred thousand people abroad, whilst in Germany immigration is greater than emigration.

Why is Germany prosperous notwithstanding her inferior industrial resources, when at the same time Great Britain with her incomparable resources is rapidly impoverishing? The reason is a simple one. Germany carefully protects her industries, whilst Great Britain has

abandoned them, and coldly looks on whilst foreign nations destroy one by one the sources of her wealth ; Germany carefully nurses and develops her national domain, whilst we believe that it is the height of political wisdom to neglect ours and to let it go to seed ; Germany's economic policy is directed by experienced business men, whilst ours is misdirected by doctrinaires who have learned by rote from a text-book, which has been written by a professor, some unproved economic theories which are bombastically called 'economic laws,' and they disdain to consider economic facts which are not mentioned in the text-book. Unemployment, the decay of our national physique, and many other evils which have sprung from unemployment, have but one cause—Free Trade. In the words of Bismarck, the body politic suffers from Bright's disease.

Various remedies have been proposed for relieving the unemployed. Some propose that the unemployed should be occupied in this country by creating work for them, others recommend that the unemployed should be shipped out of the country. Both proposals are impracticable. The country is not rich enough to give adequate relief to the unemployed. They cannot be settled on the land because they would not know how to work the land ; and if they were taught to work the land, they would be ruined by Free Trade exactly as French and German peasants would be ruined if American agricultural produce was freely imported into those countries. We can also not ship our unemployed out of the country, because no foreign country is willing to receive a few millions of the unemployed with their families. We may help several thousand of the unemployed, and we may send several thousand to the Colonies ; but the bulk of the unemployed will remain with us, a living and terrible reproach to this country and to those who are the champions of our present economic policy, until Protection revives and recreates our industries and enables them again to expand and to employ more workers.

What the politician has spoiled, the politician must again set right. Protection must come, and will come. Meanwhile, we should do all in our power to help those unfortunate men who, in most cases through no fault of their own, have been impoverished and who are suffering especially during this severe winter. Let us also not forget that those suffer most who suffer in silence. Her Majesty the Queen has shown us the way of practical charity. Let us follow her example and help the unemployed according to our means.

O. ELTZBACHER.

CONTINENTAL LIGHT
ON THE 'UNEMPLOYED' PROBLEM

THE fundamental principles of our English Poor-law—first, that every man, woman, and child in the land has, in the last resort, a right to maintenance at the hands of the community, but, secondly, that this right is subject to the condition, so far as able-bodied persons are concerned, that they must earn that maintenance by work—are eminently merciful and just. Those charged with the administration of the law are for the most part able, zealous, and kind-hearted; and the public supplies the means, if not quite ungrudgingly, at all events unsparingly. Yet it is beyond question that, either in the law itself or in the method of its administration, or both, there is something that is not only capable of amendment but that urgently demands it. Our streets swarm with sturdy beggars, our highways with vagrants devoured by vermin but otherwise able-bodied, and the death of some aged respectable man or woman from starvation, voluntarily suffered as preferable to entering the workhouse, is an incident too familiar to excite more than a passing pang of regret and shame. Manifestly there is something at fault.

There are on the Continent countries where social conditions are not greatly dissimilar to our own, and where perhaps the principle is better understood than with us that at times the liberty of the individual must give way for the good of all. During the summer of 1905 I paid visits to certain institutions in Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Denmark for the reception of various classes of persons who in England would be dealt with under the Poor-law, and from them and from my own experience in daily contact with voluntary institutions of a similar character I venture to draw a few conclusions. These conclusions I offer, not as a cut-and-dried solution of Poor-law difficulties, but as suggestions which seem to me not undeserving of attention.

There should, first and principally, be a far more minute classification of various classes of paupers, and an end should be made of the system of herding together within the walls of one institution numbers of persons of all sorts of character. This classification

should be carried out uniformly throughout the country, and separate buildings should be used for the different classes. Under the present system no such classification is possible, and I therefore advocate the transfer of all Poor-law institutions to a permanent Poor-law Commission under the Local Government Board, in the same way as local prisons were many years ago transferred to a Prison Commission under the Home Office. The transfer would no doubt run strongly contrary to local sentiment, as it did in the case of the prisons, and many delicate adjustments would be needed to insure equitable settlement of rights and liabilities as between localities and the central authority; but these would not be insuperable difficulties, and the change would in time be as beneficial as it has proved to be in the case of prisons.

The existing Unions should be dissolved and the country parcelled out afresh into Poor-law districts of such size that each should contain a number of workhouses sufficient to meet the needs of each class of paupers. The County of London and other populous counties might each constitute one district, and in the case of smaller counties grouping would be necessary. From this it would seem to follow that a committee of the County Council, or a joint committee of the councils of the counties forming a district, would be the most suitable body to be charged with the local administration of the law, though I should advocate a very real and effective control by the central authority in order to ensure uniformity of administration. Such of the Boards of Guardians as have duties of local government to perform would continue to discharge those duties, and the other boards should be dissolved, the services of their best members being retained by co-optation by the new committees. Salaried Poor-law officers would be taken over by the committees, as far as possible, so as to obtain the benefit of their experience and to limit the outlay needful for compensation. The proposed consolidation could not fail to result in a very large economy in establishment charges, an economy which would increase year by year as existing interests fell in and the benefits to arise from the new system began to make themselves felt.

No doubt these proposals would excite strong opposition on the part of existing authorities, and it is only natural that men should dislike to see duties withdrawn from them which they are conscious of having performed with zeal and not without success. As a measure of conciliation, therefore, not less than of justice, the cost of administering the amended law should be borne in equal shares by the Exchequer and the counties. Rich districts would thus assist, as in fairness they should do, in bearing the burdens of poorer ones, and the inequalities of rating would be put an end to. The principle (surely a true one) would be recognised that pauperism in all its

many branches is a question affecting the nation at large and not particular localities only.

Having thus obtained the districts, the various Poor-law institutions should be distributed in such a way that in each district there shall be a separate building or buildings to satisfy the needs of each of the following classes. In certain of the classes I append by way of illustration the name of an institution on the Continent which offers features worthy of imitation.

Class A. For the aged poor of spotless character (Alderdomshjem, Copenhagen).

Class B. For receiving and classifying cases. Small buildings for the temporary reception of all classes of paupers pending their classification.

Class C. For the old and feeble, not qualified for Class A (Almendelig, Copenhagen).

Class D. For able-bodied unemployed, willing to work (St. Johnner Stiftelse, Copenhagen).

Class E. For able-bodied loafers, vagrants, thieves, and the whole fraternity of those whose sole desire it is to live in idleness and comfort at the cost of others (Merxplas, Belgium).

Class F. For beggars, drunkards, and other feeble persons of bad character, unfit for hard work (Veenhuizen, Holland).

Class G. Infirmaries for the sick. I am acquainted with no Continental model that can approach our own Poor-law infirmaries.

It will be seen that, apart from temporary receiving-houses and infirmaries, I advocate five classes of institutions for every district, and that for three out of the five Denmark furnishes an illustration.

The aged poor of spotless character (Class A in the above classification) do not, strictly speaking, come within the Poor-law at all in Denmark. They are State pensioners, and their position is no more dishonourable, and involves no more loss of civil rights, than in the case of one who receives a Service pension in this country. Some of the pensioners live in their homes, others in special public institutions. The Alderdomshjem, the place where the aged pensioners of Copenhagen are housed, is a delightful haven for these old people after the storms of life. Some 500 dwell there, the married couples in separate quarters of their own, and the single in common, the men having separate smoking-rooms and the women sitting-rooms. The inmates are entirely their own masters, and go in and out at pleasure. The food is plentiful and appetising, and it is even prepared in a separate establishment, in order to save the old folks from the annoyance of odours of cooking. They are waited upon by paupers of an inferior class, and a theatre, brass bands, choral societies, and magic lanterns cheer their lives. In brief their position is an

honourable and happy one, in strong contrast with that of our aged respectable poor at home, confined in the workhouse with the dregs and refuse of society, or having doled out a scanty allowance insufficient to support a decent existence and carrying with it the taint of pauperism and the loss of independence and the rights of a citizen. Common justice and humanity demand the provision of old-age pensions in this country in some form or other, immediately and urgently. It must, however, be made perfectly clear that such pensions are only for such as have deserved well of the State. Mere age and inability to work are insufficient to give any title to honourable support, and the idea of a life of idleness, drunkenness, and improvidence crowned by an old age spent in happy ease at the public cost is preposterous and destructive of the idea of social responsibility. To be frank, I do not think that any such system can be administered in England by a popularly elected body. The temptation to seek the favour of the electorate by promising pensions to fit and unfit alike is one which it would be inadvisable to put in the way of candidates for election.

The old-age pensioners in Denmark are the aristocracy of the poor. For the old age of those who miss entering the circle—those that have once been convicted of crime, or whose poverty is due to drunkenness, vice, idleness, or improvidence—provision is made in Denmark by another class of institution (Class C in my classification), represented in Copenhagen by the Almendelig. This place is neither workhouse, almshouse, prison nor reformatory, but rather an 'hospital' in the old sense of the word, where the aged who have not passed through life without stain may spend their last days in comparative comfort. Amongst them are certain of the better class of able-bodied failures, who come here hoping to get a fresh start by industry. All the inmates are expected to work according to their powers, and they receive moderate pay, partly (3*d.* a week) in cash and the remainder being placed towards the cost of maintenance, which works out at 7*s.* per head per week, including the sick and infirm. To those who are unable to work the 3*d.* a week is paid as a gift. Most of the inmates remain in the institution for the rest of their lives. They lose the franchise, and are subject to certain restraints on their liberty, such as going out at certain times only. Married couples are permitted to live together.

The institution known as the St. Johnner Stiftelse, which I have chosen to illustrate Class D, corresponds more nearly to our idea of a workhouse than the other institutions. It has from 300 to 600 inmates, according to the season—men, women, and children. It has a special department, separated from the others, for youthful offenders and children ill treated by their parents. This class of workhouse is regarded as a temporary provision only, the average stay being three months, although the older inmates remain for an indefinite

time, until they either die or are promoted to the Almendelig. The able-bodied inmates are paid, and are graded in three classes, which are kept separate both at work and in the living-rooms and dormitories. The first two classes receive privileges not given to the third, and the pay increases according to the class. Each man begins in the third class and must work his way up. As soon as he has saved a sum equivalent to 7*s.* 9*d.* he must leave and endeavour to find work outside. If within six weeks he has not saved this amount, or fails to get into the second class, he is sent to the Ladegaard or penal workhouse, whence he must work his way up again. The most remarkable contrast to the English system is the fact that every man works at his own trade; that at which he is most capable of producing value. The community reaps the benefit of the system of putting a man to the work for which he is most fit, and paying him for it according to results, instead of the English plan of keeping men at a dead level of unremunerative and heart-breaking labour. Most of the building, repairs and other structural work is done by the inmates, and practically all the household work of the institution. This, and the system of employing men at remunerative work, largely account for the low cost at which the place is worked. The wages range from 3*d.* to 13*d.* a day, and the value of the work in excess of the wages is applied in relief of the rates. The men are allowed a few hours' absence at any time to go in search of work, precautions being taken against this liberty being used as a cloak for loafing and drinking.

Turning from Denmark to Belgium, the celebrated colony of Merxplas, near Antwerp, may well serve as a model for houses classed E in my proposed classification, although it is an example that requires to be followed with caution. It has many faults, chief amongst which are its enormous size and its defective classification and separation of inmates. With all its faults it has the merit of clearing the streets and roads of beggars and tramps, and of carrying into practice the principle of making them work for their living. Not only in Belgium, but in other northern European countries, a tramp or a beggar is a rarity. The secret is that the law is enforced and public opinion supports the police in enforcing it. Without this the excellent system of Merxplas and similar institutions would be in vain. As long as public sympathy and alms are given to the individual tramp and beggar, so long will vagrancy and beggary exist and flourish, for in a free country the action of the police cannot go very far in advance of general public opinion and sentiment. The most powerful agent which could be employed to settle the question of vagrancy would be a statute making it a punishable offence, not to receive, but to give alms in money or kind to any able-bodied person soliciting or inviting gifts in any street or highway.

To return to Merxplas, it contains about 5,000 colonists, ranging from the blind, infirm, and incurable (who ought not to be placed in

such companionship at all) to criminals guilty of the vilest offences. The worst of the criminals are segregated in cells, but most of the inmates are allowed to mix freely, both at work and in the dormitories. The beggars, tramps, and petty thieves number close upon 3,000, and next come the blind and incurable—1,157—the number of other individual classes being small. It is for the marvellous skill in organisation shown by M. Stroobant, the director, that Merxplas is chiefly remarkable; not as an institution for effecting the reclamation of the inmates. The evil communications of so great a number of worthless and immoral men cannot fail to be most prejudicial to inmates in whom better instincts are not yet entirely dead. As an organisation, however, the place is perfect. By the work of its inmates it has been turned from a wilderness of sand into a place of fruitful and flourishing woodland; churches, schools, barracks, workshops have been built, and the colony grows and manufactures practically all that it consumes. The men are paid, the maximum being 3*d.* a day, and they are allowed to spend a portion in luxuries, or what they consider such, at the canteen, the balance being banked. The place is not walled and escapes are frequent, but those who escape invariably fall into the hands of the police again for begging and thieving. The total cost per man works out at 3*s.* 4*d.* a week. The cost for maintenance of a similar class in England is 16*s.* per week for each man, including interest on capital outlay. The secret of the low expenditure is the principle of making the inmates build their own buildings and grow their own food, and seeing that each man works for his food before he gets it. The excess of the cost over earnings is defrayed by the State, the Commune, and the municipality in equal shares.

Veenhuizen, the model for Class F, is a colony for beggars and drunkards, and is situated not far from Meppel in the north of Holland. It contains about 3,000 inmates, all of them of the class of 'unemployables,' weak in body and will, and unfitted by their vices, inherited or acquired, to take a place as wage-earners. In England they would be infesting the streets and roads, a terror and an eyesore, their frequent short interludes of prison and workhouse being useless for protection of the public or reformation of the individual. At Veenhuizen we found them working as hard as their feebleness would allow, acquiring strength of body and mind, habits of industry, and a knowledge of some useful trade. They are engaged in gardening, forestry, and agriculture, as well as in various manual trades, receiving a small wage. One could not fail to be struck with the fact that in these Continental institutions the inmates are producers of wealth as well as consumers. Not only do they earn a large share of their own maintenance, thus reducing the cost to a fraction of the expense of Poor-law administration in England, but by reclaiming waste land they are creating new wealth which may very possibly (though on this point I cannot pretend to speak with authority) cover the whole

cost of their living and repay the capital expenditure for land and buildings. Veenhuizen is divided into eighteen separate homesteads, each under the charge of a practical farmer. This is a great advance on the Merxplas system of one large establishment with enormous dormitories and dining-rooms.

I saw several other institutions during my visit to the Continent, such as Frederiksoord in Holland, where families from towns are placed out on small holdings of their own, and Lühlerheim and Schäferhof in Germany, refuges for drunkards and ex-criminals. All of them have characteristics from which much might be learned, and more particularly a characteristic common to them all, the possibility of a large reduction in the cost of administration by the adoption of remunerative labour and giving the inmate an interest in working well. At the same time, most or all of them have defects which should be avoided, as for instance their great size, rendering proper supervision and individual influence impossible. Urgently required also are small voluntary homes, similar to our Church Army Labour Homes, where inmates could be received after leaving the large public institutions, and where they could remain under good personal influence until they can find work outside.

The question of outdoor relief belongs to another branch of Poor-law administration, and in this respect Continental methods, except perhaps in Denmark, are either wanting altogether or inferior to ours. In Denmark the relieving officers have a very wide discretion, enabling them to give relief in the form in which it is most likely to be of service to the recipient. Outdoor relief is regarded not as a gift, but as a loan to be repaid if and whenever possible, and consequently its receipt is not visited with loss of civil rights, except that it debars the recipient from an old-age pension unless he can show that the relief was made necessary by misfortune and not by his own idleness or misconduct. In any case outdoor relief is considered as a purely temporary provision, and a person in continuous need of relief would be required to enter one of the public institutions.

To sum up very shortly, my suggestions are these :

(1) The proper classification of paupers, and the allotment of existing buildings in every district for each class.

(2) The employment of paupers at remunerative work, at their own trades if any, and particularly at farm and market-garden operations, land reclamation, and afforestation.

(3) The payment of wages to paupers on an increasing scale, so as to give them an inducement to improve their position.

(4) The rigid enforcement of existing laws, and if thought needful the enactment of more stringent laws, for the absolute repression of vagrancy and beggary.

To go into each of these proposals in detail would make this article far too long, and I must content myself with offering a few general

remarks by way of conclusion. On the question of classification I must add that to each of the institutions in Classes D, E, F, there should be attached, wherever possible, considerable areas of land, cultivated or waste. Hard labour in the open air is the best form of occupation for many of the cases which would come within these classes. The spectacle of fruitful fields and woods, where within a few years was nothing but barren sandhills and heaths, to be seen at several of the Continental institutions, is a very striking one. In England also there might be made an addition to the national wealth of incalculable amount, and it could be effected by the labour of men who now add nothing to it, but are, on the contrary, a perpetual drain on the resources of the community.

The outlay upon wages for the paupers would be fully justified by the increased efficiency which would be certain to result from giving men an interest in working well and to the utmost of their power. The wages should be small, ranging perhaps from 1*d.* to 3*d.* a day. The object is not to provide national workshops for all comers, but places of refuge and help to reinstate the failures, and the pay must therefore be of an amount entirely insufficient to attract the industrious workman from outside.

One virtue, if no other, attaches to these suggestions. They could be carried into effect without delay and without the imposition of any fresh charge upon the overburdened taxpayer and ratepayer. The buildings are already in existence and an ample staff. All that would be required is the redistribution of inmates and officers. In a comparatively short time the cost of administration would be very materially reduced by selecting the better class of inmates to fill the smaller offices as existing officers retire, and by the increased earning power of inmates. If these proposals should be thought to be too far-reaching for immediate adoption as a whole, that part dealing with vagrancy and beggary might well be carried into effect without delay. Only those whose duties bring them into close contact with the very poor know to what an extent these twin evils are eating into the lower strata of our social life and how they complicate social questions. To take only the familiar subject of 'the unemployed,' if the loafers and wastrels who have been wilfully unemployed so long that they have become unemployable could once be sifted from the industrious who would work if they had the chance, the area of this terrible question would be greatly narrowed, and those who have to deal with it could do so without the haunting dread that they are pouring water into a sieve and attacking a problem which is in fact insoluble. If there were a series of institutions such as Merxplas, but on a smaller scale, and could the police arrest every worthless vagabond and mendicant with the certainty that the magistrate would order his committal to one of these institutions for a term not of weeks or months but of years, it would not be long before our

country was free from the shame and danger of the existence of this large class of parasites.

What I have ventured to suggest is capable of improvement on the part of those who possess specialised knowledge, but I think it is on right lines. If a reform on these lines could be carried into effect the probable result would be to add to the happiness of the deserving poor, to render more easy and effectual the task of reclaiming the idle and worthless, and to promote the welfare of the kingdom at large.

WILSON CARLILE.

IMPERIAL ORGANISATION AND CANADIAN OPINION

THE inquiry which forms the subject of this paper was undertaken in the following circumstances. For between two and three years an informal committee of persons agreed in desiring the better organisation of the British Empire, but otherwise representing all schools of political and economic thought, has been considering in London what means are practicable for attaining that end without any violent change in our constitutional methods, without contentious legislation, and without proposing anything obviously or probably unacceptable to the self-governing Colonies. That committee started without any collective opinion beyond what is necessarily involved in the acceptance of these conditions, and even these were never formulated. Gradually the comparison of many men's thoughts in the light of a wide range of information and experience, carried on in the freedom of private confidence, produced a positive convergence in certain directions. The committee did me the honour of putting in my hands the task of stating the results from time to time and making them public. Last April a paper embodying our provisional conclusions in my own language was read by me at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, and favourably received at the time by several specially qualified persons. The gentlemen who have thus worked together include distinguished representatives of Canada and New Zealand, besides men who have officially and unofficially seen a great deal of the affairs of every part of the Empire; and, with the aid of Mr. Pitt Kennedy, our able and zealous honorary secretary, we had the use of many valuable opinions from almost every British possession of considerable importance. It was felt, however, that we could satisfy ourselves better by personal inquiry, and, with the assent and in many cases the cordial express approval of my fellow-workers, I went to Canada in September with Mr. Pitt Kennedy. Mr. Geoffrey Drage, who had already seen something of both Canada and Australia, and has long made a special study of the commercial and industrial progress of the Empire, kindly consented to accompany us and to put his knowledge and competence at the disposal of our cause. It was his

second visit to Canada and my third, and in other respects we did not come to the country as strangers. We therefore had not to spend any of our time in acquiring the mere rudiments of political and other information about the Dominion. Although no one regrets more than myself that our stay could not be longer, I venture to affirm that we made the most of a clear month. Mr. Kennedy and myself journeyed in that space of time from Quebec to British Columbia and back to Montreal, having ascertained beforehand, so far as possible, who were the persons we ought to meet and speak with at every place where we stopped. There is an inevitable element of chance in all such arrangements, but on the whole, thanks to the efficient aid of our Canadian friends and correspondents, we carried out our intentions quite as nearly as we expected. Mr. Drage was with us from Montreal to Calgary, whence he diverged to Edmonton, a place of which little more is yet known in England than was known of Winnipeg twenty years ago, but of which a great deal will be heard within the next ten years. He rejoined us at Ottawa, and finally supplemented our first work at Quebec, which had been cut short by a delayed passage outward. We were unable to visit the eastern Maritime Provinces, but we found them represented at Ottawa. It is needless to say to anyone who knows Canada that everywhere we found overflowing welcome and hospitality for ourselves, and I have specially to thank my brethren of the legal profession for many pleasant meetings which, so far as concerned myself, would have been ample reward for the expedition. But we found also, for the purpose in hand, complete willingness to discuss the relations of Canada with Great Britain on terms of equal freedom. This frank exchange of ideas led more than once from apparent difference at the outset to the discovery of real agreement on the most important matters. Not the least interesting and profitable conversations were with French-speaking Canadians. There is, I believe, some kind of tradition in England, whether well or ill founded in its origin I know not, that the French of Quebec and Montreal is archaic or provincial. Anyone who is on the spot and conversant with the French of Paris can satisfy himself in a short time, and both Mr. Drage and myself can bear witness, that among educated persons it is not so now. Country folk talk, no doubt, in dialect, as they still do to a great extent in France itself; and it would be strange if the descendants of Normans might not speak Norman among themselves in the Province of Quebec as well as in the Channel Islands. It is a little surprising and disappointing to an Englishman at all capable of appreciating the French language and literature to see how much the English-speaking people of Montreal neglect their exceptionally good opportunities of learning French. Once only did I find myself in a really bilingual company, not at Montreal, but at Ottawa. This topic, however, is beyond the present inquiry; save that people of two languages who are free to exchange

ideas in both can speak with more confidence and less fear of misunderstanding than if they had only one in common. Shall I confess that the talk sometimes diverged from the higher politics to French books and even French plays? Official persons, of course, never do such things when they meet officially; but we were not at all official, and there was enough serious conversation to teach us a good many things we wanted to know.

Canadian loyalty was among the elementary things we had no need to talk about with either English or French-Canadians. If I were a Canadian I think I should prefer to hear no more of it. Surely it is a rather ambiguous compliment, as between citizens of the Empire, to assure a man effusively that one does not suspect him of treasonable or seditious intentions. Lawful men, under a Constitution that guarantees them, in Bentham's phrase, the right to censure freely, may be expected to obey punctually in all matters of known civil and political duty, and they commonly do so. If, on the other hand, loyalty means willingness to do more than is in the bond, if it implies personal affection or active devotion to a common ideal, then it is something much better than obedience to law, but not a thing to be demanded as of right, or presumed upon in any particular case without examination. This the Empire has had from Canada, and may have again; the surest way to spoil our chance is to set up a claim to it. In private life it is not usual for intimate friends to be always talking about what they would do for each other. English patriotism is habitually reticent, even to excess, and the same feeling of fine reticence is possible to Canadians, as Mr. Sanford Evans, one of the best representatives of their younger manhood, has most justly pointed out.¹ My own belief is that some of our mouthing over Canadian loyalty is dangerously near a kind of cant which might well offend self-respecting Canadians and obscure our own perception of the facts. There is nothing alarming or even unpleasant in the facts themselves. All Canadians, with insignificant exceptions, are attached to their existing Constitution and to the British flag, but their attachment is not of one people or province alone, and is entitled to its shades of mood and differences of motive. Quebec has a French civilisation which, on the scale of American history, is ancient compared to that of Ontario and the central provinces. British Columbia has, on the other hand, a quite distinct and more recent origin; she is as maritime as the older Atlantic provinces, and even more English. The fathers of her young men grew up without calling themselves Canadian or having

¹ *The Canadian Contingents and Canadian Imperialism*, Toronto, 1901, p. 317. This book has received at home nothing like the attention it deserves, partly for want of an English publisher, partly because of the diffidence or inadvertence whereby the title-page fails to disclose the real nature of the contents. The cover all but actively conceals it, and the best chapter of the text dissembles under the heading of 'Postscriptum.'

any part in Canada. Thus the ideals of Quebec may be or become British in the sense of intimate relations, through the Dominion, with Greater Britain; English they are not, nor can we expect them to become so; while British Columbian customs and sentiment—aided, perhaps, by a singular resemblance of climate—are more English than those of Ontario, and far more English than anything in Manitoba. The Canadian North-West, again, is British North American certainly, but American, not European, and not the least like a copy of England or Scotland. A perfectly homogeneous Canadian opinion or sentiment, as distinguished from a reasoned policy based on enlightened consideration of interest, is not to be found, even if we leave out the Province of Quebec as exceptional (a pretty unpractical omission to begin with) and look to the English-speaking provinces alone.

It would be rather surprising, therefore, if Canada had any definite public opinion on the problem of imperial organisation. But there is another sufficient reason for its absence, the same which accounts for the indifference of the general public at home to this and all matters of policy not having any obvious bearing on a General Election. There has been, as yet, no serious and continuous handling of the subject by those who form and lead public opinion. We think, however, that the individual opinions and comments we have collected from almost every part of the Dominion are enough to afford some clue to what Canadian public opinion may be in the near future. Meanwhile there is a widely diffused feeling, among English-speaking Canadians at any rate, that something should be done, and that it is England's business to find out what it ought to be and to take the first step. Many of them are under the impression that our people at home ignore them, and are ready to treat their interests as diplomatic currency to be bartered for material or moral advantages elsewhere which do no good to Canada. It is not my business to discuss how far this impression may be justifiable or natural, but to bear witness that it exists. Here we are beginning to forget the Colonial Office policy of the first half of the nineteenth century (it was not the policy of one party more than another), which was to lead or even gently press the self-governing Colonies on the path to separation. It is not forgotten in the Colonies, and is still doing harm; there is room yet for more visible and concrete assurance that it is finally renounced. Any measure conveying such assurance, even if otherwise it has but little positive result, will be a good deed for the Empire and a credit to the British Government that undertakes it.

Coming to the substance of our communication, I will repeat for the reader's convenience the summary statement, made in a letter sent to the *Times* in August, of the proposals on which Canadian opinions were invited, and which had been more fully laid before the Royal Colonial Institute and published in England. It was suggested that there should be established :

(1) An advisory council, including representatives of all parts of the Empire, and presided over, preferably, by the Prime Minister of this country, to be formed on the basis of the existing Colonial conferences.

(2) A permanent secretarial office attached to the President of the Imperial Council to acquire and systematise information material to the common concerns of the Empire for the use of the Cabinet and the Council, and, so far as might be expedient, for publication. [We have since found it most convenient to describe this as an Imperial Intelligence Department.]

(3) A permanent Imperial Commission whose members could represent all such branches of knowledge and research, outside those matters pertaining exclusively to any department, as would be profitable in Imperial affairs; they would normally be put in action by the Prime Minister appointing special committees to deal with particular questions on the request of the Imperial Council.

The first of these proposals may be described as the greatest possible resultant, in the mature opinion of the persons for whom I speak, of the various plans which have been put forward at various times for giving some kind of visible unity to the British Empire. Advocates of a formal constitution, of whom there are still a few in Canada, naturally think it inadequate. But the general tendency of Canadian answers on this point is, to my mind, such as to make it fit to be considered whether formality could not be reduced to an even smaller amount without sacrificing the substantial attainment of the end; that end, it cannot be too often repeated, being not compulsory jurisdiction by majority votes, or indeed any counting of votes at all, but full and free consultation. I will return to the reasons presently.

The suggestion of an Intelligence Department for the political, civil, and commercial business of the Empire met with an acceptance beyond our expectation. Various opinions were given as to the best way of connecting it with the responsible Governments of Great Britain and of the Colonies; it seemed to be pretty generally thought that the existence of such a department might and should lead to greater things, although there was a minority who rather deprecated such a result; but there was practical unanimity on the point that the Intelligence Department would in itself, and apart from any further development, supply a real want in the working institutions of the British Empire. Moreover, it was generally allowed that it would be useful to make the secretary of the new department the permanent secretary or clerk of the Colonial Conference, which at present is a mere discontinuous apparition, devoid of the means at the disposal of the most ordinary commercial company for keeping its documents and affairs in order in the intervals between meetings. Whatever doubts may be legitimate on other plans, or on the minor

details of this, I venture to say that, so far as relates to Canada, the Government at home might now start an Imperial Intelligence Department with the certainty not only of acquiescence but of active approval.

The constitution of a standing Commission, with standing or occasional expert committees, in aid of the Intelligence Department was hardly discussed at all. I should imagine that most Canadians would regard this as a piece of administrative machinery to be left to the discretion of the Home Government. There would be no reason, of course, why all the members of such a Commission should be habitually resident in the United Kingdom, and it would seem highly desirable that, whenever formed, it should include prominent and well-informed citizens of the self-governing Colonies and indeed all parts of the Empire. As the functions of its members and committees would be purely to inform and report, and it would not be of the nature of a council, no question of political representation or balancing political sections would arise under this head. I incline to think that no question of payment for services, except those of the secretary and a small permanent staff, would arise until the Cabinet had decided, on reports and information received through the secretary, to put some practical work—say the consolidation of patent laws throughout the Empire—definitely in hand. Eminent men are found willing enough to serve on Royal Commissions without payment and with less prospect of useful results to the public. But all this is perhaps best left to stand over as detail to be worked out hereafter. So may the question whether the colonial Governments might not with advantage establish corresponding departments of their own, making adequate provision for full and confidential communication with the British Department and with one another. This is a question, moreover, which they will settle for themselves.

In any case it should be remembered, both here and in the Colonies, that the establishment of an Imperial Intelligence Department in some form is not to be regarded as a matter of providing for merely local convenience, and still less of satisfying any merely sentimental desires. Many practical statesmen and men of affairs, working from a mainly British point of view, have formed a decided opinion—expressed most forcibly, perhaps, by my learned friend Mr. Haldane—that the business of the Empire, as it is to-day, cannot be properly done with the means of the existing departments, or by any device of merely departmental committees. There is no more difficulty about making such an Intelligence Department as we want than there was about making the Committee of Imperial Defence; and there is every reason to expect that it would produce as good results for the common interest of the Empire in civil and commercial matters as have been produced by that Committee for naval and military purposes.

Let us now turn back to that part of the problem which, be the prospects of an immediate solution greater or less, must have the

greatest attraction for a student of politics—namely, the constitution of some body which shall be a deliberative council for the Empire in substance if not in name. It will be best to dispose of the negative results first. Our discussions in London had ruled out at an early stage all proposals which would invest a Council of the Empire with any kind of compulsory authority to fix contributions for imperial purposes; not only because it would be a grave constitutional innovation at home, but because there is no prospect of obtaining the consent of the self-governing Colonies to the creation of any such authority. That conclusion has been amply confirmed by all I could hear from one end of Canada to the other. But for a mere handful of enthusiasts who are still wedded to the old projects of imperial federation, but are not an effective power in Canadian politics, English no less than French Canadians would meet any plan of that kind with the most determined opposition. They will not hear of Canada being bound to any action for which the Ministers of the Dominion cannot be called to account before their own Parliament in the regular course of constitutional procedure. Under the system of popular and responsible government there is no room for irresponsible authority, short of the ultimate sovereign power, nor for divided responsibility. To the same effect Mr. Deakin lately said, speaking at Melbourne and adopting ‘with the warmest sympathy’ the proposals framed by me in the name of the informal committee already mentioned: ‘We take it for granted that no contribution can be made or duty imposed that is not voted by the several local Parliaments.’^{*} This appears to me not only quite a sound position, but the only position that a Canadian, Australian, or New Zealander bred in the traditions of our constitution can be expected to take. At all events any scheme inconsistent with the maintenance of it in every self-governing State of the Empire must be dismissed as impracticable in our time. I do not myself see why any such scheme should ever be needed, or why purely voluntary co-operation, if guided by full information and enlightened by frequent confidential discussion, should not suffice for as long a time as the British Empire lasts.

A further point arises in connection with this. If there is to be an Imperial Council, it seems clear that it can be nothing else than the existing Colonial Conference (for it has a recognised though intermittent existence) made continuous and reinforced. Is it admissible that its members, as regards the self-governing Colonies, should be any other than responsible Ministers of their respective Governments, or, at any rate, persons directly representing and authorised by those Governments? This is a somewhat delicate question on which different opinions have been expressed by competent Canadians. Again, is it necessary that all the self-governing

^{*} Presidential address to the Imperial Federation League of Victoria, delivered at Melbourne, June 14, 1905.

Colonies should be represented in exactly the same manner, or should this be left for each Government to settle for itself? Since there is no question of voting power or of observing a strict proportion, it would seem on principle that some latitude might reasonably be allowed, provided always that the Premier of each Colony, or at any rate some member of its Cabinet, were its normal representative when he could be present, and had an authorised deputy (whether the High Commissioner or some other) for any such interim business as could not be conveniently dealt with by letter or cable. But it may well be that attempts to define these matters are premature. We have in the Conference of Premiers an existing body capable of much good work, even as it is, when once made continuous and furnished with appropriate organs; the Conference itself may be the best judge and adviser as to the further developments that will be convenient. Any desired reinforcement, usual or special, can be effected without legislation or even an Order in Council. There is a certain apprehension in more than one quarter in Canada that the constitution of anything more formal than the Conference of Premiers might somehow tend, however carefully the semblance of executive authority were excluded, to hamper the autonomy and weaken the responsibility of the Dominion Government. I do not myself share this apprehension,³ but it is there. Moreover, it must be remembered that the French Canadians might easily work themselves, or be worked, into a state of alarm by any movement capable of being represented as the beginning of encroachment on their peculiar franchises. At home we know that no British Government would entertain any such design, or could do so with impunity. We know, too, that the last thing any sane Englishman thinks of is dragging or inveigling Canadians, whether of English or of French descent, into any risk of which they have not been fully informed or to which they have not freely consented. But we cannot expect every voter in the Province of Quebec to understand this by the light of nature. A few lapses from tact, however casual, a few indiscreet speeches, however unauthorised, can do much harm among people whose attitude towards their English-speaking neighbours and the Home Government is tinged with pardonable though mistaken suspicion. I am far from saying or thinking that this mood is permanent, but Canadian statesmanship has still to reckon with it.

It is possible that the effectual working of the proposed Intelligence Department in connection with the Colonial Conferences would require some modification of the existing quasi-diplomatic etiquette as to communications between the Home and the Colonial Governments. This is not a matter which can be discussed in public with

³ At home I have met with the opposite objection, that a merely consultative Council would not have weight enough to be taken seriously. Such, at all events, is not the colonial view.

advantage, but it is plain that any such technical difficulties cannot stand in the way of a large and deliberate measure of policy.

Finally, it is useless for us to sit still in London and await proposals from the Colonies, if only because there are no means in existence by which the several Governments could frame any definite and unanimous request. Our Cabinet at home is the only body which, being at the centre of imperial affairs and commanding all the material information, is capable of taking the first step. Many signs point to the conclusion that the time is ripe and the risks of further delay are great. It is submitted that a safe and practicable course would be for the British Cabinet to notify the Colonial Governments forthwith of its intention to establish an Intelligence Department and make the secretary of that department the permanent clerk of the Colonial Conferences. This would provide for present and urgent needs, and give the Conference, when it meets, a task worthy of the united statesmanship of the Empire. By the mere fact of taking up that task in conjunction with the Home Government, the Premiers of our self-governing States would lay the foundations of a living unity far more effectual and far less liable to accidents or reverses than any more ambitious constitution.

I hope soon to supplement this paper by some opinions from eminent and representative Canadians, which they have kindly promised to send me for publication.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

THE SUN AND THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE

WHEN the Total Eclipse of the Sun occurred on the 30th of August last, why did astronomers brave the storms and cold of Labrador, and the summer heat of Egypt, Tunis, Algeria, and Spain, carrying with them valuable and massive instruments to be erected with much labour, camping out oftentimes in great discomfort, risking health, and spending money, time, and strength, in order, for two or three minutes only, to obtain a view of the outer part of the Sun, while the Moon concealed its dazzling central globe? Why so much effort and anxiety to make use of the few brief moments of totality? Why are plans even now being formulated for the observation of future Total Eclipses?

All this anxiety is a confession of ignorance. It is because so little is known about the Sun that so much effort is made to use the special opportunity for the acquisition of further knowledge which a Total Eclipse affords. Such ignorance is not, however, discreditable to Solar students. It is due to the difficulty of the study. And the appreciation, or confession, of it is really the first step needed—it is the essential process—by which alone any advance in such knowledge can be attained. The first thing to be learnt about the Sun at present is how little we know.

Such study of the Sun as has been possible in the last forty years, and especially during the short intervals of recent Total Eclipses, has, however, at last begun to show us what we really need to learn with regard to it. We are now beginning to discover something, because we see some of the main directions in which our ignorance lies. We may consequently, it is to be hoped, utilise that very ignorance, like a dark glass between the eye and the Sun, in order to help our investigation of what we might not otherwise see at all.

If we ask, Where is the Sun? or What is the Sun?—a fairly satisfactory answer can be given to the first of these two questions. But the second can, as yet, hardly be answered at all; although every successive Total Eclipse gives some small help towards the answer, and enables us, more or less, to test the truth or the falsehood of the many speculations and hypotheses as to the Sun's constitution

which observations, accumulated day by day ever since the invention of the telescope, have evolved.

Various methods, agreeing well with one another in their results, give for the distance of the Sun from the Earth about ninety-three millions of miles. Such a distance means not only that the Sun is our nearest star, but that it is at least 250,000 times nearer than any other star; while millions of other stars are many millions of times as far away as the Sun. Ninety-three millions of miles is indeed an excessively minute distance in comparison with the scale of the Universe.

The Sun is, therefore, in one sense very near to us. Yet its distance is so great, in comparison with the power of our instruments, as to reduce our knowledge of its nature and constitution almost to a minimum. The Sun is, in fact, so far away that we are still intensely ignorant with regard to it, while the brilliance of its light is such as to be the greatest hindrance to our study of it, obscuring our view of what we long, but for the most part try in vain, to decipher or explain.

So far as we can judge, almost all Solar phenomena are probably remarkably interdependent. The chemistry of the Sun, its magnetism, its spots, its eruptions, its heat, its light, are all related to one another. Consequently any narration or discussion of what has been seen, or may be observed, during a Total Solar Eclipse requires some reference to the nature and constitution of the Sun in general.

Let me, therefore, state that such a very limited knowledge of the Sun as we possess at present is due mainly to the telescope and to the spectroscope, but much more to the latter than to the former of these two instruments, while in connection with both of them photography has afforded very great help. Our study of the Sun may, however, be further divided between observations made day by day and those which can only be secured during a Total Solar Eclipse; both classes of observations being, nevertheless, as I have just stated, mutually interdependent.

In its more elementary and daily observation the Sun is seen as a huge globe of about 866,000 miles in diameter, having for its apparent boundary an intensely heated and brilliant surface, which astronomers term the Photosphere. This limits what is ordinarily visible either with, or without, a telescope. What is thus seen is, however, no solid surface. Under favourable conditions, with a powerful telescope, or if a photograph be taken, with a very brief exposure, so that the intensity of the light does not blot out details, it is perceived that the bright surface is mottled all over. It is not at all *uniformly* bright. It seems to be formed by a layer of individual cloud-like formations of vast size, so close together as to look like a continuous surface under a low magnifying power. But whether we observe this Photosphere telescopically, or spectroscopically; with or without

the aid of photography; day by day; or at the special moments when the advancing body of the Moon leaves the minutest sickle, or crescent, of light uncovered, at the beginning, or ending, of the totality of an Eclipse; the result is the same. We can find out very little indeed as to what these cloud-formations are; whether their matter is in the form of solid metallic particles, or is of a more liquid or viscous nature; whether, as they float, they bear some resemblance, although on a far vaster scale, to the little clouds of our own atmosphere, in spite of their intense heat and light; or whether they may be merely the summits, if such a term may be used, of great uprising currents of matter from beneath. All is doubt, vagueness, mystery, and hypothesis in regard to them.

The spectroscope, however, tells us somewhat when their light is spread out into a lengthened band of colour by being passed through its slit and prisms, or when the same result is produced (as it often may be more effectually) by the use of what is termed a grating, i.e. a series of *very* fine lines ruled upon a suitable reflecting surface. Then it is found that the light of the photospheric clouds is of that kind which gives what is termed a continuous spectrum, i.e. an unbroken band of colour running from red to violet, as distinguished from a spectrum broken up into separate lines, or minute portions, with spaces between them.

A broken-up spectrum is one which only gaseous substances give. It may, therefore, be concluded, since the photospheric clouds do *not* give this kind of spectrum, that the matter in them, or by far the greater part of it, consists rather of incandescent solid or liquid particles, than of gaseous constituents; or, at any rate, is not under such gaseous conditions as we meet with on the Earth. Some high authorities would have these particles to be chiefly metallic. Some urge strong reasons for supposing that they are a form of carbon, or of some other substance very refractory to heat. The arguments for or against any such speculations are, however, too complicated and uncertain for discussion here; as are also those which have to do with what, perchance, may be the constitution of the region in which these clouds may float; the heights or depths to which they may rise or fall; their sizes; or whether cloud is at all a correct appellation for them, if they be but the summits of emanations coming up radially from the Sun's interior.

Of that interior our ignorance is necessarily far greater still. We may venture to say that there must be in it intense and immense currents, deeply stirring it, and incessantly conveying supplies of heated matter upwards, and of cooler matter downwards. But how little does this really explain! Who can dogmatise as to the way in which such currents may work in the midst of the conflict, that must be ever raging around them, between such intensities of heat and pressure as lie entirely beyond the range of any of our laboratory

experiments, and may therefore, in their mutual action, most probably be free from any law that we can determine ?

We shall presently see more particularly how all this is related to the special observations that are made during a Total Eclipse. Meanwhile, let us further notice that the only way in which we ever have an opportunity of looking down below the general surface of the Photosphere at all, and then probably only to a very slight depth, is when we observe some of the great dark spots which are periodically seen in it, and are occasionally, as in two instances last October, clearly visible to the naked eye. Yet the very mention of such spots reminds us that so little is known with regard to them, that quite recently a discussion has arisen among astronomical authorities, whether they are as a rule elevations, or depressions ; an attempt also being made to reconcile both these ideas by supposing that the spots are caused by matter elevated from beneath till it rises above the Photosphere, but that their darker or deeper parts fail to reach the general level of the surface around them. At the same time masses of fiery vapour are ejected through them, which may hover over them for a while and presently fall in again, or even, through the extreme velocity of their projection, rush forth into outer space never to return.

Within the spots the spectroscope certainly indicates the presence of masses of seething vapours, which are ever rising, falling, and rotating. With regard to them it constantly records many details of a most complicated character which are excessively difficult to explain. I will, therefore, refrain from any discussion of the effects of temperature and pressure in the spots upon the broadening, or darkening, of their spectrum-lines ; nor will I attempt to discriminate between what are termed arc-lines, and spark-lines, and enhanced lines. Let me rather notice that the vast spot-eruptions (if they may so be termed) have a special relation to observations made during Total Eclipses, because of their necessary connection with certain regions of the Sun which lie in succession above the Photosphere ; of which regions the nearest to it is termed by most astronomers the *Reversing Layer*.

It is generally considered that a layer of vapours at a lower temperature, and probably about 500 miles in height, must lie immediately upon the Photosphere, for the following reason : viz. that the coloured spectrum, or band of light, which is formed when sunlight is passed through the slit and prism (or prisms) of a spectroscope, is found to be crossed, perpendicularly to its length, by a multitude of fine dark lines. This is exactly the effect which would be produced if the light of the glowing incandescent Photosphere, on its way to us, should pass through such a layer of cooler vapours. This result can be tested in the laboratory. We can there determine what lines are produced by a passage through the vapours of various

selected substances. Consequently, if we identify these same lines in the spectrum of the Solar light, we conclude that those same vapours must be in the Sun, superposed in such a way upon the Photosphere that the photospheric light effects a passage through them. But that very light, by its brightness, unfortunately, renders this Reversing Layer invisible, except, as I shall presently show, for about one, or perhaps at the most about a couple of seconds, at the moment when the totality of an Eclipse takes place.

Above this layer there follows another of a beautiful rosy tint, probably four or five thousand miles in depth, termed from its colour the Chromosphere, in which hydrogen greatly abounds; while the vapours of helium, calcium, and various other substances can also be spectroscopically observed in it day by day. Its surface is uneven. It is like a sea of fire with jets of flame uprising all about it, while ever and anon, and especially in certain regions, eruptions of most enormous volume and velocity occur in it. Gaseous masses of the same beautiful colour, largely composed of hydrogen, having a brilliant illumination very likely in part of electrical origin, rush forth, often in a somewhat spiral stream, with an apparent velocity that at times exceeds 300 miles, and has been seen even to approach 700 miles, per second; while these torn and twisted forms may be traced to two, or three; hundred thousand miles in height. They are called the Solar Prominences.

One more most interesting appendage of the Sun still remains to be mentioned, of far greater volume, but of almost inconceivably light density. It is the Solar Corona. It extends outwards to a vast distance in every direction above the Chromosphere, of which it seems to be quite independent in its constitution. The Photosphere, and the Reversing Layer, and the Chromosphere must doubtless, at any rate in some moderate degree, run into one another, and be somewhat intermingled where they meet each other. Nevertheless, the Corona seems to be in a remarkable degree devoid of connection with the Chromosphere, except for its invasion by such great prominences as I have just described.

No portion of the Sun is more fascinating in its beauty, or more tantalising in its mystery, than the Corona. Astronomers have often tried to see it, and still more to find some means by which to photograph its form and features *day by day*. The spectroscope enables this to be done with very fair success in the case of the Chromosphere, but every effort to distinguish the Corona from the glare of daylight around the Sun, even in the clearest sky, has hitherto failed.

When, however, at the time of a Total Eclipse of the Sun, the dark body of the Moon has just covered up the last thin thread, or crescent, of the Photosphere, there suddenly bursts forth a view of the Corona in all its glory. Although faint traces of it may be detected

immediately before complete totality by the practised observer, the appearance is practically instantaneous. It is a sight of exceptional and startling impressiveness and charm. It is moreover combined, as I shall endeavour to explain further on, with a most important view of the Reversing Layer, also seen at no other time. For these reasons it is indeed well that it should be felt that no efforts, no skill, no expense, no toilsome journeys devoted to the observation of a Total Solar Eclipse can be excessive.

Far too brief, however, in their duration are such opportunities. A Total Eclipse of the Sun can only occur when the Moon, being in the phase termed new, passes directly between it and the Earth. But the Moon's orbit is so tilted to that of the Earth around the Sun, that much more often than not the Moon, when new, is so far elevated above, or depressed below, the plane of the Earth's orbit, that it fails to hide the view of the Sun from any part whatever of the Earth. Moreover, the shadow which the Moon casts behind itself, from which all the Sun's light is excluded, is of course of a conical form, tapering gradually to a point. Its length varies within certain limits at different times, owing to the varying distance of the Moon from the Sun. But, at any time, even under the most favourable circumstances, when it reaches the Earth, this shadow has so nearly come to a point that it altogether fails to envelop the Earth as a whole. If it could do so, it would cause a Total Eclipse to be seen from the whole hemisphere turned towards the Sun. But, as it is, it only sweeps across the Earth's surface in a narrow line. And it is only from that narrow line, which, in different Total Eclipses, is sometimes reduced almost to nothing and rarely exceeds about 140 miles in breadth (although theoretically a maximum value of about 167 miles is attainable), that the totality can be observed. It may also often happen that the line in question passes through inaccessible, or otherwise unavailable, regions, or to a great extent across the sea where instruments cannot be erected.

Last August the zone or belt of totality was about 120 miles wide. It ran from Hudson's Bay to Arabia, crossing Labrador, Spain, Algeria, Tunis and Egypt, to all which countries European and American astronomical expeditions were despatched. The totality, or the time during which the Moon, in passing between the Earth and the Sun, entirely hid the Photosphere, was at the most about three and three quarter minutes. This was a duration of more than average length. A very much shorter totality would have deserved every effort for its observation. The longest duration theoretically possible has been calculated to be nearly eight minutes; but anything exceeding six minutes is quite unusual.

Most anxious are all astronomers to know more about the Corona. Last August, as in every recent Total Eclipse, it was photographed on a scale which, having been constantly increased of late years,

exhibits very many delicate details. Some photographs are so taken as to show the inner parts, others the outer parts, of the Corona most distinctly. Its light is analysed by the spectroscope; the proportion of that light which may merely be a reflection of that from the main body of the Sun is tested by the polariscope; drawings are made by means of eye observations as accurately as possible. All that can be accomplished by these and other methods is thus recorded during the brief moments of totality by observers on the small portion of our globe from which any given Eclipse is visible. And all this is done in the hope, somewhat vague though it may be, that what is seen or detected in the Corona may help towards the solution of the many problems connected with the regions lying beneath it, or with the Sun's constitution in general, which up till now have persistently baffled the student.

Nevertheless very little has so far been really achieved. It is found, no doubt, that some of the coronal light (although the proportion may vary from time to time) is the ordinary light of the Sun reflected from particles which may be of the nature of excessively fine dust; that another portion is derived from self-luminous incandescent particles; and yet another from highly heated gas. There are some indications that the light of its outer extensions may resemble that of Comets' tails and perhaps be due to electrical excitement. Its light also seems in general to be almost wholly devoid of heat and so far to resemble a mere phosphorescent glow. But the principal gas existing in it, up to an average height of 150,000 to 200,000 miles above the Photosphere, whose light gives the chief bright line in its spectrum, is one that can be identified with no known substance. Astronomers, therefore, as a confession of ignorance, have agreed to call this unknown gas *Coronium*.

Apart, however, from this very partial determination of the nature of the coronal light, one very interesting conclusion has been arrived at with regard to the Corona as a whole, even from observations made without a telescope: viz. that there is a decided relation between its appearance at any given time, and the greater or less activity shown by the Sun, at or about that same time, in regard to the formation of dark spots in its Photosphere. For some fifty years past it has been known that the development of such spots is a periodical phenomenon. During each successive eleven years (or somewhat more or less) it rises to a maximum and again falls to a minimum.

When a Total Eclipse occurs, as did that of August 30th last, near to a time of sunspot *maximum*, then the Corona is found to be brighter in its light and more uniform in extent all round; while from various points, *irregularly* situated upon the Sun's circumference, rays of considerable length, and of an apparently conical or triangular form, shoot forth, which become fainter and fainter in their outer

parts. When, however, the epoch of the occurrence of an Eclipse is near to that of a sunspot *minimum*, then the Corona is found to be fainter as a whole. At the same time it exhibits a series of jets or short rays in the neighbourhood of each of the poles of the Sun's axis, and it is largely extended outwards above the region of the Sun's equator, to a distance which may be two or three times as great as at the time of a sunspot maximum, or even much more.

• It is far from unlikely that an extra development of sunspots at any time may indicate a coincident increase of eruption and general excitement in the Sun. But no one can yet explain why the spots wax and wane in number and in size in their eleven years' period, still more (although we may note and observe it as an interesting fact) are we unable to explain any such relationship between them and the Corona as I have mentioned. We see the 'how,' but we know not the 'why.' The short polar rays in the Corona seen at a sunspot minimum may suggest the action of a quiet outflow of some magnetic discharge, which at a sunspot maximum may be much more perturbed. And it is certainly found that the amount of perturbation in the Earth's magnetism, shown by suitable recording instruments, follows with much accuracy the amount of sunspot development. But we can say no more than this. Directly we speak of magnetic or electrical effects in the Sun we must confess that our ignorance is even more intense than in any other branch of Solar study. It was interesting last August, at a time of sunspot maximum, to find once more that the Corona was of the form that previous observations had made probable. Far from displaying a series of short polar rays, its longest and grandest outflowing streamers started from near the Sun's south pole. But why it displayed its special form none can tell.

The telescope, however, shows many other additional details in the Corona. They are best studied in photographs. In these its rays often appear overlapping and interlaced. Or two (or more) such rays will start at a considerable distance apart and then be curved over towards one another. Sometimes two or three arch-like forms, rising above each other, may be detected over the locality of an underlying chromospheric prominence. In the English photographs taken last August some beautiful specimens of these arches can be seen, as well as at least one remarkable formation, of a somewhat circular or oval shape, around a brighter central point. The action of an explosive force, probably repeated in some instances from time to time, driving matter outwards from itself, is naturally suggested by such forms. Occasionally a parabolic curve may be noticed in the Corona, with its convexity turned towards the Sun. This may be due to matter first driven downwards from a centre of explosion at some height above the Photosphere, and then repelled again from the surface below by such a repulsive force as undoubtedly seems to be exercised

upon certain forms of matter by the Sun, and to be especially concerned with the rapid elongation of the tails of Comets. All such formations seen in the above-mentioned photographs of the Corona in the recent Eclipse will be most carefully studied and compared with those obtained by other, and especially by American, observers. Certain dark rifts, or rays, were also seen last August in the Corona, as in some previous Eclipses. It is a disputed question, and one which I think must at present be left altogether in doubt, whether these are due to the interposition of some non-transparent matter, ejected more or less in a stream, or to some other altogether unknown cause.

It should, however, always be most carefully remembered in every discussion of the coronal formations, or of its rifts, as well as in all spectroscopic or other study of the light of the Solar Prominences or Spots, or of any other selected portion of the Sun's surface, that what is seen must constantly be interpreted with a due regard to the *spherical* form of the Sun. In a Total Solar Eclipse the Corona appears in all its beauty before the eye of an observer as if it were spread out upon a plane surface, just as the hemisphere of the Sun turned towards us appears like a flat circular disc. But what we really see is the perspective effect of a mass of Corona, some portions of which are far in front of the plane upon which it all appears to lie, and others as far behind. Our line of sight, as we look at any given point, really passes through various regions which are situated at very different distances from the main body of the Sun, and at very different altitudes above its surface. Except at the extreme outer edge of the Corona the eye necessarily receives the combined effect of all the various parts through which its gaze thus penetrates. In other words, we have to do with a body which is in three-dimensioned space, and not only in two, as it appears to be in its projection.

This is, of course, also the case (except, perhaps, in a few special observations recently made by a method which I shall presently describe) in all our daily study of the Sun with the telescope and spectroscope. When a sunspot, or any part of the Photosphere, is observed, it can only be seen through all the superincumbent layers or regions lying between us and it. We look, it may be, through millions of miles of Corona, thousands of miles of Chromosphere, and hundreds of miles of Reversing Layer before our sight reaches the bright surface, or darker spot, which we wish to study. And the distance through which our line of sight passes in any of these layers must vary, and, in spite of their great transparency, have more or less effect upon our observations, according as we look at the central or the outer parts of the Sun's disc.

A Total Solar Eclipse then reveals the Corona, which is seen at no other time. It enables us to see rose-coloured prominences at the edge of the disc much more clearly than in daylight spectroscopic

observation. And it is also found that it renders some prominences, or parts of prominences, whose light is of a whiter character, visible, which cannot be seen day by day. Nevertheless it only enables us, as I have just explained, to see most parts of the Corona through immense depths of itself, in which all sorts of formations and convolutions may be projected upon one another, foreshortened, distorted, and intermingled in our view. Yet we owe very much in these various ways to the special opportunity which the brief minutes of a Total Eclipse afford.

But this is not all. There is one more sight visible at no other time, but which is of the utmost importance, although of so much briefer duration that we see it merely for a second or two, and then it vanishes from our gaze. Just at the instant when totality becomes complete (or again when it is about to cease); just as the last fine sickle of the bright light of the Photosphere on the apparent disc of the Sun is covered up by the advancing body of the Moon (or again at the moment before the opposite edge of the Moon allows the other side of the Sun to begin to show itself once more and so end the totality); then, lying on the Photosphere, a strip of the *Reversing Layer* appears at the very edge of the Sun's disc.

But this layer is comparatively so shallow that in about one second after totality has begun the advancing Moon covers up its lower and more important portion, and in little more than another second it is all concealed; i.e. as soon as the edge of the Moon reaches the region of the Chromosphere, which lies immediately above it.

A similar brief view of a portion of the Reversing Layer is of course obtained for about two seconds, just before totality ceases, its upper part being then first exposed. Never otherwise can it be seen.

To Solar physicists, however, nothing is of more importance, nothing so full of teaching as to the constitution of the Sun, as the study of what these transient glimpses reveal. We look no doubt, at the same time, through a certain amount of Corona and transparent Chromosphere, the effect of which, however, can be allowed for; but the all-important point is that, for the moment, the observer sees a portion of the Reversing Layer, *apart* from the light of the Photosphere. At all other times the Photosphere acts as a background, and its dazzling light comes to us through the other superincumbent layer, whose cooler gases, by their absorptive effect, produce, during the passage of the photospheric light, the many dark lines of its spectrum.

If so, let us now ask, what ought the Reversing Layer to look like in those most brief moments when the totality of an Eclipse thus allows it to be examined, on the sun's edge, *without* the Photosphere as a background? We should suppose, from its situation, that its

vapours, when seen by themselves, must be hot enough to give (according to spectroscopic theory) a series of bright lines exactly in those places in the spectrum where they exercise an absorptive effect upon the light of the still hotter Photosphere. This proves to be the case. At the exact instant when the last spark of Photosphere disappears, if the bright band of its spectrum, crossed by its hundreds of dark lines, is carefully watched, a sudden transformation occurs. Most of these dark lines are immediately changed into bright ones, with dark spaces interposed between them. No doubt this is only a somewhat rough description of what is seen, because certain preliminary indications of what is about to happen may also be detected, especially when what is termed a prismatic camera is used instead of a spectro-scope with a slit; but in any case the change is so startling that the appearance has been termed, by general consent, the *Flash Spectrum*. It was first noticed by Professor Young in 1870, and first photographed by Mr. Shackleton in Novaya Zemlia in the Eclipse of August 1896. Since then, by skilful manipulation, many other photographs of it have been obtained; some of those which were taken with much success last August being on a very large scale.

Such records are happily permanent, otherwise they could not receive the minute and careful study which they require. The length and character and comparative brightness of the very numerous bright lines in them are full of most intricate problems; problems relating to the distribution of chemical elements in the Reversing Layer in regard to their densities, their intermixture, the heights to which they may attain, their exceedingly high temperatures, and the possible dissociation thereby of substances unaffected by any temperatures with which we can experiment. Not only does the technicality of such problems forbid their discussion here, but still more the fact that they are as yet almost entirely unsolved. The more numerous the observations of the Reversing Layer, the more puzzling are its mysteries.

The Corona, however, demands some further notice. It has been felt by astronomers that it would help them in their endeavours to understand its constitution, if any rotation of it as a whole around the Sun's axis could be detected during an Eclipse. This has been attempted by means of that application of the spectro-scope which shows when a source of light is moving towards or from the observer. If any such rotation should exist in the Corona, the opposite ends of a diameter should be moving in opposite directions. Owing, however, to the great delicacy of such observations, those hitherto made have failed, including, so far as we yet know, some where the weather and other circumstances were very favourable during the recent Eclipse. No really satisfactory evidence of coronal rotation has, I believe, yet been published, although it is hoped that it may be attained before long.

So, likewise, during the considerable duration of the passage of the Moon's shadow across the Earth, it has been supposed that it might be possible to detect the progress of some change in appearance in special parts of the Corona, due to any process of disturbance that might be going on in them, particularly if they might be situated above a large prominence in active eruption. Some slight indications of this kind have indeed been seen, but it was especially hoped that they might be established by means of photographs intended to be taken last August in Labrador, when compared with others taken with similar instruments in North Africa. The distance apart of the places of observation would have allowed a difference in time of fully two and a quarter hours. It was therefore thought that some clearly distinguishable change of appearance might occur in that length of time. But the Sun was wholly obscured by clouds in Labrador. As so often happens in connection with some specially important observation, the weather was at its worst where it was most needful that it should be fine. The journey to a most inhospitable region was all in vain. The desired comparison must consequently be postponed until another suitable opportunity shall again occur, in which it may be possible to find accessible and suitable localities for the observations situated at a long distance apart on the Earth's surface.

Another feature of a Total Solar Eclipse is very interesting to every observer, whether he be a professional astronomer or not. It consists in a series of narrow bands of a somewhat wavy form, from one, or two, to perhaps ten inches or so, in breadth, and from about ten to twenty, or possibly thirty, inches apart, which are seen for a few minutes before and after the actual time of totality. They follow each other in rapid succession, moving or rippling onwards in a direction in general perpendicular to their length, sometimes a little faster than a man can walk, at other times almost too fast to be distinguished. They are named *Shadow Bands*, and may be best recognised on any plane whitened surface, such as that of a wall, or upon a white cloth spread on the ground. Their cause is not yet known. But they are now watched and recorded with much care, in the hope that something may be learned from them as to their origin: whether they may be due (although it seems to me decidedly unlikely) to some diffraction of the Sun's light as it passes the edge of the Moon; or more probably to some interference of the rays of light caused by irregular refraction in the layers of the Earth's atmosphere, connected, perhaps, with the rapid cooling due to the withdrawal of the Solar heat. Some observers consider that they are related to the direction of the wind at the time of observation. This, in more than one place in the recent Eclipse, was parallel to their length. Some think that they move in the same direction, others that their direction is different, before and after totality. Some have

noticed the appearance of an additional, or secondary, set of bands, pursuing a separate course of its own, very near to the actual moment of totality ; as at Constantine, in Algeria, last August. With regard to any effect of wind, it should be remembered that in general a sudden breeze, which has been termed the 'Eclipse Wind,' springs up when the Sun is nearly obscured. The Shadow Bands are certainly a fascinating, and at present a puzzling, phenomenon. They were not only seen last August in many different places on shore, but also as they ran along the decks of the Peninsular and Oriental liner, *Arcadia*, and of the Orient liner, *Ortona*, from both of which vessels the totality was observed when they were off the coast of Spain. All such observations will presently be compared and discussed. But there is no doubt that the chief interest of the Bands at present consists in our ignorance of their cause.

I have spoken of the additional difficulty constantly met with, both in Eclipse and in daily observations of the Sun, owing to its being in general impossible to see any part of the Corona in Eclipses, or of the surface at other times, without looking through an immense depth of surrounding, or superjacent, gas or other matter. Two observers, however, M. Deslandres and Professor Hale, but especially the latter, have of late years developed a special form of research, which Professor Hale is now about to prosecute more fully, with a splendid instrumental equipment, at the new Solar Observatory at Mount Wilson in California, where the atmospheric conditions are exceptionally good.

By a most refined method the Sun's light is first sent through the slit of a spectroscope, and so spread out into a lengthened spectrum. Next, from the spectrum so formed, a minute portion only is selected by passing it through a second slit. Then, by a rapid movement across its telescopic image, a photograph of the Sun is secured, which is produced solely by that minute portion of its light which has so passed through the second slit that it comes only from the specially selected portion of the spectrum over which that slit is placed. This portion is chosen so that the light used is known to be due to some particular gas or vapour in the Sun, whose light locates itself just in that part of the spectrum. A photograph of the Sun's surface can in this way now be obtained in full daylight, showing the distribution over it of all such clouds or formations as may be composed of that particular gas. Aggregations, for instance, often remarkably brilliant, of hydrogen or of calcium vapour, of larger or smaller extent, are thus revealed and depicted, both in the more immediate neighbourhood of spots, and in a less degree over the whole Solar disc. But Professor Hale has done much more than this. He has even, by a most minute and accurate shifting of the position of the second slit, succeeded in successively using light

from portions of a selected gas which the spectroscopist shows to be under different pressures, and therefore at different levels above the Sun's surface. In that way he has obtained photographs which represent the distribution of the gas, or vapour, in question at those different heights. Such photographs show most remarkable changes in the appearances presented at one altitude and another. For the first time in Solar research, it has in this way become possible to isolate one level from another in its strata, and so far, although at present only in a slight degree, to overcome the difficulty of which I have spoken. This most remarkable and successful new process deserves great attention. Apart from its own intrinsic importance, it may, I think, owing to the interdependence of all Solar observations, ultimately give us information, or suggest lines of research, or methods of investigation, which may be of the utmost value in connection with Total Eclipses.

I have alluded to electrical action upon the Sun, which can hardly be wanting in the fiery tornados, the tremendous movements, the contraction and expansion, the friction and heat, passing all description, which there abound. But nothing at all is certainly known about it. We cannot, for instance, say how far any discharge of electrons or corpuscles may be connected with the long streamers of the Corona, or with the interesting phenomenon of the Zodiacal Light which was discussed in this Review last March. The possibility of such a connection should, however, be constantly remembered. In regard to this, a recent observation by Professor Simon Newcomb certainly deserves notice. The extension of the Zodiacal Light in the direction of the Sun's *axis* had not hitherto been estimated, or observed. But he succeeded, last July, from the summit of the Brienzler Rothhorn, in tracing it to a distance of 35° above the Sun's *north pole*. This almost of necessity involves a similar extension southwards. If so, it must deeply envelop the whole of the Sun, just as the Corona does. Certainly the Zodiacal Light should always be carefully kept in mind in all Eclipse observations, in case some part of it may be detected.

Another remarkable discovery connected with the Sun has recently been made by Mr. E. W. Maunder, F.R.A.S., of the Greenwich Observatory. Determining, from sunspot observations, the successive intervals in which the rotation of the Solar surface brings a spot, or more accurately the meridian passing through some selected point in it, round again, so that this meridian shall be once more directly opposite to the Earth; he has found that, sometimes twice, sometimes thrice, or even several times in succession, there is a manifest tendency to the recurrence, after such an interval, of a magnetic disturbance in the Earth, which must be due to some influence ejected or sent forth from that particular part of the Sun. It is

as though some long ray, rushing forth in a straight line from a limited portion of the Solar surface, strikes the Earth and starts a magnetic action in it from time to time, as that special part of the Sun comes round into the same position relatively to the Earth again. In a Total Eclipse immensely long faint rays are occasionally seen issuing from the Corona. I cannot, therefore, but believe that Mr. Maunder's discovery, in addition to its great value in other respects, may help towards the explanation of what these rays are, or of what they do.

To the question of the existence of any planet or planets nearer to the Sun than Mercury, much attention has recently been given during Total Eclipses. Such planets, if so situated, would be illuminated by very intense Solar light; and, if only of one-half or one-quarter of the diameter of Mercury, ought to be easily seen at such a time by the naked eye. It is possible that such a planet might be hidden in some Eclipses by the Sun or Moon, or its light be overpowered by that of the Corona, if our line of sight to it should pass very near to the Sun; but, if so, it should be visible in other Eclipses when in other parts of its orbit. Up to the present, however, no such planet has been detected. In the Eclipse of the 18th of May, 1901, the remarkably long duration of totality (six and a half minutes) was especially favourable for such observations. The instrumental equipment of the Lick Observatory Expedition in Sumatra was admirable. Clouds, however, to some extent injured some of the photographs taken. But as many as 170 stars were recorded around the Sun, and it was concluded that no intra-Mercurial planet was then visible, at any rate as bright as a star of the fifth magnitude, or having a probable diameter of as much as seventy-five miles. It may be hoped that similar photographs recently obtained by the American observers in North Africa may include all stars seen within a moderate distance from the Sun down to about the ninth magnitude, and that we shall soon be able finally to decide whether any such planet exists or not, even if only of about thirty miles in diameter. But any photographs will need considerable time for their examination, and for the precise identification of the places of the many minute images upon them with those of known stars. It may be interesting to notice that a method has been adopted of late in these observations, by which four large cameras are braced together in one telescopic mounting; so that four photographic plates, up to twenty-four inches by thirty inches in size, can be simultaneously exposed, so as to embrace a large extent of sky all round the Sun; while an arrangement is also made by which two plates are automatically used in succession for each camera as a precaution against any accidental imperfection in a single plate.

It seems, then, that our ignorance with regard to the general

physical condition of the Sun is such that it is most important that every possible effort should be made to gain whatever new information is attainable during the brief intervals in which, from time to time, the interposition of the Moon's dark body renders the Corona visible, and also enables the various other classes of Eclipse observations of a special character to be made. But there is, I think, little doubt that the daily study of the Sun with spectroscopic and telescope, and especially by such refined methods as that recently employed by Professor Hale, may prove to be really still more important. Above all, every possible effort should be made, by some fresh photographic or instrumental development, to obtain views of the Corona and of its structure *day by day*.

The greatest popular interest should undoubtedly be taken in every Total Solar Eclipse. Those who have seen one can never forget the sight. The effect is overpowering, and perhaps never more so than in such a view of the vast red prominences as that of August last, when one huge mass of them near to the east part of the Sun's equator, many thousand miles in height, occupied about a twelfth of its whole circumference, and was so splendidly seen by the naked eye as to astonish all beholders. But most of the details of Eclipse observations are far too technical to be of popular interest. Nor can astronomers expect to make any really rapid progress by means of them. All such observations call for the greatest patience. The advance in Solar study gained in each Eclipse is very slow.

Unfortunately for some time to come there will not be so good an opportunity for English observers as that just past. In 1907 it would be necessary to travel (in January) to Turkestan or Mongolia; in 1908 or 1911 to the Pacific Ocean; in 1912, when the very rare occurrence of two Total Eclipses, only six months apart, will take place, either to South America, or to the Spanish peninsula. But these totalities will all be of short duration, and in the latter region exceedingly so; although the Eclipse in question may, as a consequence, afford a specially favourable opportunity for the observation of the Reversing Layer. The next Eclipse with at all a long totality will, I believe, be in 1919, and be visible in Brazil and Central Africa. The last Total Solar Eclipse seen in the British Isles was in 1724; the next, it is calculated, will last for about one-third of a minute, and be seen in 1927 in North Wales, Lancashire, and Yorkshire.

I trust, nevertheless, and fully believe, that the occurrence of every such Eclipse will encourage the ungrudging provision, either by the State or by private individuals, of all necessary funds, both for costly Eclipse expeditions, and for the continuous daily observation of the Sun. Certainly Mr. Crocker, of San Francisco, has shown a noble example of what one individual may do. Apart from previous liberality of the same kind, it is understood that he subsidised three

important expeditions last August, to Labrador, Spain, and Egypt. Would that astronomers, stimulated and cheered by help such as this, may ere long be able to cast off some of that depressing burden of ignorance, with regard to the nearest of all the stars which they are themselves the most willing to confess. The Sun, we must all allow, is magnificent. May we soon be less obliged than we now are to say of it, '*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*'

E. LEDGER.

NATURAL BEAUTY AS A NATIONAL ASSET

THE time seems to have arrived when it may be interesting to record something of the results which have been quietly achieved, during the past eleven years, by a society founded for securing for the public places of historic interest or natural beauty. It was founded in 1894, and grew out of the need which was felt of some body which could hold land and buildings in perpetuity for the benefit of the public at large. Since then much has been done to develop both the power and will of local authorities to acquire land and buildings; but these are, as a rule, in the near neighbourhood of large towns, and are secured mainly for their important bearing on health. For this object local authorities may be fitted. But the inauguration of the National Trust for places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty was due to the belief that there was a need in man for more than utilitarian benefits, that he was not only an eating, drinking, and breathing animal, but that he craved for, and was ennobled by, beauty around him, and noble thought suggested to him. England is rich in natural beauty, and full of stately and picturesque buildings, beautiful in themselves, and recalling a great past, events and men who have made our nation what it is. These are day by day passing into private hands, and are being closed to the public; some are being ruthlessly or ignorantly disfigured or destroyed, and it was decided to be important to save a few for the great body of our fellow countrymen.

It was therefore settled that in establishing the body which should hold them, so far as possible, it should consist of men and women who should be free from the tendency to sacrifice such treasures to mercenary considerations, or to vulgarise them in accordance with popular cries—should be, in fact, those to whom historic memories loom large, who love the wild bird, butterfly, and plant, who realise the national value of hill slope lighted by sun or shadowed by cloud. So the governing body is nominated by the great artistic, learned, and scientific foundations of the United Kingdom. The British Museum, National Gallery, and Royal Academy, seven of the principal universities, the Society of Antiquaries, the Linnæan, Botanic, and Entomological Societies nominate the majority of the Council.

The society is still young, and its achievements small as yet, but the foundation is broad, and the organisation capable of ready expansion. We hold to our creed boldly; and affirm that the purely useful things of the world are not all that human beings want, that England is rich enough to give some of the blessings of beauty to her children, and we ask all who feel this to unite in securing such possessions. To those who say, 'Bread and coal and blankets and hospitals are real wants of everyone, but to expect beauty for people is going a little far in your requirements; at least let us get the necessities first,' we reply, 'Those who really believe that only one thing can be procured will rightly devote themselves to the provision of necessities only.' And yet they are hardly consistent. Is there one of us, poor or rich, busy or idle, philanthropist or man of the world, who does not devote something to a love of beauty? Whether it be costly dress, rich furniture, stately house, brilliant flower garden, or coloured print, pretty toy, pot of creeping jenny, we all set aside some of our money for that which does not supply creature comfort. It is the dawn of the spirit which craves for such possession. The National Trust asks that this need, which is human, shall be met by common possessions.

Man was placed in a world so beautiful that the variety of its loveliness and grandeur is as wonderful as their perfection. Day by day for us the sun rises and sets; the child instinctively gathers the flowers and watches the movement of beast and bird; before the eyes of most men, through most countries and many centuries, however unconscious he may sometimes have seemed of them, the free clouds of heaven, the rush of streams, the breaking of wave on beach, the animate life of flower and creature, the green of grass, the blue of sky, have surrounded him, and have been, like the air he breathed, part of his natural inheritance. The very unconsciousness of the enjoyment has been a proof of its universality. To many it is first realised in its loss. For the instincts of joy in the beauty, whether of colour or form, are common to all. In some they are strong, in some weak, in some they are developed, in some latent; but they are part of the very being of man. In pleading for beauty for the inhabitants of our towns, we are asking for no aristocratic luxury or exceptional superfluity, but for the restoration of some faint reflex of what our modern civilisation has taken away from the ordinary inheritance to which, as citizens of the fair earth, they were born. For, see, we have darkened the blue of their sky with smoke, we have raised the walls of warehouse, factory, and block building so high and so close to their houses that they cannot see the sun rise or set, nor the company of bright clouds that gather round his uprising, happy if, through the long summer day, a single ray of his beams reaches their rooms. The opening gold of the crocus in spring is not for them, nor the crimson of the autumn woods. Dress is dingy, its forms are ugly,

dirt and squalor prevail around them, the noises of the street have no melody, the sights they see are degrading. And yet there is, in each child in the worst courts, a capacity of joy, simple human joy, were it but in one bright colour.

I remember in 1887, when I was connected with the formation of the first cadet corps in London (it was for Southwark boys), I wrote a letter which was forwarded to the War Office, asking for the cadets to wear scarlet instead of the dark green uniform of the corps to which these companies were attached. I pointed out what a cheer the bright colour would be in that dingy neighbourhood. The request was granted, and soon afterwards a busy clergyman said to me: 'You can't think what a delight your boys' uniforms are, they are such a pleasure to us all at my Sunday school.' And lately, when collecting money for securing a bit of the Lake country, we received 2s. 6d. from a factory worker in Sheffield. She said: 'All my life I have longed to see the lakes. I shall never see them now, but I should like to help to keep them for others.' Again, I was once giving evidence before a committee of the House, and there came up a deputation of working men, representing sixty-two different trades, hard-headed, practical men, not the least sentimental theorists. I was quite amazed to hear the stress one after another laid on the ugliness of the new blocks of buildings, 'dreary sameness,' 'wearisome monotony,' 'terrible dreariness'; one speaker after another dwelt on these ugly characteristics. And I have found a distinct increased money value in cottages built in London, simply from their being a little different and pretty.

This universal joy in beauty means that certain things call up a wonderful sense of satisfaction, of thankfulness, of life; making men feel better, calling them out of themselves by the power of a strong and blessed feeling. First among all the objects which can be secured in the way of beauty is that of open space, a bit of the earth as it was made, capable of producing flowers and grass and trees, with its own slopes, streams, trees, rocks on which sunlight and shadow may fall. Our Father gave the earth to us, and yet somehow how little of it falls to the lot of the city child, and how changed is that little. Think how little space usually surrounds a workman's town dwelling. Perhaps he lives in a flat, and has not a square yard of open ground in which his wife can sit out of doors in summer heat, or his child turn a skipping-rope; his rooms are small, and he has no garden. The natural complement of the house is the garden. The more difficult it becomes to provide the separate garden, the more urgently is the public garden needed. Cities are beginning to realise this, and our gathering together in cities should teach us such habit of corporate action as shall secure for all in common what each cannot provide for himself, and the public open space must in cities replace the separate garden. But more than this is needed, space

further afield for those rare but necessary holidays which are becoming more essential for all classes. Give the town park, the flat cricket field, the asphalt playground; but let us see that we keep also our English commons, our field paths, and purchase here and there sites of natural beauty, seashore or cliff, limestone valley, reach of river bank, stretch of meadow, slope to mountain summit. To this latter duty the National Trust has set itself. For not only does the working man year by year, more and more, get to such places and care for them increasingly, but the large multitude of professional men, of shopkeepers and other dwellers in town, need the refreshment of natural beauty after being cooped up in cities; and they find annually more places built over and closed to them. How many there are who have no country seat, deer forest, or yacht, who in their well-earned holiday need rest and contact with nature! Forest and field, mountain and seashore are gradually passing into private hands, and being closed to the public as holiday folk increase in number.

When Athens was defending her national life against Persia, and the organised city of Sparta stood aloof, it was the God Pan, the God of Nature, who came to her aid at the battle of Marathon, Browning tells us he said:

Praise Pan, 'who fought in the ranks with your most and least,
Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the free and the bold.

Is this a symbol of the spirit which keeps a nation free and vigorous, that love of and intercourse with wild nature? Hugh Miller tells us that the unrestricted power of wandering over open country forms one cause of the love of the Scotch for their native land, engendering as it does the sense that they have a share in it. Are not these sources of inspiration and attachment greatly diminished in this generation in Great Britain? Is it not important for national as well as for family life that they should be as far as possible preserved?

We of the National Trust thought so, and formed a society which offers to all landless men an opportunity of uniting to purchase areas for the common good of their own and similar families, with the added satisfaction of knowing that long after they have passed away such possessions will remain to be a blessing to succeeding generations. We are also asking those who can dedicate land to make these great and lasting gifts, and some have already done so. Most of us are in no way urging that such purchases should lose their grace and spring and spontaneity by being made compulsory, nor, by being embodied in the nation's expenditure, press hardly on those who are struggling for absolute subsistence. We are not asking that such areas should be acquired by rate or tax, but that, by the voluntary combination of many, great and permanent possessions should be acquired for the people. They may be gifts from a rich donor who desires to make a memorable donation to posterity, or purchased by the glad and ready

contributions of hundreds who, united, may be able to preserve for all time a thing of beauty to be a joy for ever. Such gifts may be looked upon as the thankofferings of a mighty people. England is not poor, and few of our people are so poor but that, at some time of their lives, they might not, if they would, unite in a gift to that which is out of sight, as Sir Launfal did.

I recognise that this is hardly a main duty for anyone. I am far from unaware of crying needs in other directions. Most of us are at work face to face with great material want, but we think some measure of help should be given to the provision of a distinct national need, a gift for the time to come, a tithe of our riches, a memorial to those we have lost, more abiding and surely as beautiful as stained-glass window or costly tomb.

Any way, it may be interesting to record what possessions have been thus secured. Few and small, doubtless, compared with what we hope will one day be England's jewels, held for her and treasured by those who care for history, art, and natural beauty, forming a sort of first-fruits, a free-will offering by those who are conscious of great blessings in their own lives, and of the manifold goodness of Him Who has created this wonderful world, and has made England rich in historic memories which are recalled by the interesting buildings which have come down to us. These possessions are permanent, but they are necessarily costly, and the National Trust has not been long in existence. But it owns now nine open spaces, seven beautiful old houses, and four memorials. These are vested in the Council, and managed by an estates committee annually elected by the Council. Every effort is made to render them accessible to the public, to preserve them in uninjured beauty, and to keep the flora and fauna. Of the small old-world houses, the Clergy House at Alfriston, the Court House at Long Crendon, the old Post Office at Tintagel, and the Joiners' Hall at Salisbury may be specially named. Nothing great about them, nothing very striking, only quaint, picturesque, out-of-the-world places. The one nestled among the folds of the Sussex downs, the next set at the end of the quaint street of a needle-making village of Oxfordshire, the third in a far-away Cornish village, and the fourth in a street in Salisbury—just quietly awakening memories of simple life long ago. The Clergy House is a pre-Reformation building; the Court House the place where manorial courts have been held ever since the manor was assigned to Queen Katharine, wife of Henry the Fifth—strong in timber, steep in roof, lovely in the mellowed colour of centuries, greeting the eye with a sense of repose, carrying the mind back to the days of our fathers, and to that out of which England has grown.

The memorials owned by the Trust are the Falkland Memorial, near Newbury, the Hardy monument on the Dorsetshire downs, the old Sanctuary Cross at Sharrow, and the single stone with medallion

of John Ruskin set on Friar's Crag, where first he learned the beauty of that nature he was so wonderfully to describe. Warrior, naval hero, author, it seems right that there should be a body composed of those nominated by the great corporate bodies of Great Britain to accept, to hold, and to cherish such visible memorials of our great dead, ancient or modern. Then there are the pretty bridges at Eashing, over the Wey, near Godalming, which date from the days of King John. What a contrast they form to our modern iron lattice bridges, and how refreshing to come upon their strong curves and low arches on a summer afternoon's walk in Surrey, where the trees bend over them and the water glides beneath!

The open spaces belonging to the Trust are Barmouth Cliff, Barras Head, Wicken Fen, Ide Hill, Toys Hill, Kymin Hill, Brandlehow, Mariner's Hill, and Rockbeare. Barmouth was the first gift to the Trust; it overlooks the estuary. Barras Head was the first purchase. It cost 505*l.*; it is a headland of fourteen acres, with great black rocks for ever washed by that wonderful Cornish sea, a space of wild headland set with grey boulders, and grazed over by sheep, but most valued in that it commands the best view of the Castle of Tintagel, connected in our minds with the legends of King Arthur and the great poet who sang of him. Ide Hill, Toys Hill, and Mariner's Hill each form a vantage ground on a separate promontory of the Kentish range of hills overlooking the Weald of Kent and across to the Ash-down Forest range, and between its depressions to the far-away South Downs. All these three promontories are within range of the Londoner who takes a Saturday afternoon from gas-lighted city office or many-storied London street. There he can rest on the grassy or wooded slopes, and feast his eyes on the marvellous blue of the hills before him, or watch the great sun setting in his glory, or the moon rising behind the trees. Kymin, like all the hills commanding the Wye Valley, has a beautiful view. It is so near Monmouth as to be accessible to many. It is of special interest as having been visited by Nelson, and containing one of the few memorials of our navy. Wicken Fen is almost the last remnant of the primeval fenland of East Anglia, and is of great interest to naturalists. Rockbeare is twenty-one acres, near Exeter, covered with heather and trees, and affording beautiful views. Brandlehow, on Lake Derwent Water, is the largest possession of the Trust. It comprises 108 acres on the western shore of the lake. It was bought in 1902 for 6,500*l.*, contributed by more than 1,300 donors, the gifts ranging from 1*s.* to 500*l.* These gifts came from all over the world, from Shanghai, the Straits Settlement, the Rocky Mountains, India, the United States, and South Africa; from all kinds of people—the octogenarian with all his memories, the young boys with all their hopes, from the factory worker and the London teacher. The estate comprises about a mile of the lake shore; it affords a view of Skiddaw in one direc-

tion, of Borrowdale and Castle Crag in the other. Over this land now the feet of Englishmen may wander; from its slope they may behold all that wealth of beauty in mountain-side and stretch of lake, and there, in a neighbourhood where headland, meadow, shore, and peak are one after another being appropriated and enclosed, there is for ever preserved for the visitor from grimy manufacturing city, for those who escape from the 'man-stifled town,' one space to which they may turn on their yearly holiday with certainty that it is open to them, and left in its unspoiled loveliness.

OCTAVIA HILL.

CHILDREN'S HAPPY EVENINGS

A LITTLE boy, with a turn of mind at once social and philosophic, was asked whether he preferred the company of children or adults. After a moment's reflection he replied, 'I like children when there is something to do, but when there is not I like grown-up people, as they may think of something to do.' Let anyone, recollecting this opinion, wander through the poorer parts of the metropolis on a long autumn or winter evening, and mark the substitutes for 'something to do' which commend themselves to the active little Londoner. He may, it is true, be employed by his overworked parent, he may carry home the washing, take the bundle of shop-work to the middleman, mind the baby, or hawk matches or newspapers about the streets, but the majority of girls and boys have at least a considerable portion of time to themselves when school is over, and the question is, how and where can they dispose of it?

Certainly not in the crowded living room of the family, where the busy mother does not want them, and where they would not care to stay if she did; the parks, pleasant enough in summer days, are generally too far off to be attractive goals for pilgrimage at the dull time of year, and the only remaining playgrounds are the streets and courts. Here the children swarm, and here we may consider their possible amusements.

In books and work and healthful play
Let my first years be past,

sings the moral poet with great good sense: 'the 'books and work' have already been provided by the powers that be, but how about the 'healthful play'? Though the casual observer may think that the children can easily provide that for themselves, experience shows that this is exactly what they cannot do. Strange as it may seem, the result of enquiries made some years ago went to prove that thousands of children *did not know how to play*. They could fight, of course, and get into excellent training for hooligans; they could sit under archways, and, as a boy described in an essay on his usual evening occupations, say to the men returning from work, 'Please, sir, do not fall over our legs'; they could annoy the passers-by with language more forcible than classic; they could give dramatic imitations of more

or less edifying scenes witnessed in their daily life, but of 'play' in the ordinary acceptation of the word they were woefully ignorant.

The reasons were not far to seek. First, space for regular sports was wanting; then it was difficult for a migratory population here to-day and gone to-morrow to hand on traditional games; and lastly, there were no 'grown-up' people to teach the rules, as our nurses and elders taught us in the days of our youth. Of course, when any appliances were required they were almost totally lacking.

Things are brighter nowadays. Many kindly hearts in London and elsewhere have realised the need thus brought to light, knowing that in every garden where good seed is not sown weeds are sure to flourish, and in none more so than in the virgin soil of a young child's mind.

The teaching given in school hours, however excellent, cannot occupy the whole plot; something will be continually planted in the leisure time—what shall it be?

While recognising the good work done by others in the same direction, the Children's Happy Evenings Association may fairly claim to have been the pioneer, and to be by far the largest organisation labouring in the field indicated above. A short account, therefore, of its history and present condition may not be devoid of interest.

Some eighteen years ago a few ladies and gentlemen were struck with the idea that the school buildings of the London School Board (then much less continuously utilised than at present) would admirably serve the purposes of evening play-rooms.

They approached the authorities on the subject and were allowed to try the experiment in three schools, situated respectively in Lambeth, Shoreditch, and Marylebone. Volunteers were enlisted, and a system inaugurated by which the scholars in the upper standards who had been most regular at day school should be admitted to a couple of hours' play, generally between six and eight o'clock, on certain specified evenings. Dolls, paint-boxes and round games were provided for those who preferred quieter occupations, while the more actively disposed children were taught to play Old English games such as 'Oranges and Lemons,' 'We are English Soldiers,' 'Daughter Sue,' and many others. It is curious to note that some of these games have been rescued from threatened oblivion by such means. Instances have been known of London children carrying the games learnt at the evenings back into the country in their summer holidays, and teaching them to little rustics whose parents had forgotten them.

The experiment, tentatively authorised, was crowned with complete success, and its extension officially sanctioned by the London School Board, which recognised the Children's Happy Evenings Association as its agent in dealing with applications for the opening of recreation evenings in other schools. These began to pour in,

slowly at first but soon in large numbers, as teachers and managers realised the great advantages conferred on the children in various ways, not only by the counter attraction offered to the streets, by the inducement to regular attendance in school, since the tickets were rewards of such regularity, but especially by the marked improvement in the manners of children brought under the influence of educated and warm-hearted friends in play as well as in lesson hours. Since the London School Board has transferred its power to the County Council, the Education Committee of the latter body has expressed its approval of the work carried on under the auspices of its predecessor, and has assured the Association that no impediment will be placed in the way of its development.

No one wishes to introduce into England the foreign system of constant supervision, of never letting a child act on its own initiative, of fencing him so closely during youth against every moral and physical danger that he is apt to buy his experience all too dearly when the barriers are removed.

There is, however, the contrary extreme of turning the boy or girl entirely loose, to look after him- or herself in a great city without any idea of rational occupation or amusement, at the very moment when the removal of the necessary restraint of school impels the young energies to find vent somewhere, and a couple of hours of weekly guidance in the gentle art of Play, and above all of Fair Play, can hardly be considered excessive. It is sometimes urged that if this part of education is so desirable as its friends assert, it ought to be provided by the State.

Without discussing the fresh burden which such a course would throw on the hard-pressed ratepayer, it may be said that the long experience of the Association tends to show that however necessary salaried work and regular routine may be, and undoubtedly are, for the school curriculum which equips the child for the struggle of modern life, the same fixity of rule should not apply to the hours of recreation, and such stringency would be hard to avoid if salaried teachers were enlisted to carry out a regular scheme of instruction in play.

It is not contended for one moment that salaried instructors would not take interest in the children out of school hours; experience of their kindness to their charges would flatly contradict any such suggestion, and many of them help of their own free-will in the evenings, but there is no doubt that fresh helpers, coming from fresh scenes, and bringing in fresh ideas, afford enormous pleasure both to teachers and children, and a variety is thus introduced into the amusements which would be next to impossible in any scheme of recreation subsidised and supervised by the State. Let us, however, investigate a little more closely the actual programme of an Evening.

Outside one of the large school buildings in Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Hoxton, or in many another district little known to the West

End, you may find an eager crowd of children armed with the much coveted tickets which are the Open Sesame to a children's hour at least as cheerful as any in a richly furnished drawing-room. Be it noted that each ticket bears the superscription 'H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, President,' and is justly regarded by the children and their families as a kind of personal invitation from Her Royal Highness. Justly, for the Princess by no means confines her interest to nominal patronage; she has again and again rendered practical help to the work in various directions, and each Christmas valuable gifts of toys come from Marlborough House for distribution among the branches, so that the little waifs whom we have left waiting outside the enchanted portals may find inside costly games, gorgeous Noah's arks, or splendid balls, erstwhile treasures of the King's grandsons.

When the chattering throng have assembled in the Central Hall, or the largest schoolroom available, they are cordially welcomed by the ladies and gentlemen present, and then each child is asked whether he or she would prefer to begin the evening's amusement in a 'Noisy' or a 'Quiet' room. Let us follow a little party of boys who have selected the studio as their first scene of action. Here we find a pile of outline drawings representing incidents domestic, nautical and zoological, such as children love, drawn in broad outline on good paper, and therefore easy to colour. Two or three 'artistic' ladies designed these specially for the Association, and had them reproduced in large numbers at their own expense. These are highly valued—only the best artists are allowed to try their brushes upon them, and when completed they may be taken home to adorn the walls of their proud parents. The less advanced are supplied with fashion plates, prints from illustrated papers, and other scraps. 'Tom,' says a young girl helper, 'why do you paint that lady's eyes red? People's eyes are not red.' Tom had probably selected the red paint as the most brilliant and therefore the most attractive in the box, and now asks in some perplexity what he shall substitute. 'Look at my eyes, look at Fred's,' says his instructress, and having ascertained that the young lady's are brown and Fred's are blue, Tom has grasped the new idea that the artist must make some attempt to copy nature.

Finding a boy one evening busily occupied in colouring a hunting scene, I asked what he knew of the chase. In an eager flow of language he assured me of his profound knowledge, and triumphantly concluded, 'The foxes' tails are called brushes; the huntsmen get as many as they can, and the one who gets most wins a prize.'

Chess, netting, making little tops out of cotton reels and similar occupations are appreciated by the boys. Sometimes a kind friend will provide a drill sergeant, or a sailor teach the useful art of making knots. Tug of war and all kinds of lively games go on in the 'Noisy rooms,' and perhaps the most popular amusement of all is boxing.

Any young man who will undertake to teach this art in a branch is a real benefactor, as nothing is found more conducive to discipline and self-restraint, while a whole circle of boys are delighted to act as spectators.

We must not, however, linger too long among the boys, for the girls demand a share of our attention.

We shall be lucky if we find ourselves among them early in November, when the new supply of dolls has reached the branch, after the annual exhibition and subsequent distribution at Bath House. The dolls' apartment is presumably a 'Quiet room,' but the term is rather a misnomer on such an occasion. Shouts of 'Oh, look at her!' 'Do let me hold her, teacher.' 'What a beauty!' assail us on all sides. Here is a boy doll dressed in green velvet so lovely that every girl must be allowed to carry him in turn; here an 'Old Woman who lived in a Shoe'—as we all know, 'she had so many children she didn't know what to do,' but abundant nursery-maids are ready to relieve her of her embarrassment this evening.

After the Coronation a lady contributed to the exhibition a doll dressed as a peeress, who almost realised in her own person the gorgeous scene in Westminster Abbey. During several weeks the rumour of her glories spread through the neighbourhood of the school to which she had been allotted, and at last one little girl pleaded earnestly for permission to carry the precious doll to her grandmother, who lived hard by. After some demur, and on promise of great care and speedy return, the lady in charge of the dolls gave consent, and the peeress, duly enveloped in paper, paid her formal visit. She was brought back quite safely, with the compliments and thanks of her hostess.

Simpler dolls are, however, equally acceptable to the Association, and, so long as they dress and undress, perhaps afford more scope for the 'mother and child' games so dear to most little girls. Needless to say the dramas in which the dolls take part are unending, and from time to time give rise to a useful lesson. The doll is ill, and is brought to the notice of the sanitary authorities. 'Why, Mrs. Smith, how have you been feeding this child? Herrings—what do you expect! Milk properly mixed—a clean bottle—that is what she wants.' In some schools the little ones learn to wash and iron the under-clothing, and when cradles and sheets are available they are a great attraction. Passing from the dolls' nursery we find ourselves transported into fairyland. A circle of children seated on the floor meet our eyes, and in front of them stands a lady who has wafted them on a magic carpet far away from London smoke and winter fogs, into the enchanted realms of the 'Arabian Nights.' Never had story-teller a more entranced audience. We will not disturb them, but glance at a party of older girls who are busy manufacturing little articles from what seem at first sight somewhat unpromising materials.

As we watch we see pieces of cardboard turned into carts or dolls' furniture, old match-boxes transformed into neat little chests of drawers, and needlebooks and other little presents made for the mothers at home.

Old Christmas cards are always acceptable if not written on; the children are charmed to forward them to their friends: if marked they can be worked up as aforesaid or pasted into scrap-books. The compiling of scrap-books is a great joy, and some of these under talented guidance become real works of art. One of these was lately produced in which a lady had drawn pictures and taught the children to colour them quite beautifully, while another friend had embellished them with appropriate verses.

In the girls' 'Noisy rooms' the children dance, and play the old games already mentioned and many others, often accompanied by music. Sometimes enterprising helpers will get up a little play, for which the rehearsals occupy many evenings, and then parents and friends are invited to see the performance. It would be hard to say on these occasions whether actors or audience are the better pleased. Sometimes the former are girls alone, but where the same helpers superintend both boys' and girls' branches, it is possible to introduce both into the dramas. As a proof that the rising generation are not so wholly ignorant of Walter Scott as is sometimes supposed, I may mention a boy who, having acted the part of 'St. George' with great spirit and to his own complete satisfaction, sent me a request to dramatise 'The Talisman,' as he had read it, and wanted to perform one of the leading parts! I need hardly add that my powers were unequal to gratifying his ambition.

The evenings generally conclude with a grand march round, and are occasionally enlivened by a distribution of buns, oranges, sweets or flowers, sent, or better still, brought by the President of the local branch or by some other sympathising friend. Any such gifts cause pleasure and excitement, but it is touching to note that a bunch of flowers evokes far more gratitude from these poor children than any eatables. So dear are blossoms to the heart of the Londoner, that it is almost cruel to send a basket of flowers by a District Messenger boy without giving him a buttonhole for himself at the same time.

Hearing of 'Happy Evenings' people are apt to think that the idea is to give entertainments of some sort, conjurers, magic lanterns, or concerts to the children. It is hoped that the above slight sketch of what generally takes place (though details vary in every branch) will make it plain that the Association contemplates nothing of the kind. The intention is to amuse and interest the children of the poor on exactly the lines on which intelligent parents and friends brighten the lives and arouse the imagination of little ones in their own families after regular school hours are over. A strict rule of the C. H. E. A. is

that not one penny of the money subscribed by the public is to be expended on 'Treats' in the ordinary sense of the word.

When these are given, and they often are given at Christmas and in summer time, they are provided by the kindness of branch Presidents, by helpers personally interested in a particular branch, or by the invitation of someone sympathising with the work of the Association and offering to entertain a given number of children in town or country. While such invitations are joyfully accepted by the Committee for their charges, they are regarded in the same light as special treats offered to the children of the rich, that is to say, as exceptional pleasures, not as part of the ordinary routine of life.

A word may be said respecting the workers and the branch Presidents, to whom reference has already been made.

The Association has now opened 120 branches in London, attended by a weekly average of 18,000 children. These branches are situated in 85 schools, some schools having two separate branches for girls and boys respectively. Each branch has its own Hon. Sec. and Committee of local workers, and sends a representative to the Central Council, which decides matters of general policy, and elects the Central Executive Committee and Officers. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales is, as already mentioned, President of the whole Association, but in an organisation extending over so wide an area it has also been found advisable to appoint, as far as possible, a President for every branch. While these ladies are often unable, from frequent absence in the country or other causes, to work regularly at the Evenings, their occasional visits and continued interest are found very helpful and stimulating to the constant workers.

The Central Committee are anxious to secure additional branch Presidents, as local Committees not yet provided with a head are apt to consider themselves neglected. The workers number over fifteen hundred ladies and gentlemen, and the lists show an infinite variety of age and occupation. Girls are here young enough to enter keenly into the sports of the children and just old enough to control them, elder ladies who love children and like to renew their own youth in promoting their happiness, many friends living in the suburbs who find leisure to come in by District Railway or Tube, young lawyers and others engaged during the day at the Corn Exchange, in publishing houses and in similar occupations—all these and many more in different spheres of life find that the sacrifice of one or two evening hours is well repaid by the affection and gratitude of the children.

We hear a great deal in the present day of the best way of educating children, of the individual attention which each child needs on the one hand, and of 'what children like' (as if they all liked the same thing) on the other. Not long ago, when a Congress was assembled to discuss the rearing of babies, one section was composed entirely of mothers, with the exception of one aunt, who justified her claim

to inclusion by the fact that she had twenty-eight nephews and nieces, and had never forgotten one of their birthdays.

That aunt would be an ideal worker at the Happy Evenings: her experience of the divers characters of her nephews and nieces and her evident enjoyment of their pleasure would qualify her to manage a couple of hundred children with a very limited amount of assistance. If, however, there are parents, uncles, or aunts who wish to widen their knowledge of child life, or others who, having no young relatives of their own to study, would still like to know something of the genus child, they would find in the Happy Evenings a wide field for observation. Without attempting an exhaustive description of the characteristics of the London child, for after all London children differ like others, it may be safely asserted that the majority are wonderfully wideawake, and grasp with rapidity any idea presented to them. They are exceedingly responsive to kindness, and very quick to acquire good manners when they once understand that these are agreeable to those whom they wish to please. A lady told some children at one of the Evenings an anecdote of a party of Swiss children who were instructed to say 'the little word *merci*' at the conclusion of a treat; on her departure she was amused to find a group of little girls waiting to speed her with cries of '*Merçi, merci!*' So promptly had the lesson been laid to heart.

Another exhibited a collection of natural history objects; on her first visit she was almost mobbed by the children, who were then comparatively newcomers; a year later she took her treasures again, and found that attendance at the Evenings had effected a complete transformation: the interest in the exhibition was just as great, but the little spectators had become perfectly well-behaved, they kept their places in front of her, and she was able to hand her objects from one to another without fear of injury or shadow of dispute.

Interest in the Association is spreading throughout England. Affiliated though autonomous Associations are now established in Manchester, Middlesbrough, Plymouth, Oxford, and Walthamstow. Enquirers anxious to see the work, with a view to similar organisations, have come from Toronto, Finland, Vienna, and Copenhagen, and particulars have been sent, by request, to Hong Kong.

We all sympathise with the objection, 'What, yet another Society! are there not enough, and more than enough, already?' The answer is that of the poet:

New occasions make new duties.

In olden days there were funds for rescuing prisoners from the Saracens, hospices for lepers, and doles given at the monastery gates. Now a world full of work is full of hope, but also full of danger. It was stated the other day that during the year 1904 seventy-four

miles of streets had, been added to the metropolis—seventy-four additional miles of bricks and mortar inhabited by human beings and teeming with youth. Surely all who are able will be willing to do something, not only to succour the little ones in illness and to teach them the hard facts of life, but also to show them that life is not all hardness, and to help those standing on its threshold to gather their full share of the flowers of happiness which blossom round its portal

M. E. JERSEY.

THE VICTORIAN WOMAN

THE world moves fast in these days, and we seem already to have left the Victorian age far behind us. For the most part we boast of Victorian achievements: Early Victorian literature, Victorian poets and novelists, Victorian men of science, Victorian triumphs in industry and inventions, Victorian geographical discoveries, Victorian conquests, all these things and many more we have judged, and they seem to most of us very good. But we are never tired of girding at Victorian manners, Victorian dress, Victorian furniture, and it is now the fashion to speak slightly of the Victorian woman. It is an unmannerly fashion; for these women were our mothers and our grandmothers, and what we distinguished beings are to-day they have made us. 'A lobster does not bring forth an elephant; he conceivably might, but he never has,' said one of the witty sages of *L'Orme du Mail* to me once, *à propos* of the revolutionists who denounced the past. Enamoured of themselves as are the women of to-day, they are emphatically the children of the despised Victorian.

She had a delightful reserve, the maiden of the middle eighteen hundreds, though she may have appeared at first sight obvious enough, discharging her little household duties with a pretty precision and a happy pride. But there was quality behind the casiness and prettiness, with that faint touch of the personally austere in which idealism has its root. Of self-indulgence there was comparatively little; the 'times' did not favour it materially, and indulgence to others is not a soil in which indulgence to self flourishes. To be censorious was held up as the ugliest vice. But, above all, the young girl was a mysterious being. There was a mystery of strength in those simple quiet lives, a mystery too of dignity. Woman was the 'pursued' not the 'pursuer,' and it was worth an effort to be admitted to her sanctuary. Proud she was too, and nice in her acceptance of pleasant things offered her; nice also in her discrimination between the well and the not well, with a fine courage as of race.

This may seem to some a picture over-coloured and unreal; but the history of the Victorian women known to fame is writ plain before us, and the private histories of women in countless families, the mothers, wives and sisters of the men of the century, tell the same

tale. The estimation in which we hold the Victorian woman has suffered not a little from the 'Amelias' and 'Doras' of the great novelists : a type to be found in every country, though perhaps never very common, appealing rather to men than to women in the pathos of helplessness. It is said by painters that there is nothing in the art of portraiture more difficult than to make living, on canvas, a very young and beautiful woman, to suggest with sufficient tenderness and delicacy the temperament and character but half unfolded ; so the novelist finds his greatest difficulty in drawing for us the young girl. The modern novelist indeed has frankly abandoned the attempt as impossible for him ; even the great Sir Walter has not given us a noble picture of English girlhood. We must go to another than Scott, to Mr. George Meredith, for fine portraits of English girls, and I claim for them that the Victorian women sat as models.

It is often supposed that the Victorian girl was a poor creature, limited by the four walls of her mother's drawing room : a very bundle of prejudices and conventions, who fainted at every difficulty and wept on all suitable and unsuitable occasions. Such types belong to an earlier time, and may be found in Richardson's novels. Did not Lord Macaulay and his sisters once count the number of weepings and faintings in which the 'sprightly and accomplished Miss Byron' indulged, between her acceptance of Sir Charles Grandison and her wedding day ? Fine feelings and sentiment were then in vogue, and were carefully cultivated ; but such was not the teaching given by our grandmothers to our mothers. *Noblesse oblige* was their text : they taught that an educated woman should be equal to any emergency ; that a lady could be degraded only by what was within her, not by outward circumstance ; that a gentlewoman should have as part of her equipment for life a knowledge of cooking and of needle-work—'that tobacco of women' as George Sand once said. Every woman should sew, they taught, for thus she was in sympathy with her poorer sisters of the needle, and to all her work she should bring that touch of delicacy and finish which must result from a good education. So the care of a household, the spending of money, the household budget, the education of children, the training young servants were considered high social duties, to which the wise woman would bring all her skill and courage. Is it conceivable that the servant question now always with us is in great measure caused by the absence of such training of the mistresses ?

Other precepts were that a young mother should live a great deal with her children, teach them, play with them, read to them, be their playmate and their friend. It was no uncommon thing for a cultivated mother to teach her children, boys and girls, up to the time they went to school. Many distinguished men have been thus taught by their mothers. Perhaps in all degrees of social life the mother took a more active share in education than she does to-day. An

elderly workman told the writer that his great love of history had come from his mother, who, in days long before school boards, was wont, on one evening in the week, to bring out her basket of darning and patching, and gathering the children round her on the floor, to tell them tales from the history of England.

Life in Victorian days was, as we know, simpler and more frugal than it is now. The dress allowances of girls would alone prove this. The girl who received 30*l.* or 40*l.* a year was considered to have a good allowance; 50*l.* or 60*l.* was wealth. But whatever the income, it was a rule not to spend the whole of it, but to set aside some portion for generous purposes. We may contrast this with the remark of the up-to-date smart woman, 'that the great thing in life is to look rich, and give a halfpenny.'

The word 'smart,' by the way, was thought a vulgarity. I am afraid that 'smart' people would have been dubbed 'vulgarians.' The Victorian woman loved her home, and as a rule lived in it from year to year with but few changes, and curiously few amusements. The writer has heard it said of women belonging to an older generation that they had never been known to propose an entertainment for themselves. It would yet be wholly untrue to suggest that they were dull in their lives or lethargic in intelligence. They were perverse enough to like it so. 'I find myself very good company' said one old lady. 'I do not pay myself the ill compliment to suggest that I could be bored with myself.' She kept a diary of the old-fashioned sort, not so much to chronicle events as to have a daily record of her life, her moods, her growth, her shortcomings and failings. It was full of shrewd humour and observation, with pathetic touches, as when, in complaining of failing health, she says: 'Am getting to be too fond of sitting in easy chairs; mem.—to cure myself of this.' Dear, delightful old lady, where shall we find your like!

It is impossible to speak of English girls of sixty years ago without a reference to Anthony Trollope's many and delightful heroines. Trollope has suffered a temporary eclipse, but I rejoice to know that he is becoming the fashion again, and must, one would think, live as the delineator of manners in the England of his day. He has caught some of the true spirit of the English girl—her courage, pride, self-reliance and delicacy, and has painted her for us with a loving hand. The scene on which his characters move is doubtless a narrow one; the outlook of his heroines is restricted, but the artistic *values* of his novels could not have been so true had it been otherwise. It must have been in the same spirit that Jane Austen conceived her work. There were exciting public events enough in her time, but there is hardly a trace of military men or adventure in any of her books. Both she and Trollope give us pictures of life in modest, quiet, peaceful homes, the normal conditions in which happy girlhood flourishes. The tone is subdued, but it is outside their scheme

of colour to introduce burning social questions, to make *romans à thèse*. The Victorian girl was a natural, normal creature, growing up under healthy, natural conditions, and Trollope has made delicate studies of her for us, if somewhat too photographically.

But there were women doing noble pioneer work. George Eliot was reaching out to large and more generous issues; the sisters Brontë were beating out their passionate lives, like poor caged larks; Elizabeth Barrett Browning was rousing men to a sense of social injustice; Mrs. Gaskell wrote pleading the cause of the workers; Miss Nightingale inaugurated for us the system of modern nursing, and all up and down the country English women and English girls were teaching, working, nursing and befriending the poor, whose lot in those hard days, but for them, would have been cruel indeed. *Autres temps autres mœurs*. The work of one generation can never be exactly the work of the next generation. The women of to-day are not called upon to carry on the efforts of their mothers and grandmothers on the same lines, or in the same spirit. But the Victorian woman did fine work in her time, and we may claim that she was ahead of public opinion on many social questions, and was a pioneer in the van of progress.

It is impossible not to note here one peculiarity of these efforts. Women were not hampered in those days by the desire to prove that they were a class apart, fighting for their own interests, a sort of I.W.P. They judged of work as good or bad, and were content to swell the sum of good work without ostensibly seeking to differentiate it as woman's work. The women I have spoken of had all of them had the training of the ordinary middle-class English girl. George Eliot in a farmhouse, the Brontës as poor clergyman's daughters, and Mrs. Browning as the squire's daughter. With the exception of the Brontës, whose circumstances forced them to an early maturity, all these women developed late, and had led quiet, peaceful lives in their families, with the inestimable boon of time to mature. Forced fruit is never so full of flavour or so plentiful as that which is visited by cold, and wind, and sun, and rain in turns, to ripen in due season. We may wonder whether Charlotte and Emily Brontë, George Eliot or Mrs. Browning could have given us their beautiful gifts had they passed from high school to college, and from college to some public office. True, Mrs. Browning's rhymes and verses might have been more strictly correct, but would she have given us 'The Cry of the Children,' 'Aurora Leigh,' or the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese'? Was not the narrow hard life, was not the mysterious silence and solitude of the moors, necessary to the artistic work of the Brontë sisters, as we have it? Would George Eliot's books have been what they were had she not lived those long, quiet, uneventful years 'mid pious farm labourers, patient kine, and all the happy, stirring sights and sounds of a busy farmyard?

Such speculations are surely not idle, for we have yet to learn whether the cast-iron discipline suitable to the youth will prove to be wisdom for the maiden, whether the commonwealth will not have to suffer for the tribute of women to the labour market.

But with these distinguished writers we have by no means exhausted the tale of remarkable Victorian women. In scholarship we have the well-known name of Miss Swanwick, in science that of Mrs. Somerville.

Mr. Gladstone has assured us that it was owing to women that the study of Italian was kept alive in England in the last century; it was certainly women who studied foreign literature with sympathetic interest, and who were able to converse in French and German. This really important service was rendered by cultivated women in every family in the country, and calls for no further notice. Mrs. Mill, on the other hand, was an inspiring and enduring influence; while Mrs. Carlyle will be remembered wherever Thomas Carlyle's work is spoken of. There were a host of lesser luminaries—Miss Yonge, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Grote, Mrs. John Austin, Miss Martineau, Lady Duff Gordon, and many more. I do not venture to name these ladies in order of merit; I speak of them as of those whose claim to distinction cannot be disputed. The names of ladies prominent in the political and social worlds will occur to everyone—Lady William Russell, the second Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lady Waldegrave, and many more.

I may be permitted to say a few words about Mrs. John Taylor, her daughter Sarah Austin, and her grand-daughter Lady Duff Gordon. Mrs. John Taylor belonged to the remarkable group of clever, cultivated men and women living at Norwich from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Taylor must have been a notable woman. She was spoken of as the 'Madame Roland of Norwich.' We hear of that 'glorious grandmother dancing round the Tree of Liberty with Dr. Parr,' in the excitement at Norwich on the fall of the Bastille; and in quieter mood, darning her boys' stockings; while she held her own with Dr. Southey, Brougham, and Mackintosh. The Taylors were not rich, but they kept open house to a distinguished company. Sir James Smith, Mr. Crabb Robinson, Mrs. Barbauld, Amelia Opie, Dr. Southey, the Gurneys, Martineaus, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Smith—grandfather of Florence Nightingale, the Sewards, and Dr. Parr were constant visitors. In this frugal but interesting home Sarah Austin was brought up. She was the youngest of seven children, and her mother devoted much loving care to her education. Mrs. Taylor's letters written to 'dear Sally' might be a *vade mecum* to the young girl going for the first time into the great world.

Sarah Taylor in 1819 married John Austin, and the young married pair settled in the upper part of No. 1 Queen Square, Westminster, close to James Mill and Jeremy Bentham. In 1821 her only child

Lucie, was born, and a very full and, indeed, arduous married life began for the young wife.

John Austin was of a sensitive, melancholy temperament, and suffered all his life from ill-health. Sarah Austin was gay and buoyant, a beautiful woman, and a brilliant conversationalist. She devoted her life to her husband to cheer and encourage him, and arranged everything in the little *ménage* to give him the fullest leisure, quiet, and freedom for his work. She gathered round her all that was best and most interesting in London society, while contributing largely to the household expenses with her pen. Of the life of the Austins in Germany and at Malta there is no space here to speak. Mrs. Austin, as many another Englishwoman before her time and since, showed a fine courage and devotion during the outbreak of cholera, which swept away 4,000 poor souls from the Rock. But her whole life on the island was devoted to the interests of the natives, in seeking to promote a worthy system of schools and education for the people, and in befriending art and artists wherever she could find them. 'I will sell my gowns,' says she in one of her letters, 'rather than this poor artist should be disappointed.' Not content with all this engrossing public work, she was devoting what leisure she had to the translation of Ranke. The Professor writes to her later 'that the work has given him the greatest satisfaction.'

Mrs. Austin's knowledge of foreign languages, her sympathy and interest in political and social questions, had won her many friends abroad. She had a large and varied correspondence with such men as Guizot, de Vigny, Auguste Comte, Victor Cousin, B. St.-Hilaire, and many more, English as well as foreign. It would not be too much to say that she had a European influence. In spite of much sorrow in the protracted ill-health and at last the death of Mr. Austin, in anxiety for her beloved daughter, combined with very limited means, her interest in public questions never waned, and her friendships remained with her to the end.

The only child of such remarkable parents, it would have been strange if Lucie Austin, afterwards Lady Duff Gordon, had been of the ordinary fibre. She grew to be a most beautiful woman, a graceful and gracious creature with something of the fairy princess about her. Brought up by her mother upon Latin and Greek, she early assimilated these languages, and added to them French, German, and Italian. At Boulogne she met the poet Heine, who was greatly attracted by the charming young English girl, and wrote in her praise the verses 'Wenn ich an deinem Hause' to her 'braune Augen.' She married early Sir A. Duff Gordon, and was early struck with lung disease. The story of her exquisite translations—the *Amber Witch* &c.—and the fantastic tale of her life in the desert alone, surrounded by adoring natives, should be read in that most delightful and interesting book, *Three Generations of Englishwomen*, from which this

short account has been taken. Lady Duff Gordon may be called a woman of genius and originality. Her warmth of heart and the sympathy she felt for victims of injustice all the world over will keep the unique blossom of her memory green.

Enough has been said, it would seem, to show that the Victorian woman had character, intelligence, plenty of originality, and 'grit,' and had, moreover, that which is a touchstone of character—true warmth of heart. Many distinguished women are with us to-day, but we shall do well in our English world if the next sixty years can produce a roll of names so justly considered as those I have cited.

We hear a great deal of cant about convention and the conventional. All art, and every kind of society, even the most rudimentary, rests upon convention. Bees and ants appear to enforce theirs rigidly enough if we may judge by the bows of the queen bee's bodyguard and the other rites and ceremonies of the hive. It is a convention to eat mustard with beef rather than with mutton—open, of course, to us to disregard it, but long generations of men have found it eats best so, and life is too short to investigate and readjust every usage of society. Our mothers and grandmothers were content to accept many things as settled once and for all—i.e. that truth and loyalty were noble, falsehood and betrayal base; that in altruism rather than in egoism man found his truest life; that temperance was wiser than excess; that the strong should bear the burdens of the weak. Such confidence lent strength and serenity to their lives, and enabled them to give themselves to the work before them with a quiet mind.

If an impartial observer who had known the old *régime* and the new were asked to declare in what consisted the chief difference, he would, I think, reply: 'In the loss of the ideal, in the absence of sentiment.' Sentiment, I know, is a 'vile phrase,' and has been greatly misused; but we lack a better word. One of our leading novelists—a woman—was lamenting to me the other day over the decline of feeling. 'The rush, the infinite variety of the life of to-day robs women of the time to think and to feel. There is less deep feeling to-day than of old.' If so, life will become a greyer, uglier, poorer thing than it was to our mothers and grandmothers—to the despised Victorian woman.

E. B. HARRISON

SOME ASPECTS OF THE STAGE

SOCIAL

CERTAIN organs of the Press are never tired of insisting on the improved social status of actors and actresses, and there is some ground for this assertion, for of late years the names of the more eminent members of the dramatic profession are found numbered amongst the guests at even royal garden parties. But it is a moot point whether they have been invited because they are actors and actresses, or in spite of the fact that they are such, since the exercise of their calling is a bar to their official reception at Court. There is, of course, no earthly reason why a man or woman should expect to have the right to be presented *qua* artist, but as long as his or her calling is held to be, *cæteris paribus*, in itself an insurmountable barrier to a presentation at Court, it is perhaps as well not to insist too strongly on the improvement in their social status. I am far from thinking that the dramatic calling gives people a right to pay their respects to the Sovereign, but I fail to understand why it should deprive of that right those who previously had it. Perhaps the reason is found in the fact that, *pace* the *entente cordiale*, there is not much affinity between monarchs and republics, and the stage has been rightly enrolled among the latter, though whether it can claim the full motto of a republic, 'Liberty, equality, fraternity,' I take leave to doubt.

Liberty may be enjoyed in a theatre within limits. The authority of the manager is very properly supreme, and in the case of the London managers with whom I have been brought into contact it is exercised with much tact and consideration; but the same thing cannot always be said of the subordinate officials, especially where they have become closely acquainted with American methods, and I have known a gentleman engaged to 'produce' a play whose autocratic method would not disgrace a Czar; I have known a stage-manager more authoritative than the manager himself, although he would generally shelter himself behind the name of the latter gentleman, styled generally the 'governor' or the 'chief,' with a pleasing suggestion of military discipline.

Equality, indeed, reigns amongst the members of the company of a theatre, but it is that sort of equality which consists of everybody

being 'as good as his neighbour and a great deal better, too,' only the relative degrees of excellence are regulated, not by the determining factors which prevail in the outside world, but by the relative importance of the place occupied by each one in the intricate puzzle which, when duly pieced together, is presented nightly for the public delectation. Thus the limelight man differs not in kind, but only in degree, from the leading actor, whose best effects are largely dependent on the former's illuminating art; and the dresser can claim to share the triumphs of the leading actress, whose beauteous form she envelops in those 'creations' which earn for the *modiste* a just title to consider herself on a par with the author of the play, for the dresses the heroine wears are at least as important as the words she utters.

Fraternity is, unquestionably, the hall-mark of stageland; its inhabitants are loyal to their managers, loyal to the authors, and loyal to each other; perhaps they carry their fraternity a little too far, even to the verge of familiarity. The use of Christian names and nicknames is almost universal, always, *bien entendu*, between members of the same sex, and reserve is misunderstood, perhaps even mistaken for something less commendable. It is perhaps a pity that in their large-hearted expansiveness so many theatrical celebrities should have taken the public into their confidence, and admitted it into the secret places of their domestic lives. Let us hope that it is with great reluctance that they have done so, and that the fault lies at the door of the too insidious interviewer or the over-persuasive photographer; because Romeo as a father is not necessarily more interesting in that capacity than is the ordinary city man, and Juliet as a nurse is not much more romantic as such than the wife of a clerk in an office. But the public is partly to blame if members of the theatrical profession lift the veil which should conceal their domestic, as opposed to their public life, since it seems to be generally assumed that they either cannot or will not talk about anything except themselves and their work. They may, therefore, be readily excused for supposing that their private tastes and pursuits are matters of national interest; although it is perhaps a pity that they should entertain an exaggerated idea of the particular work they are engaged in for the moment, as their sense of proportion becomes somewhat stunted thereby. But, if only people would realise the fact, actors are not anxious to talk 'shop' in society; doctors are not expected to discuss diseases at dinner, nor are lawyers called upon to wax loquacious over litigation at luncheon, but everyone insists on talking to an actor about his work. On a first introduction, it is certain that he will be asked within two minutes if 'he doesn't get very tired of playing the same part so often!' Poor man, to him is rigorously applied the injunction, '*Ne sutor supra crepidam.*' It may have been correct to thus restrict him to one idea, one topic of conversation, in the days when he lived in Bohemia, but he lives there no longer; he is for the most part just

an ordinary citizen, he wears unobtrusive garments, he eats and drinks like other people, he takes part in healthy outdoor exercises, and takes an interest in the ordinary subjects which appeal to other people. Of course there still remain some eccentrics—happily rare in London—who have no use for the services of the hair-cutter, whose headgear recalls the Tyrol, whose neckties remind one of the rainbow.

They have their feminine counterparts, but these seldom penetrate further westward than the Strand, whose general appearance is stamped with that extravagance which is totally absent from that of the well-known London actresses who, with few exceptions, would pass unrecognised amongst a crowd of English women, but for the fact that the photographers have made their features familiar to the public. If only they will cease from advertising their private lives, Mr. — and Miss —, his talented wife, the stars of the — Theatre, will soon attract no more attention in a London drawing-room than Mr. — and Mrs. Smith, and what a comfort that will be, to all concerned !

MORAL

It is always rather difficult to treat of the morality of the stage, as there is always a large number of excellent people who are swayed by preconceived prejudices, whom nothing and nobody will ever convince to the contrary. They genuinely believe that the atmosphere of the theatre is charged with the microbe of immorality ; its maleficence they consider to be less powerful in front of than behind the curtain, but behind that mysterious veil they hold that its power for evil is invincible, and that men and women must necessarily succumb to its deadly influence. No antidotes, apparently, avail against this poisonous germ ; the natural refinement of a decently brought-up girl cannot counteract it ; the honest respect of a man for a woman (until he finds her unworthy of it) is swept away directly the microbe attacks him. Well, there may be some theatres peculiarly favourable to the growth of this germ, but I have not found them in London ; I can only speak of the comedy theatres, having had experience only of these. It cannot, perhaps, be claimed for them that etiquette, behind the scenes, is as strict as it was at the Comédie Française, where it was stricter even than at the Imperial Court ; but there will certainly be found no more looseness of manners, no more laxity of morals than in many a drawing-room, indeed much less than in some. Most of the actresses I have met have been patterns of respectability, as admirable in their private as in their public lives ; but, of course, these remarks apply only to real actresses, not to those who call themselves such only in police courts. Anyone embarking on a stage career expecting to find himself thrown into the excitement of an Agapemone or the *Parc aux Cerfs* will be grievously disappointed ; he will find himself in an atmosphere as rarefied as that of a Sunday-school meeting, and just

about as exhilarating. This state of affairs is the more commendable when we remember that there are undoubtedly many demoralising tendencies on the stage. What, for instance, can be more destructive of a man's self-respect than the nightly necessity (repeated on two afternoons during the week) of bedaubing his unhappy face with pigments of a more or less unwholesome and malodorous nature? Surely, it is inconsistent with an Englishman's dignity to disguise himself into a resemblance with a North American Indian on the war-path; for the actor does not see himself as others see him, with distance to lend enchantment to the view. No, he sees himself reddened and whitened and blackened and blued, and, as often as not, wearing hirsute adornments on his lip or on his cheek, perchance too on his head, of foreign, instead of indigenous growth. Unquestionably 'make-up' is demoralising to the male mind; judging from the increasing prevalence of this custom, in cases where there are no exigencies of the stage to excuse it, the feminine nature is less apprehensive of any deterioration of character arising from this cause. The actress has other influences to combat which might (but do not) have a prejudicial effect on her; if she thought about it at all, it must be very painful to be clasped in the arms of a man who a few days before was a complete stranger to her, to hear the same man pouring words of passionate love into her ear, swearing that he adores her. Of course he doesn't mean it, and she knows that; his arms hold her as loosely as possible, so as not to cause her any inconvenience, and the kiss he bestows on her is but the lightest brushing of her cheek with the end of a moustache purchased at a perruquier's. One would imagine that to be engaged for two or three hours nightly in breaking fractions—if not the whole—of the Decalogue would be subversive of good conduct; but no, the same woman who at ten o'clock has forged or poisoned, or allowed herself to forget her conjugal duties, will be found at midnight partaking of a light repast in the company of her own husband. But habit is a subtle and dangerous thing, and there is always the chance that during a long run of a piece some thoroughly conscientious artist, accustomed to 'lose' himself 'in his part,' might forget his own identity in private life and act as he does in the play. The idea is full of unpleasant possibilities.

Who does not know the middle-aged man of the world who, charming in a play, is always ready to explain away misunderstandings, to recall to their duty those who are suffering from temporary moral aberration, to thwart the schemes of the evil, to suggest wise courses of action to the (apparently) mentally deficient? How awful it would be if such a habit, nightly indulged in, became an inseparable part of himself, and an otherwise agreeable man became an universal meddler! Still more appalling is the thought that the impersonator of comic characters should become so infected with comedy as to acquire the habit of being funny on his own account, in his home or

at his club ; the epigram or paradox put by an eminent dramatist into the mouth of ' Lord de Vere ' in a comedy would be horribly boring from the lips of Mr. Jones in the Thespian Club. Fortunately there is little danger really of such a catastrophe, the character is dropped by the actor—with his stage clothes—in his dressing-room ; it is difficult enough to assume it, even for an hour or two on the stage ; it is doubtful if he ever really feels himself to be the person he represents. That is the worst of the stage, it is all what the children call ' make-believe.' The story of the play never was true, perhaps never could have been so ; it was invented by the author because he thought it was a striking one ; the characters which work out the plot have often not been observed in everyday life, they have been imagined and fashioned to order, the larger-sized ones being made to fit the most important members of the company. The scenery is utterly unreal ; the flowers, trees, and grasses are a travesty of nature ; the walls of the houses are canvas, and the mountains are painted wood. The stage champagne is lemonade, and the golden goblet from which the burgundy is quaffed is made of cardboard. It's all very entertaining, but it is not lasting ; hence, its effects upon actors and audiences alike are ephemeral and evanescent.

PECUNIARY

One sees it stated, from time to time, that some fortunate, and doubtless talented, stage favourite is in receipt of an income rivalling that of a Cabinet Minister. He may be so for a time. The Cabinet Minister, unless he be a member of a particularly short-lived Government, can reckon on his salary for three or four years ; the actor cannot depend upon it for certain for as many weeks. The earners of these exceedingly handsome incomes probably do not number more than a dozen at most, and the names of those whose emoluments reach double figures per week are, with few exceptions, to be found in any daily paper ' Under the Clock.' It is not an encouraging picture, three or four hundred actors and actresses whose incomes are 10*l.* a week and over ; many thousands of them who, if they are lucky enough to be constantly in work, can make on an average 3*l.* or 4*l.* per week. True, they would earn less as clerks in an office or employés in a post-office, but their employment would be a certain one, and they would be able to look forward in most cases to a pension, when they were past their work. But then such work is dull, routine is tedious, there are no big prizes to be hoped for ; on the other hand, there are no absolute blanks, whereas, on the stage there is always the chance of this Cabinet Minister's income for the lucky ones, and everyone hopes to be one of these. So the cry is ' Still they come,' crowding more and more the already overcrowded ranks ; they bring their youth, their hopes, their energy, their ambition, their talents, their beauty, only to fall out for the most part, broken and disappointed.

There is an old Harrow football song with the refrain : ' Fights for the fearless, goals for the eager ' ; fights there are in plenty, the stage is one long fight, but the goals are too few to satisfy all the eager ones, the majority never emerge from the ' scrummage.' ' No matter ! ' cries each new votary of the stage. ' Some one must get the ball out of the scrummage, run with it—skimming over the ground, dodging the opposing players, eluding the half-backs, leaving the full-back prone on his back, as one lodges the ball right between the goal posts.' True, oh ! optimistic neophyte ! But such a feat demands skill, speed, and endurance ; many have some of these gifts, few have them all ; all are needed if success is to be attained, as on the football field, so in the field of art ; together with a total disregard of all rebuffs, physical in the former case, moral in the latter. What chance has little Miss Daisy McHamish ? Her father the late General McHamish's pension died with him, so the daughter resolves to work to help to support her mother ; on the strength of a success obtained in a theatrical performance in a village schoolroom, she decides to ' go on the stage.' That is literally all she will do ; her tiny voice would hardly be heard beyond the first two rows of stalls in a London theatre ; at most she will ' walk on ' in a ballroom scene. So, too, will Mr. Roscius, who, having once acted a minor part with the O.U.D.S., deserts the lucrative paths of the law in favour of the stage ; hampered by a slight lisp and a painful consciousness of self, he also will never have anything but a perambulatory part. Perhaps, after a series of purely peripatetic performances, these young people will find out in time that too many men and women are already pressing forward to the goal of stage success, and will abandon the boards in favour of a safer, if less showy, occupation. Given talent, perseverance, and luck, acting is not a bad calling as a means of providing butter, more or less thinly spread ; but, as a source from which to draw the necessary bread, it is undependable. Possessed of some fixed income of his own, to enable him to tide over the weeks or months when managers and authors seem forgetful of their own interests, and allow the talented artist to blush unseen, he may find the stage a satisfactory calling, and he will probably not have to remain unemployed so long as his less fortunate brother, on the principle that ' to him who hath shall be given,' which holds good more, almost, in the theatrical world than anywhere, since the popular favourites are always at work, and the others are always at rest.

ARTISTIC

With bated breath let it be whispered, the English public is not artistic. If the average Englishman be asked to define an artist, he will unhesitatingly reply, ' A fellow who paints ' ; he will energetically deny the claim of men of letters to be so called, the poet, the novelist,

the dramatist, he does not include in the category of artists. The actor he does admit into the artistic ranks, but he then spells the word 'artiste,' a distinction more properly reserved for those who prefix the noun with the adjective 'variety.' Tell the proverbial 'man in the street' that a play ought to be a work of art complete as a whole, with each separate act and scene, each character, contributing towards the formation of one harmonious whole, he will smile indulgently and tell you that he 'doesn't go to the theatre to think,' that he 'wants to be taken out of himself.' Hence the perennial popularity of musical comedy, which pleasantly appeals to the senses and makes no demands upon the mind. That is a fact which managers have to bear in mind: their patrons don't want to think. In the case of the patrons of the stalls and boxes, such a process would be inconvenient, if not dangerous, on the top of a lengthy dinner at any popular restaurant, which cannot be swallowed satisfactorily in its entirety before nine o'clock. The drama thus becomes a digestive. It is not comedy as such, but as a substitute for bicarbonate of soda, that has to be provided. When 'the man in the street' wants to be 'taken out of himself,' he doesn't require the same means of disembodiment to be employed. At times he desires to laugh himself out of himself, at other times he wishes to cry himself out of himself; he desires to have his risible or his lacrymose faculties mildly tickled—but he would hate to ask himself the reason why he is thus affected; he does not wish to treat what he regards as an amusement as a serious thing at all. For a very brief period the worthy man got away from his inconvenient *ego* by means of the so-called 'problem play,' but he very soon tired of that process; he found himself out of the frying-pan and in the fire; it actually made him think; he was very near to considering a play seriously as if it were a work of art. Of course it might so happen that our friend actually appreciated and patronised a real dramatic work of art, but he would be very much surprised to hear that he had done so; in fact his astonishment would probably only be equalled by that of the man who awoke one day to find that he had been writing prose all his life. The managers, therefore, who are men of business first and artists afterwards, have to anticipate the popular taste and provide just such dramatic fare as will, for the moment, remove the 'man in the street' out of his husk and transport him into the particular shell he desires to occupy, one wherein he will laugh, or one wherein he will weep. But one difficulty is that perhaps he won't want to do either; he may wish only to be thrilled. Fortunately there is a special class of play offered to him in that case; it is called melodrama, and it is the business of one or two specialists to supply it; the ordinary manager can be certain of a princely income if he can only accurately forecast whether the barometer of public taste points to laughter or to tears. Even then, it isn't all plain sailing; sometimes the playgoer will laugh at the *risqué* wit of the

French school, at others he demands wholesome British fun; sometimes his tears are near the surface, at others you must dig down before they bubble up. Some managers possess the divining rod which tells them exactly where to sink the well and tap their patrons' emotions; these make fortunes, the others make—mistakes. But, what of acting as an art? It is doubtful if, properly speaking, it can be considered an art at all; at most it is merely a mimetic one. The nearer an art approaches to pure creation, the higher it ranks in the artistic scale. To create out of nothing is beyond human power; the fewer and the more elementary the materials from which the work of art is fashioned, the nearer it approaches to the art of pure creation. Judged by this standard, the place of acting in the ranks of art is indeed a low one. Some actors and actresses are artists, in the sense that they are capable of appreciating artistic beauty and of expressing it; they will probably lose this gift, with the growth of the pernicious system of meticulous instruction on the part of 'producers' of plays, who demand a parrot-like imitation of their own tones and gestures, thereby destroying all that individuality which led to the selection of a particular player for a particular part.

Some actors and actresses are not artists at all, but they have the greatest gift of all—one which enables them to dispense with talent and with experience. They have that indefinable, invaluable gift of 'charm'; it gets across the footlights, it infects the audience, and those who are thus endowed may defy criticism, may laugh at all artistic laws, because, whatever they say or do, it is right in the eyes of their patrons—the public. There is much to be said against the dramatic calling; some of its drawbacks I have endeavoured to point out; but 'it takes all sorts to make a world,' and a theatre is a world in miniature. The sun does not always shine in stageland, nor does it anywhere, but the dwellers in that land are always ready to lend each other their umbrellas when it rains. Faults and failings find their places there as in other lands; so, too, do virtues. Courage and perseverance, kind-heartedness, and charity find the stage soil congenial to their growth; and the little world behind the footlights is as good a one as many another in which a man or woman may fulfil the mission of 'a little work, a little play, and then—good day.'

ADOLPHUS VANE TEMPEST.

THE
DEPOPULATION QUESTION IN FRANCE

THE continued agitation in France over the question of depopulation, which has found expression in the appointment of an Extra-Parliamentary Commission, possesses permanent interest for us from the fact that the advanced States of the world are suffering from similar conditions, though in a modified form. We may immediately premise that depopulation is a term incorrectly applied to describe the present state of affairs in France. France is not becoming de-peopled. Its population simply remains stationary, or nearly so. On five occasions during the last century—during the Crimean and Franco-German wars, the cholera and the dearth, and again in 1900—the lines of mortality and natality crossed. But the recent census shows that France has gained about half a million in the quinquennial period of 1896–1901. On analysis, however, it is seen that the excess of births over deaths is only 211,000. That, therefore, is really the growth of population during the five years. The other quarter of a million is to be accounted for by immigration and a lowered death-rate. Whilst the population of France is making very slow progress, that of Germany is advancing by leaps and bounds. Before the war, Prussia and the Confederation had a population slightly below that of France; to-day, the numbers of United Germany are fifty-six millions, and those of France thirty-nine millions. During the past fifty years, the population of France has increased only four millions, and the population of Germany twenty-six millions. According to figures furnished by the President of the Statistical Society, London, Germany has added eighty-eight per cent. to her population in seventy years, the United Kingdom seventy per cent., and France less than twenty. At the moment of the war, France and Germany had the same number of recruits, about 300,000; to-day Germany has 450,000, whilst the French figures have not changed. At her present rate of progression, it will take Germany eleven years to have twice as many conscripts as France. ‘Then she will begin to devour us,’ say the alarmists in France. The fear of being ‘devoured’ is at the root of the French anxiety on the subject of ‘depopulation.’ It is a political and military question. From the point of view of the army, it has a

certain justification. Germany can afford to pick and choose in the matter of her recruits; but, as the recent debate in the Senate on the two years' Service Bill has shown us, France is unable to do this.

Figures are constantly being quoted to show that France is in danger of becoming a third-class Power. One hundred years ago the Powers of Europe represented ninety-eight millions of inhabitants, of which twenty-six millions were French; to-day the first-class nations in Europe, alone, number more than 343 millions, of which thirty-nine millions (only 11 per cent.) live in France. It is computed that French is spoken by forty-five millions, German by one hundred millions, and English by 130 millions. During last century the population of England has more than doubled, that of Germany tripled, whilst France has hardly increased one third. What are the causes of the phenomenon that France, alone amongst the nations of Europe, is scarcely making any progress in population? In the census of 1896, fifty-two of her departments presented the extraordinary spectacle of an excess of deaths over births, amounting in some cases to as much as one third. In endeavouring to throw light on this curious anomaly, we are greatly aided by the researches of the Extra-Parliamentary Commission which was appointed in January 1902 by M. Waldeck-Rousseau. It is the first time that a Government has been tempted to initiate an inquiry of this sort. The Commission is popularly known as *La Commission Piot*, because its creation was inspired by the worthy senator whose name has been associated for years with this question. Sad to relate, there has scarcely been a *revue* of late years in which he has not been caricatured. The Commission adduced a vast amount of evidence, some of a very interesting character. It has established the fact that 'depopulation' is not due to physiological causes. This is demonstrated in various ways. The proportion of sterile marriages in France (13·3 per cent.) is practically the same as elsewhere; neither is the marriage-rate sensibly lower (France 7·52 per thousand; Germany 8·18; Great Britain and Ireland 7·40; Italy 7·32). To what, then, must we attribute the inferiority of the birth rate? To the small number of households in which a family of more than two or three children are to be found. The number of families in which there is only one child is most significant. Out of every thousand families, 249 have one child only, 224 two children, and 150 three. Only 31 per thousand have six children, and twenty-seven seven and over.

Generally speaking, there is no pathological reason for such restricted families. Careful and independent investigation by members of the Commission has proved that in cases where an epidemic swept away infants they were replaced the following year. There is nothing to justify the suggestion of unfruitfulness in the race which, in Canada at all events, shows itself most prolific. It must, therefore, be assumed that the restriction of family is voluntary. The late

M. Arsène Dumont, one of the ablest members of the Commission, as well as a writer of distinction on the subject, has quoted in one of his works various proverbs current amongst the peasantry which illustrate their dislike of large families. Amongst the peasants of Normandy are found such expressions as: 'Le couple vaut mieux que la douzaine,' 'Désir de roi: garçon et fille.' In the department of the Orne they say: 'C'est assez d'un veau pour l'herbage.' 'Désiré,' a common name in France, is never given to the third child, except in irony. Expressions of little refinement might be quoted showing that the woman with child, after she has already given birth to two, is treated with scant respect by her neighbours. In one part of Normandy the criticism is recorded: 'Elle est encore enceinte; quel malheur! Ces gens-là, c'est pire que des animaux.' In Lot-et-Garonne a second 'grossesse' is considered as a shame. 'A man who has children is despised, even by women.'

Are we to suppose that the French are wanting in the family instinct? No one who has had opportunities of studying French 'interiors' in various states of society could ever suppose that. On the contrary, no people systematically lavish more care and attention upon their offspring. The reason of the dislike of large families is rooted in another national characteristic: the love of economy. Economical in everything, the Frenchman economises in his children. It is the influence of the bank-book that affects the population curve. A series of remarkable investigations undertaken in Scandinavian countries, and afterwards extended to France, prove most conclusively that the birth-rate is in direct relation with the *esprit de prévoyance* of the people. M. Tallquist's inquiries concerned fire-insurance, but the same conclusions are to be drawn from the balance-sheets of the local state and private banks. Where the spirit of saving is most highly developed, there families are most restricted.

With that premiss in view, we can proceed to a further examination of the question. It resolves itself into a psychological study of the peasant character. This *esprit d'épargne*, which is found more widely disseminated in France than in any other country, owes its existence either to ambition or to a kind of proud timidity. The peasant father is either desirous that his children should marry into a class superior to his own, or that they should be safeguarded from occupying an inferior position. 'Un héritier unique marié à une héritière unique—voilà son rêve,' said one of the members of the Commission. The parent feels compelled to make a fortune, equal to his own, for each of his children. If the task be multiplied by three or four, it becomes one which he shrinks from undertaking. In the course of my inquiries into the subject, M. Yves Guyot, who has given much study to the economical side of it, pointed out to me that amongst the seafaring population of France the birth-rate is higher than elsewhere because the *esprit de prévoyance* is absent.

Owing to the system of *inscription maritime* whereby the French navy is recruited, the State takes care of the sailor from his earliest years and provides him with a pension when he is old and incapacitated. As he need take no thought of the morrow, he follows the dictates of nature and marries early. The fact that the Bretons are firmly attached to the Catholic religion has also, no doubt, an influence in determining the age at which they marry. The overwhelming part that economy plays in the decrease of population is shown by numerous instances. In a village in Seine-et-Oise there was formerly a population engaged in hand-weaving which carried on its industry at home. Up to that time, the inhabitants were laborious and thrifty and the birth-rate was low. An entire change occurred in local character when a factory was set up and the workers were gathered into it. They abandoned their habits of economy; they became spendthrift, living from hand to mouth and getting into debt, and the birth-rate doubled itself in ten years. In the departments of the Nord and Pas-de-Calais, where the mining population is poor and improvident, the number of children is relatively high. The same law prevails in the agricultural parts of the country. Normandy, Burgundy, and the valley of the Garonne, three of the richest portions of agricultural France, are each affected by a great diminution in natality. In the Lozère and the surrounding departments of Ardèche and Aveyron, the inhabitants are flourishing and provident, and the birth-rate is low. Brittany, on the other hand, presents a remarkable fecundity, though its soil is poor and generally unremunerative. The son of a Breton family, returning from his military service, finds his bed in the *armoire* and his place at the board taken by a younger brother. He is forced, as it were, into matrimony to preserve his social entity. That leads to the natural and true inference that in those states of society where parental forethought plays the dominant part in the young man's destinies, there the early marriage is an exception, and the restricted family the rule. For the two facts have a strong correlation.

In his desire to see his son comfortably settled, the father discourages marriage until he is assured that his heir's portion and that of his *jeune* are sufficient to secure a competence. The *dot* system—that peculiar appanage of the marriage customs of the Latin races—has a considerable influence on the late marriage. Be they peasants or *bourgeois*, the parents of the contracting parties are determined that the marriage shall be as economically sound as a business partnership. Also, many a marriage is deferred until the death of the father, the son fearing to be compelled, in order to support his wife, to work outside the parental domain. In the superior classes of society, the period during which the son is dependent upon his parents is often extended to the thirtieth year. That is especially the case if the profession is the law. The young man as *juge suppléant* receives no

salary, and there is a further period of unproductiveness when he is made *substitut*. It is the fear of the parent that he will not be able to equip all his children for the battle of life that operates against the large family. The usual age for the young man to marry in France is twenty-eight; that of the young woman twenty-three. It is curious to learn that the young men marry six months earlier nowadays than they did forty years ago, and the women one year and two months earlier. In the country they marry earlier than in the towns. Nevertheless, France, of all European nations, shows the greatest tendency to retard her marriages. That is really one of the secrets underlying the present agitation. The young man defers his marriage to a period three or four years later in France than in England. Only seven per cent. of the young men from twenty to twenty-five years of age are married; in England, within the same periods, the percentage is twenty-two. Between the ages of twenty-five to twenty-nine the number of married and unmarried is about equal. From thirty to forty-nine, seventy-seven per cent. of the male population are married; from fifty, upwards, the great majority are married, but that is not an age at which the union is likely to be useful to population. If we take the extreme limits of age, from eighteen to fifty years, we find forty-five per cent. unmarried. The immense proportion of celibates at an age when the natural instincts are strongest may be regarded as a dangerous and unhealthy symptom in the national life. Statistics prove that the death-rate amongst the unmarried men between the ages of twenty and thirty is fifty to sixty per cent. higher than amongst the Benedicts. In England, where the young man has more independence of character, where his outlook on life is stronger and more confident, marriages take place in a far greater degree, within the periods when they will be of value to the census.

I believe a considerable amount of influence to be exercised on the natality tables by the circumstance that the woman works in France, in the poorer classes, even after she is married. As she cannot keep her child with her and give it proper attention, she is forced to send it to the country or to a *crèche* in the town. The circumstance of having to adopt such painful and undesirable means in raising a child will certainly have its effect in lessening the birth-rate, by inducing a desire to limit the family.

Furthermore, even where no neglect of a criminal nature can be imputed, the tables of infant mortality are likely to be unfavourably affected by so unnatural and artificial a method of puericulture. The growth of the movement known as 'Féminisme' may be considered as a contributory cause of late marriages and a small birth-rate. 'Féminisme' is the Gallicised form of the Women's Rights movement. It does not base itself so much on female suffrage, which few Frenchwomen desire, as on the right to compete in all the professions and occupations. Already women are admitted to practise as barristers.

It is computed that three millions are employed in the Government post-offices and other departments, in various professions and occupations, and in domestic service. Earning small salaries and rising by slow degrees to positions of even moderate comfort, they have a tendency to defer their marriages to beyond the normal period. Belonging, by adoption, to the class of functionaries, they may also be supposed to partake of its inherent conservatism and timidity to undertake new responsibilities.

Of late years the limitation of population has been one of the tenets of the revolutionary Socialists in France, as in other countries. It is preached by *La Voix du Peuple* the organ of a universal strike. Why, it asks, should the proletariat rear up slaves to the industrial system? In certain parts of the country the labourer states, as an objection to having children, that they are competitors to his own labour! It may also be assumed that the free discussion of such subjects on the French stage, (as witness the recent play *Dépopulation* by M. Bricux) has turned the minds of the town-dwellers in a certain direction. The same phenomenon, indeed, is noticed in Paris, as throughout the country: the poorer and more improvident the class, the higher the birth-rate.

It must be obvious, from this tentative examination, that no remedy is possible—short of the absolute endowment of children—unless thrift is abolished in France, and with it the division of property under the Revolutionary Code. Nevertheless there are not wanting enthusiasts to prescribe the cure. The gospel according to M. Piot is the redistribution of fiscal burdens. The bachelor is to be taxed in favour of the father of the family. This is no new thing. It is old as the Roman Empire. But it is to be feared that the country has no money with which to make experiments of this nature. A certain justice, nevertheless, may be conceded to the contention that the large family is penalised from the fact that the principal tax, the *impôt mobilier* (corresponding to the income tax), is based upon rental. *Ceteris paribus*, the unmarried man, or the family with one child, inhabits a smaller *appartement* than the household of three or four, and therefore pays less in direct contributions to the State. That may suggest some slight palliative. But the Senate, in discontinuing the sittings of the Commission, has evidently come to the conclusion that there is little hope of fiscal readjustment, more especially as the initiative would have to be taken by the Lower Chamber, where any such project is not the least likely to succeed. In certain directions, no doubt, the law needs strengthening and revision. The research for paternity and legal redress for breach of promise—if, under the French system, satisfactory proof could be established—would go far to mitigate evils that admittedly exist. Such reforms would introduce greater pliability of social customs, and probably result in a greater number of legalised unions. But

Mrs. Partington, with her mop, cannot keep out the Atlantic any more than the measures suggested would effectively deal with this question.

There are certain aspects of depopulation which should not be overlooked. France has always had a low birth-rate. The curious fact remains that, notwithstanding the present position, the decline in births, which has been continuous since 1800, has been less rapid during the last fifty years than during the first half of the century. Moreover, it seems probable that the increase in population has been at a greater ratio in the nineteenth than in the preceding centuries. Indeed, the same truth applies to the whole of Europe. Whilst the patriotic megalomaniac mourns the fact that France, alone amongst the Great Powers, is not sending her sons to people the waste places of the earth, and is not sensibly extending her influence by propagating her language, the question may be asked whether the individual Frenchman is any the worse for it. Is the lot, for instance, of the German, with his superabundant population and his continuously expanding industrialism, such as to excite the envy of the citizen of the Republic? The party of 'La Revanche' and the capitalist and manufacturer may each, from his point of view, desire a more vigorous growth of population; but is it possible to suppose that a nation, which has arrived at that stage of development that implies knowledge and use of the means of prevention, will rear up children to be food for powder when those acquired habits of prevision constrain it to limit the family to the parental means? France has but arrived, in advance, at a point to which all the more civilised States of the world are slowly but surely travelling. Even the native-born Australian is dwindling in numbers, just as the New Englander is. The prophecy may be hazarded that Ireland, under its new land laws and the consequent creation of peasant proprietorship, will soon begin to experience that restriction of population which we now see in the other branch of the Celtic race. It may be well to remember that a man of the high standing and influence of M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu clearly expresses the view that is largely held by thoughtful and intelligent Frenchmen, when he says: '*La France n'est pas une exception; elle n'a fait qu'accomplir, plus tôt que les autres, une évolution qui mène graduellement les nations civilisées à l'amoin-
drissement du taux de leur natalité.*'

It is unquestioned that the stationary character of the population must have its reflex in political destiny. It is already seen in the pacific sentiments of the French people. They seek no gold, they desire no territories. They are in the position of those who are well content with their own possessions. Hence they have no need to fight, for all wars of late years are commercial—*i.e.* colonising—in their objects. As time goes on, as the great discrepancy in the forces of the two countries becomes accentuated, that will be an additional

reason for keeping the peace. It would not be in the interest of Europe to allow France to occupy a less dominant position than is hers by right of birth and intellectual conquest. From the personal point of view, the Frenchman is convinced that he enjoys individual advantages from a low population. As to the political danger on the eastern frontier, he was inclined, until recent 'revelations,' to regard it as a bogey. . Being himself determined not to be forced into war, it is difficult for him to conceive that war will be forced upon him.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

*ANOTHER BOARD OF GUARDIANS**A REPLY TO MISS SELLERS.*

IN the September number of this Review Miss Sellers gives figures showing the expenditure of a certain Board of guardians. I have not the slightest idea where this Board of guardians is, and therefore I have not the slightest personal interest in their proceedings, but in the concluding paragraphs of her paper Miss Sellers asserts that the guardians whose accounts she has been 'sifting' are 'typical guardians,' and the 'union for which they act is a fairly typical union,' and 'as things are there,' she says, 'so are they elsewhere.'

I venture absolutely to deny this most sweeping assertion, although Miss Sellers informs us that she rather prides herself on 'knowing something of the ways of Poor Law guardians.' I assert that anyone really acquainted with Poor Law administration must know that the expenditure she quotes betrays (if her figures are correct) an extravagance that I should think it would be difficult to parallel in any union in the kingdom.

I have for many years been chairman of a Board of guardians in the West of England which, I think, I may really describe as a fairly typical Board in a country district. The district appears fairly similar to that in which Miss Sellers's workhouse is situated; the house is about the same size as hers, though of late years the number of our indoor paupers has considerably decreased. Our children attend the village school, but they live at the workhouse, and not, as in Miss Sellers's case, in a separate institution. In one part of our area there is a fairly numerous mining population; we have three very small towns, and the rest of the union is entirely agricultural.

Our population is 23,661; our area, 41,526 acres; our assessable value, 95,763*l*. The average number for the last year every night in the house was 157, including about forty children. The average number of vagrants for every night throughout the year was twenty.

I propose to compare the expenditure of our Board with Miss Sellers's, for I think that, in consequence of the publicity given to her views, most unwarrantable prejudices are likely to be raised against those throughout the country who devote, ungrudgingly, much time and care to the local administration of the Poor Law.

I do not think I need enter into those of Miss Sellers's figures which deal with pauper lunatics; the cost of their maintenance is in no way under the control of the guardians, except in so far as they may bring pressure to bear upon the Asylum authorities. Neither do I propose to discuss the figures given with reference to out-relief, or Miss Sellers's somewhat remarkable observations upon that most interesting and important subject. I would only suggest the possibility of a doubt whether Miss Sellers's knowledge really justifies her pride in that knowledge. The figures I wish to deal with—figures she would have us believe as more or less applicable to every workhouse in the country—are the figures relating to indoor relief and the general administration of the workhouse.

Let me first deal with the vagrants, of whom over 7,300 passed through our tramp wards last year, representing an average of twenty for every night. These wards were built entirely new about two years ago, and the annual charge for interest, repayment of principal, and upkeep comes to about 160*l.* a year. The vagrants' food last year cost 40*l.* 18*s.*; they are looked after by the porter, assisted by a male and female inmate, so their superintendence may cost, say, 10*l.* a year; the fuel for heating, drying, and washing purposes costs about 40*l.* a year, so we get a total expenditure for the 7,300 vagrants of 250*l.* 18*s.*, being about 8*d.* for each night's food and lodging, or 12*l.* 11*s.* per annum for each of the twenty vagrants maintained nightly. Miss Sellers says that her vagrants are just 'supplied with food from the paupers' kitchen,' and for this 'no separate account is kept.' One would imagine that Miss Sellers had never heard of a Government auditor, if it were not that she tells us she knows all about guardians and their ways; and that she enters 'audit fee, 30*l.*' as being, apparently, one of the extravagant luxuries in which her guardians indulge. But she says that in her workhouse they maintain, nightly, twenty-seven tramps at a total cost of 693*l.* 18*s.*, which is equivalent to a cost per annum of 25*l.* 14*s.* for each of the twenty-seven. So that the expenditure on Miss Sellers's vagrants exceeds that on ours by nearly 100 per cent., and this although ours includes a high charge for the new tramp wards which the orders of the Local Government Board compelled us to build.

Miss Sellers takes exception to an outlay of 200*l.* on one expensive machine for the laundry. Far be it from me to say that such an outlay was justifiable; but I think Miss Sellers's knowledge of the work in a workhouse laundry must be somewhat elementary. She speaks, in her article, of the workhouse linen in a scornful way, as the paupers' 'bits of things.' She is very pleased with her phrase: she uses it many times, but it might surprise her to know that in our workhouse (not so large as hers) the paupers' 'bits of things' total up on an average to 1,240 a week, varying in size from sheets and tablecloths to the many small articles which find their way into every

wash-tub. Miss Sellers tells us that in her laundry the wages cost 300*l.* a year, and that the fuel costs 341*l.*, and that hers is a 'typical' union! In ours, the wages bill is covered by the superintendence of the matron, and the occasional assistance of a charwoman, costing, say, 20*l.* a year; and the fuel bill for the whole workhouse for every purpose—cooking, laundry, fires, heating tramp wards, &c.—amounts to 277*l.* a year. (The cost per ton of coal in both unions appears to be about the same.) It is impossible to say exactly how much of this outlay on coal should be debited to the laundry, as our system of water heating deals with the whole house and laundry, and partly with the cooking, but I shall not be far wrong if I ascribe 75*l.* per annum as the laundry consumption. Miss Sellers's guardians spent, she tells us, 3,819*l.* in 'patching up' the laundry during three years. We ourselves, *pace* Miss Sellers, recognise that a workhouse laundry requires somewhat constant attention, and we have spent upon ours in repairs and partial reconstruction during the last three years some 500*l.*; moreover, we have been guilty of the extravagance of replacing this year, at a cost of about 20*l.*, a washing machine that had done duty for some fifteen years. .

Summarising and comparing the laundry expenditure in the two workhouses, we get the following:

	Miss Sellers's Workhouse			My Workhouse		
	£	s	d.	£	s	d.
Fuel	341	0	0	75	0	0
Wages	300	0	0	20	0	0
Total working expenses . . .	641	0	0	95	0	0
Adding average cost of 'patching up' for the last three years .	1,271	0	0	166	0	0
Total	£1,912	0	0	£261	0	0

Now as regards Miss Sellers's account of the cost of in-maintenance.

There are, she says, 174 paupers in the house, and at different parts of her article she gives the average cost of these, in one place as 58*l.* a head, in another place 50*l.*, in another 43*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, and the cost of the children in a separate establishment at 50*l.* 10*s.* a head. How the 58*l.* is arrived at is impossible to follow; the 50*l.* is fixed by adding some problematical amount to the 43*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, but this 43*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* appears to be the bed-rock cost of each of the 174 paupers for 'food, clothing, necessaries, drugs, establishment charges, housing and surveillance.' At any rate this is Miss Sellers's *lowest* figure, and she says that the 48 children cost 50*l.* 10*s.* a head, a total, however, which I work out to 51*l.* 14*s.* 1½*d.*, following, as far as I possibly can, Miss Sellers's own calculations.

Now in my workhouse the whole of the inmates, including our children, but apart from the vagrants, cost 15*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.* a head per

annum, taking into account the whole of the items which in Miss Sellers's case produce an average respectively of 43*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* and 50*l.* 10*s.* It is evident therefore that if, as I believe, my workhouse is a fairly typical one, there is something radically and abnormally wrong with the one described by Miss Sellers.

But the chief indictment in Miss Sellers's article is with reference to the number of officials and the outlay that they entail. I cannot do better than place in two columns of a table the officials in her workhouse and those in our own. I do not include the rate collectors, relieving officers, and district medical officers; the conditions of their employment are dependent upon the area of the union and the population; but the officials directly connected with the workhouse would seem to be as follows:

Miss Sellers's Workhouse:

	£	s.	d.
Master			
Matron			
Master's Clerk			
Porter			
3 Nurses			
Cook			
Female Attendants			
Laundress			
Tramp Master			
Tramp Mistress			
Labour Master			
Shoemaker			
Engineer			
Carpenter			
Stoker			
Handy man			
	£1,489	0	0

Separate salaries not given.

My Workhouse:

	£	s.	d.
Master	62	0	0
Matron	38	0	0
Industrial Trainer	26	0	0
Porter	20	0	0
Nurse	26	0	0
Assistant Nurse	25	0	0
Rations, &c.	150	0	0

Children's Officers:

1 Master			
1 Matron			
1 Nurse			
1 Cook			
2 Assistants			
1 Attendant			
1 Doctor			
Total	797	0	0

Total Salaries and

Rations	£2,286	0	0
Doctor	125	0	0
Chaplain	100	0	0
Organist	?		
Dentist	?		
Stocktaker	?		
Lawyer	200	0	0
Clerk to Guardians	275	0	0
Assistant Clerk	120	0	0
Total	£3,106	0	0

Total Salaries and Ra-

tions	£347	0	0
Doctor	40	0	0
Chaplain	40	0	0
Clerk	170	0	0

Total £597 0 0

If Miss Sellers's account is only remotely correct, her charge is proved to the hilt as regards her own particular workhouse, and I have no right whatever to question the accuracy of her statement. She certainly deals with figures in a somewhat reckless way, and we know that nothing can be so misleading as figures, except facts; but if there is really a workhouse of anything like the size of the one Miss Sellers describes, with a staff of officials such as she details, I am quite willing to join with her heartily in her denunciation of the particular body of guardians who are directly responsible for such scandalous waste of public money. But I do most emphatically assert that such a workhouse cannot possibly be described as a 'typical' workhouse. I know my own workhouse well, I know something, more or less, of all the workhouses in my County, and I can safely say that the workhouse I have described is quite typical, as regards expenditure, of all the country workhouses within a considerable radius of where I reside. The town workhouses within that radius are somewhat more extravagant, the reasons for which are some of them sufficient, some not quite obvious. Miss Sellers's sweeping assertions are calculated to bring so much undeserved reproach upon guardians in general, that I can only most earnestly beg those who have read her article to at least withhold their judgment, until they have themselves tested the accuracy of assertions which, I think, are as unjustifiable as they are sweeping.

Miss Sellers's remarks about the workhouse children are equally sweeping, and if they cannot be said to be equally unjustifiable they are at least exaggerated and tinged with prejudice. She forgets that the great majority of children in a workhouse are born from parents who, for some reason or another, are thoroughly degenerate representatives of their class, whatever that class may be. Most of them too, after starting life with this blood disadvantage, have been half-starved and thoroughly neglected before they come to the house, and it is not fair to blame the workhouse for the fact that many of them turn out badly. It is impossible to expect that all will turn out well; more would do so if people in their neighbourhood would really interest themselves in them, instead of labelling them, as Miss Sellers does, as 'belonging to the pariah class.' Of the children who pass through our workhouse quite a large proportion become entirely satisfactory members of society, and I know of several who are doing extremely well.

Miss Sellers writes, with all the bitterness of prejudice, against the workhouse system generally. I venture to think that this feeling, prevalent though it is, is much to be deplored. As things are, and as things will be till the world has become regenerated, a workhouse, in some form or other, is an unavoidable necessity, and that not only for the so-called undeserving poor, but for many of the deserving also. A large proportion of the latter could not possibly be treated

outside an institution of some kind ; and people would do far more good by personal endeavours to brighten the lot of those within the house, than by fostering what is often an unreasonable prejudice against it. I say unreasonable because, though I know of course the prejudice exists, I know also that many of the aged and infirm who come into the house are glad that they have done so. The deserving poor who are found within the walls of our workhouses merit all our sympathy, and our best efforts to secure for them comparative happiness. And I by no means wish to limit the term 'deserving' to those only who have led from childhood meritorious lives. Is there to be no *locus penitentie* in our narrow creed for those who have paid a bitter penalty for the sins and follies of their youth, and who recognise those sins and follies and regret them when too late ? I would treat with every possible consideration all those inmates who, no matter what their past, are leading quiet and respectable lives ; but I should like to keep apart from these inmates those others whose conduct, manners, or habits are such as to cause annoyance or to merit the disapprobation of any respectable people.

One word more. I am Chairman of my County Education Committee, and I should very much like to know how, under existing circumstances, the children in Miss Sellers's workhouse attend a 'District Board School' and yet that 2*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* a head is paid for them. To whom is the money paid, and how does the Local Government Board auditor pass the item in the workhouse accounts ? It would perhaps be hypercritical to observe that 'Board' schools no longer exist, but is it possible that this whole statement may be a gauge of the accuracy of many other statements in Miss Sellers's very remarkable article ?

M. W. COLCHESTER-WEMYSS.

*FROM DAWN TO DARK ON THE HIGH
ZAMBESI*

'PLOSH'—all the paddles go in as one, and again as one are pulled through and out—'pomp'—sucking the bubbles up. 'Plosh, pomp'—the dug-outs are coming across the river, the swaying forms of the paddling Kafirs dimly visible in the half light. One in the bows, five aft, left foot forwards they stand, dropping in the paddles, now on this side, now on that, each canoe keeping time with the other. 'Plosh, pomp—plosh, pomp,' five canoes and thirty paddles with the rhythmic pulse of a single paddle.

Axe-hollowed out of a clean-run hard-wood tree, twenty to forty feet long, straight-sided, flat-bottomed; on these waters no other boat would do its work better, if so well.

Each dug-out takes but one passenger, who sits on a grass mat, leaning back against his kit. He may go, if he will, as a high Induna goes, under an awning of reed arched against the sun, but in September and October this is scarcely safe; it is wiser to risk the sun and be free to fall clear of the craft. For the hippo cows are calving then, the animals are wicked, and, especially at night, attack the boats, and there is danger of being caught in the awning when the boat upsets.

Ordinarily the Kafirs refuse to venture on the river after dusk, but to-day they will certainly be paddling then, because they are under compulsion to complete a two days' voyage in one. It has pleased their chief to lay them under these commands because a white man is urgently called down country and must reach a certain trading station by to-night. Their chief has also made this white man a high Induna, distinguished by a pair of the royal ivory armlets which shall ensure him consideration by the way. But of these matters more presently, for we will not delay the start.

So in the false dawn we load the dug-outs, dividing up the things. In mine, the leading boat, are clothes-bag, blankets, gun, rifle and a few useful odds and ends, such as pipe and water-bottle, lying handy at one's side. The other boats are stored with the boys' food and blankets, beer-gourd, cooking-pots and assegais. Well before the sun has shown his upper rim the word is given, and we move off in single order and away down stream.

The Kafirs are silent. The Kafir, a child of the sun, is at his worst in the chill of the dawning, is spiritless and dull, though the dug-outs move rapidly enough under the driving of those sinewy arms and backs. The splendid savage in front of me is a final study in movement and form, and as the sun looks over the fringe of the reed-beds it touches back and shoulder into polished bronze in a subject fit for Phidias.

Level, treeless, reed-fringed banks, on the right of sand, on the left of clay, and a half-mile perhaps of width of water: this is the Zambesi here. There is little that is tropical, as that word is commonly meant. The Zambesi of one's childhood, parasites of gorgeous flower, ropes of climbers running from tree to tree, flocks of jewelled birds, troops of monkeys that peep and chatter and swing from bough to bough—the greater part, in short, of everything meant by the magic word 'tropical' is wanting here. All that is below us, far, far below, down in the fever belt that runs by the sea. It is true that round the mighty Victoria Falls where the rocky islands are and the mist hangs night and day, there is some wealth of tropic tangle, but even that is down the river some hundred miles away.

We shall see palms and trees before nightfall in patches by the rapids, but it is only in those places where the rock comes up that timber flourishes. Here the Zambesi feels its way through the high alluvial plain, the treeless fringe of that same plateau where Oswell did his wonderful hunting half a century and more ago. And as the Zambesi is here, so is it almost to its source; trees where the rocks and rapids are, bare where they are not. In the rainy season these plains are greatly under water, in the dry season they are swept by fires, and sun-baked to a hard pan—neither a condition suitable for trees. For a convincing simile we may say this: take the Ouse or some willowless Fen river, change water-rats to hippos, goss to giant reeds, make the newts of your back-waters into crocodiles, and there is the High Zambesi.

In the great reed-beds the hippos sleep, in some places numbers of them, though I have never had the luck to come upon one sleeping, often as I have tried. In every direction are roads made by the creatures as they come down to the water. If you land and walk up one of these hippo roads you will be following at first a track across and up the sloping sand; then, where the slope meets the vertical edge of the high river-bank, the ground is all poached into deep holes by the huge feet where the animal has raised his immense bulk for the climb. Also, where the banks lie at a convenient angle, you often see hippo slides. Here the creatures have evidently sat down on their tail-ends till the edge of the bank has given way, and they have slid down into the water. Often, by constant passing, a cutting has been made through the edge of the bank which brings you easily on to the flat above. From this point a well-marked road, or tunnel,

goes off into the reeds, which sometimes form an archway overhead. On either side of the tunnel the reeds, strong as bamboo, pressed back and matted together, form an impenetrable wall, though here and there along the wall are spaces into which a man may push. I used to look out carefully for these spaces and pass as quickly as possible from one to the other, waiting a moment or two at each, a wise precaution, for a startled hippo makes at once for the water. Crashing headlong down his tunnel, without any 'by your leave,' he would treat you like a beetle under the housemaid's foot. One must therefore keep a careful eye on one's refuges. So, creeping cautiously along, at last you come to the threshold of the hippo's boudoir or bedroom, as the case may be. It is empty, and, to speak frankly, it is a relief to be able to admire it in the noble owner's absence. A friend lately described to me a hippo's 'nest' which he visited on a tributary stream. He told how its floor was deep in grasses, gathered by the hippos, and the reeds surrounding it distinctly 'woven' together. Without the good fortune to come upon one of these, I have only seen the ordinary sleeping-places. They have always been alike in an outer ring of broken reeds and softer tops of the reed-heads, and in the middle of the earth itself the impression of huge bodies, like a hare's form in a weedy fallow. These sleeping-places are quite distinct from the mud-baths; those you often find up small ditches and back-waters quite far from the river; the wart-hogs share them with the hippos.

But now, with the coming of the sunlight, the life of the river begins to move. With beat of whirring wings flock after flock of sand-grouse come in to drink. Seeing the canoes, they will not light at first, but fly round and round over the sand-banks, now lower, now higher, in the way that wild ducks and tame pigeons will. Gaining confidence, they presently settle on the sloping sand-bank, run down to the water's edge, quickly drink, and are off again. And presently a curious thing happens. On labouring wings a large bird comes out of the sun, and when a short distance from the river sets its wings, and, floating nobly over the reeds, drops its long thin legs and settles in a shallow, the water all but up to its body. It is a Goliath Heron. It has scarcely taken up its position before a second bird comes on the scene, the Fish Eagle. Heading straight for the heron it stoops, and, striking it fair on the head, knocks it down on to the water, where it remains with outstretched wings, half stunned. Recovering, it again stands upright, while I rouse my boys to paddle all they can in order to pick it up. We are still some ten yards distant when again the eagle, who has circled round, stoops at the heron and knocks it over, almost under the bows of the canoe. In the same movement the bird of prey sheers off. I pull the heron into the boat. This heron, by far the largest member of its family, is a very noble bird. Nowhere common, you will probably not see more than one

or two any day on the Upper Zambesi. As I hold it by the beak at the level of my face its toes touch the ground.

The Fish Eagle does not prey on herons ; why, then, this attack ? I think the eagle, not knowing that the heron had only just arrived, concluded that its crop was full of fish, which it might be induced to surrender ; it meant to make it ' stand and deliver,' only the poor heron, having taken nothing, had nothing to deliver.

This eagle is in appearance a truly striking bird. Its head, breast, and mantle are shining black, its back white, its shoulders coppery-brown. In the wooded districts, where, after the wont of birds of prey, it sits on the vantage point of the dead limb of a large tree, sailing off now and again with tireless flight above the broad river waters, it is the very genius of its home. But here, in the treeless country, where it needs must sit on the sand or on the mud of the river-bank, it seems out of place, reduced almost to the grade of a 'longshore crow. In this part of the Zambesi they are extremely common ; you see pairs, and sometimes three and four together, all along.

Three days ago I had killed a large crocodile some quarter of a mile above the point we have now reached. Shot in the head as he lay on the top of the water, he had turned over on his back, with his feet in the air, and had gone like a log to the bottom. After a few hours he would have come to the top, afloat. So far as I know, the dead body of any creature will behave thus, excepting that of a seal. I, however, had not time to wait.

Perhaps this saurian has drifted on to this sand-bank below, and brought the vultures there. At any rate there they are, thirty or forty, feeding on something I cannot see. As the dug-out nears them they draw off a little from the feast—two kinds of vulture, the larger one, Rüppell's, with a 'boa' on the neck ; and a smaller, blacker bird, with a pink, bare head like a hen turkey's, the Hooded Vulture. On a nearer approach they all rise heavily, the fullest gorged very reluctant to move, and fly to the flat beyond, where they will settle and wait. Hooded Vultures, because of their black colour, may sometimes be seen from a great distance as they sit on the trees in pairs. Much as has been written and said about the congregation of vultures, the phenomenon of their appearing never loses for me its surprise. Lying on your back, you search the fathomless blue sky. Be your sight never so clear, your glasses never so powerful, you will fail nine times out of ten to find a single vulture in all that wide expanse. Half an hour after, looking over the flats, you may see two birds drop down on to some object lying in the hollow just out of sight, and a moment later two more. Then another pair, and another, and, in an incredibly short space of time, behold vultures from all sides converging on that point. And now, if you look up again, you will find this true, that, though you may watch the bird

that passes by and disappears, and keep it in your range of vision until it is lost, a needle-point, in the infinite distance, you cannot in the same way pick up a distant bird. On the contrary, each bird comes into sight quite suddenly, unexpectedly, and large; you become aware that it is there, yet you have not seen it on the way.

But half the day is over and gone, and my boys have been paddling since early morning without a break. All through the morning—and lately with the thermometer at 100° F. in the shade—the paddles have gone beating ‘plosh pomp, plosh pomp,’ and at intervals, ‘splash, splash, splash,’ as one of the boys behind works with an old tin at baling out the boat. For we had not been gone long this morning when my steersman in the prow laid aside his paddle and, stooping down, busied himself with a crack through which the water was merrily coming in. For some time I watched him doing his best to stop the leak by pushing in pieces of grass with the edge of an old tin. Meantime I had been pulling to pieces a bit of thick string, and presently gratified him with quite a respectable handful of oakum, with which, and the help of the picker of my knife, he had made a tolerable stopping; but the water found its way through again, and for a long while now we had often had to bale.

Now it is time for a rest, so we punt the boats into a little creek between the sand-banks and I tell the boys to bathe.

There is a little hollowed path running up from the water on to the flats above. In the season of rains a water ditch, it is now a track by which wild creatures come down to drink. At its deepest, no more than two feet deep, it grows less and less, till some quarter of a mile away it flattens to the general level of the ground.

Up this track but a few days back I crept, camera in hand, with two black boys behind me, intent upon photographing animals when they should draw together towards the path for water. Before our crawl began I had a good look over the plain with my glasses. One might almost have thought the plain dotted with feeding cattle, but the glass showed groups and herds of several different beasts. Blue wildebeest, some forty in number, formed a group at the head of my path, a few hartebeest made a red patch a little further off, a herd of roan antelope stood by themselves away to the left, reed-buck in twos and threes were dotted all about, and a lot of zebras fed steadily in my direction, but a little on the right.

At first it was easy to keep out of sight, crawling on hands and knees, though it was a rather painful crawling, because a fire had passed over that ground not long before, and all among the new green shoots which had brought the various animals together were the hard points of burnt rushes. These and many snail-shells chafed hands and knees.

Soon it became necessary to crouch lower and lower, and presently to lie absolutely flat, worming oneself along by toes and elbows. I

glanced back under my arm at the two boys; they were exactly imitating my every movement. The light wind blew directly in our faces, so as far as scent went we were safe.

It is probably true to say that most wild animals trust more to smell than to sight; indeed some—the elephant and rhinoceros for example—rely almost entirely on it for their safety. No doubt this is chiefly true of forest animals; a mountain sheep or a buck of the plains of course has wonderful powers of vision but only a distinct or a sudden movement arrests it. The ways of Nature's hunters show us this. When the seal is lying on the ice-floe with its head over the edge, in the way that seals have, sometimes along the still, green, polar pool there creeps a little wave and wakes it up. It looks over the water, but only sees a white lump floating motionless, which it takes to be a piece detached from the base of the floe and risen to the surface, so it nods its head again and is presently asleep. But in that white lump are set the watching eyes of the ice-bear; and the white lump sinks ever so noiselessly, to rise as cautiously again and again, but nearer and nearer to the seal, who each time wakes and each time goes to sleep again. But the last dive brings the hunter underneath his quarry, and one blow finishes the drama, for an ice-bear is very heavy-handed.

And in the same way, could you but move slowly enough, you could, with the wind right, get quite close to most big game. Moreover, antelopes are inquisitive animals, and just as I have had wild reindeer come round me inquiringly when sketching in Spitsbergen, so antelopes will sometimes come up to investigate a new object, provided it does not make alarming movements.

But we are forgetting the story we began to tell. It was time to find out exactly where the creatures were, for they were moving when last seen. When animals are feeding they are usually shifty and difficult to approach. But now, in the middle of the day, with the sun at its hottest, it was probable the herds would be settling down. This proved to be the case. Slowly, very slowly, hair's-breadth by hair's-breadth, I raised myself upon my elbows until I could just get my eyes above the level and peer through the stalks of the grasses. Some of the groups were lying down, some still standing, or moving slowly, step by step; but all had the sleepy, contented look of animals that have fed. Nearest of all, and straight before me, about one hundred paces off, was a single wildebeest, lying by good chance partly covered by a tuft of dead grasses. I began to hope I might reduce the distance and photograph that beast. I had just sunk down flat again, when one of the black boys touched me on the ankle. Glancing up, without moving my head, I saw, for one instant, two Crowned Cranes, most lovely of birds, standing side by side and looking down critically at me. The next moment, with a startled call, they were on the wing. Expecting to hear the sound of thundering

hoofs, I lay still as any stone; but the minutes passed, and, hearing nothing, I ventured again to look. The wildebeest had not moved, but out of the corner of my eye I could see, on my right, the zebras all faced round and staring intently towards us. I lay still for perhaps another ten minutes, making the black boys stay back, and then again wormed along like a snake. Finally the distance was reduced by some thirty yards, which brought me up with head and shoulders covered by the lump of reeds that marked the end of the depression.

The wildebeest was still lying down. I slid out the bellows of the camera, focussed and touched the spring; a photograph was taken. But the click of the shutter, slight as it was, had disturbed the animal, who rose, stretched himself, and was photographed again. Then he saw us, wheeled round, and joined the others. Off galloped the whole herd, performing the extraordinary antics practised by their kind; the roan antelopes and the zebras followed suit, the plain was scoured by fugitive feet, and a minute later little remained but a few dots in the middle distance and a dark waving line beyond. Only some reed-buck stayed here and there, judging they were safe.

Five lions were in attendance on this particular herd of zebras; but that belongs to another day, and not to this nor to our river voyage.

We left the boys about to bathe; they needed no incentive, for Kafirs delight to get into the water in the hottest time of the day. Rushing into the river all together, they keep up a continual splashing to frighten away the crocodiles. In the water they always groom one another's backs, and on coming out scrape themselves with the strigil carried by each. Dressing and undressing are quickly done by a Kafir, and in ten minutes we were off again.

The High Zambesi is full of crocodiles; in some of the back-waters they literally swarm. They vary in size from little things like large lizards to monsters over twelve feet in length. Even where the banks are of clay and nearly perpendicular they seem to have little difficulty in landing, and by constant walking to and fro score the bank into ledges and terraces. They also scratch out, or work out by other means, hollows in the clay which they constantly occupy when sunning themselves or sleeping. Sometimes they go to sleep, floating on the surface, just as our pike will on a summer day; and then, like the pike, remain unconscious of your presence until a sudden movement wakes them up, when they disappear with a prodigious disturbance. But this is not often; ordinarily they are very wide awake and vanish silently, sinking with scarcely a circle made. But the shallows and sand-banks are their favourite resort, and there they are always watchful. Often you can see them far ahead, tails to the water, heads up the flat sand-bank, looking like beached canoes, and sometimes they lie across one another like stumps of drifted trees. But long before

the canoes come up they take warning from the paddles and, turning on the fulcrum of their tails, glide into the water. More than once, when having luncheon by the water's edge, I have suddenly become aware of the cruel head and the lustreless glazed eyes looking up at me from below. It really 'gave one quite a turn.' I instinctively jumped back, for the crocodile is credited, and probably on good grounds, with the practice of knocking its prey into the water with a sudden sweep of its heavy tail. As many as sixty eggs are laid by a crocodile in its nest in the sand-bank. Beside me as I write is an egg from a nest containing that number. It is rather larger than a goose's egg, but elliptical in shape, with a white and very brittle shell. We are told (but the statement requires confirmation) that, when the little crocodiles begin to squeak in the shell, the mother digs up the eggs and, as the young escape, leads them down to the water.

'Shangwe!' (Chief) calls out my steersman as a dug-out approaches, coming up the stream; whereupon the paddlers stop their paddling and, squatting down in the boat, clap their hands; their usual form of salutation to an official or a chief; and presently catching sight of the ivory armlets they hold their arms aloft and return 'Shangwe!' The armlets (ribbed round the centre, the distinctive sign of royalty) had been kindly given me by Litia, son of Lewanika, King of Marotse. They acted indeed as a talisman that day. When we came to a waterside kraal where the Batoka piccaninnies ran in and out of holes in the grass screens like rabbits, milk was instantly brought and Kafir beer, and the women were set to scrape a bit of ground for me to sit on, but no undue delay allowed—and this through the royal armlets.

This letter grows too long. But for that I should be telling more about the birds; birds that walked the sand-banks—Black, White, Open-billed and Marabou Storks; Sacred and Glossy Ibises; Wattled, Blacksmith and Crowned Plovers; birds that waded in the shallows—the quaint Hadadah and quainter Hammerkop, and all the family of the herons. For, beside the Goliath already described, there were the Great White Heron, the Purple and the Squacco Herons, as well as the beautiful Little Egret. In the shallows also we saw the elegant Jacana, whose toes are so long that it can walk the water over the thinnest water-weeds; Stilts also, and Avocets, graceful pied birds whose long, slender bills curve upwards. About the reeds were many small Bitterns, who tightened up their feathers and gazed into the sky with straight thin necks till they looked like stalks or bits of stick. And every now and then there flashed across the water a flaming streak—the Crimson Bee-eater. Egyptian and Spur-winged geese and African Pochards swam in the water or fed along the water-mark, while the larger Pied Kingfisher hung poised above the river or dropped like an arrow on the fish. Perhaps the least expected bird was a seagull—the Grey-headed Gull—of which many were seen throughout the day. Terns were numerous, especially the Whiskered Tern, easily

distinguished on the wing by its smoky colour. But of all the birds seen none were odder than the Scissor-bill. These birds are river terns, and, like other terns, lay their eggs on the sand-banks. They are coloured grey, black, and white. But the strange point about them is this, that their orange-scarlet bills have the upper mandible a great deal shorter than the lower or maxilla. The beak is also flattened from side to side, and what the birds feed on is not properly known as yet.

The hippos are causing us some concern. Every now and then one hears a noise like steam blowing off in a railway station, and there is a hippo looking angrily at our boat. The head of the beast usually lies pretty flat on the water, only the nostrils and eyes above it. A good way off at first, by constant diving he reduces the distance, and at last, when perhaps some fifty yards away, he raises his head and shoulders, and looks like a frightful mask in some infernal pantomime. (However kind a hippo may be feeling, he always *looks* irate.) He seems to be reckoning to a nicety the distance for his final rush. He dives and you go through the suspense of the interval—will he or will he not attack? To your relief he rises a little further off; his better nature has prevailed.

How long can a hippo remain under water? It is difficult to judge unless you have them in a quiet pool. I have timed him one, two, three minutes—five minutes. But at least he can remain below as long as Mr. Finney, and often inexplicably disappears altogether.

There is not always danger from these gigantic brutes; during ten months of the year, although individuals may now and then indulge in a little light play, they are fairly quiet. But now, like many other animals, they are savage in defence of their newly-born young. They do not attack human beings; when once they have tumbled you into the water they trouble themselves no further (nor have they any occasion to do so—the crocodiles see to the rest). It is the boat that irritates them: doubtless they conceive it to be some river monster invading their dominions.

For their better safety the paddlers of the dug-outs keep, as far as may be, close to the banks. But sometimes, pushed out by shallows, they are obliged to cross the windings from point to point. With a river about as wide as the Thames at London Bridge this takes a little time, and once our crossing was attended by an amusing, if alarming, incident. I was immersed in my diary, when I was startled by the shock of a sudden noise, which I can only compare to a slice out of the roar of a cataract. There, close to us, was a hippo! He looked at us for a moment, and then opened his mouth to its very widest extent, as Mr. Rowland Ward's heads do in Piccadilly. I was staring into a red cavern. The beast was so close that it flashed through my mind that I could easily throw in a bun. Perhaps he was waiting for one, or else was only making faces to exercise his facial muscles. If he simply

meant to frighten us he certainly succeeded. I could not see how the five boys behind me fared, but the tall steersman gave the dug-out such a lurch with his paddle that he nearly toppled out of the boat, which was narrow in the bows, swayed violently from side to side, and then fell backwards into the bottom of the boat. You may be sure we watched the hippo very anxiously as he dived, and thankfully saw him—he was so close—turn below the water and disappear. Even at this critical moment, and scared as they were, the Kafirs' sense of the ridiculous stood by them; no sooner was their enemy gone than they roared with laughter and for a long time chaffed the poor steersman, though I could not follow their tongue.

Now I must describe a pretty incident, and then, I think, we have done with the hippopotamus. I am keeping a sharp look-out for birds down the river, when I see something coming up which at first I take for men in a canoe. The Kafirs also see it and whisper 'Lovo' (hippopotamus). It is. It is a tiny hippo apparently gliding along on the surface of the river; and in front of it is the black face of an old one. The puzzle is soon explained: a baby hippo is being carried by its mother; it is standing on her back. It comes along quite steadily, looking like some quaint little figure of a god. When still a hundred yards away it disappears, but I cannot see the manner of its going. Probably the old hippos carry their young in this way to keep them safe from the crocodiles.

The evening sun is going down, but still the paddles hold steadily on 'Plosh, pomp,' and the tin keeps at work with the baling.

It is no difficult task to describe wild animals and their ways, but to draw a really convincing picture of a bit of scenery is usually beyond the power of words; and I wish I could do that now. For about the time of the evening light we leave the plains and the level banks, and, rounding a corner, are face to face with a transformation intangibly enchanting. The river lies like glass, peach-pink all round the boats. Before us are islands; a large one in the middle of the stream, with others right and left. But by some trick of light and air they seem built up one behind the other, till the water-lanes among them look like, raised and limpid terraces. The islands are fringed with soft-headed papyrus, and you cannot determine where exactly the fringe begins because of the reflections which go down into the water and make of island and image one translucent haze of green and opal lights. Piled up beyond this is the blue mass of the thorny forest, here and there the dark arms of some great acacia held clear-cut against the glowing sky. And the isles are crowned with palm-trees.

Bitterns begin booming in the reeds, Emerald-spotted Doves come down to drink, and a Marsh Owl floats noiselessly overhead. The evening spell falls even on the Kafirs, who cease their laughing chatter, and nothing is heard but wings and voices of birds and the paddles' measured beat. So we move on; winding about the islands and along

the coloured water-lanes till the current begins to draw more quickly, a growing murmur takes definite form and we hear the noise of rapids.

Darkness falls very quickly here, and the light is already uncertain when we come in sight of the rocks and the white lines of broken water. It is the dry season, the Zambesi is very low this year, and the rocks look ugly enough. For a few minutes, while the steersmen consult as to the best channel to choose, the dug-outs are held back by paddles pressed against the river-bed, and then we are in the current. Bump, scrape, we are knocked about by the rocks, in spite of the paddles that try to fend them off. By daylight it would be easier, but now we cannot properly see, and presently my dug-out slides on to the top of a smooth, hidden rock, and remains jammed fast by the middle. No poling or punting will move it one inch; we have to get into the water before the dug-out can be made to move. This rapid is a long one, and before we clear it the Kafirs are several times in the water and all the time a pair of large otters keep playing about the rocks, quite indifferent to our presence.

At the next we have a worse experience. After a long and trying series of scrapes and rushes we enter a wider, deeper, and smoother channel, and are just steadying to shoot the last low waterfall into the pool below when a rock, invisible till then, appears right in the middle of the fall. I see it, reflect with relief that my boots are not on my feet but tied to the sides of the boat, think of crocodiles, and instinctively try to puzzle out through the gloom the nature of the nearest landing-place—all this in a flash of the mind—when the steersman shouts, the men behind him answer, the boat is stopped, and, calling all together, they absolutely work the dug-out back again against the current—very slowly, half-inch by half-inch, but it is done. After a long and desperate battle with the stream we are again almost at the head of the rapid, find another channel, and sometimes wading, sometimes in the boat, at last we reach another and safer water-shoot and are floating in the pool below. They are most wonderful fellows, these Kafirs; it was almost a superhuman effort, for the sucking force of the water was prodigious, and the strain in holding back the dug-out with so insecure a foothold immense. The other boats have come by other channels, but we are all lying safely there at last, and the boys rest for a few minutes and compare experiences. It is quite dark as we move off again, with still six miles to go. No light is in the sky, not a glimmer on the water. The boys, in deadly fear of hippos, keep closely to the reeds. But even this is not without its alarms, for the great reed fringe is the roosting-place of many birds, and particularly of guinea-fowl, who come down there at night for safety from foxes and jackals; and as we go brushing along the reeds, suddenly, with screams and rattle of wings, out bursts, almost in our faces, a large party of these birds, enough to scare the stoutest heart when nerves are all at tension.

Then the fireflies come out, not the little dancing lights familiar in America, but lambent stars that travel straight and steadily, shining and not shining with perfect regularity, like the revolving flame of a distant lighthouse. Then the Kafirs, to keep up their courage, sing from boat to boat songs with theme and chorus. And then a great red light breaks up into the sky and a forest fire is raging.

This final spell of the voyage seems indeed interminable; but at last we come upon an island camp-fire round which are Kafirs dancing, and then on a hill we see a single light, which we know hangs outside the trader's store, and we run the dug-outs into a creek, and are grateful.

A. TREVOR-BATTYE.

THE FIRE OF ROME AND THE CHRISTIANS

THERE is a natural tendency on the part of the Christians of to day to assume that their predecessors can by no possibility have been concerned in such an outrageous crime as the burning of Rome in the days of Nero. Knowing as we do the moderate counsels of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and the respect for the constituted authorities which he shared with the Founder of Christianity, we are unwilling to admit that there can have been any section of men calling themselves Christians, or so called by others, who would have been concerned in an act so anarchical. On the other side we have the undoubted historical fact that Christianity was a proscribed religion in the days even of the most humane Roman Emperors, and that it enjoyed a monopoly of proscription. It is true that according to Josephus the priests of Isis at Rome were punished by Tiberius for their complicity in a disgraceful trick played upon a married woman of noble birth, and that somewhat similar misconduct, according to the same authority, led to the deportation of 4,000 Jews from Rome to Sardinia by the same Emperor. These, however, were isolated instances of the severity of the Government. Other expulsions of the Jews from Rome were also connected with special causes; along with the Chaldeans and mathematicians, they were implicated in practices of divination; they were attacked, not on account of their religion, but for other reasons; there was no general persecution of Jews throughout the Roman Empire. Josephus repeatedly speaks in high praise of the liberality of the Roman authorities towards his religion and nation. We do not know that any Roman official wrote to ask the Emperor what he was to do with the Jews in his province, but we do know that Pliny the Younger asked this question of the Emperor Trajan with reference to Christians. In short, the Roman authorities were afraid of Christians; they saw in them some danger to the public welfare.

Tacitus, a contemporary and friend of the Younger Pliny, was a boy in his tenth year at the time of the fire; the opinions of even a precocious child of that age are not of much value in relation to an historical event; still, ideas may be received at that early age which

colour a maturer judgment, and even facts may be remembered. In the light of the fact that Tacitus as a child must have heard the subject discussed by his elders, what he wrote at an advanced age is of peculiar interest. His words are as follows :

Therefore Nero, to put an end to the rumour (that he had himself ordered the conflagration of the city), supplied criminals and punished them with the most exquisite tortures, those whom the populace called Christians, rendered unpopular by their detestable practices. The originator of that name, Christus, had been punished in the reign of Tiberius by the procurator, Pontius Pilatus; and the pernicious superstition, though repressed for the time, kept breaking out again, not only in Judæa, the source of the mischief, but even in the City, the meeting-place in which everything horrible and abominable assembles from all quarters and finds disciples. So first those were arrested who confessed, then on their evidence a vast number were convicted, as being concerned not so much with the charge of arson as with hatred of mankind.

The historian then tells us of the punishment of the incendiaries, how they were wrapped up in inflammable material, and burned as torches in the Pincian gardens while Nero galloped between their ranks in his chariot; and how this display shocked public sentiment, because it seemed that the penalty was inflicted rather to gratify one man's lust for cruelty than in the interests of justice.

Tacitus, in fact, does not blame Nero for having cruelly punished innocent men; his tone is rather that of regret that the Emperor, by his indecent galloping, created sympathy with the sufferers; nor can he, as a conscientious Republican, forbear to suggest that the objection to the cruelty lay less in the cruelty itself than in the pleasure that it afforded to one man.

This, however, is a minor point; the language of the historian is remarkable in other respects, for what it omits no less than for what it records. On other occasions Tacitus shows himself a vigorous Anti-Semite. Four classes of persons invariably fill his pen with venom: freedmen, Jews, informers, and the Julian or Claudian Emperors. His objection to the first three was in part at least professional; he objected to freedmen and Jews because they were employed in the civil service by the Emperors, to the informers as irregular practitioners in the law courts, to the early Emperors because they had displaced the Republic. When Tiberius transported 4,000 Jews to Sardinia, where it was not improbable that they would be killed by malaria, Tacitus observes that that would have been 'a cheap jettison.' And yet, in spite of this feeling against the race, Tacitus forbears to make the Jews responsible for the supposed malpractices of the Christians. It is true that he mentions Judæa as the geographical birthplace of Christianity, but he forbears to add, as no one could have better added, some stinging sentence as to the propensity of the Jews to start undesirable superstitions. We may infer that, at the time when Tacitus wrote the *Annals*, the connection between Christianity and the religion of the Jews was not generally known. The

Jews, in fact, had by that time very good reason for dissociating themselves from Christians, for the latter were recognised as enemies of the Government.

The language of Josephus as to the Christians is in this connection not without its interest. Josephus was a contemporary of Tacitus, was in the service of the Flavian Emperors, as was Tacitus, and was in the same manner favoured by Trajan. Josephus speaks as follows, in the words of Whiston's translation :

Now there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was [the] Christ; and when Pilate at the suggestion of the principal men amongst us had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at first did not forsake him, for he appeared to them alive again on the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him; and the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day.

Did Josephus not know that the Christians of his day were obnoxious to the Government? The language of Pliny and Trajan would hardly incline us to class them with a 'tribe' of whom we would say only that 'they were not extinct.' Or was Josephus careful not to appear to know too much of the proscribed sect, lest he should draw attention to its connection with the Jews, and wake the always latent Anti-Semite prejudice?

The genuineness of this passage has been questioned, chiefly because Josephus would not be likely to speak of Jesus as 'the Christ' unless he accepted Jesus as the Messiah. Josephus does not, however, do so; his language merely indicates that Jesus was the person known to the Gentiles as Christ (or, on one occasion, Chrestus), from whom the Christians derived their name. The stress laid upon the power of Jesus as a worker of wonders is in the spirit of the time; Augustine, at a later date, compares him in this respect with Apollonius of Tyana, Lactantius with Apuleius.

While Josephus speaks thus sympathetically of the Founder of Christianity, and thus cautiously of his followers, the language of Tacitus is much that which might be used at the present day of Anarchists or Red Republicans or Nihilists. 'A dangerous (*exitabilis*) superstition,' 'hatred of humanity'; we can sympathise with authorities who felt themselves bound to root out a superstition, which they believed to be destructive in its tendencies, and held by men who hated mankind. A third charge brought against the Christians by Tacitus is to us even more improbable. Nothing is more strongly marked in the letters of the Apostle of the Gentiles than his ascetic tendencies with regard to the relations of the sexes. Not only does he sternly reprove every kind of sexual impurity, but he shares the Essenian views with regard to marriage itself; he speaks of it rather

as a necessary evil than as a healthy and natural human relation ; he does not regard it as the crown of life. Nevertheless, Tacitus tells us that at the time of the fire of Rome, the year after St. Paul had been resident in Rome for two years preaching freely, 'no man forbidding him,' the Christians were objects of hatred to the people by reason of their 'flagitia,' sexual irregularities. This is a strange charge to be made by the populace of Rome, who are generally held to have wallowed in all impurities. It is true that 'flagitium' may mean a thing so innocent in our eyes as the marriage of a free woman with a slave, and that the particular cause of offence may have been nothing worse than the encouragement of such connections by some Christians ; but in any case the language of Tacitus indicates a belief on the part of the Roman populace that the Christians in some way or other violated the accepted rules which regulated the intercourse of the sexes among the Romans.

Thus we have, in the passage quoted from Tacitus, three strong contradictions to all that we know of Christianity. We know Christianity as upholding personal purity against the prevailing licence of the Greek and Roman world ; Tacitus imputes to it sexual irregularities. We know Christianity as inculcating submission to law and order ; Tacitus knows it as a destructive superstition. And lastly, we know of Christianity as the religion of love and charity with all men ; Tacitus believes Christians to be inspired by a hatred of the human race. Are we then absolutely to reject the evidence of Tacitus, never a very sound informant where his prejudices are concerned, or is there after all some way of reconciling the contradictions ?

Before passing to the general question, whether there may not have been features of Christianity, views held, deeds done, by men who called themselves or were called Christians, which were all different from the Christianity set forth for us in the Pauline Epistles, it is well to discuss the language of Tacitus with reference to Christian complicity in the burning of Rome. •

One of the unamiable peculiarities of Tacitus is a tendency to contradict himself when he sees an opportunity of imputing unworthy motives to men or classes whom he dislikes. He had been through the reign of terror under Domitian ; he had not at that time played the part of a martyr, but submitted along with other senators ; the compensation which he made to himself for his submission was a habit of bitter suggestion to the disadvantage of all the Emperors whom it was safe to attack, and especially of the Emperors of the Julian and Claudian families, who were long dead, and had a dynastic character particularly objectionable to a sound Republican. There is no occasion to take up the defence of Nero against Tacitus or any other historian ; but on the present occasion a contradiction must be pointed out, not to clear the reputation of Nero, but to ascertain the exact gravity of the charge against the Christians. •

Among the many wild rumours with reference to the fire of Rome was one that the Emperor himself had ordered it; there were men who professed to have seen agents of his helping to spread the flames; this rumour rapidly became inconvenient. Similar wild rumours were spread abroad at the time of the fire of London. Therefore, Tacitus tells us that Nero, in order to check this rumour, *subdidit reos*, 'provided criminals or scapegoats'; the word *subdidit* distinctly suggests that the scapegoats were innocent, or, at the very least, that they would not have been found, had not it been necessary to find them, in order to save somebody else. But then follows a contradiction. 'First, those were arrested who confessed [or 'professed their guilt']'; if the men confessed, clearly they were not innocent, or at the very least were willing to be considered guilty. Thus the Christians concerned were not arrested solely on account of their previous unpopularity. Why should they declare their guilt if they were not guilty? There is no suggestion that the confession of guilt was wrung from them by torture, a fact which, if it had happened, Tacitus would hardly have been likely to omit, for it would have added to the guilt of the detested Nero.

Then inquiries were made, and on the evidence of those who confessed a large number of others were arrested. The evidence against these did not amount to proving them actually guilty of arson; but they were found to be inspired with such a hatred of the human race that they were punished along with the rest. The punishment itself was doubtless considered finely appropriate; the men who had spread conflagration were themselves condemned to perish by fire. In this we may see not merely the personal cruelty of Nero, but the act of a panic-stricken Government. An awful example had to be made of the incendiaries. We have, in our own days, seen something of the cruelties to which a civilised but terrified people can be driven in the actual punishment of the Communists, and the violent language used against them in the first ecstasies of horror caused by the burning of the public buildings of Paris.

In fact, so far as the evidence of Tacitus is concerned, we must either reject such evidence altogether whenever it is inconvenient to us, in which case history becomes extremely mythical; or we must believe that the Christians punished by the Government of Nero were punished on their own evidence. Granted that Nero was glad to divert suspicion from himself, granted that the Christians might have been let alone but for the precarious position of the Emperor, the fact remains that there was evidence against them, and evidence supplied by themselves. Should we be equally unwilling to accept the statement of Tacitus had it been directed against Chaldeans, or 'mathematicians,' or astrologers, or other classes of persons obnoxious to Tacitus, or even against the Jews?

It is true that Tacitus has spoiled his case against the Christians

by his use of the word 'subdidit'; but then Tacitus was constitutionally incapable of letting Nero off the charge of having himself caused the fire; he prefers to suggest that the Emperor did not clear himself, though at the same time he evidently believes that real criminals were discovered.

It is further certain that the Government was alarmed by the discoveries which it made; not only were the supposed, or really guilty, incendiaries punished at Rome, but the Christians were subjected to repressive measures in other places. The Government, in fact, acted precisely as a Government of the present day would act, if it became aware of the existence of an extensive Anarchist conspiracy possessing wide ramifications. A modern Government would do its best to root out such a conspiracy, and to suppress opinions likely, in its judgment, to lead to acts of violence. The fire of Rome was no small matter, and might well spread alarm through the civilised world. If we want a reason for the exceptional position of Christianity as a proscribed religion in the Roman Empire, we find it in the fact that the complicity of Christians in the burning of Rome was generally held to be proved. It was not a purely wanton persecution; it was caused by terror. Interested persons may have kept it up long after it was known by thoughtful and well-informed administrators that there was no real cause for alarm; but there had been a reason to begin with, and similar prejudices once brought into being die hard.

Do the Christian documents which we possess anywhere suggest that, after all, the moderation of St. Paul was not universal among men known as Christians, and that there even were Christians with anarchical tendencies? On one occasion, and on one occasion only, St. Paul speaks at some length on the duty of submitting to the powers that be; he is at pains to explain that Christianity does not involve resistance to constituted authority, and that the agents of the Government must be accepted as being, in their own department, the agents of God. To whom does St. Paul speak in this way? To the Christian community at Rome. The thirteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans is chiefly taken up with this subject. One marked characteristic of St. Paul's epistles is that they are essentially practical, they are not mere general expositions of doctrine; they are almost invariably addressed to the consideration of questions which have arisen. St. Paul does not find fault where there has been no fault, or warn where there has been no occasion for warning. Wherever his arguments may eventually lead him, he begins with applying himself to the settlement of some actual difficulty. We may just as well believe that there were no dissensions in the Church of Corinth, no rival parties there, no incestuous person wishing to marry or actually having married his stepmother, nothing unseemly in its love feasts, no danger of the advent of an anti-Pauline preacher, as believe that there was no party, no person in the Christian community at Rome,

who had misgivings as to the duty of submission to the civil authorities. St. Paul would not have spoken on the subject had it not been necessary to speak. The commonly accepted date of the Epistle to the Romans is 57 to 58 A.D., only six or seven years before the fire of Rome. It is true that there is a difficulty about this. St. Paul sends greetings to the household of Narcissus, who was got rid of by Agrippina in 54 A.D.; thus, either the Epistle was written before that date, or the household of Narcissus continued after the death of its head. In either case an anarchical tendency had shown itself in the Christian community at Rome, and was reproved by St. Paul before the fire of Rome. Aquila and Priscilla, Christian Jews, had been expelled from Rome along with other Jews on account of riots 'impulsore Chresto.'

There is, however, a wide difference between questions of conscience in reference to the obligation of obedience to the Government and such a state of mind as might lead to dangerous conspiracies.

And here we have evidence of another kind. Obedient readers of the Epistles of St. Paul, the Acts of the Apostles, or of the Gospels, would not be concerned in acts of violence, or be impelled to them even indirectly; unless, indeed, the belief in the immediate coming of the Lord, held at first even by St. Paul himself, as we see from the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, proved as unsettling to weaker minds as similar teaching has proved to be since. But there is included in the Canon of the New Testament a book containing many passages of a distinctly inflammatory character, a book which, if read by Seneca or Tacitus, might certainly dispose those staid authorities to believe that they were written by a man who hated the human race.

We are so used to the vigorous denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, to the burdens of the desert, of the sea, of the valley of vision, and of Tyre, to the flood of calamities in which all and sundry who differ from the Hebrew seers are to be engulfed, that we are apt to miss the effect which these outpourings might have upon men who were not familiar with them, and were possibly among the victims to be involved in the calamities contemplated. Thus we approach the Book of Revelation with some fortitude; the outpourings of vials and the blowing of trumpets do not affect us. Even those of us who believe firmly that the book predicts events still to happen do not fear any immediate realisation of the prophecies, or we interpret them in favour of others than ourselves. To the Greek or the Roman such things were new; their own literature, when it strayed into prophecy, spoke of the return of the Golden Age; when it denounced, it denounced contemporary vices; it was not given to proclaiming a general vengeance of the gods upon erring humanity.

Nor, again, was Hebrew literature known even to the learned among the ancients. Virgil may have come across some extracts from

Isaiah before he wrote the *Pollio*: such a thing is not impossible; but, speaking generally, the Hebrew Scriptures, as we know them, were not known to Roman or Greek; at the utmost, between Jew and Gentile there was some interchange of philosophic dogma, of learning which we should now call scientific, of occult lore—more of this probably than of anything else. Moses was known to Apuleius as a magician, so were Jannes and Jambres, the latter only casually known to us.

Tacitus himself did not take the trouble to consult Josephus in writing an account of the history of the Jews in connection with the Jewish wars; he adopted the idlest fables, even with reference to the Dead Sea, a locality as well known to Roman administrators as the Victoria Nyanza to ourselves.

Thus the first acquaintance which an inquiring Gentile in the reign of Nero might make with the peculiar note of Hebrew prophecy would be more likely to be a Christian book, written in Greek, than a book of the old Dispensation; and this peculiar note we find strikingly exemplified in portions of the Revelation.

Now, though the date of the Revelation has been placed by some authorities as late as 96 A.D., others are of opinion that at least parts of it are as early as the reign of Nero.

If we assume, of a particular historical document, that the author was able to predict future events with a definiteness beyond the powers of ordinary human prescience, it is impossible to fix the date of such a book by reference to internal evidence; if, however, we find in such a document clear allusions to facts that we otherwise know to have happened, we are justified, until the contrary is clearly proved, in assuming that such evidence of date as is afforded by internal evidence must be accepted.

The subject of the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of the Book of Revelation is calamities impending over Babylon, or which have actually happened. The author clearly indicates that Rome is intended by Babylon: 'the seven heads are seven mountains on which the woman sitteth.' Then follows the passage which would be held sufficient in any other writing to fix the date: 'And there are seven kings: five are fallen, and the one is, and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh he must continue a short space.' Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, give us the five kings that are fallen; Nero, the sixth that is; during the last year of his reign the accession of Galba was a possibility within the prevision of any who studied public affairs. Owing to Galba's advanced age his reign was not likely to be a long one. From this point we pass into prophecy: 'And the beast that was and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into perdition, &c., &c.'

Thus these two chapters would seem to have been written before

the end of the reign of Nero, at a time when the personality of his probable successor was known. The interval between the fire of Rome and the death of Nero was only four years.

Other passages would seem to indicate that these chapters were written after the fire of Rome and the consequent persecution—‘And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus’ (xvii. 6). We have no evidence of any persecution of the Christians before the fire unless, indeed, the expulsion of the Jews by Claudius ‘impulsore Chresto’ is to be considered a Christian persecution.

The eighteenth chapter exults in a punishment which is to come or has come upon Rome: ‘And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird, &c.’ ‘She shall be utterly burned with fire’ (v. 8). ‘The kings of the earth . . . shall lament for her when they shall see the smoke of her burning’ (v. 9). ‘And every shipmaster and all the company in ships . . . stood afar off and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, What city is like unto this great city!’ (v. 18). But the author does not share their grief. ‘Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her’ (v. 20).

The language of denunciation, the language of exultation over the greatest catastrophe that had befallen Rome, might well incline men not experienced in the Hebrew temperament to see in the Christians enemies of the human race. Nor is the Book of Revelation likely to have stood alone. It would be contrary to all human experience that all men and women who accepted the new religion invariably spoke with soberness and reason. Were there not outpourings of the Spirit, prophesying, speaking with tongues, whose exuberance St. Paul himself delicately checked in writing to the Corinthians? Christianity, in fact, in its early days, was not homogeneous. Even for the statement as to ‘flagitia’ some excuse is found in the conduct of the Corinthian Christian who wished to marry his stepmother. ‘Such fornication as is not so much as named among the Gentiles,’ says St. Paul, who had evidently not read the *Hippolytus*; while the disorderly conduct of the Agapæ, rebuked by the Apostle in the same Epistle to the Corinthians, might easily give rise to sinister rumours and uncleanly imaginings.

We have also to take into account the effect upon the Gentile Christians of their first introduction to the prophets of the Old Testament. Again and again in the history of mankind these remarkable books have made for violence; they supply fuel to certain temperaments, and fanaticism is encouraged by them to take the sword and realise the vengeance.

Lastly, the Christian community at Rome would appear to have

been affected by St. Paul less than any other of the large Christian communities. It was not of his foundation, for which reason, as he explains, he long forbore to pay it a visit, being unwilling to 'build upon another man's foundation.' His two years' residence at Rome was not accompanied by riots among the Jews, as in other places; nor is there any mention of numerous or distinguished converts.

The chief of the Jews had, on St. Paul's arrival, neither heard any evil of St. Paul himself, nor did they know more about the Gospel preached by him than that 'this sect was everywhere spoken against.' They did not seem to be aware that the Apostle had written a long letter to the Christians at Rome, which could not be otherwise than extremely distasteful to the chief of the Jews. And yet there must have been a considerable number of Jews among the first Christians at Rome, otherwise it would not have been necessary for the Apostle to discuss the obligations of the law at such length. Surely we may infer that the first Christians at Rome—such of them, at least, as were not occasional visitors—were not of much consideration among the Jewish community, and that their adoption of Christianity had passed unnoticed by the chief of the Jews. Now the Jew of the mean streets is as liable to outbreaks of fanaticism as any other man; and the time was one of unrest among all Jews, an unrest which found its end in the destruction of Jerusalem only six years after the fire at Rome.

Taking all the facts together, the simplest explanation of them is that members of some extreme sect of men calling themselves Christians were actually concerned in the fire of Rome; that the innocent suffered with the guilty; and that utterances such as the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of the Book of Revelation encouraged the Roman authorities to believe that the Christians were a dangerous secret association, whose hatred to mankind made them a perpetual menace to public security. Before we pass judgment on the Roman authorities we must pause to remember that we have had our own Popish Plots and Bloody Assizes, and that even sixteen centuries of Christianity did not free us from the tendency to punish cruelly and promiscuously at times of public panic.

J. C. TARVER.

THE DEANS AND THE ATHANASIAN CREED

IN the November number of this Review the Dean of Windsor has replied to a letter to the *Times* newspaper, in which the Dean of Lichfield gave his reasons for not signing an address of several deans to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York expressing satisfaction that the archbishops and bishops had lately been making a serious effort towards solving a very difficult problem relating to the use of the Athanasian Creed.

It might be thought impertinent for one who is not a dignitary of the Church to intervene in such a controversy. But the Dean of Windsor has made a special reference to what the Dean of Lichfield has said as to the probable action of clergy who practise what are called 'Ritualistic irregularities,' meaning thereby, it is presumed, the clergy who regard the Ornaments Rubric, uninfluenced either by the advertisements of 1566 or by the interpretations of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, as declaring in unmistakable language the rule of the Church of England in regard to the 'ornaments of the Church, and of the ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration.' As neither of the two deans appears to have quite adequately appreciated the position of such clergy in regard to the question of the use of the Athanasian Creed, one of them may perhaps be excused for stating what he believes to be the attitude of the great majority of them, though not presuming to speak in any representative character.

The Dean of Lichfield says that: 'Those clergy who have been practising what are called "Ritualistic irregularities" would be far less likely to accept the godly admonition of their bishops if they had disregarded their feelings in matters which to them are of vital importance.'

The Dean of Windsor thus comments upon this :

It says, in effect, that, if any change should be made in the present use of the Athanasian Creed, those clergy who practise what are called 'Ritualistic irregularities,' having had their feelings disregarded on a matter which is of vital importance, will be less likely to obey the godly admonition of their

bishops. That is to say, that if a burning question, which enlists on both sides of it a vast amount of the orthodoxy and piety of the Church should eventually be decided by authority in a way contrary to the ideas and wishes of certain clergy, then it is likely that these clergy will hesitate to accept the godly admonitions of their bishops, and so forget the solemn vow and promise made at their ordination.

The Dean of Lichfield has probably not very accurately expressed his view of the action likely to be taken by such clergy when he suggests that they would be actuated by any disregard of their feelings. If he had used the word 'convictions' instead of 'feelings,' he would probably have better expressed his own opinion, and he would certainly have more clearly expressed the facts of the situation.

The Dean of Windsor has probably been somewhat misled by the unhappy introduction of the question of feelings; but he has also introduced fresh confusion of thought by substituting the word 'obey' for 'accept.'

As for the ordination vow, no one would be less likely than the Dean of Windsor to contend that it is an unconditional promise of blind unreasoning obedience, such as Rome appears to us to require from all subordinates to their ecclesiastical superiors. It is a universal principle that the general assent of the governed is necessary to give moral binding force to law. It is on this principle, assumed as an axiom, that Blackstone argues that common law, the law of custom, is of stronger binding force than statute law, because the former has in itself that authority of general assent which the latter has not in itself, and only receives when generally accepted. This principle is of greater importance, if possible, in ecclesiastical than in civil law, because ecclesiastical law does not depend so much for its observance on the enforcement of penalties as on the sense of moral obligation. It is sometimes argued that such and such an ecclesiastical law need not be regarded, because no direct temporal penalty is enforced for any breach of it. But this is to lower the conception of the force of ecclesiastical law as appealing primarily, and sometimes exclusively, to the conscience.

But if conscience has such a prominent place in enforcing the duty of obedience, it follows necessarily that conscience may sometimes forbid compliance with the demands of a superior. The late Bishop of Ely deserves all honour for the following statement in a letter to his clergy, making certain requests, in 1899: "No doubt disobedience to lawful authority may be a duty, and no vow can bind to a sinful act, or justify failure to fulfil a clear duty."

A bishop making such an admission, and treating his clergy generally as the late Bishop of Ely did, will not often have to complain of disregard even of his expressed wishes, far less of his admonitions. The demand for blind unreasoning obedience, for obedience

even when conscience forbids it, will, on the contrary, inevitably meet with resistance.

Since the admonitions and judgments of a bishop are not to be accepted blindly, but are to be obeyed conscientiously, if at all, the question must arise in the mind of the person to whom they are addressed whether they are godly—whether, that is, they are such as the bishop has authority to issue.

What is argued for here is not the right of private judgment, but the supremacy of conscience. If the bishop were the sole superior authority the case would be different, but bishop and clergy alike are subject primarily to the authority of the English Church, and, finally, to that of the undivided Catholic Church. For a bishop to claim that the authority of the whole Church is summed up in himself, without regard to any superior authority, is rank Popery; for any number of individual bishops to take the same line is schism. The question, then, that every clergyman not only may, but is bound in conscience to ask, in regard to any admonition or judgment of his bishop, is whether it is in accordance with that larger authority to which the bishop is himself subject.

Now the large majority of the clergy of the Church of England, not only those who practise ‘Ritualistic irregularities,’ but also those who call themselves Evangelicals, are convinced of the truth of the Athanasian Creed. They hold their benefices and licences on condition of having assented to the statement of the 8th Article: ‘The three creeds—Nicene Creed, Athanasius’s Creed, and that which is commonly called the Apostles’ Creed—ought thoroughly to be received and believed; for they may be proved by most certain warrant of Holy Scripture.’ And they honestly believe what they profess to.

Moreover, since the whole of the Athanasian Creed, including the warning clauses, is called, in the rubric in the Prayer-book prescribing its use, ‘this confession of our Christian faith, commonly called the Creed of St. Athanasius,’ they are convinced that the Creed of the Prayer-book and the Creed of the Article are in all respects absolutely identical, and that the warning clauses are not, as the Dean of Windsor suggests, something attached to the Creed, but an integral part of the Creed, and are, according to the Article, to be thoroughly received and believed as fully as any other part of the Creed.

A number of resident members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge, on the other hand, have stated in a memorial to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York their opinion that the warning clauses, ‘taken in their plain meaning, go beyond the warrant of Scripture.’ One of the promoters of the memorial, Dr. Chase, now Bishop of Ely, has published this explanation of his action:

I would call your attention to the terms of the second of the resolutions of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury . . . : ‘That this House

... acknowledges ... that in their *primâ-facie* meaning, and in the minds of many who hear them, those clauses convey a more unqualified statement than Scripture warrants.'

I am of opinion that the words of the memorial and the words of the resolution cover precisely the same ground. I regard the term 'plain meaning' and the term '*primâ-facie* meaning' (especially in connection with the words of the resolution which follow: 'and in the minds of many who hear them') as strictly synonymous; and I myself should be quite ready to adopt the latter phrase (with the words which follow) in place of the former, believing that no change of meaning would ensue from the substitution.

It is satisfactory to know what Dr. Chase meant by the memorial; but he does not say whether his fellow-signatories agree with him. The actual words of the memorial do not certainly easily lend themselves to his interpretation; and it is most difficult to reconcile them with the bishops' resolution; for the *primâ-facie*, or superficial, meaning of a statement of a deep spiritual truth must be inadequate, and the qualification 'in the minds of many who hear them, convey, &c.,' is very different from declaring what the warning clauses really are in themselves. But the 'plain meaning,' if the clauses have a plain meaning, must be the natural and necessary meaning; and consequently the memorial, whatever the intention of its promoters, does in itself directly contradict the Article, at least in the minds of many who read it.

But if the memorial can be regarded by one of its promoters as identical with the bishops' resolution, it cannot be wondered at if many people conversely take the resolution as meaning the same as the memorial, and therefore as contradicting the Article.

The Dean of Windsor, with startling inaccuracy, himself says that the Upper House of Convocation of Canterbury has affirmed that 'the "damnatory clauses" do, in their *primâ-facie* meaning, go beyond what is warranted by Holy Scripture,' which unqualified statement ought to make the bishops lay to heart seriously the way in which their utterances are likely to be warped in a certain direction.

If the impression spreads that the bishops agreed to a resolution equivalent to a denial of the 8th Article, and if they take action based upon such a resolution, it is inevitable that respect for their authority will be seriously diminished, and that the clergy, Evangelical as well as those who practise 'Ritualistic irregularities,' will be far less ready to accept their admonitions and judgments as godly.

As far as can be seen, the almost sole effect of the memorial at Cambridge has been to lessen respect for authority on the part of many of the undergraduates, who believe the clerical memorialists to have denied one of the Articles, on condition of assent to which they hold office; and to this diminishing respect for authority, arising from this and similar causes, must be chiefly attributed the inability of the authorities to cope with the prevalent 'ragging' which is being so much complained of in the local press at the present time. The clergy who practise 'Ritualistic irregularities,' and many others,

do not wish to see the same paralysis of authority in the Church, but they will not pretend a respect for authority which itself disregards higher authority.

The Dean of Windsor says: 'The problem is how to preserve intact the statement of the Catholic faith set forth in the Athanasian Creed, and at the same time to relieve the consciences of those who object to the recitation, in the public service of the Church, of what are known as the "damnatory clauses" attached to the Creed, in question.'

It is as unreasonable and as unfair to speak of the 'damnatory clauses' as it would be to call the lights that warn our shipping from dangerous rocks 'damnatory lights.' The Canterbury Convocation stated in a synodal declaration in 1875 that 'the warnings in this confession of faith are to be understood no otherwise than the like warnings in Holy Scripture.' If the warning clauses are to be deleted, it would be inconsistent to retain the statement of our Lord Himself contained in such passages as St. John xii. 48 and St. Mark xvi. 16, which are also used in the public service of the Church. If those who object to the public recitation of the Athanasian Creed cannot be satisfied with such an explanation as was given by Convocation, there would appear to be no solution of the deans' problem except to sorrowfully allow them to join some society outside the Church which permits a man to believe what he pleases, and does not declare any distinct faith to be necessary to salvation. If it be said that this is an uncharitable view, it must be stated in defence that those who object to the Athanasian Creed are not, as a rule, the uneducated people, the poor to whom the Gospel is preached, who are generally ready to accept a reasonable explanation, but educated people who are uninstructed in spiritual truth, and whose pride of learning hinders them from that spirit of discipleship which can alone enable them to accept the faith as it is in Christ. To pander to their pride by removing the warning lights which are humbly and thankfully accepted as danger signals, supplied by the loving mercy of God, by those who humbly seek the way of salvation, would be to act the part of wreckers to the peril of many wandering souls. There are many who once disliked the Athanasian Creed as much as those who are attacking it now, who thank God that their ignorant prejudice was ignored, and that they have learned to regard the warning clauses as not merely lights to warn men off from the rocks, but as also showing the right way.

The Dean of Windsor suggests a solution of the problem by clergy who dislike the Athanasian Creed of their own motion neglecting the recitation of it; and he propounds the extraordinary theory that by such disuse the rubric enjoining its use would cease to have force. The suggestion is implied that every clergyman may play fast and loose with the Prayer-book, omitting, and, it would seem to follow, inserting anything he pleases. In justification of such a course the

Dean instances the general disuse of the Long Exhortation in the Communion Service. Anything less to the point could scarcely be imagined. There is no controversy about the Long Exhortation. It was inserted at a time when little instruction was given, when ignorance was very prevalent, and when it was thought desirable, wisely or unwisely, to insert an exhortation in every public service. In these days of undue multiplication of sermons the proposed need for such an exhortation as a regular part of the service has certainly ceased. It is one of those indifferent matters, like the preaching of a sermon or not at every celebration, which belong to the *minima, de quibus non curat lex*, which may be left to the discretion of the individual minister, and which there is general agreement upon. The omission of a creed on the ground that some of its statements are untrue for that is what it amounts to in plain words—a creed which the Article says is thoroughly to be received and believed, and which the great majority of Church-people do receive and believe, is a very different matter. The suggestion is no practical solution of the problem, for there are some lay people in congregations where the clergyman certainly would not omit it, who do not like it, and there are some, where it would be omitted, who would object to the omission. But, worse than that, it would be the opening of the floodgates of irresponsible eclecticism. The great majority of the clergy and laity where ‘Ritualistic irregularities,’ so-called, prevail, though sensible of the fact that the Prayer-book is not perfect, believe that unauthorised additions or omissions are unjustifiable; but, if the Dean’s suggestion were accepted, it would be impossible to object, for instance, to the substitution of parts of the Roman for parts of the English liturgy by the few extremists who would be likely to perpetuate it, or to the omission of even the words of consecration by some fanatical hater of sacerdotalism. It would really appear to be the clergy who are accused of ‘Ritualistic irregularities,’ who are the chief defenders of law and order, and who are the most loyal and obedient sons of the Church of England.

The Dean of Windsor is horrified at the idea that any Churchmen should, under any circumstances, be so disloyal as to take part in the movement for disestablishing the Church of their baptism. It is because it is the Church of their baptism, not the creature of the State, but an independent spiritual body, that a large and increasing number of Churchmen regard Establishment as an accident, harmless, perhaps, when the constitutional rights of the Church are respected, but injurious when they are disregarded. If Parliament is used simply as a tool to attack the Catholic faith, and to coerce the clergy who practise ‘Ritualistic irregularities,’ that large body of loyal Churchmen will be driven by their loyalty to the Church of their baptism to work for its deliverance from State control.

1 GUIDE TO THE 'STATISTICAL ABSTRACT'

I.

THE CONFUSED AND EXAGGERATED STATEMENTS MADE BY BOTH PARTIES, LARGELY DUE TO THE FAULTS OF OUR OFFICIAL STATISTICS

I WAS lately staying in a house where the party present comprised several of Mr. Chamberlain's sympathisers, and one of his most eminent opponents. Political questions were not much discussed; but the opponent referred to could not, on one occasion, refrain from commenting on Mr. Chamberlain's manner of dealing with the decline of employment in the cotton trade. The admitted decline in the number of hands employed, on which Mr. Chamberlain dwelt, was, so his critic observed with much righteous scorn, confined altogether to workers under eighteen years of age, and was more than made good by an actual increase among employed adults, this being taken in conjunction with an increased efficiency of machinery. We all make mistakes—Mr. Chamberlain no less than other people; and I was at the moment inclined to accept this criticism as correct. Happening, however, to have with me a copy of the *Statistical Abstract*, from which Mr. Chamberlain and his critic had alike drawn their figures, I found that, though Mr. Chamberlain may have spoken perhaps with some exaggeration, the inaccuracy of the critic who corrected him was of an incomparably more misleading kind. And all this difference of opinion between two practical and highly gifted men, both actuated by intentions equally honest, took place in connection with figures which are supplied to both by the Government in an easily accessible volume, and which, taken individually, are not questioned by either.

During the same visit I observed to one of Mr. Chamberlain's sympathisers, a well-known member of Parliament, that the fiscal controversy turned on two quite separate questions, which were unfortunately too often confused—one being whether Protection, administered in careful doses, is really a specific for a particular economic disease; the other being whether this country is really diseased at all, and, if so, to what extent. My friend replied that, as to the latter question, he not only felt doubts, but was sometimes tempted to

wonder whether the means existed for arriving at any conclusive judgment, the statistics being so complicated and confusing, and capable of being read in so many different ways. Here was another example of how little even highly intelligent thinkers have digested the facts accessible to them in connection with the present subject.

Now how is it that all such opposition, or such a despondent uncertainty, of opinion, can prevail amongst men such as those of whom I am now speaking—I do not say with regard to the entire facts of the question, but—with regard to that portion of the facts which has been officially collected and tabulated, and put before them in a volume to which they all refer? To this question there are, no doubt, several answers. The largest charity will not permit us to doubt that political speakers, on both sides are apt, in the heat of controversy, to consult the volume referred to less with a view to forming their conclusions than to picking out isolated facts by which foregone conclusions may be illustrated. If a book of official statistics is treated in this way, we shall not be flattering it if we say it resembles the Bible, in which every theologian notoriously discovers his own dogmas. But the contradictions between the dogmas drawn from a study of the *Statistical Abstract* has another cause, and a cause much more efficient than any defects in the temper of those who consult the volume; and that is the defects and confusions which disgrace the volume itself.

Those numerous persons who have views about fiscal policy, but whose ordinary reading does not include Blue-books, hardly know perhaps what the *Statistical Abstract* is. Let me tell them. The *Statistical Abstract* is a book, bound in blue paper, containing 300 pages, and costing 1s. 3d., which is published annually by the Government. It deals mainly with the taxation and trade of the country, each issue covering a period of fifteen years. In especial it contains a series of elaborate tables, occupying something like 130 pages, and giving the quantities, values, destinations, and origins of our annual exports and imports, the former being classified under about 160 headings, the latter under 270. This book, and especially these particular tables, both Protectionists and Free-traders refer to as their impregnable rock of Scripture. 'Mr. Chamberlain to teach; the *Statistical Abstract* to prove,' says one party. 'Mr. Asquith to teach; the *Statistical Abstract* to prove,' says the other party.

Now their confidence in this volume is, in one sense, well founded. The correctness of the information contained in it, so far as this goes, is indubitable; but the way in which the items of information have been put together—especially those which refer to the question of imports and exports—is so imperfect, so careless, so crude, so perversely unintelligent, that the task of extracting from them any general meaning is more laborious than that of collecting them. It would seem that the object of those responsible for the volume was not, as

it ought to be, to give the general public a maximum of digested intelligence in the clearest form possible, but to hide the meaning of the facts by arranging them in the form of a puzzle, which the ordinary reader is defied, rather than helped, to solve. Let me give the reader a few examples.

One of the most important economic questions which claim the statesman's attention is our corn supply, home and foreign, and the proportion borne by the imported to the native product. The *Statistical Abstract* informs us about this question fully in three tables—Nos. 32, 70, and 73 ; but, though in all these tables it is dealing with the same article—wheat, and is giving us figures about it which are valueless except for purposes of comparison, it expresses the quantities dealt with by three different measures. We have cwts. in Table 32 ; we have quarters in Table 70 ; in Table 73 we have bushels.

In comparing the tables of exported with those of imported commodities, one of the first points one is naturally tempted to consider is the proportion between the exports and imports of commodities of the same kind ; but instead of doing anything to make this comparison easy, the compilers of the volume actually enter, in the two different tables, some of the same commodities under different names. Thus, in the Table of Exports the first article mentioned is *acrated waters*. In the Table of Imports there is no corresponding entry ; but the same commodity there is made to figure under the head of '*mineral waters*,' and appears consequently in quite another place. Still more remarkable is the fact that, till a very few years ago, mineral waters were classified with '*gilt mouldings*,' whilst our exports of bricks were lumped together with our exports of Worcester china.

Again, in the Tables of Exports, a certain number of the items are grouped in classes, with what seems to be reasonable method, and their value or quantity is in some cases given as a total ; but even this is done in the most arbitrary and careless manner. Thus our exports of linen manufactures are treated and added up as they should be ; but our exports of machinery, which follow on those of linen, are not added up at all. Close on our exports of machinery follow our exports of metals, under which heading are classed rails, anchors, and bedsteads, tubes, screws, and rivets. These are added up, and are entered as '*Total of Iron and Steel*.' All this is printed in such a way as to convey to the reader the impression that this grand total includes the foregoing machinery ; and unless the reader adds up all the figures for himself, the only thing which suggests that this is not the case is the fact that between the groups Machinery and Metals, and so printed as to seem part of the former, come three minor items, Manures, Meat, and Medicines.

Again, if any commodities deserve to be classed under the heading of Machinery, or of Metals, amongst these are the wheels, frames, and springs of railway carriages, parts of motor-cars, bicycles, sewing-

machines, agricultural implements, and cutlery. But under neither of the headings in question is any one of these commodities included. According to the compilers of the *Statistical Abstract*, a sewing-machine is not a machine; the cylinders of a motor-car do not even rank among metals. The rails we export are exports of 'iron or steel.' The iron wheels that run on them are hidden in some different entry. Angle-iron is a metal; Sheffield cutlery is not. Agricultural tools and implements are not only discriminated from agricultural machinery, but are found in exile among hats and grease and jute, as though they were neither mechanical nor metallic. Yet again, electrical apparatus is separated from electrical machinery; and telegraphic apparatus is similarly separated from both.

Examples of this kind might be multiplied; but those just given will be enough to show the reader with what a perverse want of intelligence, and with what chaotic results, the facts recorded in the volume have been put together; and how little we need wonder if the volume leads to opposite conclusions amongst its readers, when the facts recorded in it have been so little understood by its compilers.

I propose in the present article to deal with those pages of it which bear most directly on the present fiscal question—that is to say, the Tables of Exports and Imports; and, without insisting on one fiscal theory or the other, to reduce these confused statistics to some intelligible order, so that the reader, whatever his sympathies, may be able with advantage to consult the volume for himself. So far, indeed, as the fiscal question is concerned, this article might be called 'A Guide to the *Statistical Abstract*.' I shall give references to pages and tables, so that anyone who cares to do so may at once turn to the original.

II

OUR EXPORTS FOR 1903 CLASSIFIED

The great questions which we have here to deal with are purely questions of fact, and have nothing to do with theory. In what condition are the trade and industry of this country now, as compared generally with their condition since the adoption of Free-trade principles, and more particularly with their condition since a much more recent date? Do our industries continue to make the progress they once did, or is their rate of progress diminishing, or are they, as a whole, declining? What light is thrown on these questions by the value and the quantities of the home manufactures which we export, and the quantities and value of the commodities which, instead of producing, we import? We will deal with our exports first, as recorded in terms of value, in Table 44 of the *Statistical Abstract*, pages 132-113; and we will also refer, when requisite, to the preceding Table (No. 43, pages 121-131), which gives the same

exports in terms of weight or quantity. These tables (*Statistical Abstract*, 1904) give the figures for 1889, and the fourteen years succeeding; but, before comparing the figures for the different years, we must manage to get some general and intelligible idea of certain broad facts which throughout are approximately the same. I refer to the various *classes* of commodities which we produce for export, and their relative importance in point of value and quantity.

As I have said already, they are, in the *Statistical Abstract* entered under about 160 headings, which are arranged in an alphabetical, but an otherwise wholly irrational, order. The first thing to do is to take those great groups of products which are most important in point of aggregate value, and whose constituent items are unmistakable.

Of the 160 commodities mentioned in the Table of Exports about ninety will be found to belong to three great groups, the aggregate value of which is more than two-thirds of the whole. These groups consist firstly of textile goods, or goods spun or woven out of cotton, wool, flax, silk, and jute; secondly, of metallic goods, from pig iron up to finished mechanism, implements, utensils, or parts of these; and thirdly, of coal. The total value of our exports in 1903 was 290,000,000*l.* Of this sum—to speak roughly—textile exports made up 107,000,000*l.*, metallic goods made up more than 65,000,000*l.*, and coal made up about 28,000,000*l.* No other groups approach these in their aggregate values; but next to them, comprising about thirty separate entries, come six groups which can be distinguished with equal ease, and which are here given in the order of their aggregate values for the year 1903: (1) Preserved or prepared provisions, including certain articles of drink, value nearly 15,000,000*l.*; (2) Ready-made clothing and haberdashery, value about 8,000,000*l.*; (3) Chemicals, dyes, oils, and painters' colours, value between 7,000,000*l.* and 8,000,000*l.*; (4) Manufactures of leather—boots, saddlery, &c.; (5) Glass and china; (6) Paper and stationery, the value of each of these three being approximately 3,000,000*l.* We will examine the above facts with more care presently. They give us, as just stated, a general outline of the situation. Let us see how.

Of the total value of our exports for 1903—namely, 290,000,000*l.*—the three great groups first mentioned, textile goods, metallic goods, and coal, make about up 200,000,000*l.*; whilst the other six groups make up about 40,000,000*l.*; that is to say, about 240,000,000*l.* out of the total of 290,000,000*l.*; 50,000,000*l.* being left as yet unaccounted for, and contributed by some forty minor kinds of exports, which remain unclassified. Eight million pounds' worth of this amount, is contributed by goods which are entered as 'unenumerated,' or 'sent by parcel post.' More than 4,000,000*l.* is contributed by ships, which were till lately not entered in the *Statistical Abstract* at all. Then come, in order of value, manures, nearly 2,800,000*l.*; books,

1,700,000*l.*; five classes of goods—namely, hats, furs, soap, floorcloth, and products of peat, the value of each of which is in round numbers 1,500,000*l.*; furniture and grease, each of which approaches 1,000,000*l.*; animals, 750,000*l.*; seven classes of goods, the total value of each of which is less than three-quarters, and more than half, a million, namely—to give them in the order of their value—cement, tobacco, cordage, plate, wood, candles, and clay. Of the fifteen classes of miscellaneous goods which remain (amongst them being toys, umbrellas, clocks, seeds, and pictures) the total value in each case is less than half a million, the value of exported clocks being only 75,000*l.*

• The use of round numbers in the above analysis would be found to result, if the figures were dealt with strictly, in a cumulative error of something like 4 per cent.; but they are quite accurate enough for the purposes of a general sketch. With this general sketch before us we will now descend to particulars.

III

OUR CLASSIFIED EXPORTS FOR 1903 COMPARED WITH THOSE FOR 1889

The figures just given for the year 1903 would, for our present purpose, be meaningless if they stood alone. What we have to do is to compare them with the figures for the years preceding; and of these years, for the moment, we will confine ourselves to the fourteen dealt with in the *Statistical Abstract* for 1904. Taking, then, the earliest year—namely, 1889—and comparing its total exports with those of 1903, the great fact which forces itself on our attention first is that the exports for the latter year—290,000,000*l.*—are greater by 42,000,000*l.* than those of the former, which figure as no more than 248,000,000*l.* In spite, therefore, of a great diminution of this earlier total during some of the intermediate years, we may begin by accepting the comparison just drawn between the two, at its face value, as exhibiting our trade in a state, not of retrogression or even of stagnation, but of progress. We will assume them to mean that we are, in respect of our exports, permanently richer than we were in 1889 by at least as much as 42,000,000*l.* annually; and we will go on to inquire how this increment is made up.

Adhering, then, to the classification of goods which has just been given for 1903, let us compare the total value of each class of exports in that year with the value of the corresponding class in the year 1889. We will begin with the three great classes—textiles, metals, and coal.

In 1903 they were worth about 200,000,000*l.*; in 1889 they were worth about 183,000,000*l.* Thus of the increment of 42,000,000*l.* which

we have to account for, we shall find somewhere amongst these the explanation of about 17,000,000*l.* The following table will show how matters stand (see *Statistical Abstract*, Table 44) :

	1889	
	£	£
Textile piece goods (woven)	90,200,000	90,700,000
Yarn, or textile materials (spun)	17,000,000	13,000,000.
Metallic goods	58,000,000	65,000,000
Coal	15,000,000	28,000,000

The question of quantities, as distinct from values, will be considered presently ; but so far as values are concerned, the accuracy of the above figures—the slight errors incidental to the use of round numbers being allowed for—is incontestable. Our textile industries, in point of value, were less by about 3,000,000*l.* in 1903 than they were in 1889. On the other hand, our metallic exports had increased by about 7,000,000*l.*, and our exports of coal by about 13,000,000*l.* The net increase in the value of the three great classes was thus about 17,000,000*l.*

Let us now take the six classes or groups of exports already mentioned as next to these in importance, and treat them in the same way :

	1889	
	£	£
Preserved or prepared provisions	8,000,000	15,000,000
Ready-made clothing, &c.	7,000,000	8,000,000
Chemicals, dyes, oils, &c.	5,000,000	8,000,000
Leather goods	2,800,000	3,000,000
Glass and china	3,800,000	3,200,000
Paper and stationery	2,700,000	3,200,000

Here we have a total for 1889 of about 28,000,000*l.*, and for 1903 of about 40,000,000*l.*, an increase having taken place in each class but one, and the total increase having been about 12,000,000*l.* Of the 42,000,000*l.* of total increase 29,000,000*l.* have now been accounted for, and 13,000,000*l.* remain.

With regard to about 4,000,000*l.* of this sum no comparisons between the two years are possible, as it represents the value of exported ships in 1903—an item which the compilers of the *Statistical Abstract* never thought worth considering till two or three years ago. Ships, for them, were apparently ‘invisible exports.’ There is, again, another class of goods—those entered as ‘unenumerated’ or ‘sent by parcel post,’ in respect of which the two years can be compared, but which we are given no means of analysing. In 1889 these goods were worth about 6,000,000*l.*, in 1903 about 8,700,000*l.* This gives

us an increment of very nearly 3,000,000*l.*, which, added to the 4,000,000*l.* for ships, leaves us still to account for an increment of something like 6,000,000*l.*

This sum is mainly made up by the growth of the following minor products, which it will be sufficient to tabulate thus:

EXCESS OF VALUE FOR 1903 OVER VALUE FOR 1889.

	£		£
Manures	700,000	Clay	300,000
Floorecloth	700,000	Fuel	300,000
Soap	600,000	Furniture	100,000
Tobacco	600,000	Cordage	100,000
Books	500,000	Plate	100,000
Furs	500,000	Seeds	150,000
Grease	450,000	Total	£2,400,000
Candles	300,000		

There are some other smaller increments among certain minor trades; and, apart from certain branches of the larger groups of industries, there are twelve products which show a diminution in value. In one case—that of paraffin wax—the diminution amounts to 1,000,000*l.*; in another—that of cement—to 500,000*l.* In the remaining ten the losses are insignificant, as is also the normal diminution of the trades—*e.g.* bleaching materials, aerated waters, sacks, clocks, and umbrellas.

Now this general comparison of our trade in 1903 with our trade in 1889, as tested by the values of our exports, disposes at once of the crude and hasty contention which Free-traders on the platform are accustomed to impute to their opponents, and which have been no doubt put forward by some of them, that the industries of this country are in a state of absolute decline. Certain industries do show a decline, but the industries which show it are, with one important exception, of comparatively small dimensions, and many of them are branches of larger industries which show on the whole an increase. In any case, the fact remains that our exports for 1903 exceeded those for 1889 by 42,000,000*l.* But the optimism which this fact is apt to engender in the Free-trader is by no means so well warranted as may at first sight appear. That such is the case may be easily shown in one way before we go on to examine the question in detail.

The value of a country's trade is no index of that country's prosperity unless its value at the periods compared is taken in relation to the population. Now, in 1889, when the value of our exports was 248,000,000*l.*, the population of the United Kingdom was 37,000,000 (*Statistical Abstract*, p. 279); in 1903 it was 42,000,000. A certain increase, therefore, in the absolute value of the exports was bound to take place, if relatively to the population our trade was to be no more than stationary. The increase necessary to keep it merely

stationary in this, the only practical sense, can be ascertained at once by a simple proportion sum. If a population of 37,000,000 exports goods to the value of 248,000,000*l.*, a population of 42,000,000, in order merely to retain the same relative position, will have to export goods to the value of nearly 282,000,000*l.* A population of 42,000,000 in 1903 did actually export goods to the value of 290,000,000*l.*; but this absolute increment of 42,000,000*l.* will thus be seen, relatively to the population, and practically, to sink to an increment of 8,000,000*l.* only. Having given this warning to the reader against over-hasty conclusions, we will now consider more in detail the situation which has just been outlined.

IV.

CLASSIFIED EXPORTS COMPARED WITH CORRESPONDING IMPORTS

Of all the British industries that produce goods for export, the textile group—cotton, wool, linen, silk, and jute—is beyond all comparison the greatest. One of the main themes of the tariff-reformer is the unsatisfactory condition of this group. One of the main contentions of the Free-traders is that in this respect their opponents are wrong. Mr. Chamberlain and his friends, they say, have managed to make out a spurious and illusory case, by taking the values of our textile exports in the early 'seventies,' which were no doubt greater than they have ever been subsequently; but these values were due to exceptionally inflated prices, and to other incidents arising out of the Franco-German war; the volume of our textile trade, measured by normal standards, being much less than it is now. If we are to make, they say, a fruitful comparison with our past years of prosperity, we ought to begin with some date subsequent to the year 1875. If we do this, we shall find that the history of our textile exports is a magnificent monument to the validity of free-trade principles. Now, with certain limits this criticism may be accepted as true. The inflated prices which prevailed during the early 'seventies,' when the price of a yard of cotton cloth was to its present value as thirty-one to nineteen, render references to that period in many respects misleading. We will therefore say little of that period—what we do say having reference not to values but quantities—and we will mainly confine our attention to the years we have been just considering, supplemented by certain figures relating to the ten years preceding—namely, 1880–1889. We will begin with our exports of cotton, dividing them into two classes—woven cloth, and yarn; and estimating them by two standards—namely, those of value and quantity. (For figures prior to 1889, see Mulhall, *Dictionary of Statistics*, pp. 158, 159.)

	Cotton Cloth		Yarn	
	Millions of yds.	Value £	Millions of lbs.	Value £
1880	4,500	57,000,000	230	18,000,000
1887	4,900	51,000,000	251	19,000,000
1889	5,000	58,000,000	252	11,000,000
1903	5,100	66,000,000	150	7,000,000

These figures have not been picked out with a view to representing the history of the cotton trade as less reassuring than it really is. On the contrary, those years have been chosen which a Free-trader would fix upon, who wished to present the facts in the most flattering light. Thus, though in 1880 the value of our cotton exports was higher than it has ever been since—viz. 75,000,000*l.*, the quantities in 1887 were greater, though the value was 5,000,000*l.* less. A similar observation applies to 1889, when a further fall in total value was accompanied by a slight increase in quantity. From 1889 to 1903, the quantities (*i.e.* yards of piece goods plus lbs. of yarn) varied from 5,252 millions in 1889 (which for purposes of comparison we may call 52) up to 55 and 56 in 1894 and 1899; and down to 49 and 48 in 1897 and 1893, the total quantity for 1903 being somewhat less than that for 1889. If, neglecting quantities, we make our comparison in values, we shall find that out of the thirteen years between 1889 and 1903, the total value of the exports in nine of them was less than it was in 1889, whilst it was greater in 1903 than in 1899 only in the proportion of 73 to 69, and was less than in 1880 in the proportion of 73 to 75. Let us, then, turn and twist the figures in any way we please, it is impossible to escape the fact that the value of our cotton trade has declined since 1880, whilst its volume, in spite of certain ups and downs, has remained practically the same from 1887 to 1903.

As to woollen cloth and yarn, the case is even simpler. The value of exports in 1889 was 25,000,000*l.*; in 1903 it was 20,000,000*l.* The volume fell in the proportion of 311 to 232.

Our linen exports, in point of value, were 5,700,000*l.* in 1890. In 1903 they were 5,500,000*l.* In volume, they fell in the proportion of 193 to 168.

Our silk exports fell in value during the same period from 2,000,000*l.* to 1,600,000*l.*; and in point of volume, in the proportion of 10 to 9. Our jute exports fell in value from 3,100,000*l.* to 2,500,000*l.*; and in volume, in the proportion of 299 to 257.

The general result of the above facts is as follows:

The total value of our export trade in all yarns and piece goods sank from 105,000,000*l.* in 1880, to 103,000,000*l.* in 1903.

The total volume of the same trade (estimated in yards of piece goods plus lbs. of yarn) sank from 1889 to 1903 in the proportion of 60 to 58.

(Let the reader who wishes to verify these facts turn to *Statistical Abstract*, Tables 43 and 44 ; or, for years prior to 1889, to Mulhall's *Dictionary of Statistics*, edition 1902, articles Flax, Wool, Commerce, Manufactures, Cotton).

Let us now turn to our metallic exports. Here we have a total of 65,000,000*l.* for 1903, as against 53,000,000*l.* for 1889. The chaotic entries in the *Statistical Abstract* show, when analysed, that this increment is produced thus :

	Shows an increase of £
Pig and bar iron	1,000,000
Bar steel	900,000
Galvanised plates	2,000,000
Steam engines and locomotives	1,500,000
Other machinery and implements	2,400,000
Electrical apparatus	1,200,000
Scientific instruments	300,000
Iron wire	300,000
Tubes and pipes	1,000,000
Manufactures of other metals	1,000,000

We here have a total increase of more than 11,000,000*l.* ; but from this must be deducted a decrease in the three following industries : Rails, chairs and sleepers, 1,000,000*l.* ; tinned plates, over 2,000,000*l.* ; cutlery and hardware, nearly 1,000,000*l.*—the total decrease amounting to about 4,000,000*l.*, and the net increase to 7,000,000*l.*

To the increase in our coal exports—13,000,000*l.*—we will recur presently. The increments in the more important of the other industries named are as follows :

	Show an increase of £
Preserved or prepared provisions	7,000,000
Cheap ready-made clothing, not including haberdashery	2,000,000
Chemicals, dyes, &c.	3,000,000
Paper and stationery	500,000
Leather goods	200,000

In seven other industries, whose total exports are worth less than any of the above—namely, manures, floorcloth, soap, tobacco, books, and grease—the relative increase is on the whole greater. Indeed, apart from textiles, the only important industries which show a positive decrease in exports are cutlery, haberdashery, glass and china. There are, however, other industries in which the increase has been so small, and so wholly out of proportion to the growth of the population and its demands, that, for the purpose of a comparison which we will now proceed to make, they deserve to be classed among the industries whose exports have positively declined. This is a comparison between our exports in these and certain other trades, and our imports of corresponding kinds. The following table gives the falls and rises in 1903 as compared with 1889 :

	Total of Exports	Total of Imports
	£	£
Haberdashery	1,000,000	1,000,000
Cutlery	1,000,000	700,000
China	400,000	450,000
Glass	100,000	600,000
Linen manufactures	200,000	500,000
Silk manufactures	1,100,000	500,000
	Total of Exports	
Paper	500,000	2,800,000
Leather goods	200,000	900,000
Cotton goods	4,000,000	3,000,000
Machinery, &c.	3,900,000	6,500,000

These tables are not exhaustive. Their object is to point out to the inquirer the classes of facts which demand attention, if any opinion worth having as to the matters in question is to be arrived at, and to show him the way in which the requisite information is to be gained. The particular facts, however, which have been just set forth are typical, and actually comprise those that are most important. We will now consider what general moral is to be drawn from them.

V

GENERAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE FACTS AS ABOVE SUMMARISED

In the first place—to repeat what I have said before—they convey a warning to the more extreme advocates of protection, who are apt to caricature the disease, in order to recommend their remedy for it. The more carefully the facts on which we have been dwelling are examined, the more clearly do they show that the industries of this country, as tested by our export and import trade, are absolutely (if we take them as a whole) advancing and not declining. There is, however, to a really ominous extent, an absolute decline or stagnation in certain individual industries. The absolute general advance has not kept pace with the population; it thus constitutes a relative, though not an absolute, decline; and the increase in the importation of many manufactured goods, of a kind which we manufacture and also consume ourselves, and which thus compete directly with our own products, shows how the expansion of our industries, in respect of these, is checked. Thus, not only have our exports of cutlery fallen by 1,000,000*l.*, but our imports have increased, by 700,000*l.* Our exports of paper and stationery have increased by 500,000*l.*; but our imports of these goods (which presumably we might make for ourselves) have increased meanwhile to nearly six times that amount. The only two manufacturing trades of any considerable volume which have, to a marked degree, increased faster than the population, are those of cheap ready-made clothing and prepared and preserved provisions, of which one shows an increase of 2,000,000*l.*, the other of 7,000,000*l.*, with no important increase of competing

imports to set against them. On the other hand, our metallic industries, which are incomparably greater than either of the two preceding, exhibit, like the provision trade, an increase of 7,000,000*l.* only; whereas, merely to have kept pace with the population, the increase should have been almost 8,000,000*l.* At the same time, whilst our metallic exports have increased by one-eighth only, our imports of foreign manufactures have increased by 300 per cent. When we come to the great textile industries, we are, more directly than we are in the metallic, confronted by two alternatives. We must measure them either by quantity or by value. If we measure our cotton exports by value, we shall find that cotton piece goods and yarn were, in 1903, greater in value by 4,000,000*l.* than they were in 1889, and greater by 3,000,000*l.* than they were in 1887; they were less by 2,000,000*l.* than they were in 1880; whilst if we estimate them in terms of quantity—namely, lbs. of yarn and yards of cloth—though considerably greater than they were in 1880, they were in 1903 somewhat less than they were in 1889, and almost exactly equal to what they were in 1887. That is to say, their value has fallen during a period of twenty-four years, and their value has been practically stationary for a period of eighteen years. Our other textile exports have, as has been said already, so fallen since 1889, in value and quantity alike, that there has been in both respects a net decrease on the whole; and there has meanwhile been an increase in the corresponding imports as follows: Cotton goods, 3,000,000*l.*; linen goods, 500,000*l.*; silk, 500,000*l.*; jute goods, 700,000*l.*, since 1897 (not previously distinguished in the *Statistical Abstract* from raw material); and in woollen goods, 3,000,000*l.* (This last increase has been ingeniously hidden by the compilers of the *Statistical Abstract*, who have, for the year 1903, transferred 3,044,000*l.*, included in the previous woollen returns, to another heading altogether—namely, that of Apparel.) The significance of the facts just stated, with regard both to textile and metallic exports, will be better understood if we present in a tabular form the whole value of the corresponding imports, not merely their increase. The figures refer to the year 1903.

	Value of all Exports	Value of all Imports
	£	£
Cotton piece goods . . .	66,000,000	5,300,000
Yarn	7,000,000	140,000
Woollen piece goods, &c. . .	15,000,000	12,000,000
Yarn	4,000,000	2,000,000
Silk piece goods	1,400,000	12,000,000
Yarn	250,000	550,000
Linen goods	5,500,000	800,000
Yarn	800,000	1,000,000
Jute piece goods	2,000,000	2,300,000
Yarn	5,000,000	Not distinguished
Metallic goods	65,000,000	13,000,000 (not ores)
China, glass, paper, and leather goods (gloves excluded) . .	8,600,000	10,300,000

The value of the above exports is about 190,000,000*l.*; that of the corresponding imports is about 60,000,000*l.* Let us reconsider the significance of both sets of figures. •

The exports just mentioned form two-thirds of the whole, and are typical of it. If the above figures relating to them are compared with those for 1889, they illustrate afresh the 'broad general fact already insisted on—namely, that, though since 1889 our exports have increased by the large total of 12,000,000*l.*, this absolute increase, if compared with the increase of our population, sinks, to a relative increase of not more than 8,000,000*l.* Further, of this nominal increase of 8,000,000*l.*, about 4,000,000*l.* was made up of ships, which • were not included amongst our exports until a very few years ago. If, therefore, the figures for 1903 are to be compared with those for 1889, ships must be excluded from the later year as they were from the earlier. The relative increase in our exports will accordingly sink from 8,000,000*l.* to 4,000,000*l.* And now, in connection with this, a further fact must be noted. Of the absolute excess of imports for 1903 over those for 1889, 13,000,000*l.* consisted of an increase in our exports of coal. In other words, apart from this increase in our coal exports, the relative total increase of 4,000,000*l.* would transform itself into a relative total decrease of 9,000,000*l.* We will not insist, as certain tariff-reformers have mistakenly done, that coal is a raw material, and represents a lower form of industry than manufactures. The principal value of coal resides in the industry which extracts it, just as the principal value of engines resides in the industry that makes them. What makes the case of coal peculiar is that it is, to a unique degree, an exhaustible and irreplaceable product; and that in proportion as we rely on our coal exports to make good a decline in others, we are relying on an export which will not only exhaust itself, but will deprive us of our means of producing our other exports also. Relatively, then, to the population, our exports from 1889 to 1903 have, to say the best of them, been little better than stationary; and it is only by an enormous increase in this most dangerous export, coal, that they have been saved from a relative decline of about 3½ per cent.

The optimists of Free Trade, however, are accustomed to take refuge in vague statements, which, on the whole, have nothing but conjecture to support them, to the effect that, even if our export trade should be declining, our home trade is increasing, which, after all, is the great thing. Let us turn to the table of imports which has just been given, and ask how far it bears out comfortable statements such as these.

Does the home trade in cotton increase? To speak roughly, the home consumption of cotton goods is about a third of the goods exported. We may put its present value at some 22,000,000*l.* How can we suppose that this has any tendency to increase when the quantity of home products consumed in this country has to be supplemented by imports of foreign cotton goods, to the value of 5,300,000*l.* ?

In the woollen trade the home consumption has always been greater in proportion to the exports than in the cotton trade; but while our exports of woollen goods have fallen, what sign is there that the home demand for them is increasing? An answer to this question is to be found in the fact that nearly half the woollen goods we consume are the products of foreign looms. The value of these woollen goods was, in 1903, 12,000,000*l.*; and this sum, as compared with the consumption in 1889, shows not only an absolute increase, but an increase relative to the population.

As to the home trade in metallic goods, it will be enough to say here that, whatever we may make for ourselves, there is a yearly increase in the quantity which we import from other countries. Our exports during fifteen years have, relatively to the population, not quite held their own. Our imports of these substitutes for home-made commodities have meanwhile trebled themselves.

The other goods mentioned in our table tell the same story. The home market is so far from expanding that (except in the case of jute manufactures) there is increasing room and demand for goods that are made abroad.

Our table, which is far from complete, shows that foreign goods enter this country to the value of 60,000,000*l.*, the majority of which goods might presumably be made at home, and to stimulate the home manufacture of which is the tariff reformer's object.

As I said at starting, it has not been my object in this paper to exhibit Protection as a remedy for the industrial maladies from which this country is suffering. I have only sought to show that, apart from all the exaggerations and hasty statements of alarmists, maladies do exist which, when reduced to their smallest proportions, are of a grave character already, and, if not dealt with in time, threaten to become graver; and that even should we concede for the moment that the remedies of the Protectionist are ridiculous, the optimism of the Free-traders is more ridiculous still.

Free-traders have lately been making much of the increase in certain exports during the past eighteen months. That the very party which has so consistently emphasised the worthlessness of single-year comparisons should now resort to them in an exaggerated form, is an illustration of the weakness rather than the strength of their position; but I cannot enter further on this point here. There is another point, yet more important, which must be reserved for future treatment. Free-traders insist that the export trade of the country must be prosperous, because there is an increase in our imports, and there can (so they say) 'be no exporting without importing.' A more childish and ludicrous fallacy than this it is impossible to imagine. I have exposed it before; I hope shortly to do so again.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

It naturally gives me great satisfaction to find that the views I expressed in this Review last month have been repeated with far greater authority and power by the acknowledged Leader of the Liberal Party. In his recent speech at Portsmouth Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman gave his adhesion to the foreign policy of Lord Lansdowne and his followers will have observed the grounds on which he rested his approval. It was not, he said, because he believed in the principle of continuity. The sooner a bad foreign policy was changed the better. It was because he believed Lord Lansdowne's policy to be sound, wise, and Liberal. Nothing could have been clearer, more definite or more explicit than his language. No Englishman, whatever his politics, no foreigner, whatever his feelings towards this country, will be able again, truthfully or credibly, to say that if a Liberal Government came into office the French understanding or the Japanese Alliance would be less cordially promoted and sustained. If, not through any weight which belongs to my opinion, but through the influence exercised by this Review, I have been able to assist in producing such a result, I feel that I have done something for Liberalism, and something for the public good.

Although foreign affairs have thus been removed from the sphere of controversial politics, there are many other subjects which divide parties acutely enough. For the moment, however, they have all been superseded by the singular crisis within the Cabinet itself. This crisis has, so far as I am aware, no historical parallel from which practical guidance can be drawn. When Mr. Chamberlain resigned the Colonial Office two years and a half ago, it was arranged that he and the Prime Minister should work together from different platforms for the attainment of a common end. As a pledge of Mr. Chamberlain's sincerity, and a guarantee of Mr. Balfour's good faith, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, which had not hitherto been regarded as a good example for the application of the hereditary principle, was conferred upon Mr. Chamberlain's son. That excellent young man, in whom there is no guile, has since conscientiously administered a Cobdenite system of finance, though not concealing his opinion

that under its pernicious influence we have already lost our trade in iron, and are rapidly losing our trade in cotton. After all, his father says so, and it would not be right that he should look beyond his father. But his father has lately been saying some other things. Mr. Chamberlain is tired of looking on. Posterity is all very well, but what has posterity done for him? To use his own elegant phrase, he is a champion hustler, whose motto has always been large profits and quick returns. Soon after his holiday he broke out at Birmingham, and announced that the Session of 1905 had been a humiliating one. He said nothing of it at the time. But subsequent reflection, or the waters of Aix, or the rather too straightforward language of Lord Londonderry, have brought it out. The Prime Minister replied at Newcastle to this singular and rather belated attack with surprising meekness. He had not, he said, run away from the House of Commons because he was afraid of his opponents, but because he was afraid of his friends. I am not aware that any other theory of his action had ever been held. But Mr. Balfour might have remembered that Mr. Chamberlain was a very bad man to run away from. He might also have taken to heart a remarkable saying of Mr. Gladstone, the embodiment of Parliamentary courage. 'Anyone can stand up to his opponent,' said Mr. Gladstone; 'give me the man who can stand up to his friends.' It is because he could do that that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman now leads the Liberal party, and has a party to lead. After this rather pitiful apology Mr. Balfour made a pathetic appeal. What, he asked, was the use of Unionists if they could not unite? Free Trade was the enemy. Let them join in cursing Cobden and they could settle details afterwards at comfortable leisure. But this would not do for Mr. Chamberlain. It was not good enough. No half-measures for him. Taxes, more taxes, must be clapped on at once. When people are perishing for want of taxation, it is idle mockery to offer them a mere hope of preference in the future. They want more taxes at once, and if Mr. Chamberlain should be returned to power they would have them with a vengeance. His scheme would at once raise an enormous revenue from foreign goods (?), and entirely exclude them from competing in the markets at home with the produce of honest British labour.

Mr. Chamberlain's second speech, delivered at Bristol, is not, I believe, regarded by pedantic students of economic science as logically coherent in all its parts. But it has had more immediate effect than the *Wealth of Nations* itself. It has led the Prime Minister, in time-honoured jargon, to reconsider his position. Some of his most faithful supporters in the Press urge him to resign forthwith. Others advise him to dissolve Parliament as soon as possible after the New Year. If he should take the second course, the most hostile critic would not have a word to say. It would be a straightforward, manly, honourable

step, and, whatever might be the result, Mr. Balfour would have no cause for self-reproach. January is the best month in the year for a general election, because the register is new and the largest number of qualified electors can vote. If, on the other hand, Mr. Balfour resigns, it can only be because his Cabinet is at sixes and sevens. There is no precedent, and, what is more important, there can be no excuse, for a Minister with a majority in the House of Commons, himself in good health, with the prerogative of dissolution in his hands, abandoning his post. The *Times* has quoted the case of Lord Melbourne in 1834. But Lord Melbourne was dismissed. It may be that he invited dismissal by too candidly acquainting the King with the difficulties which Lord Althorpe's removal from the House of Commons made. But dismissed he was; and if he had gone down to Windsor to resign without saying a word to any of his colleagues, which is the alternative theory, he would have been guilty of the grossest treachery to them. Such a thing is inconceivable, and so is an unconstitutional exercise of power by the present King. The idea that the resignation of a Prime Minister, which puts an end to the Government, can be the sole act of the Minister himself is a wild paradox indeed. Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, not a very recondite source of information, will show that the alternative of resigning or dissolving was submitted by Mr. Gladstone to his colleagues after the defeat of the Irish University Bill in 1873, and of the Home Rule Bill in 1886. Mr. Balfour's motive for resigning on the present occasion is said to be that Mr. Chamberlain has more influence with the Conservative party (a Unionist party without the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Goschen, and Lord James seems absurd) than himself, and ought therefore to lead it. If this be so, the logical consequence seems clear, and the new Prime Minister should be Mr. Chamberlain. This is rather a delicate matter. The opinion of a great statesman with long practical experience of affairs is worth on such a question far more than any book on what they call constitutional law. Sir Robert Peel said in the House of Commons that the choice of a new Minister was the one spontaneous act of the Crown. In performing it the Sovereign was not bound to take the advice of the retiring Minister, or of any other person whatsoever. Anyone for whom the King sends becomes, according to Peel, responsible for his Majesty's act in sending for him. Would Mr. Chamberlain accept? If he did not, he would forfeit his reputation as the strong man who knows his own mind and is not afraid of consequences. If he did, he could, I suppose, reckon upon the whole of the present Cabinet except Lord Londonderry, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Stanley, unless, indeed, Mr. Gerald Balfour, who can split a hair as well as most men, perceives some subtle distinction between his brother's policy and Mr. Chamberlain's. Free-traders, at all events, need not trouble themselves about these distinctions without a difference. I trust that I am not unduly suspicious in

believing it not impossible that the whole of this performance between the ostensible rivals may have been 'privately rehearsed. It may conceivably be the opinion of those best qualified to judge that Mr. Chamberlain as Premier would excite more enthusiasm among Protectionists than Mr. Balfour could, and bring more voters to the polls. If, however, he were to take office in present circumstances, he would run the risk of being a more transient embarrassed phantom than Lord Goderich himself.

Some think that the King might send for Lord Rosebery as the only man who has been Prime Minister before. This does not seem to me a compliment. Lord Rosebery has had a most successful campaign in Cornwall, delighting his audiences with his vivacity and wit. But he has not been a leader since 1896, and he has repeatedly disclaimed the wish to resume his former position. He prefers greater freedom and less responsibility. When a gentleman makes a statement, it is usual to believe him, and for my part I cannot help thinking the custom a good one.

About the feeling of the Liberal party there can be no doubt. Even those who have not always agreed with him respect the courage, the patience, the imperturbable temper, the unswerving fidelity to principle, which throughout his public life, and especially for the last five years, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has displayed. If Mr. Balfour resigns office instead of dissolving Parliament, he will lose the confidence of many who might otherwise have supported him. For a Government with a majority of seventy in the House of Commons to confess that it cannot go on is an exhibition of pusillanimity seldom equalled, and never surpassed. Mr. Balfour's object in adopting that alternative could only be to put his successors in a difficulty, or, as the vulgar say, in a hole. But paltry dodges of this sort never pay. The public are not fools, and see through them at once. Everybody knows that Mr. Balfour's proper course is to dissolve, and, if he did not, would say simply that he funk'd. There is only one imaginable contingency in which such a trick might succeed, and that is if the Liberal leader hesitated to accept office. That would indeed be fatal. Ever since May 1903, Liberal members of Parliament, Liberal candidates, Liberal newspapers have been calling for an immediate dissolution in order that the country might say whether Free Trade should be abandoned and a protective tariff revived. The new Minister would, of course, be able to dissolve Parliament so soon as the new register came into operation upon the 1st of January. To let such a golden opportunity slip would be 'showing the white feather,' as Mr. Gladstone called it, the one political offence that Englishmen never pardon. Fifty ingenious excuses would not make the slightest impression upon the average elector. He would simply say, 'They daren't,' or 'They can't,' and draw his own conclusions. Two instances may be quoted on the

other side. Lord John Russell failed to form a Government when Sir Robert Peel resigned in 1845. Mr. Disraeli would not even attempt it when Mr. Gladstone resigned in 1873. Neither Russell nor Disraeli appeared to suffer in consequence. The Whig Government of 1846 lasted for more than five years, and the Conservative Government of 1874 for more than six. But the circumstances of both cases were very different from the present state of things. If Peel could have kept his Cabinet together, he would have proposed and carried the abolition of the Corn Laws without resigning at all. This would undoubtedly have been a very strong step—the most complete subordination of party to country since party government began. Peel's justification is that he believed, if he did not know, that he could force Free Trade through the House of Lords, and that the Whigs could not. He gave up his original design because the Duke of Wellington was hostile and Lord Stanley actually left the Cabinet. Lord John Russell did his best to form an administration, and was only prevented by the obstinate refusal of Lord Grey. Lord Grey was the staunchest of Free-traders. But he would not then join a Government in which Lord Palmerston was Foreign Secretary, and the Foreign Office was the only place which Palmerston would take. Through the indiscretion of Macaulay the facts came out, and Lord John was exonerated from blame. There was no General Election for a year and a half, until the Whigs had been in for a year, and the details of the transaction were half forgotten. But, nevertheless, throughout the Parliament of 1817, which sat till 1852, the Whigs were dependent upon the support of the Peelites. The parallel of 1873 is a closer one, because Disraeli definitely refused to accept office, though he could have dissolved Parliament at once. He had defeated the Liberal Government in the House of Commons on the Irish University Bill, because on that question, and on that alone, he had received some Liberal support. The victory was not due in any way to him. The Bill had excited the animosity of many English Liberals, and of some Irish Catholics. Neither Mr. Disraeli nor his followers had been demanding a dissolution, and the mere fact of voting against a Bill which they thought had did not make them candidates for office. The moral authority of the present Government to remain in power after propounding a new fiscal policy has been challenged by the present Opposition from the first, and almost every by-election has added to the force of the plea. If their leaders were to say now that the time was inconvenient, they would expose themselves to the ridicule that kills.

What the consequences of refusal would be I do not pretend to say. In 1815 Peel resumed office, and retained it till June 1816, when he was beaten in the House of Commons, on an Irish Coercion Bill, by a combination of Protectionists and Repealers. There was no appeal to the country till the summer of 1817. In 1873 Gladstone, who had

resigned on the 13th of March, continued to be Prime Minister for the remainder of the Session, and suddenly dissolved Parliament in January 1874, when, no doubt, the Conservatives obtained a large majority. In neither case, it will be observed, was there any immediate dissolution. In both the retiring Minister came back on the principle, enunciated by the Duke in 1845, that 'the Queen's [or King's] government must be carried on.' Mr. Balfour might of course dissolve in January if his opponents declined to succeed him. If he did so, he would be certain to say that he was the only possible Minister, and a number of people would believe him.

He that will not when he may,
When he will, he shall have nay.

A homely familiar couplet, with a vast amount of sense in it. It is so simple and obvious as to be quite beneath the notice of those 'representative Liberals' not Liberal representatives, who have the pleasure on these occasions of reading their names in the evening papers. After all, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not fond of shirking or of running away. Those who do not wish to serve under him are as free as the rest of their fellow-countrymen. The gaps would soon be filled. Mark Pattison may not have been thinking of public life, but he uttered words upon which all politicians should meditate when he said, 'Take the estimate you set upon yourself in your most depressed moments, extract the cube root of it, and you will find your real value in the world.' The vain and the vulgar are always making themselves ridiculous because they forget that truth or do not know it. Simple and natural people, like the Leader of the Opposition, stick to their work and do their duty, and in the long run the laugh is always on their side. If there is one reason stronger than another for the universal regret which Lord Spencer's illness has evoked from all sorts and conditions of men, it is that in the loyal discharge of public obligations he never thought of himself. When Lord Spencer was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in the darkest days of 1882, he had arranged to do business at the Castle, and ride back to the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park. When the time came for him to leave the Castle, he was told that there was a dangerous crowd in the streets and that he had better wait for a carriage with an escort of soldiers. He replied that he never changed his plans, and in the face of the crowd he mounted his horse. The result was curious. As the Lord-Lieutenant rode slowly between threatening ranks there was a spontaneous cheer. The people detested his policy and the Government of which he was a member, but they respected a man. This, be it remembered, was after the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke.

The wisecracks tell one, or at least one hears them saying, that it would be much easier to form a Government after a general election

I daresay it would. It would have been much easier for Lord Spencer to wait for his carriage, and he could always have said that it was wrong to expose so valuable a life as his own. But I do not think that these fluent philosophers realise how sick the man in the street is of dodges, and moves, and counter-moves, and cliques and coteries, and holes and corners, and wirepulling, and intrigue. The feeling amounts to physical nausea. Since the month of May 1903 it has been impossible to extract from the Prime Minister of this country a plain answer to a plain question, or even a statement of what he means by Free Trade. So far as the public can judge, so far as the constituencies can express their opinion, they want to turn him out at once, and his colleagues also. If Mr. Arnold-Forster be right in saying that his opponents are the friends of the enemies of the people of England, then the people of England are the friends of their own enemies. John Bull has a tingling sensation in his right toe. He wants what the French call *maison nette*, and we call a clean sweep. A half-sheet of notepaper has become a symbol for concentrated ambiguity, packed shuffling, which Mr. Balfour has failed to extenuate by shuffling the pack. 'Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once.' But there is coming as well as going. One set of Ministers cannot go unless another set are ready to come. If they were not ready, the public would be as much disgusted with them as with their predecessors, and might possibly come to the conclusion that party was humbug. That *arcnum imperii* should be left to stand in its proper darkness. Lord Salisbury, who was not always a very bold man, did not hesitate for a moment to take office in 1895. If he had, he would, like the proverbial woman, have been lost. He formed his Government, and then at once dissolved. 'My lords,' he said from his place in Parliament, 'our policy is dissolution.' Dissolution is not a policy, perhaps. But it was enough; it served, and the majority thus obtained lasted, with the help of a war, for no less a time than ten years. Had Lord Salisbury drawn back, the result would in all probability have been very different indeed. If Lord Rosebery had gone to the country, instead of going under, many Liberal seats might have been saved.

The end of Lord Rosebery's progress through Cornwall was characteristically unexpected. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman told his constituents in the Stirling Burghs a few nights ago that he adhered to the opinions on the Irish question which he expressed in 1886 and 1893. Lord Rosebery calls this holding up a banner, and says that it is a banner under which he will not serve. Few things in politics are more mischievous than metaphors. Sir Henry did not say that he should feel it his duty to introduce a Home Rule Bill in the next Parliament, or that the next Government ought to consist entirely of Home Rulers. He simply declared that he had not changed his mind since the death of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rosebery has, for

reasons which appear to him sufficient. But he can hardly mean to suggest that every Liberal Minister should in future be required to renounce Home Rule. He might as well insist upon approval of the policy which led to the South African War. That Home Rule in Mr. Gladstone's sense, Home Rule which involves the restoration of an Irish Legislature, can be adopted by the next Parliament is out of the question. Mr. Chamberlain has made it impossible by raising an issue which takes precedence of it and must be decided first. If there were no other obstacle, it is absolutely certain that the House of Lords would throw out any Home Rule Bill which had not been in its main features approved by a majority of British electors. Thus the subject is not within the range of practical politics unless, indeed, all parties should agree to a constitutional settlement. The presence of Sir Antony MacDonnell at Dublin Castle suggests the sort of administrative reform which a Liberal Government might in the near future carry out. Meanwhile it is a strange ground of complaint against a responsible statesman that he holds a conviction which he held twenty years ago. Free Trade is a good deal older than that, and yet adhesion to it does not show incapacity for moving with the times. If it was a mistake to adopt Home Rule in 1886, and stand by it for ten years, the mistake was so tremendous as to be a source of penitence rather than pride. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is impenitent. But in enunciating a principle he is not drafting a Bill. The first and great question for the country to decide is between a tariff for private interest and a tariff for public revenue. If taxes are good things in themselves, and foreign trade is an unnecessary evil, Mr. Chamberlain has proved his case. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Rosebery agree in thinking otherwise, much as they may differ about Home Rule.

HERBERT PAUL.

Erratum.

In the article in the November number on 'Germany and War Scars in England,' by Karl Blind, there is, on p. 704, line 27, a misprint which wholly alters the meaning. Instead of 'He is one noted,' etc., read 'It is one noted.'

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

CONTENTS OF VOL. LVIII

	PAGE
THE COLLAPSE OF RUSSIA:	
(1) THE INDEMNITY DUE TO JAPAN. By <i>O. Eltzbacher</i>	1
(2) THE FALL OF M. DELCASSÉ AND THE ANGLO-FRENCH 'ENTENTE.' By <i>Francis de Pressensé</i>	22
(3) GERMANY AND MOROCCO. By <i>Austin F. Harrison</i>	34
(4) GERMANY AND BELGIUM. By <i>Demetrius C. Boulger</i>	43
(5) GREAT BRITAIN, GERMANY, AND SEA POWER. By <i>Robert Machray</i>	51
NATIONAL DEFENCE—A CIVILIAN'S IMPRESSION. By His Grace the <i>Duke of Argyll</i>	62
THE PROVISION FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND REPAIRS OF OUR FLEET. By <i>Sir William H. White</i>	67
THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE TREATY OF BERLIN—A TALK WITH THE LATE LORD ROWTON. By <i>A. N. Cumming</i>	83
A COUNTRY PARSON OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By the <i>Rev. Dr. Jessopp</i>	91
THE SACRED TREES OF ROME. By <i>St. Clair Baddeley</i>	100
ORGANISED LABOUR AND THE UNEMPLOYED PROBLEM. By <i>Isaac H. Mitchell</i>	116
THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN AUSTRALIA. By the <i>Right Rev. the Bishop of North Queensland</i>	127
HEATHEN RITES AND SUPERSTITIONS IN CEYLON. By <i>Mrs. Corner- Ohlmitz</i>	132
IRELAND'S FINANCIAL BURDEN. By the <i>Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven</i> COUNT ST. PAUL IN PARIS. By <i>Walter Prewen Lord</i>	137
THE BUTLER REPORT. By <i>Herbert Paul</i>	153
THE NATION AND THE ARMY: THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL CITIZEN	167
(1) By <i>Colonel the Earl of Erroll</i>	173
(2) By the <i>Rev. H. Russell Wakefield</i>	178
THE LIBERAL UNIONIST PARTY. By the <i>Right Hon. Sir West Ridgeway</i> THE WHITE PERIL IN AUSTRALASIA. By <i>Guy H. Scholefield</i>	182
IMPRESSIONAL DRAMA. By <i>Lady Archibald Campbell</i>	198
VANISHING VIENNA: A RETROSPECT. By <i>Lady Paget</i>	204
MADAME TALLIEN. By <i>Dominick Daly</i>	214
AN AUTUMN WANDERING IN MOROCCO. By <i>T. H. Weir</i>	228
SOME FRENCH AND ENGLISH PAINTING. By <i>Frederick Wedmore</i>	235
THE INFLUENCE OF BERKELEY. By <i>Stephen Paget</i>	246
THE HEBREW AND THE BABYLONIAN COSMOLOGIES. By the <i>Rev. Dr. W. St. Clair Tisdall</i>	252
THE CAMARGUE. By <i>David H. Wilson</i>	259
THE MACARONIS. By <i>Norman Pearson</i>	267
THE ORIGIN OF MONEY FROM ORNAMENT. By <i>William Warland Carlile</i> HOUSEKEEPING AND NATIONAL WELL-BEING. By <i>Mrs. Huth Jackson</i>	273
A NOTE ON WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE. By the <i>Countess of Selborne</i> THE CONTEST FOR SEA-POWER: GERMANY'S OPPORTUNITY. By <i>Archibald S. Hurd</i>	290
'MR. SPEAKER.' By <i>Michael MacDonagh</i>	298
REDISTRIBUTION. By <i>Herbert Paul</i>	306
SOME PROBLEMS OF THE UPPER NILE. (With a Map.) By <i>Sir William E. Garstin</i>	308
THE DEFENCE OF INDIA. By <i>His Highness the Aga Khan</i>	320
A PLEA FOR A MINISTRY OF FINE ARTS. By <i>M. H. Spielmann</i>	335
THE TRAFFIC OF LONDON. By <i>Captain George S. C. Swinton</i>	345
HOW POOR-LAW GUARDIANS SPEND THEIR MONEY. By <i>Miss Edith Sellers</i> AGNES SOREL. By <i>Mrs. W. Kemp-Welch</i>	367
Aoyagi: THE STORY OF A JAPANESE HEROINE. By <i>Miss Yei Theodora Ozaki</i>	373
THE RECENT INCREASE IN SUNDAY TRADING. By the <i>Right Hon. Lord Avebury</i>	389
A VICKROY'S POST-BAG. By the <i>Right Hon. Lord Colchester</i>	403
A FISCAL REFORMER OF CERVANTES' TIME. By <i>J. W. Crombie</i>	408
HAVE WE AN ARMY? By <i>Admiral C. C. Penrose-FitzGerald</i>	416
	442
	442
	452
	461

CORNEWALL'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By <i>Miss Isabel J. Cornwall</i>	468
THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON ECCLESIASTICAL DISCIPLINE. By <i>D. C. Lathbury</i>	474
CHRISTIANITY AS A NATURAL RELIGION. By <i>W. H. Mallock</i>	486
A POLITICAL RETROSPECT. By <i>Professor A. Vambéry</i>	501
THE SESSION. By <i>Herbert Paul</i>	505
THE NEW ALLIANCE. By <i>Herbert Paul</i>	513
THE GERMAN DANGER TO SOUTH AFRICA. By <i>O. Eltzbacher</i>	524
THE RUPTURE BETWEEN NORWAY AND SWEDEN. By <i>Sir Henry Seton Karr</i>	539
THE LIBERAL UNIONIST PARTY (concluded). By the <i>Right Hon. Sir West Ridgeway</i>	545
A MUNICIPAL CONCERT HALL FOR LONDON. By <i>Frederick Verney</i>	561
THE TRUE FOUNDATIONS OF EMPIRE: THE HOME AND THE WORKSHOP. By <i>Miss Violet R. Markham</i>	570
THE STUDY OF HISTORY IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS. By <i>C. H. K. Marten</i>	583
'THE TRIAL OF JESUS.' By the <i>Rev. Septimus Buss</i>	600
AN INDIAN RETROSPECT AND SOME COMMENTS. By <i>Amcer Ali</i>	607
SIR WALTER SCOTT ON HIS 'GAHIGONS.' By the <i>Hon. Mrs. Marjell Scott</i>	621
AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EPISODE IN VIENNESE COURT LIFE. By the <i>Baroness Suzette de Zuylen de Nyevelt</i>	634
BETWEEN TWO TRAINS. By <i>Lieut-Colonel D. E. Pedder</i>	649
NATURE GARDENS. By <i>Oswald Crawford</i>	657
QUEEN CHRISTINA'S MINIATURE PAINTER. By <i>Dr. George C. Williamson</i>	667
HOW POOR-LAW GUARDIANS SPEND THEIR MONEY IN SCOTLAND. By <i>Sir Alexander Baird</i>	674
THE WOOING OF THE ELECTORS. By <i>Michael MacDonagh</i>	677
GERMANY AND WAR SCARES IN ENGLAND. By <i>Karl Blind</i>	689
THE EXCESSIVE NATIONAL EXPENDITURE. By the <i>Right Hon. Lord Avebury</i>	706
THE CAPTURE OF PRIVATE PROPERTY AT SEA. By <i>Edmund Robertson</i>	716
THE DEANS AND THE ATHANASIAN CREED. By the <i>Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor</i>	729
THE LORD'S DAY OBSERVANCE: A REPLY TO LORD AVEBURY. By the <i>Rev. Frederic Peake</i>	735
DAYS IN A PARIS CONVENT. By <i>Miss Rose M. Bradley</i>	742
THE GAELIC LEAGUE. By the <i>Countess Dowager of Desart</i>	755
THE STOCK-SIZE OF SUCCESS. By <i>Miss Gertrude Kingston</i>	763
THE ROMAN CATACOMBS. By <i>H. W. Hoare</i>	775
LATIN FOR GIRLS. By <i>Stephen Paget</i>	790
SOME SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSEWIVES. By <i>Lady Violet Greville</i>	796
OUT ON THE 'NEVER NEVER.' By the <i>Right Rev. the Bishop of North Queensland</i>	815
THE AUSTRALIAN LABOUR PARTY. By the <i>Hon. J. W. Kirwan</i>	827
REDISTRIBUTION. By <i>Sir Henry Kimber</i>	838
LIBERALS AND FOREIGN POLICY. By <i>Herbert Paul</i>	853
THE REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA. By <i>Prince Kropotkin</i>	865
UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE 'MOLOCH OF FREE TRADE.' By <i>O. Eltzbacher</i>	884
CONTINENTAL LIGHT ON THE 'UNEMPLOYED' PROBLEM. By the <i>Rev. Wilson Carlile</i>	900
IMPERIAL ORGANISATION AND CANADIAN OPINION. By <i>Sir Frederick Pollock</i>	909
THE SUN AND THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE. By the <i>Rev. Edmund Ledger</i>	918
NATURAL BEAUTY AS A NATIONAL ASSET. By <i>Miss Octavia Hill</i>	935
CHILDREN'S HAPPY EVENINGS. By the <i>Countess of Jersey</i>	942
THE VICTORIAN WOMAN. By <i>Mrs. Frederic Harrison</i>	951
SOME ASPECTS OF THE STAGE. By <i>Adolphus Vane Tempest</i>	958
THE DEPOPULATION QUESTION IN FRANCE. By <i>Charles Daubarn</i>	966
ANOTHER BOARD OF GUARDIANS: A REPLY TO MISS SELLERS. By <i>M. W. Colchester-Wemyss</i>	974
FROM DAWN TO DARK ON THE HIGH ZAMBESI. By <i>A. Trevor-Battye</i>	980
THE FIRE OF ROME AND THE CHRISTIANS. By <i>J. C. Tarver</i>	992
THE DEANS AND THE ATHANASIAN CREED. By the <i>Rev. W. Crouch</i>	1002
A GUIDE TO THE 'STATISTICAL ABSTRACT.' By <i>W. H. Mallock</i>	1008
THE POLITICAL SITUATION. By <i>Herbert Paul</i>	1028

INDEX TO VOL. LVIII

The titles of articles are printed in italics

ABI:

ABBOTSFORD library, The, of Sir Walter Scott, 621-633
 Accadian Creation-myth, 262-264
 Actors and actresses on and off the stage, 958-965
 Africa, Central, Wild nature in, 980-991
 Aga Khan (His Highness the), *The Defence of India*, 367-375
 Ali (Amcer), *An Indian Retrospect and Some Comments*, 607-620
 Aliens, white and yellow, excluded from Australasia, 198-203
 Almaack's Club and the Macaronis, 273-289
 Anglo-French 'Entente,' *The Fall of M. Delcassé and the*, 22-33
 Anglo-French understanding, The, 853-864
 Anglo-Japanese alliance, 513-523, 853-864
 Aoyagi: *The Story of a Japanese Heroine*, 427-433
 Argyll (Duke of), *National Defence—a Civilian's Impression*, 62-66
 Army, *Have we an*, 461-467
 Athanasian Creed, *The Deans and the*, 729-734, 1002-1007
 Australasia, *The White Peril in*, 198-203
 Australia, *The Foundation of the Church of England in*, 127-131
 Australian bush, Life in the, 815-826
 Australian Labour Party, 827-837
 Austrian aristocracy, The old, 214-227
 Aveybury (Lord), *The Recent Increase in Sunday Trading*, 134-441; *The Excessive National Expenditure*, 706-715

BADDELEY (St. Clair), *The Sacred Trees of Rome*, 100-115
 Baird (Sir Alexander), *How Poor-law Guardians Spend their Money in Scotland*, 674-676
 Balfour (Mr.) and the Liberal Unionist party, 182-197

CAM

Balfour (Mr.) and the work of the Session, 505-512
 -- and the Cabinet crisis, 1023-1030
 Battleships of the Great Powers compared, 308-313
Beauty, Natural, as a National Asset, 935-941
Berkeley, The Influence of, 252-258
Berlin, Treaty of, The Secret History of the a Talk with the late Lord Rowton, 83-90
Between Two Trains, 649-656
 Biblical and Babylonian accounts of Creation, 259-266
 Birth-rate, The, and restricted families in France, 966-973
 Blind (Karl), *Germany and War Scars in England*, 689-705
 Boulger (Demetrius C.), *Germany and Belgium*, 43-50
 Bradley (Miss Rose M.), *Days in a Paris Convent*, 742-754
 Bribery at elections, 682-688
 British industries and the 'Statistical Abstract,' 1008-1022
 British naval hero, A, of the eighteenth century, 468-473
 British Navy, The, its maintenance and repair, 67-82
 British rule in India and the welfare of the natives, 367-375; suggestions for reform, 607-620
 Burial customs of ancient Christian Rome, 775-789
 Burke (Edmund) on the relations between a Member of Parliament and his constituents, 677-680
 Bush life in North Queensland, 815-826
 Buss (Rev. Septimus), *The Trial of Jesus*, 600-606
Butler Report, The, 167-172

CABINET crisis, The, 1023-1030
Camargue, The, 267-272
 Campbell (Lady Archibald), *Impressional Drama*, 204-213

CAN

- Canadian Opinion, Imperial Organization and*, 909-917
 Carlile (Rev. Wilson), *Continental Light on the 'Unemployed' Problem*, 900-908
 Carlile (William Warrant), *The Origin of Money from Ornament*, 290-297
 Cervantes' Time, *A Fiscal Reformer of*, 452-460
 Oxyton, *Heathen Rites and Superstitions in*, 132-136
 Charles the Seventh of France and Agnes Sorel, 416-426
 Children's Happy Evenings, 942-950
 Christian burial in underground Rome, 775-789
 Christians, The early, and the burning of Rome, 992-1001
 Christianity as a Natural Religion, 486-500
 Christina's (Queen) *Miniature Painter*, 667-673
 Church Latin as an intellectual exercise for girls, 790-795
 Church of England in Australia, *The Foundation of the*, 127-131
 Church of England, The, Ritualism and disestablishment, 474-485
 Clubs, Some famous, and the Macaronis, 273-289
 Colchester (Lord), *A Viceroy's Postbag*, 442-451
 Colchester-Wemyss (M. W.), *Another Board of Guardians: a Reply to Miss Sellers*, 974-979
 Colonial Conference, The, and an Imperial Intelligence Department, 913-917
 Continental Light on the 'Unemployed' Problem, 900-908
 Contraband of war and stoppage of food-supplies, 716-728
 Cooper (Alexander), miniature painter to Queen Christina of Sweden, 667-673
 Corner-Ohlmiitz (Mrs.), *Heathen Rites and Superstitions in Ceylon*, 132-136
 Cornwall's Monument in Westminster Abbey, 468-473
 Cornwall (Miss Isabel J.), *Cornwall's Monument in Westminster Abbey*, 468-473
 Country Parson, A, of the Eighteenth Century, 91-99
 Crawford (Oswald), *Nature, Gardens*, 657-666
 Crombie (J. W.), *A Fiscal Reformer of Cervantes' Time*, 452-460
 Crouch (W.), *The Deans and the Athanasian Creed*, 1002-1007
 Cumming (A. N.), *The Secret History of the Treaty of Berlin—a Talk with the late Lord Royston*, 83-90

FIN

Curios and rare books of Sir Walter Scott, 621-633

- DALY (Dominick), *Madame Tallien*, 228-234
 Damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, 729-734
 Dawbarn (Charles), *The Depopulation Question in France*, 966-973
 Defence of India, *The*, 367-375
 Defence of the country, the duty of the citizen, 173-181
 Defence of the Empire, 461-467
 Delcassé, M., *The Fall of, and the Anglo-French 'Entente'*, 22-33
 Demon worship in Ceylon, 132-136
 Denmark, Belgium, and Holland, Relief of the poor in, 906-907
 Depopulation Question in France, *The*, 966-973
 Desart (Countess Dowager of), *The Gaelic League*, 755-762
 Drama, Popular, mediocrity, and neglect of noble ideals, 763-774
 Dunraven (Earl of), *Ireland's Financial Burden*, 137-152

- ECLIPSE, *The Recent Total, The Sun and*, 918-934
 Egypt, the Soudan, and the control of the waters of the Nile, 345-366
 Eighteenth Century, *A Country Parson of the*, 91-99
 Eighteenth-Century Episode, *An, in Viennese Court Life*, 634-648
 Electors, *The Wooing of the*, 677-688
 Eltzbacher (O.), *The German Danger to South Africa*, 524-538; *The Indemnity due to Japan*, 1-21; *Unemployment: and the 'Moloch of Free Trade'*, 884-899
 Empire, *The True Foundations of: The Home and the Workshop*, 570-582
 Enfranchisement of women, 306-307
 England's relations with Germany, 670-705, 855-857
 English and European history in public schools, 583-599
 English women of the reign of Queen Victoria, 951-957
 Erroll (Colonel the Earl of), *The Nation and the Army: The Responsibility of the Individual Citizen*, 173-177
 Excessive National Expenditure, *The*, 706-715

FACTORY life and its effects on women and children, 570-582
Fine Arts, A Plea for a Ministry of, 376-388

FIS

- Fiscal controversy, The, and the 'Statistical Abstract,' 1008-1022
Fiscal Reformer of Cervantes' Time, A, 452-460
 FitzGerald (Admiral C. C. Penrose), *Have we an Army?* 461-467
Fleet, Our, The Provision, for the Maintenance and Repairs of, 87-82
 Food-supply in war time, 716-728
France, The Depopulation Question in, 966-973
 Free Trade and the Government, 545-560
Free Trade, The 'Moloch of,' Unemployment and, 884-899
French and English Painting, Some, 246-251
 French Court, The, and politics under Louis the Fifteenth, 153-166
 French Ministry of Fine Arts, The, 381-387
 French Reign of Terror, A woman's romance during the, 228-234
 Frere (Sir Bartle) and South-West Africa, 537-538

GAELIC League, *The*, 755-762
 Garstin (Sir William F.), *Some Problems of the Upper Nile*, 345-366

- German labour market, The, and unemployment, 887-892
Germany and Belgium, 43-50
Germany and Morocco, 34-42
Germany and War Scars in England, 689-705
Germany's Opportunity, The Contest for Sea-power, 308-319
Great Britain, Germany, and Sea Power, 51-61
 Greville (Lady Violet), *Some Seventeenth-Century Housewives*, 796-814
Guardians, Another Board of: 'a Reply to Miss Sellers, 974-979

- H**ARDWICKE (Lord), first Irish Viceroy after the Union, 442-451
 Harrison (Austin F.), *Germany and Morocco*, 34-42
 Harrison (Mrs. Frederic), *The Victorian Woman*, 951-957
Hebrew, The, and the Babylonian Cosmologies, 259-266
 Herero rising in German South Africa, The, 524-538
 Hill (Miss Octavia), *Natural Beauty as a Natural Asset*, 935-941
History, The Study of, in Public Schools, 583-599
 Hoare (H. W.), *The Roman Catacombs*, 775-789

KRO

- Home Rule and the Unionist party, 545-558
Housekeeping and National Well-being, 298-305
 Hurd (Archibald S.), *The Contest for Sea-power: Germany's Opportunity*, 308-319

- I**MPERIAL Organisation and *Canadian Opinion*, 909-917
Impressional Drama, 204-213
India, The Defence of, 367-375
Indian Retrospect, and Some Comments, An, 607-620
 International law, contraband and private property, 716-728
 Invasion of England, Scars concerning the, 690-705
 Ireland after the Union, its first Viceroy, 442-451
 Ireland and the Government, 183-197, 335-340
 Ireland, The Government's policy concerning, 545-558
Ireland's Financial Burden, 137-152
 Irish ideals and the Gaelic League, 755-762

- J**ACKSON (Mrs. Huth), *Housekeeping and National Well-being*, 298-305
 Japan as an ally of England, 513-523
Japan, The Indemnity due to, 1-21
Japanese Heroine, A: The Story of Aoyagi, 427-433
 Jersey (Countess of), *Children's Happy Evenings*, 942-950
 Jessopp (Rev. Dr.), *A Country Parson of the Eighteenth Century*, 91-99
'Jesus, The Trial of,' 600-606
 Johnson (Rev. Richard) and the Church in Australia, 128-131
 Joseph II., The Emperor, and Princess Eleonore Liechtenstein, 634-648

- K**ARR (Sir Henry Seton), *The Rupture between Norway and Sweden*, 539-544
 Kemp-Welch (Mrs. W.), *Agnes Sorel*, 416-426
 Kerrich (Dr. Samuel), an eighteenth-century Norfolk parson, 91-99
 Kimber (Sir Henry), *Redistribution*, 838-852
 Kingston (Miss Gertrude), *The Stock-Size of Success*, 763-774
 Kirwan (Hon. J. W.), *The Australian Labour Party*, 827-837
 Kropotkin (Prince), *The Revolution in Russia*, 865-883

LAB

- L**ABOUR Bureaus and the unemployed, 120-122
 Labour Party in Australia, *The*, 825-837
 Ladies of the Seventeenth Century, Some notable, 796 814
 Landscape gardens or pleasantries, 657-666
 Lathbury (D. C.), *The Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline*, 474-485
Latin for Girls, 790-795
 Ledger (Rev. Edmund), *The Sun and the Recent Total Eclipse*, 918 934
Les majesté, majestas, or high treason, the charge against Jesus, 600-606
Liberal Unionist Party, The, 182 197
Liberals and Foreign Policy, 853 864
 Liebfeld, The Dean of, and the Athanasian Creed, 1002 1007
 Liechtenstein (Princess Eleonore) and the Emperor Joseph II., 634 648
 'Little Africa' on the French Riviera, 267 272
 Locomotion and transport in London, The Royal Commission on, 389 402
London, The Traffic of, 389 402
 London municipal concert hall, Scheme for a, 561 569
 Lord (Walter Freeman), *Count St. Paul in Paris*, 153 166
Lord's Day Observance, The: a Reply to Lord Archbury, 735 741

MACARONIS, *The*, 273-289
 MacDonagh (Michael), 'Mr. Speaker,' 320 334; *The Wooing of the Electors*, 677 688
 Machray (Robert), *Great Britain, Germany, and Sea Power*, 51 61
 Mahomedan laws and British Indian courts of justice, 618 620
 Mullock (W. H.), *Christianity as a Natural Religion*, 486-500; *A Guide to the Statistical Abstract*, 1008 1022
 Marten (C. H. K.), *The Study of History in Public Schools*, 583 599
 Maxwell-Scott (Hon. Mrs.), *Sir Walter Scott on his 'Gabons'*, 621 633
 Military training for our youth, 65 66, 178 181, 461 467
 'Mr. Speaker,' 320 334
 Mitchell (Isaac H.), *Organised Labour and the Unemployed Problem*, 116 126
 Money, *The Origin of, from Ornament*, 290 297
 Morocco, *An Autumn, Wandering in*, 235 245
 Municipal Concert Hall for London, A, 561 569

PAU

- N**ATION and the Army, *The: The Responsibility of the Individual Citizen*, 173-181
National Defence—a Civilian's Impression, 62-66
National Expenditure, The Excesses, 706 715
Nature Gardens, 657 666
 Naval armaments, Limitation of, 308-313
 Nero, the Christians, and the burning of Rome, 992-1001
 'Never Never,' *Out on the*, 815 826
New Alliance, The, 513 523
 New Zealand Immigration Act and the exclusion of aliens, 198-203
 Norfolk parsons of the Georgian era, '91-99
 North Africa, With a caravan in, 235-245
Norway and Sweden, The Rapture between, 539-544
 Notre Dame de Bon Secours, Life at the Convent of, 742 751
 Nyevelt (Baroness Suzette de Zuylen de), *An Eighteenth Century Episode in Viennese Court Life*, 631 648

OPEN spaces and historic sites, Society for the preservation of, 935-941
Organised Labour and the Unemployed Problem, 116-126
 Over-taxation and pauperism, 706 715
 Over taxation of Ireland, 137 152
 Ozaki (Miss Yei Theodorai), *Aoyagi: The Story of a Japanese Heroine*, 427 433

PAGET (Lady), *Vanishing Vienna: a Retrospect*, 214 227
 Paget (Stephen), *The Influence of Berkeley*, 252 258; *Latin for Girls*, 796-795
Painting, Some French and English, 246 251
Paris Concert, Days in a, 742 754
Paris, Count St. Paul in, 153 166
 Parliament and politics, 335 344, 505 512, 515 560, 853 864, 1023 1030
 Parliament and the Speaker, 320 334
 Parliament, Redistribution of seats in, 335 344, 858 852
 Parliamentary elections and party tactics, 677 688
 Parliamentary parties in Australia, 827 837
 Paul (Herbert), *The Butler Report*, 167 172; *Redistribution*, 335 344; *The Session*, 505-512; *The New Alliance*, 513 523; *Liberals and Foreign Policy*, 853 864; *The Political Situation*, 1023-1030

PAU

- Panperism and over-taxation, 706 715
 Paupers and lunatics in Scotland, Cost of maintaining, 674 676
 Pearson. (Norman), *The Mæcaronis*, 273 289
 Pedder (Lieut.-Col. D. C.), *Between Tides Trains*, 649 656
 Philosophy of Berkeley, The, and modern science, 252 258
 Physical deterioration and the neglect of household duties, 298 305
 Pictorial Art in England and France, 246 251
 Play-rooms for school children, 942 950
 Plays of the future, and the reform of the drama, 204 213
 Political Retrospect, A, 501 504
 Political Situation, The, 1023 1030
 Pollock (Sir Frederick), *Imperial Organisation and Canadian Opinion*, 909 917
 Poor-law Guardians, How they spend their Money, 403 415, 674 676
 Precious metals, The, as money and ornament, 290 297
 Pressensé (Francis del), *The Fall of M. Delessé and the Anglo-French Entente*, 22 33
 Private Property, The Capture of, at Sea, 716 728
 Provencal delta, A, the Camargue, 267 272
 Public Schools, The Study of History in, 583 599
 Punoenrostro, the Spanish fiscal reformer, 452 460

QUEEN Christina's Miniature Painter, 667 673

Queensland, North (Bishop of), *The Foundation of the Church of England in Australia*, 427 431; *Out on the Never Never*, 815 826

REDISTRIBUTION, 335 344; 838 852

- Revealed religion, Christianity, and pagan monotheism, 486 500
 Revolution in Russia, The, 865 883
 Ridgeway (Sir West), *The Liberal Unionist Party*, 182 197
 Ritualism and disestablishment, 474 485
 Robertson (Edmund), *The Capture of Private Property at Sea*, 716 728
 Roman and Jewish law and the arrest and trial of Jesus, 600 606
 Roman Catacombs, The, 775 789
 Roman Catholic University for Ireland, 547 557

SWI

- Rome, *The Fire of, and the Christians*, 992 1001
 Rome, *The Sacred Trees of*, 100 115
 Rosati's book on the trial of Jesus, 600 606
 Roulton, *The late Lord, A Talk with—The Secret History of the Treaty of Berlin*, 83 90
 Royal Academy, The, and the French Salon, 216 1
 Russia and Central Asia, 501 504
 Russia, *The Collapse of*, 1 61
 Russia, the Indian frontier, and the policy of a neutral zone, 367 375
 Russia, *The Revolution in*, 865 883
 Russo-Japanese war and Anglo-Japanese alliance, 513 523
 Rustic courtship, a sketch, 649 656

SACRED Trees of Rome, The, 100 115

- St. Paul (County) in Wales, 153 166
 Scandinavian troubles, The, and the Norwegian Constitution, 539 544
 Schofield (Guy H.), *The White Peril in Anglo-Japan*, 198 203
 Scotland, *How Poor-law Guardians spend their Money in*, 674 676
 Scott (Sir Walter) on his 'Gabions,' 621 633
 Sea power, *The Contest for Germany's Opportunity*, 305 319
 Schonne (Countess of), *A Note on Women's Suffrage*, 306 307
 Sellers (Miss Edith), *How Poor-law Guardians spend their Money*, 403 415; a reply to, 974 979
 Seventeenth-Century Horwices, Some, 796 814
 Shopkeepers and Sunday trading, 434 441
 Sorci, Ames, 416 426
 Sudan, The, and Egyptian Migration of, 345 366
 South African military stores scandal, 165 172
 Spanish fiscal reformer, 452 460
 Spectroscope, The, and solar phenomena, 918 934
 Spielmann (M. H.), *A Plea for a Ministry of Fine Arts*, 376 388
 Stage, *Some Aspects of the*, 958 965
 'Statistical Abstract,' *A Guide to the*, 1008 1022
 Stock Size of Success, The, 763 774
 Sunday trading, Sunday labour, and Sunday observance, 435 441
 Sunday Trading, *The Recent Increase in*, 434 441
 Sun, The, and the Recent Total Eclipse, 918 934
 Swinton (Captain George S. C.), *The Traffic of London*, 389 402

TAL

TALLIEN, *Madame*, 228-234Tarver (J. C.), *The Fire of Rome and the Christians*, 992-1001Tempest (Adolphus Vane), *Some Aspects of the Stage*, 958-965Tisdall (Rev. Dr. W. St. Clair), *The Hebrew and the Babylonian Cosmologies*, 259-266

Trades Unions and the Workmen's Employment Bill, 116-126

Traffic of London, *The*, 389-402

Tramways and street improvements, 389-402

Tree-wardship in ancient Rome, 100-115

Trevor-Battye (A.), *From Dawn to Dark on the High Zambesi*, 980-991'Trial of Jesus,' *The*, 600-606'UNEMPLOYED' Problem, *Continental Light on the*, 900-908Unemployed Problem, *Organised Labour and the*, 116-126

Unemployed problem, pauperism, and over-taxation, 70-715

Unemployment: and the 'Moloch of Free Trade,' 884-899

Upper Nile, *Some Problems of the*, 34-365**VAMBÉRY** (A.), *A Political Retrospect*, 501-504Vanishing Vienna: *a Retrospect*, 214-227Verney (Frederick), *A Municipal Concert Hall for London*, 561-569Victorian Woman, *The*, 951-957

ZAM

Vietnamese Court Life, *An Eighteenth-Century Episode in*, 634-648Volunteers, *The*, and Home Defence, 62-66**WAKEFIELD** (Rev. H. Russell), *The Nation and the Army: The Responsibility of the Individual Citizen*, 178-181

War, Are we prepared for? 461-467

War Scares in England, Germany and, 689-705

Wedmore (Frederick), *Some French and English Painting*, 246-251Weir (T. H.), *An Autumn Wandering in Morocco*, 235-245White (Sir William H.), *The Provision for the Maintenance and Repair of our Fleet*, 67-82Wilson (David H.), *The Camargue*, 267-272Windsor (Dean of), *The Deans and the Athanasian Creed*, 729-734; a reply to, 1002-7Woman, *The Victorian*, 951-957

Women and children, factory life, and physical deterioration, 570-582

Women's Suffrage, *A Note on*, 306-307Wooing of the Electors, *The*, 677-688

Workhouses and the alleged extravagance of guardians, 403-415, 974-979

ZAMBESI, *The High*, *From Dawn to Dark on*, 980-991

